

ASK
FOR

Cadbury's Cocoa

THE TATLER Monthly.

PART I.—OCTOBER, 1883.



CONTENTS.

Portrait Gallery Sketches, - 1, 17, 33, 49, 65
Journal of a Yankee Girl, - 2, 18, 34, 50, 66

The Daphne, - - -	1	Earthquakes, - - -	36
Removed Trees—a Detective Story, - - -	3	Music of the Locomotive, -	36
Genius and Hard Work, -	5	Theatrical Tattle, 37, 55,	68
Some More Talk, - - -	6	Peggy's Letter to Santa Claus, - - -	40
'Twas Ever Thus, - - -	8	A Witty Cook, - - -	42
A Queer Shaver, - - -	9	On Her Majesty's Service, -	43
Little Walter, - - -	11	A 'Cycling Adventure, -	45
He'd Never Marry, - -	12	Technical Training, -	50
The Titled Convict, -	13, 31	The Idiot Murderer, -	52
Soldier's Pack of Cards, -	15	Fallen Among Thieves, -	56
Diamond Story, - - -	15	Bonneting a Jew, - - -	59
Reviews, - 16, 32, 48, 64,	79	A Happy (Wet) Night, -	60
The Cholera, - - -	18	True Heroism, - - -	63
Strange Vicissitude of Fortune, - - -	20	Notoriety, - - -	65
Warned by a Dream, -	21	Town Councillor in Eden, -	67
Mary Queen of Scots, 22, 38		A Mesmeric Seance, -	69
Female Doctors, - - -	24	Inner Life of the Great City, -	72
Travellers' Tales, 25, 47, 62, 67		The Phantom Barber, -	73
Actresses and Peers, -	26	Insuring Her Life, -	75
How I Learned to Golf, -	27	Lost, a Bag of Gold, -	76
The Twofold Murder, -	29	A Dreadful Death, -	78
		An Appalling Crime, -	79

POETRY.

SHORT ARTICLES, PARAGRAPHS, &c.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Digitized by Google



THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. I.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE TATLER TO HIS READERS.

Mirth, that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.—*L'Allegro.*

In words Miltonic thus I make my bow,
Meaning my magazine to be a rattler—
With jest and gossip packed as it can stow,
For nought but mirth gives pleasure in a TATLER.

For young and old, for women and for men,
For every one's delight I'll be a battler;
I seek to please all ranks—it follows, then,
That all are sure to patronise THE TATLER.

Let all the world come purchase of my wares,
From poor to peer, from wealthy man to wattle;—
In the result each equitably shares—
The fun to you, the honour to THE TATLER.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. I.—THE QUEEN.

TO THE TATLER it smacks a little of inconsistency to declare that the Queen is "Number One," but who denies that fact? There is not a man, woman, or child capable of appreciating a bright, useful, and memorable career, who will not be glad to get our portrait of Her Majesty, and to wish that she may long reign over us.

The Queen is at this moment the most remarkable woman in the world. Pressing quickly on towards her jubilee as monarch of a mighty empire, and in the mightiest half century in the history of that empire, as of the world, she knows more of history in the making than most people can learn in the reading. With one exception, she is the oldest in the executive power in this country, and that exception—a brilliant one—is ten years her senior. *Vivat Regina! Long live VICTORIA THE GOOD.*

The Good! Yes, for the humblest of her subjects has often had cause to bless her goodness of heart, her womanly sympathy, her ready hand and kind word to soothe the national or individual distress. Like Beatrice, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, the Queen truly holds that all Adam's sons are her kindred, and being a true woman, she instinctively realises the Scots proverb that "bluid is thicker than watter," and

so she is ever on the outlook for opportunity to do good to her kindred.

The sweet flowers sent to decorate the bairns' graves at Sunderland, and the kind letters of sympathy with the bereaved by the launch of the *Daphne*, were but two of many reasons why Britons at home and abroad should joyfully and loyally say, "LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!"

SHIPBUILDING SCIENCE—The Daphne.

It is very distressing to the public to know that the upset of the *Daphne* was not due to any of the causes at first conjectured. There was no failure in the apparatus of launching; the vessel was not launched too quickly; it was not brought up by the checks on its speed too hurriedly, or more on one side than the other; and it was not canted over by the upper and under surface currents, as suggested by Mr. Pearce, of Elder & Co. The placing of the engines before launching was not a contributory cause, for Sir E. J. Reed says the presence of the engines on board was rather beneficial than otherwise.

All these possible explanations having been investigated and set aside, what remains? The answer is a very humiliating one, for it simply is that ships have been built, loaded, and *lost* under a system of mere haphazard as to the position and disposition of the weights. There is something appalling in the conclusion which Sir E. J. Reed brings out with such clear and inexorable logic, that the whole scientific side of shipbuilding has been based on rule of thumb. It is wrong to call it scientific, for it was eminently non-scientific. And hundreds of our sailors have gone to sea in such craft, many passengers have embarked on them, and thousands of pounds' worth of goods have been shipped, to be calmly recorded at Lloyd's as "missing," because the owner asked the builder to put in certain arrangements, and the builder did not know his business sufficiently well to say that this would endanger the safety of the ship.

Of course THE TATLER does not profess to have scientific knowledge, and his pages are no place to attempt a review of that lengthy and yet concise report in which Sir E. J. Reed has brought out so clearly the causes of the awful catastrophe at Lint-house shipbuilding yard; but he is bound, in the interests of that vast proportion of the industrial community who will rank amongst his friends and supporters,

to gibbet publicly any scandal by which people's lives have been endangered and sacrificed. It is well now that the cause of the capsizing of the *Daphne* should be clearly known, and that henceforth shipowners and shipbuilders are under public advertisement as to their responsibility in this matter. But THE TATLER thinks it hard, and his readers will think it hard, that 124 of the flower of Britain's industrial army should require to be sacrificed in order to afford marine engineers an elementary knowledge of what constitutes a safe "curve of stability."

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL:

A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER I.

UNCLE'S awful down on me. He says I'm a tom-boy, whatever that is, an' that I oughter ware pants, an' he makes me m-e-m mem, o-r, or, i-s-e, ise, memorise (that's a dikshunary word, an' I hate dikshunaries an' all the words that's in them), a lot of stuff like bible verses and methody hymns, an' grace before meat, an' grace after meat. Grace is our table-made, you know, and allus sets the table an' clears away. I never can see the good o' shuttin' my eyes as if I was scared to look at her. I b'leve its aunt makes him shut *his* eyes, for Grace is awful pritty, an' aunt's the jelluest old thing as ever was. She wont even let nobody touch her tabby, she's that jellus an' meen. An' uncle says my eddication's bin shamefully neglected; so I've to lurn now what most every other little girl in shorts nose nateraly. An' I'm that nawty he can't abide me, coz I tickle his ear with a straw when he sleeps in his chare, an' put molasses in his hat, just a little streke to make his hare good an' stikke, an' a nest of young rats in his bed. They was cold, most starved to death, an' I thawt uncle an' aunt would keep 'em warm, poor little things, they loked so white and sick. So now he says he's read "A Bad Boy's Diary," and is mad for suthin' to keep me from tricks and idleness, an' wants me to write what I do ev'ry day, but I'm to be gooder nor Georgy Hackett, and I'm to be a patron girl, and writin' this will help me. So he says I'm to keep a jurnle—(O! the dixshonary spells that word j-o-u-r-n-a-l, but I won't alter it this time), an' spell all the big words same as dickshunary (only its such a bother allus lookin' up to see how they spell them in books). Uncle says I'm to put in my journal what he told me I was to keep one for. I wish it was a diary, which is a far differenter thing than you would think, seein' 'em both writ together. A dairy's got cows, an' lots o' places to play hide-an'-seek in, an' is warm an' nice, but a Geornle's only got a poor little orphing girls teers in it, an' a heap of blots. But uncle says, says he, an' he wrote it down an' made me lurn it off an copy it, an' its spelt most redikilusly—

"Write all your sins in a book. Marshal them in battle array, and fight against them from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same. Repent when you see how wicked you are every day and all day. Tell everything good and bad, and mind your spelling—(an' it's not a long story the good will make,)"—he said *that* most under his breath, he thought, but he's that def he don't know when he talks loud and when he don't, and he thinks everybody's as def as hisself, which they ain't. I ain't quite sure I know what he means about marshal array an' repent, an' dikshunaries aint no good for orphing girls that has no pa nor no ma to tell em wot the meenin' means. An' uncle says I'm to tell all I know about myself sense I was born, as if I kin remember bein' a baby like Missis Speerses, as is always a tryin' to eat sinders an' things. 'Sides I wasn't allus wicked, so wots the use o' tellin' things as I aint got to fight against in battle array, an' marshal em an' repent. An there's heaps of fun bein wicked, real wicked, an' not a softy like Joe Miller, for the things uncle says is wickedest was allus the best fun, and sets me laffin to think of em. So mebbe it'll be good tofin' these all down in my journal.

I's an orphing gurl as is sat upon by an ogre an' a she-ogre (that's uncle an' aunt, you no). I'se eight past last burthday. Onst I had a pa, a real pa, an' not a uncle as says if I's a good gurl he'll be a pa to me. I don't want no pa o' his sort. He's only a domany anyhow, an' Jim Casey's pa's a soger. That's the kind o' pa I onst had, and uncle tells me long stories bout him, most as sleepy as sermons in church. I know most all uncle does bout both pa an' ma. Pa died after the war, and then ma died too, when I was bornd. Old Mrs. Maather found me somewhere, and brot me to our house, and she wont tell me where she found me, but says (she's an awful funny talker), "ye cam' frae the cluds, ma dawtie," an' ther aint a dikshunary word in all she ever sed. Uncle says as how pa went to the war an' fawt an' dyde for his country, an' left me an orphing. He fawt at every battle, an' was bravest of the brave like all our family, which is uncle hisself as never fawt anything biggern a cockroach, nor nobody biggern softy Miller, as kik'd his shins when he was a waxin' him. But pa fawt with a real sword as hangs in the parlor, an' led his men to viktry ev'ry time, you bet, an' his curreer was cut short while yet in the hay-day of his sunny youth, uncle told old deacon Brown. He was tuke prisner, an' the Rebs carried him away down south, an' lokd him up in a jale to hurd with dregs of youmannyty, an made a jale burd, as hadnt any fethers, out of a gentleman. Thats wot uncle says in his 4th Juli ora-shun, an when he tells me bout pa, an when he was most a skeleton, an the iron had enturd his sole, he got away. I gess he flew over the wall, bein' a jale bird. Anyways he was hunted like a fox, an' they never caught him, but he didn't come home for many a long day, an' when he did come deth was writ upon his

face, an then a long time after he went away, uncle says, to another an' butter world. Ma died too, pore ma! An' uncle allers takes me an aunt on Dekerashun Day to see where pa an ma are waiting with the angles for their orphing. But uncle's that stingy he won't take flours to put on the grave, like sissy Carey gets to lay over her big bruther as was kill'd at the Wilderness. I gess they was most as nawty as me, when they shot each other with bulets biggern my hed, and cut everybody with sords an baynets. Leastways uncle says as how that we shouldn't tare each others ise out. But I'm not sure 'bout uncle, cos he waxes me awful sometimes, and he's allus prasin the sogers as fawt for ther earths and kuntry, wich he says as fitin an't the work of no kristune; I gess his mind ant made up, an' that he says fitin' ant rite when he is scary, like when big Bob Murton wanted to whop him for most drownen his baby when he krissend it.

So uncle and aunt took me an' brawt me up with a naybor, an' cos he sed I was bad, and didn't go to skule and lurn to spell, uncle made me come with him and aunt to live in there house, an' uncle took all pa's an' ma's munny an' things. Uncle's rite quere. He ain't got no hare, 'cept a fringe like the lace on aunt's burtha. His hed allus minds me of the roe's egg in Sinbad, an' he whacks it awful in muskeeto time, an' then gose and looks at hisself in a glass to see if he's kill'd one, which he never does. My! wot a noes he's got! The noes has it, you bet. It's as big an' red as a beet. Fokes thinks he's a tea totler, cos he tells 'em drinkin's a sin; but he's only foolin' them. An' he ain't got no more tethe nor uncle Ned had to ete the corn cake. When I get to be like uncle I gess I'll go into Barnum's an' be a wot is't. He says he's my grand uncle, but I'm sure he ain't; there's nothing grand about him 'cept his noes. He's just as homely as sin, an' aunt's another, only she's got tethe like a hay rake, an' more hare on her chin nor uncle, which ain't rite, cos its men as oughter have beards. But she ain't got no more hare on her hed, and wares other fokes as had cut it of and throd it away, only it's hard to match, cos it's got to be blond like her wiskers; an' when I told her she oughter ware her wiskers on her hed, jes the place ware the wool otter grow, she waxed me fearful. An' when she naps after dinner she takes it of. So one day she was a nappin', an' uncle was a nappin', an' I put aunt's hare on uncle, jus to see how he wood look, cos aunt looked like a deth's hed an' cros bones; an' when he woked he tride to skrach his hed, an' began to kwarl. I gess he thot he was sumboddy else, an' he throde it in the fire, wich burned it up; an', O my! I was wax'd agin teribul hard. So most all my sins has had there waxin's, 'cept them as wan't found out, an' now I ain't goin' to tell any more. It's most a week since I began my talks in this book, an' I'm reel tired tellin' things.

(To be continued.)

THE REMOVED TREES.

A DETECTIVE STORY.

I.

I HAD just come back to ordinary duty, after an exciting case, in which I had taken the chief part in tracking out and consigning to punishment a most determined and cunning criminal, when my superintendent sent for me.

"Mitchell," said he, "here is another nice little job for you."

Opening a paper, he showed me in brief the details of a most curious family story. It was the experience of a county family residing about six miles from where we were stationed. The purpose of my inquiry was not criminal, but private, as I was to be engaged outside of my ordinary duty, and simply as agent for the family, to ferret out the meaning of an occurrence which had at once alarmed and distressed them.

About two years before, the head of the family had died. At least his death was inferred, and had been admitted by some of the chief insurance offices. Mr. A—— had been in very deep water, unknown to his family, and the estate, instead of yielding an income of about £3000 a-year, was, in fact, hopelessly mortgaged. He had, some years ago, insured his life in various offices for no less a sum than £100,000, and in every case it was found that the insurance had been made with offices, which, after a specified time, *did not permit suicide to vitiate the policy.*

The circumstances of Mr. A——'s death were fresh in every mind. On the beach bordering the north side of the property, his clothes were found lying one morning after an exceedingly heavy storm. No body was found; but as the home that once knew him had known him no more, and as in the pocket of the coat a note had been found, informing his wife that the insurances he had effected would save the estate for her and their two children, no one doubted that the embarrassed man had thrown himself into the "briny," and that the body had been carried away by the heavy sea that was running that night.

For a time the insurance offices resisted the claim, but when, after two months, a disfigured corpse whose cut and colour of hair resembled those of Mr. A—— was cast up twenty miles away, all doubt seemed at rest, and the money was paid.

I may say at once that I had my doubts, but it is no part of a criminal officer's duty to "show his hand" till the time comes. That time had now come.

"Then he *is* alive." I said to the superintendent after he had told me the story.

"Well, Mitchell, it looks like it; but it does not seem that the family thinks so, or they would not have come to us about these trees."

"Exactly my view," I said; "for if A—— should be found alive there must be restitution all round, and

where the family can get £100,000 to recompense the insurance companies I know not. Besides, there is the charge of fraud."

"At all events, Mitchell, your course is clear. Find out the truth, even should you unearth poor A——."

The fact was that in front of A—— House there stood a row of poplar trees, which shut out a view of the sea from the drawing-room windows. Quick-growing trees, they had soon obtained a goodly size, but A—— had a memory from his boyhood of his mother having dwelt upon the beauty of that glimpse of sea. Ever and anon the "late" owner had spoke of cutting those trees down. Somehow he had been dissuaded from doing it, and it was a kind of open secret, as I now found out from the papers submitted, that this had been a subject of difference of opinion between him and his wife. A—— had wished *his* boy to see the place as he had known it, but his wife had desired the shelter from north and east winds which the belt of trees afforded to their tender little girl in a somewhat delicate babyhood. The wife, I may add, was a good deal younger than A——, and had been married to him only a year after he succeeded to the property.

Two years had elapsed since his death, when one morning, about a fortnight before the time I was called, *one of the trees had been sawn through in the night*. Two nights later another tree was cut down, and a week afterwards a third, and then a fourth! Out of the ten trees nearly one-half had been cut down, when the case was put into my hands, and, although a watch was set, or said to be set, by the household, a fifth tree was laid low that night, before I had time to take such measures as would inevitably detect any man with saw or axe found near the property.

II.

Carefully made up as a tramp, I lay about the neighbourhood for some nights. My men, of course, kept close watch, and I had no fear that any sixth attempt would be successful. But my object was to prowl about the villages near, spying out all who frequented the public-houses, or other places of resort. My "make up," it may be believed, was good, and even one of my assistants drove me away from the place the second night, and would have laid hands on me had I not spoken a word that he understood.

Although the trees remained without further disturbance, I had a suspicion that the man was really in the neighbourhood; but excepting an old bent man who sung street ballads in a low voice, and who passed through one village to another each night, I saw no stranger near the place.

With him I made acquaintance, and we had several talks about the mysterious occurrence at A——.

"I ken naething aboot it," he would say, "but I think it hardly worth while for the folk to hae policemen a' roond the hoose for the sake o' a wheen trees."

"But don't you think," I said, "that it looks very like as if the laird himself had done it. You know he objected to those trees when he was here, and if he has come back he wants to have them away before his wife kens of his return."

"I watna' but ye may be richt, sir," said the mendicant minstrel. Although I was even more ragged than he, he always addressed me as a superior, which I thought strange, but I attributed it to his innocent nature.

Some day after this, when in the town (the trees the while remaining without further molestation), I saw my old friend in the street, and being then in my official undress I gave him a penny. He had been loud in blame of people not giving him enough to live on for his songs, so I gave him a coin—a French penny as it happened.

That night the watch was withdrawn, and I alone in my tramp garb remained in the nearest village. My singing friend came as usual; we had our usual crack, in the course of which he told me he had heard on the road that the watch was no longer employed.

"A gey dark nicht it will be, sir," said he, "for it is cloudy, and there is nae mune."

Next morning the sixth tree was found lying straight across the lawn, and on the ground amongst the grass I found a French penny.

"Oho, you rogue," I exclaimed, mentally, "then you are A—— in disguise!" When this had dawned on me the course became pretty clear.

III.

One of the accomplishments of A—— was his charming singing of old Scots songs. This I knew from other sources, but I strengthened it by a reference to an intimate friend of his. Humouring the talkativeness of my informant, I led him into a half-hour's talk on songs and singing. Without questioning he gave me a curious clue.

"Now that you speak of it there was a curious manner in poor old A——'s singing. For instance, in singing *Auld Rob Morris* he ended it not in the common way, but with a quaint turn, thus,——" and he gave a stave of the song.

Was it an echo? Far along the street there was an old man singing, and though only my ear had caught it, the very turn of *Auld Rob Morris*, just crooned over to me inside, was wafted along from the distant singer.

To make assurance doubly sure I got up myself in the garb of an elderly gentleman, and walked through the streets in search of my minstrel. The gift of a bit of silver, and a kindly smile, easily induced the man to stand and chat a moment. Bringing round the subject to Scots songs—he had been singing an old song by Dibdin as I approached—I turned over several with him, and at last suggested *Auld Rob Morris*.

"Aye, sir, that is a bonny sang, and mony a penny

I can get at it, when ither sangs winna draw a baw-bee."

Of course I asked him to sing it, and at the end I challenged his ending as unusual.

"Weel, weel, tastes differ, but I aye sang it that gate."

This was my opportunity, so, standing in such a position that my eye was invisible to him, I said—

"I never heard any one end it that way but the man whose friends say he was drowned."

To a less sensitive eye than mine, the start given by the strolling singer would have been imperceptible. Feeling now sure of my man, I allowed him to walk away, while I returned home to assume my "tramp's" clothes, and to set the needful watch for that night.

IV.

I never saw him again. That very day he had made himself known to his wife, and explained his conduct. He would have waited longer, but a very lucky speculation—quietly conducted at times when he gave up his bent form and old man's garb—had just given him money enough to redeem the estate. But there was the fraud standing against him, and he could not publicly declare himself. So that night he, with wife and children, went off to a country where no extradition treaty operated; an agent paid over £100,000 with interest to the insurance offices, and the rents of the property were for twenty years drawn by this agent, till A—— died, and his son came back to this country and cut down the remaining poplar trees.

This was not to me a very satisfactory case, but in detective life, as elsewhere, we sometimes have failures.

Small Holdings—Babies.

When you see an Irish mother sewing the tears in her boy's pantaloons, you may put her down as being in favour of the "no rent" system.

Some thirty years ago, at Sharn, in New York, a lady, then young and handsome, made her appearance at the Pavilion Hotel for the purpose of drinking the waters. That her husband was an hotel-keeper in Boston was soon whispered about, and some of the visitors put on a very exclusive air. But the American belle was quite equal to the occasion, and made herself very agreeable. One morning she was missing from the breakfast-table; and at luncheon her place was vacant. Inquiries were made; no one had seen her at the springs. By night-time it was known that the lady was in her room, and that her Boston doctor had been sent for. "Is she very ill?" "What is the matter?" were the questions asked. "No; only the lady's face, neck, and arms have suddenly turned black." The consternation that ensued amongst the visitors present was remarkable. The lady recovered; she returned to Boston, and those who saw her start said she looked "very dark." Soon the fact became known; she had been using some complexion-lotion, and the Sharn springs, having a large proportion of sulphur in them, had, when she took her bath, made her as dusky as a negress.

GENIUS AND HARD WORK.

SOME young men, who think themselves gifted with genius, are inclined to the kangaroo style of progressing. They flatter themselves that they, at least, may attain to the heights of fame by a series of leaps, and that, too, without training or hard work.

Before they begin their leaping, such fanciful young persons should ponder the words of Salvini, the great Italian actor, to the pupils of his art. "Above all, study—study—study," says this chieftain in a profession which is supposed to reserve its prizes for genius. "All the genius in the world," he adds, "will not help you along with any art, unless you become a hard student. It has taken me years to master a single part."

Macready, while stopping at a Boston hotel, was heard crying "murder" for two hours. He was practising to get the intonation which would express agony and fear.

Charlotte Cushman, during her public readings, once prepared for an encore by studying a comic anecdote. It was but twenty lines, yet for three days it was read and re-read, until she had learned the best way to bring out its ludicrous features.

The successes of great orators have been due as much to their hard study as to their genius. They prepared for the fitting occasion, so that when it came it should find them ready.

Lord Mansfield was gifted with genius, invention, grace of manner, and a silver-toned voice. Yet he did not depend upon these natural gifts for oratorical skill, but laboured as hard to acquire it as if he had been a man of ordinary talents.

He mastered the speeches of the Greek and Roman orators, and spent years in translating them. Frequent practice at a debating society gave him skill in extemporaneous speaking. He studied law and literature, and associated with "the wits" of the day, that he might fertilise his mind.

A contemporary might have supposed that nature had done so much for this silver-tongued orator, in the way of voice and grace of manner, that he had no need to cultivate tones or gestures. But one day a brother lawyer having suddenly entered the orator's room, surprised him speaking a piece before a glass—and with Pope, the poet, sitting by as a critic.

Such toils in a "born orator" should teach young men that even genius does not justify the neglect of hard study, and much self-discipline, if one would become a master of his profession.

If ever a man had a genius for oratory it was the brilliant Irishman, Henry Grattan. Yet it required years of study and practice to develop that genius. He used to play in private theatricals, and declaim in the woods. Against him were his short stature and long arms, and an awkward and grotesque manner. His personal appearance was not prepossessing; he had neither wit nor pathos, and at the beginning of

his speeches he hesitated and drawled. But in spite of these natural defects he made himself, by hard work and much practice, one of the mastering orators of the House of Commons.

Henry Clay is generally represented as a born orator. But he says that he made himself an orator by forming the habit at the age of twenty-seven, and exercising it for years after, of daily reading some good book, and speaking upon a theme suggested by its contents.

"These off-hand efforts," he said, in an address to young men, "were sometimes made in a cornfield, and at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and moulded my subsequent entire destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech!"

The greatest speech which Webster ever made was his reply to Hayne. Even his friends thought it delivered with only the preparation which the interval between the adjournment and meeting of the Senate would allow.

But Peter Harvey, his confidant, says Webster told him that the speech had been substantially prepared long before, and was waiting the fitting occasion for its delivery. When the occasion came he took out the "notes tucked away in his pigeon-hole," read them, and was ready for the debate.

"If Hayne had tried," he said, "to make a speech to fit my notes, he could not have hit it better. No man is inspired by the occasion. I never was.

Alas! the occasion has so depressed many a genius as to repress him. He was too lazy to prepare for what might have been the turning-point of his life; and when it came he had nothing to express worthy of the occasion.

"Young man, there is no such thing as extemporaneous acquisition."

These words were uttered by Webster to a young clergyman who questioned him about a supposed extemporaneous speech. They should be "inwardly digested" by every young man who thinks that his genius is a sort of "seven leagues boots" by which he may step at once to the heights.

"The ball is a coward, the bayonet a hero," said the fighting Russian general, Marshal Suwarof, famous for his charges. Adopting the spirit of the apothegm, we would say, genius has made many a coward, industry many a hero.

The lives of unsuccessful men abound in illustrations of genius retreating from the occasion for which it was too indolent to prepare.

According to Douglas Jerrold, dogmatism is puppyism grown old!

SOME MORE TALK.

(BY ONE WE'VE OUR-EYE-ON.)

NO. 999.—GERALDINE GORDON.

It happened years ago, and yet I can recall every incident of that eventful morning—the journey, the drive, the piquant face of Geraldine; all come up before me with the vividness of yesterday.

I was sitting in my parlour (I was living in the country then) after breakfast, waiting for the postman, that "bearer of the tidings from the loved of every land." The honeysuckle was looking in at the open window, nodding its yellow heads in the gentle June breeze, which came filtering in balmily; so balmily, it did not flutter the canary trilling its melody in a bounteous, incessant stream, and cocking its head and looking as bold as if it "feared no foe in shining armour." Borne in at the window in little gusts came the delicate fragrance of the roses that covered my little cottage from attic to basement. The plash of rippling waves on a smooth sandy beach a little way off formed a pleasing accompaniment to the canary's warble. Truly it seemed a slip from the Garden of Eden, this little cottage, which my father, with rare insight into my tastes, had bequeathed to me, his youngest son.

Rat-tat-ta—the postman at last! My old house-keeper brings in a letter. "Two pence to pay if you please, sir," she says, and my heart gives a strange little throb, which I stifle instantly; for why should I get excited over receiving a letter from Geraldine Gordon? I know before seeing it that it comes from her, for no other of my few correspondents adopts the economical system of posting letters without stamps. The throb will not be stifled, however, but gets worse and worse as I get out my ivory paper cutter, and gently slit open the thin, limp, very much dog-eared missive, sealed with a copious supply of red wax, and bearing on its face the familiar 2.

But before I read Geraldine's letter, I must tell you who Geraldine is. To begin at the beginning:—About fifteen years ago,

I was a child and she was a child,
In our kingdom by the sea,
And this maiden lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

No! of course that is not quite accurate; for was not I her senior by five years? and five years seemed half a lifetime then. We went to the same village school; she was my little sweetheart; I protected her from the school bullies; I wrote notes to the schoolmaster, purporting to be from Geraldine's male parent, excusing her when she had been playing truant. But why should I recall the incidents of our childish days? *Je n'en parlerai plus.* However, *dulce est desipere in modo*, so let it pass! Geraldine left school when she was thirteen, and went into service—at first at the

"big house," for her mother was a pensioner of the Laird's family, then to Glasgow, to the Laird's sister. And so we had to part, but not without solemn promises never to forget each other. Geraldine remembered her promise, for did she not write to me in the neatest of neat hands every month? and I, on my part, did not fail to remember her, for had I not always (as before-mentioned) to pay double postage?

But the letter that came on the June morning of which I speak was a week before the usual time, and I concluded there must be something important in it, and there was. "Dear Bill," she wrote, "I write to say that I am to be married to Tim Barker on Monday week, and I want you to come to the marriage. Tim is a very nice man; he is my lady's coachman, and I have known him ever since I went to Glasgow. He wants you to be his best man. Come, dear William, and dance the reel of Tullochgorum at the wedding of your old young friend, Geraldine. P.S.—I have got the washing put off till Thursday, so Tim and I, and one or two friends, will meet you at the first train on Monday."

I heaved a little sigh as I returned the letter to its envelope, and laid it beside its predecessors in my desk. A curious idea struck me to count how much money this correspondence had cost me. 2d., 4d., 6d., 9s. 10d., 10s.—well, it's not so much after all.

Monday week came slowly round. I rose early and dressed myself up to Dick.

Up to Dick! It was Mina Cayon, the little French girl, whose delicate lips (they almost looked eatable, and, indeed, I have tasted them more than once) first uttered in my hearing that most expressive of phrases. "Are you going to the pic-nic on Saturday?" she asked. "No," I replied, "I'm awfully sorry, I've got another engagement." She puckered her pretty face into a frown, and said, "That ees not up to Dick." I did not require to ask for an explanation of the words; Mina's face was as good as a lexicon.

But I must hurry to town as fast as the train will carry me. The first face that met my gaze as we slowed into the station at Glasgow was the bright one of Geraldine, beaming with health and happiness. After a kind greeting between us, Tim was produced. He was a bashful little fellow, with a never-failing grin on his cheery face, and a never-failing twinkle in the little black beads which served him for eyes. The other friends were the cook, the housekeeper, and another servant (a comely young person), the butler, and the footman. Geraldine and Tim and the young person and myself got into a cab, while the rest of the party rode on the top of a convenient tramcar, and we drove to the house of a city clergyman, who quickly tied with his tongue the Gordian knot, which Tim and Geraldine could not untie with their teeth.

Then we all adjourned to a side street, where, in the prettiest of pretty rooms, in the quietest of public-houses, was set out the most elegant of elegant

dejeuners. The daintiest of white table-cloths was clothed with a great variety of most tempting viands, fit to grace the marriage of the Queen of Love herself.

The butler said it reminded him of a very good story he had heard. He wasn't good at telling a story, but he would try. "A little boy came up to his father one day and said to him—

"Faither! Jock swore!"

"What did he say?" asked the father.

Boy—He said "Faith!"

Father—"Did he, faith?"

Boy—"Ay, faith did he!"

Father—"If I had 'im I wad faith 'im!"

Boy—"Wad ye, faith?"

Father—"Ay, faith wad I!"

When the merriment this *very* original story called forth had somewhat subsided, the footman said the butler's story reminded him of another, an awfully good story, so comical, in fact, that the very thought of it set the footman off in fits. At last he got his face screwed down to something like its normal expression, and he began, speaking very fast—"It was about a cat and a monkey. The monkey said to the cat (what was intended to be a compliment, delivered by the narrator in missing-link language)." We couldn't quite see the joke; but what of that? was it not Geraldine's marriage day, when none but a churl could be grave. "Then the cat said (using feline patois); and then the monkey said (something the footman evidently thought very nice, but being monkey-talk none could understand it)."

When we had recovered from the exhausting effect of these witticisms, the cook proposed that the bride should favour the company with a song. The motion was carried by acclamation, and Geraldine sang. She had a sweet tuneful voice of great power and compass. It was a song which some people call hackneyed, but to me, and to all who admire as passionate as I do the beauties of nature, it must ever seem fresh.

When other lips and other hearts
Their tale of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well.
When hollow hearts shall wa-a-ear a mask,
'Twill break your o-o-own to see;
In such a moment I but ask,
That you'll re-me-e-e-ember me.
That you'll remember,
You'll remember me!

When coldness and deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize;
And deem it but a faded light,
That beams within your eyes.
There may, perchance, in su-u-u-ch a scene,
Some recolle-e-e-ction be
Of days that have as happy been,
Then you'll reme-e-e-ember me.
Then you'll remember,
You'll remember me!

As the last words died away, I looked at the singer. A tear stood in her hazel eyes. I knew she was thinking with me of the happy days we had spent together, and I turned away to hide my emotion.

But pshaw! enough of this! "On with the dance; let joy be unconfined, &c."

I need not say more about the joyous banquet, though I could dwell upon it for hours. I have only to shut my eyes, and the whole scene rises vividly before me,—and out of the crowd of dream faces comes one—it is Geraldine's. Her lips part, and she says to me, "Don't be down-hearted, Bill! I'll always write to you as I used to do." "No," I replied, "the suggestion reflects infinite credit on your goodness of heart, but it is best that I should try to forget you; best for you, and best for me!"

In the gloaming, oh, my darling!

Think not bitterly of me,

Though I passed away in silence,

Left you lone, and set you free.

For my heart was sad with longing,

What had been could never be!

It was best to leave you thus, dear,

Best for you and best (very much so) for me!

So she lived happy and died happy, and never drank out of a dry cippie.—Q.E.D.

R. M.

'T WAS EVER THUS.

THERE is no surer sign that the holiday-season is in full play than the appearance of the perennial grumble of those who "write to the *Times*" about the charges at hotels in Scotland. It never suggests itself to those hard-up people that the remedy is in their own hands. If a man wishes "a' the comforts o' the Sautmarket" at Sautmarket prices, let him stay in the Sautmarket—if he cannot afford more for dinner than he pays at a "slap-bang" in Bucklersbury, let him stick to Bucklersbury. THE TATLER means to publish his journal every week, and to reap his harvest "once a week, all the year round." But if the whole of his machinery—editorial, mechanical and commercial—could only be utilised for three months in the year, it is easily demonstrable that the present pennyworth could not be sold for a penny, and there would be irate grumblers writing to the *Times*, complaining that all the booksellers and newsgagents were demanding twopence for a penny paper. The illustration is not perfect; for, of course, the public *knows* that THE TATLER is well worth twopence, "an' mair siller," but in principle the application of the case is correct.

The Cockney who writes about Highland hotels is a most unreasonable fellow. He must have the bedrooms large and more finely appointed than what he probably occupies at home. The attendance must be prompt, the viands good and plentiful, the bitter beer in fine condition, and, generally, the service equal to that of an hotel "registered At Lloyd's." Ten to

one he has never tried an hotel in London or Paris, but off goes the "letter to the Editor," and the annual row begins. Plainly the matter must rest on economic laws. "The scarcity of the product enhances the value of the article," or perhaps the case is better put, on principles of supply and demand, in that capital story of a Glasgow hotel-keeper who treated persons of the grumbling kidney very briefly. Those who, in coming, made enquiry and left on seeing the tariff of charges, he allowed to depart, knowing that the next cab would bring people to supply their places. To those who, on the bill coming in, remonstrated on the rates, he had a conclusive reply, "what for should I charge less—my hoose is fu' every night."

But, from lengthened experience, THE TATLER is able to give a still better answer to those narrow people: viz., that *a tour in the Highlands is worth the money*; or, as it has been put:—

If, in your bill, some overcharges fall,
Look at the place and you'll forget them all.

COOLIES AND COLLIES.

A WORTHY preacher in a pastoral parish was the other Sabbath expatiating in glowing and eloquent language on the ancient maritime cities of Tyre and Sidon. In the course of his eloquent discourse he took occasion to refer to the dangers experienced by those who "go down to the sea in ships;" and he illustrated this part of his subject by referring to the numerous shipwrecks which had happened this winter—mentioning, among others, the loss of a vessel in the eastern seas with 800 coolies on board—800 immortal souls ushered in one moment into eternity. On the congregation leaving church, a douce and decent couple were overheard discussing the sermon. "John," said the wife, "did ye ever hear the like o' yon? 800 *collies* a' drooned at ance, puir beasts? But what cou'd he mean by sayin' they had immortal souls? I aye kent that a doug was a by-ordinar beast, but I never thought till noo they were sponsible creetures like huz!"—"Hout tout," quoth John, "ye munna hae heard richt. For my pairt I was rather heavy the day, an' I cannie gie an opinion on the subject; but I wad advise ye no to mention the fact, for fear ye be mistaen!" "But, John, what in a' the world cou'd they be doin' wi' sae many collies in the ship?" "Doin' wi' sae many collies!" quoth John: "it's maist likely they wad be gaun to Fa'kirk Tryst!"

Mr. Macdougall, the famous tartan manufacturer of Inverness, died a short time back. It was owing to him that Lord Brougham always wore trousers of shepherd's-plaid. His lordship sent an order to Inverness for "two pieces" of the cloth, and, this being interpreted in a whole-sale sense, Macdougall despatched two large webs, which afforded an ample supply of trousers for the purchaser during the last thirty years of his life.

A WISH.

I have a wish which busies oft my mind
At home, abroad, amid the shade reclined;
At morn, at noon, and eve, it will obtrude,
E'en on the calm of midnight solitude.
When summer breathes o'er earth luxurious gales,
The pleasing fancy oft my mind assails—
'Mid winter storms, beside the blazing fire,
My bosom flutters with the fond desire.

Laura, you pant to know it; prying elf!
No, no, I'll keep the secret to myself;
You tease your brain to guess what it may prove:
Ambition, fame, success in hopeless love,
Or some high pantings after excellence;
Perhaps 'tis just as well to tell at once—
I've often wished, with Swift, that I had clear,
And snug for life, *five hundred pounds a year!*

THE SEA-GIRT ISLE.

Come, fill the cup, we'll drink to-night
To the land that gave us birth;
The sparkling wine with its rosy light
Was made for the sons of earth.
And oh! if a tear our eyes should dim,
When we think of the friends we miss,
We'll steal a ray from the goblet's brim,
And bathe the tear in bliss.

Then fill the cup to the sea-girt isle,
To the dear remembered few,
Whose lips, perhaps, at this moment smile
In the homes our childhood knew;
For alas! full many a year has flown
Since our parted bosoms met,
But affection's chain was round us thrown,
And its links are shining yet.

The strings of the harp have murmured long,
With many a tale of woe,
But there's joy to-night—and the tide of song
From its innermost founts shall flow,
And memory like an angel bright,
From Eden's blissful bowers,
Will fill the soul with a holy light,
And cover the heart with flowers.

Yes, our country's love embalms the heart,
Wherever our barks may sweep,
As the leaves of the rose, tho' torn apart,
Their share of the perfume keep.
Then thus, while every goblet foams,
Let this be the pledge we'll give—
Our native isle and our early homes,
And the land in which we live.

Lord Ronald Gower has recalled the fact that it was Stafford House which once inspired our Queen to pay quite an epigrammatic compliment. It was paid early in her reign, when she honoured a reception of the late Duke's with her presence; and as she advanced through the really grand hall to the foot of what is certainly the most handsome staircase in London (the whole lighted up like noon) her Majesty exclaimed, in answer to the Duchess, who advanced with her husband to receive her, "Yes, I have come from my house to your palace!"

A QUEER SHAVER.

AN EDINBURGH SKETCH.

"THAT'S *yin* side dune, ony way!"

Those words, uttered in a peevish and boyish voice, induced me to peep through a chink in the half-glazed door from behind which the voice proceeded. Before describing the scene which met my view, I must explain the time and place of the event. Some thirty years ago, before the demolition of many of those houses which gave their character to "Old Edinburgh," it was my lot to make some professional enquiries regarding a poor man whose wife had died in the Royal Infirmary. The duty took me to what was, socially, one of the worst parts of the town, but which was also, in an artistic sense, the most picturesque. The "close" I had entered was dark and filthy in the extreme. A few steps off the public street it became almost impossible to distinguish objects close at hand, for the few straggling rays of daylight yet left of a winter afternoon, coming down from amongst high piles of chimneys, were lost long before they reached the corner in which I was groping. Narrow it was, with beams of wood thrown across between the houses for support; while a number of "clothes' sticks," hung with tattered, half-washed clothes, helped to intercept the light. The light was something like what an Irish-woman had said to me a few days before, when, entering her inner and windowless cellar, I said, "You have no daylight here, my good woman," and got the truly national retort, "No, sir, except when we take in a *khandle*." The pend through which I came had taken a sudden turn, and the voice I heard came from a corner in the bend, close at my right hand.

"That's *yin* side dune, ony way!"—a curious remark, and at the moment of hearing it I observed that a cunningly contrived light was thrown on a beam running athwart the roof of the pend, on which I read the legend:

"A. K. WEIR, BARBER."

On turning to the door whence the light and the voice evidently proceeded, a most singular spectacle met my eye. The room into which I peeped was small, perhaps a yard and a half each way. In the corner stood a small gas stove, the case formed like a human face, with the light streaming through eyes, mouth, and nose. The soap dish, perched on the head, was painted a bright red, and jauntily placed on one side, *à la Turque*. In the opposite corner stood a granite or painted pedestal, on the top of which rested a block, bearing a half-finished wig. How curious it was to glance upwards over this object, all seeming real and proper—the effigy of some eminent man—till you reached the wig, and then there was on one side a mass of "touzy" hair, with part of it hanging gracefully over the left eye, while a long needle stuck into the head reminded one of Miss Fanny Squeers' back-comb—"a few inches more and it would have entered the brain." A narrow ledge or shelf was strewn with other implements of a barber's trade.

But the group in the centre was the main attraction, and the other objects were only observed after I had fully studied the curious picture. In a chair sat a figure, evidently an artist's lay figure, the face of which was got up with much ingenuity. It was covered with smooth leather, and stuffed. The figure was held in the chair by a stout rope, while to steady it further a string passed from the bump of benevolence up to a hook in the roof.

Standing on a stool close by the right shoulder was a boy of about twelve years of age. When I first caught a

glimpse of him, after hearing the words given above, his head was thrown back in a contemplative attitude, surveying with some marks of satisfaction the progress he had made in shaving the dummy. Had his subject been a live person, I would have trembled at the vindictive shake he gave his razor on resuming his task. The picture conjured up was that of a dissolute but ingenious parent, who had fallen on this extraordinary way to "teach the young idea how to"—shave!

The companions of the lad were playing at the "bools" probably, or enjoying a slide in the "stanks" near Holyrood, dear to the boyhood of Edinburgh a generation ago. But for him was no such enjoyment, for the necessity of earning the family coppers pressed on him, though much against his grain. As he proceeded with his shaving, I heard muttered words of "half-drunk" and "Cawmell's"—the latter, as I remembered, a well-known "public" near at hand—and the young "shaver" was employing the interval between one hair-cutting job and another by studying the art of "easy shaving" on his fictitious customer.

Turning away with a heavy heart, as I thought of the miserable example and the depressed youthful spirit of this young barber, I resolved once more, as I had often before resolved, that, come what might, I should never permit another hand than my own to approach my face with a razor. And thus ends my story of "A Queer Shaver."

Josh Billings says—To enjoy a good reputashun, give publicly and steal privately.

One young lady, daughter of a Liberal M.P., wishes her father to write to a certain distinguished statesman for some ideas about dresses, she having read in the newspapers that the right honourable gentleman has a wonderful capacity for making "figures" attractive.

An Inspector of Schools was the other day examining a class of eight-year-olds in reading, and on one little fellow reading a sentence containing the word "baby," the inspector stopped him suddenly, and asked him the plural of that word. The intelligent boy, with all a Londoner's experience of the world, at once replied, "Twins."

An Indian newspaper records that, on 13th April last, Mahahitchiaratchitege Gerigoris was sentenced to death, and executed shortly afterwards at Welikada. The man met his death with apparent indifference, walking up the steps of the scaffold without assistance. [We're not astonished. It should be a matter of indifference to anybody whether to die or to live with such a name.]

The Rev. Mr. — was one of the most bashful men in the profession, and was constantly getting into scrapes through his nervous mistakes. At one time he rose in his pulpit to give out the hymn, "This world is all a fleeting show." Everybody smiled except the deacons, and the minister was covered with confusion as he began again: "This world is all a shouting flow." This only made matters worse, and the unhappy man cleared his throat with tremendous force and began once again: "This world is all a floating she." Then he slammed the hymn-book down, and, wiping his brow, said: "Brethren, for some reason I cannot read that hymn as it should be read. We will omit it, and the choir will please sing the grand old lines beginning: 'Just as I am, without one flea.'"

LITTLE WALTER.

"SOPHY dear," said I to my wife, "this giddy child, Annie, insists on knowing how I fell in love. Shall I tell her?"

My wife looked up with a smile and blush; then a tear came into her eye.

"If Annie insists on it," she said.

"Oh, now you must," cried the wild girl; "tell us all about it, uncle."

"When I first came to Brusselville," I said, looking kindly at my wife, "Sophy's father was the pastor of the Episcopal Church. If ever there was a true successor of the Apostles, at least in holy living, Mr. Howell was one."

Sophy looked up, as I thus spoke, and fervently pressed my hand. I smiled lovingly on her, and proceeded:

"Sophy herself was not at home, being on a visit to New York; but I was often at the parsonage; for little Walter, her brother, was a great favourite with me. He used to be praising Sophy, in his lisping accents, all the time, till I half began to love her, from sympathy with him."

"One night, about twelve o'clock, I was roused from my sleep by a messenger from the parsonage."

"Little Walter," said the servant, 'has the croup: Mr. Howell is from home. Dr. Morgan, too, has been summoned into the country.'

"Dr. Morgan, the oldest physician of the place, was the family physician, as I knew. 'I will be there in a few minutes,' I said, alarmed for my little favourite. 'There is no competent person with him, since his father is away—is there?'

"Miss Sophy has come back,' was the reply, 'and told me to run for you, when I found Dr. Morgan was out.'

"I soon reached the parsonage. There was a light burning up stairs, in what I knew to be the nursery: the only light in the whole village street. The instant I knocked the door was opened. The servant was crying sadly, and could hardly answer my inquiries as I went up stairs, two steps at a time, to see my little favourite."

"The nursery was a very large room. At the further end it was lighted by a common candle, which left the other end, where the door was, in shade, so I suppose the nurse did not see me come in, for she was speaking very crossly."

"Miss Sophy!' said she, 'I told you over and over again it was not fit for him to go walking to-day, with the hoarseness that he had, but you would take him. It will break your papa's heart, I know, but its none of my doing.'

"Whatever Sophy felt, she did not speak in answer to this. I could not see her face, for she was on her knees by the warm bath, in which the little fellow was struggling to get his breath, with a look of terror on his face that I have often noticed in young children when smitten by a sudden and violent illness. It seems as if they recognize something indefinite and invisible, at whose bidding the pain and the anguish come, from which no love can shield them. It is a very heart-rending look to observe, because it comes on the faces of those who are too young to receive comfort from the words of faith, or the promises of religion. Walter had his arms round Sophy's neck, as if she, hitherto his Paradise-angel, could save him from the dreaded shadow of death. Yes, of death! I knelt down by him on the other side, and examined him. The very robustness of his little frame gave violence to the disease, which is always one of the most fearful by which children of his age can be attacked."

"Don't tremble, Watty,' said Sophy, in a soothing tone, 'it's the doctor, darling, who let you ride on his

horse.' I could detect the quivering in the voice which she tried to make, so calm and soft, to quiet the little fellow's fears. We took him out of the bath, and I went for leeches. While I was away, Dr. Morgan came. He loved the pastor's children as if he was their uncle; but he stood still and aghast at the sight of Walter—so lately bright and strong—and now hurrying alone to the awful change—to the silent, mysterious land, where, tended and cared for as he had been on earth, he must go—alone. The little fellow! the darling!

"We applied the leeches to his throat. He resisted at first; but Sophy, God bless her, put the agony of her grief on one side, and thought only of him, and began to sing the little songs he loved. We were all still. The gardener had gone to fetch Mr. Howell; but he was twelve miles off, and we doubted if he would come in time. I don't know if they had any hope; but the first moment Dr. Morgan's eyes met mine, I saw that he, like me, had none. The ticking of the house-clock sounded through the dark, quiet house. Walter was sleeping now, with the black leeches yet hanging to his fair, white throat. Still Sophy went on singing little lullabies, which she had sung under far different and happier circumstances. I remember one verse, because it struck me at the time as strangely applicable:

'Sleep, baby sleep!
Thy rest shall angels keep;
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,
And never suffer want or need.
Sleep, baby sleep.'

"The tears were in Dr. Morgan's eyes. I do not think either he or I could have spoken in our natural tones, but the brave girl went on, clear though low. She stopped at last, and looked up.

"'He is better, is he not, Dr. Morgan?'

"'No, my dear. He is—ahem—he could not speak all at once. Then he said—'My dear, he will be better soon. Think of your mamma, Miss Sophy. She will be thankful to have one of her darlings safe with her, where she is.'

"Still Sophy did not cry. But she bent her head down on the little face, and kissed it long and tenderly.

"'I will go for my sisters—for Helen and Lizzie. They will be sorry not to see him again.' She arose and went for them. Poor girls, they entered in their dressing-gowns, with eyes dilated with sudden emotion, pale, stealing softly along, as if sound would disturb him. Sophy comforted them by gentle caresses. It was soon over.

"Dr. Morgan was fairly crying like a child. But he thought it necessary to apologize to me for what I had honoured him for. 'I am a little over-done by yesterday's work, sir. I have had one or two bad nights, and they rather upset me. When I was your age I was as strong and manly as any one, and would have scorned to shed tears.'

"Sophy came up to where we stood.

"'Dr. Morgan! I am sorry for papa. How shall I tell him?' She was struggling against her own grief for her father's sake. Dr. Morgan offered to wait his coming home, and she seemed thankful for the proposal. I, new friend, almost stranger, might stay no longer. The street was as quiet as ever; not a shadow was changed; for it was not yet four o'clock. But during the night a soul had departed.

"It was many days before I saw Sophy again, except once at the funeral. When we did meet, it was like old friends; for we had both loved little Walter, which seemed to make a holy tie between us.

"I had never thought, on that fatal night, whether she was beautiful or not—at least, in the ordinary sense of that term. She rose before my memory as a ministering angel, forgetting her own sorrow in anxiety for the little sufferer, and, when all was over, thinking only of her father. She seemed an angel still, and gifted with supernatural beauty."

I paused awhile. Sophy was looking up again, her eyes now brimful of tears.

"And I think her an angel still, Annie," I said, as I stooped to kiss the tears from those eyes; "an angel sent to lead me up to heaven." Annie was crying, too; and, for the rest of the evening, she was giddy no more.

THE GENTS OF LEE.

BY M. H. W.

There were three young gents at Lee,
They were handsome as can be,
And there loved them, maidens three times three;
For they were handsome as can be,
These three young gents of Lee.

Now, these young gents they cannot find
A lady each to suit his mind.

The madcap lass is far too rough,
The rich young lass is not fair enough,
And one is too poor, and one too tall,
And one too æsthetic to suit them all.

"We have but to choose, and accepted be,
The girls shall wait," said the gents at Lee.

There were three young gents at Lee,
They were handsome as can be,
And there loved them, maidens three times three;
For they were handsome as can be,
These three young gents of Lee.

There are three old gents at Lee,
They are old and bald, all three,
And one has the gout, and one cannot see,
And they're all as cross as cross can be,
These three old gents of Lee.

Now, if any girl chanced—'tis a chance remote—
One single charm in these gents to note,
She need not sprightly nor handsome be,
For one has the gout, and one cannot see.
She need not be rich, or of blue blood be,
For the gents would thankful, thankful be,
If any girl would have them, one, two, or three,
For then would be stopped the tongues at Lee.

There are three old gents at Lee,
They are humble as can be,
But there they are, and there they'll be,
For no one will have them, one, two, or three,
These three old gents of Lee.

After a successful attack on an English detachment in the Jacobite rising of 1745, a Highlander had gained a watch as his share of the spoils of the vanquished. Unacquainted with its use, he listened with surprise and pleasure to the ticking sound with which his new acquisition amused him. After a few hours, however, the watch was run down, the noise ceased, and the dispirited owner, looking on the toy no longer with any satisfaction, determined to conceal the misfortune which had befallen it, and to dispose of it to the first person who offered him a trifle in exchange. He soon met with a customer, but, at parting, he could not conceal his triumph, and exultingly exclaimed, "Why, she died last night."

HE'D NEVER MARRY.

"YOU are determined not to marry?"

"Absolutely."

"And why?"

"In the first place, I never expect to be able to support a wife according to my ideas of comfort. In the second place, I have no hope of meeting a woman who will sympathize sufficiently with my feelings and views to be a congenial companion. Thirdly, I cannot bear the idea of adopting as constant associates the relatives of her I may love; and fourthly, I consider house-keeping, and all the details of domestic arrangements, the greatest bore in existence."

This colloquy took place between two young men, in the garden of one of the fashionable hotels at Saratoga. It was a sultry afternoon, and they had retired under the shade of an apple tree to digest their dinner, which process they were facilitating by occasionally puffing some very mild, light brown Havana cigars.

The last remarks were uttered in a very calm and positive tone by McNeil, a philosophical and quiet gentleman, who had a most sensible theory for everything in life. Among other things, he took a great pleasure in the conviction that he thoroughly understood himself. The first time his interest was truly excited by a member of the gentler sex, he had acted in the most extravagant manner, and barely escaped with honour from forming a most injudicious connection.

To guard against similar mishaps he had adopted a very ingenious plan. Being uncommonly susceptible to female attractions, he made it a rule, when charmed by a sweet face or thrilled by a winning voice, to seek for some personal defect or weakness of character in the fair creature, and obstinately dwell upon these defects, until they cast a shade over the redeeming traits, and dissolved the spell he feared.

When this course failed he had but one resource. With Falstaff, he thought discretion the better part of valour, and deliberately fled from the allurements that threatened his peace. Thus he managed not to allow love to take permanent possession, and after various false alarms and exciting vigils, came to the conclusion that no long siege or sudden attack would ever subdue the citadel of his affections.

But McNeil had so braced himself in a spirit of resistance that he had made no provisions against the unconscious lures of beauty. He could chat for hours with a celebrated belle, and leave her without a sigh; he could smile at the captivating manners which overcame his fellows. Regarding society as a battle-field, he went thither armed at all points, resolved to maintain his self-possession, and be on the watch against the wiles of woman. He had seen lovely girls in the drawing-room, followed their graceful movements in the dance, heard them breathe songs of sentiment at the piano, and walked beside them on the promenade. On these occasions, he coolly formed an estimate of their several graces, perfectly appreciated every finely-chiseled nose and tempting lip, noted with care the hue and expression of the eye, but walked proudly away at parting, murmuring to himself, "All this I see, yet I am not in love."

But who can anticipate the weapon that shall lay him low, or make adequate provision against the inexhaustible resources of love? McNeil had sat for a week at table, opposite an invalid widow and her daughter. He had passed them potatoes not less than a dozen times, and

helped the young lady twice to cherry pie. The only impression he had derived from their demeanour and appearance was that they were very genteel and quiet.

On the morning after his conversation in the garden, he awakened just before sunrise, and found himself lying with his face to the wall, in one of the diminutive chambers in which visitors at the springs are so unceremoniously packed. His eyes opened within six inches of the plaster; and he amused himself for some minutes in conjuring the cracks and veins it displayed into imaginary forms of warriors and animals. At length his mind reverted to himself and his present quarters.

"Well, I've been here just a fortnight," thus he mused, "and a pretty dull time I've had of it. Day after day, the same stupid routine. In the morning I swallow six glasses of Congress water at the springs, with the hollow eyes of that sick minister from Connecticut glaring on me like a serpent, and the die-away tones of that nervous lady from Philadelphia sounding like a knell in my ears. I cannot drink in peace for those everlasting Misses Hill, who all three chatter at once, and expect me to be entertaining and talkative so early in the morning, with my stomach full of cold liquid, and a long day in perspective! Then comes breakfast. The clatter of plates, the murmur of voices, the rushing of the black waiters, and the variety of steams, make me glad to retreat. I find a still corner of the piazza, and begin to read; but the flies, a draft of air, or the intrusive gabble of my acquaintances, utterly prevent me from becoming absorbed in a book. It has now grown too warm to walk, and I look in vain for Dr. Clayton, who is the only man here whose conversation interests me. I avoid the billiard room, because I know whom I shall meet there. The swing is occupied. The thrumming on the piano of that old maid from Providence makes the saloon unendurable. They are talking politics in the bar-room. The very sight of the newspapers gives me a qualm. I involuntarily begin to doze, when that infernal gong sounds the hour to dress. No matter; anything for a relief. Dinner is insufferable; more show and noise than relish and comfort. How gladly I escape to the garden and smoke! That reminds me of what I told Jones yesterday about matrimony. He laughed at me. But there is no mistake about it. Catch me to give up my freedom, and provide for a family—be pestered with a whole string of new connections, when I can't bear those I have now—never have a moment to myself—be obliged to get up in the night for a doctor—have to pay for a boy's schooling, and be plagued to death by him for my pains—be bothered constantly with bad servants—see my wife lose her beauty, in a twelve-month, from care—my goddess become a mere household drudge—give up cigars—keep precise hours—take care of sick children—go to market! Never, never!"

As his reverie thus emphatically terminated, McNeil slowly raised himself to a sitting posture, in order to ascertain the state of the weather, when a sight presented itself which at once put his philosophy to flight, and startled him from his composure.

He did not cry out, but hushed his very breath. Beside him lay a female form in profound slumber. Her hair had escaped from its confinement, and lay in the richest profusion around her face. There was a delicate glow upon her cheeks. The lips were scarcely parted. The brow was perfectly serene. One arm was thrust under her head, the other lay stretched over the cover-lid. It was one of those accidental attitudes which sculptors love to embody. The bosom heaved regularly. One felt that it

was the slumber of an innocent creature, and beneath that calm breast beat a kindly and pure heart.

McNeil bent over this vision, for so at first it seemed to him, as did Narcissus over the crystal water. The peaceful beauty of that face entered his very soul. He trembled at the still regularity of the long, dark eye-lashes, as if it were death personified.

Recovering himself, all at once something familiar struck him in the countenance. He thought a while, and the whole mystery was solved. They occupied the adjoining chamber; she had gone down stairs in the night to procure something for the invalid, and on returning entered in the darkness the wrong room, and fancying her mother asleep, had very quietly taken her place beside her, and was soon lost in slumber. No sooner did this idea take possession of McNeil than, with the utmost caution and a noiseless movement, he removed every vestige of his presence into a vacant apartment opposite, leaving the fair intruder to suppose that she alone occupied the room.

At breakfast he observed the mother and daughter whisper and smile together, and ascertained that they had no suspicion of the actual state of the case. With the delicacy that belonged to his character, McNeil inwardly vowed to keep the secret for ever in his own breast.

Meantime, with much apparent hilarity, he prepared to accompany Jones to Lake George. His companion marvelled to perceive this unwonted gaiety wear off as they proceeded in their ride. McNeil became silent and pensive. The evening was fine, and they went upon the lake to enjoy the moonlight. Jones sung his best songs, and awoke the echoes with his bugle. His friend remained silent, wrapped in his cloak, at the boat's stern.

At last, very abruptly, he sprang up, and ordered the rowers to land him.

"Where are you going?" inquired Jones.

"To Saratoga," was the reply.

"Not to-night, surely?"

"Yes, now, this instant."

Entertaining some fears of his friend's safety, Jones reluctantly devoted that lovely night to a hard ride over a sandy road, instead of lingering away its delightful hours on the sweet bosom of the lake.

Six months after, McNeil married the widow's daughter, and the ensuing summer, when I met him at Saratoga Springs, he assured me he found it a delightful residence.

A veritable duck of a doctor—a quack.

◆ ◆ ◆

An Irishman saw a new stove advertised, which was said to save half the fuel usually burnt. "Bedad," he exclaimed, "I'll buy two of them an' save the whole of it."

◆ ◆ ◆

Hackney coaches were first introduced into Paris by Nich. Sauvage, in 1650. They obtained the name of *Fiacre*, either from the inventor residing at a hotel of that name, or from the image of that saint (a favourite one with the people) being painted on the panels. But by a letter in Stafford's collection, dated April 1, 1634, it appears that hackney coaches were then to be hired in London at their stand, at the May-pole in the Strand, or elsewhere. It is added, "Everybody is much pleased with it. For, whereas before coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper."

THE TITLED CONVICT.

[This vivid word-picture of the fatal dower of "money" occurs in *Eighteen Months' Imprisonment*, a book just published by Messrs. Routledge, and written by one who has endured it.]

"ON the morning after my arrival at Newgate it was with considerable surprise that I saw a man in convict dress who was apparently the object of special watch and guard. My curiosity was considerably increased from the circumstance of his being the only individual out of some two hundred in this conspicuous attire. He was, moreover, not a novice, but wore the dreadful suit with the apparent ease of a man to whom it was by no means a novelty. He looked horribly ill, and a terrible eruption showed itself on his neck; added to this, however, there was a something about him, a *je ne sais quoi*, that marked the gentleman, and asserted the blue blood, despite the convict dress, the loathsome disease, and the degrading surroundings. A fixed melancholy seemed never to desert him. When he moved it was with eyes cast down, and nothing appeared to interest him; it was the motion of a human machine bowed down with grief or shame, or meditating some awful vengeance. I was so struck with all this that I determined to lose no opportunity of scraping an acquaintance with the mysterious stranger. I enquired of a warder, but all he knew, or pretended to know, was, that he was undergoing a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude, and had lately been drafted there from a convict prison, that he had only been there a few days, and would, in all probability, be moved elsewhere very shortly. Chance favoured my desire to make his acquaintance. It was on a Saturday afternoon, a time devoted to a very general and extra clean-up, and when almost everyone is put on a job. My warder had put me, at my urgent request, to dusting the rails, a duty I had observed at which the convict was frequently employed. I got as near as discretion would permit, and ventured to ask him who and what he was. He looked at me at first with a mingled expression of surprise and distrust, but being apparently reassured by either my manner or my dress, began in short, jerky sentences in something like the following style:—"You ask me who I am. That's a question I haven't heard for six long years. Since that time I have been an unit, 4016, of Portland, and praying night and day that death would release me." I was alarmed at his excited manner, his eyes flashed, he quivered like a maniac, and I begged him to be calm. This appeal seemed to touch some long dried-up string; kind words evidently sounded strange to him, and a tear trickled down his seamed and hollow cheeks. The weakness however, was but momentary, and wiping his eyes with his coarse blue handkerchief, he began, in a melancholy voice, the following sad story:—

"You ask me who I am, or rather who I was. Know, then, that six years ago I was known as——" "I started at the name, for it was a well-known and titled one." "At an early age my parents died, leaving me the possessor (under guardians) of £20,000 a year, an estate in England, and another in Ireland, a house in London, and an ancient title. My uncle and guardian, alas! was actuated by no affection for me, but considered that if he placed me under a good tutor, insured me a liberal education, and sent me to see the world, he was fairly earning the handsome salary allowed him by the Court of Chancery, whose ward I was. At the age of 18 I started with my tutor on a three years' tour, it having been decided that I should

thus have seen everything, and made a fitting termination to the education of a man with the bright prospects I so confidently considered were in store for me. Would to God I had been born a navvy! I should never have become what you now see me. The eventful era in my life at length arrived. After seeing everything, and going half over the world, I found myself in England again, and on the eve of being invested with the absolute control of my huge estates. I will not insult you, nor deceive myself, by concealing any of my blemishes. I was a drunkard, a confirmed sot at 21, too weak to resist temptation, and capable of every folly, every crime, when under the influence of drink's fatal spell. I moreover hated the society of gentlemen, and was never happy except when in low company. In London, whither I came after taking possession of my estates, I did not know a soul; the few respectable friends or relatives of my father I studiously avoided. Pleasure for me was only to be attained by herding with cads and their companions. My position, my title, my wealth, made this an easy task, and I soon became acquainted with a number of that voracious class. My most intimate friends were broken-down gentlemen and spendthrifts of shady reputation, fighting men, and banjo men, and blood-suckers of every type, who flattered my vanity, and led me, as it were, with the one hand, while they rifled my pockets with the other. They ate at my expense, they drank at my expense, I paid their debts in many instances, and any rascal had only to recount to me a tissue of lies for me to at once offer him consolation by the "loan" of a cheque. What matters it, thought I, was I not—, and had I not more money than I could possibly spend in a century? I was passionately fond of theatres, not respectable ones where I should have had to behave decently, but low East-end and transpontine ones, where I was a very swan among the geese, and where my title and wealth obtained for me the inestimable privilege of going behind the scenes and throwing money about in handfuls. On these almost nightly visits I was invariably dinned and asked for aid by every designing knave. They saw I was a fool and usually drunk, and what I mistook for homage was, in reality, the treatment that only a contemptible drunkard with money, such as I, ever gets. Every scene-shifter had a harrowing tale, or an imaginary subscription list, to all of whom I administered bounteous monetary consolation, and any varlet with a whole hand and a greasy rag round it, at once received a "fiver" as a mark of sympathy for his painful accident. In short, I was a fool, looked on as only fit to be fleeced, and simply tolerated for the sake of my money. Would to God I had confined myself to these contemptible but otherwise harmless follies! It was a dull foggy night—a night I can never forget—that some half dozen of my boon companions had been dining with me at a celebrated restaurant. The *debris* of the dessert had not been removed, and they were sipping their coffee while I was settling the bill, when a suggestion was made that we should go to the 'Sussex.' The 'Sussex' was a disreputable theatre, situated somewhere over the water, and supported entirely by the lowest class, and a few golden calves such as myself, who were serving their apprenticeship, and were permitted to go behind the scenes—entering the green room, or, indeed, any room, and paying ten shillings a bottle for as much fluid of an effervescent nature, in champagne bottles, as anybody and everybody chose to call for. On these occasions we were ushered into the sacred precincts with a certain amount of implied caution similar to, and about as necessary as, that assumed by a ragamuffin in the streets when asking you to buy a

spurious edition of the *Fruits of Philosophy*. This, however, in my ignorance, only enhanced the pleasure. We were, as I believed, participating in some illegal transaction, permitted only to the most fortunate. As a fact, we were violating no law, and if the Lord Chamberlain did not object, Scotland Yard certainly didn't. Etiquette on these occasions demanded that we should be formally introduced to the various "ladies" that frequented the green-room—a custom I considered highly commendable, for in my ignorance I believed that not the slightest difference existed between the highest exponent of tragedy and the frowsiest ballet-girl in worsted tights and spangles.

On this particular night, as I was watching the transformation scene being set, and listening to the sallies of the taudy fairies that crowded the wings, my attention was attracted by a tall woman, who was gnawing a bone with a gusto that conveyed to me the impression she hadn't eaten for a month. I felt for the poor creature, and went and stood near her. I thought at the time (for I was very drunk) that she was the most beautiful being I had ever seen; her pink-and-white complexion (it was in reality daubs of paint) appeared to me to be comparable only to a beautiful shell. I was spellbound by the sight, and instantaneously and hopelessly in love. It would have been a mercy—may God forgive me—if that bone had choked her. That woman eventually became *her ladyship*! But I am anticipating—"

The poor fellow here became so affected that I begged him to pause; it was, however, useless.

(To be continued.)

Swell: "I want you to make me a short coat without tails or seams in the back. Do you know what I mean?" German Tailor: "Yaas, yaas, I know vat you vant. You vant a strait jacket."

♦ ♦ ♦

A villager from Muthill went to a merchant in Crieff and asked change of a pound-note. "I think I can do it, but could ye no get it at Muthill instead o' comin' three miles to Crieff for it?" "Ay," was the reply, "I could ha'e done that; but you see I'm awn a tick here an' there in Muthill, an' had I gane into ony o' the shops there, and gien my pound, I wad hae got naething back?"

♦ ♦ ♦

About a century ago an actor celebrated for mimicry was employed by a comic author to take off the person, the manner, and the singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments, which he said afflicted his wife. The physician heard with amazement diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. At length, the actor drew from his purse a guinea, and with a scrape made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "put up thy money. Thou hast need of all thy cash and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The actor returned to his employer, and recounted the whole conversation, with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author screamed with approbation. His raptures were soon checked, for the mimic told him, with the emphasis of sensibility, that he would sooner die "than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public laughing-stock."

THE SOLDIER AND HIS PACK OF CARDS.

A PRIVATE soldier of the name of Richard Lee was once taken before one of the magistrates of Glasgow for playing cards during Divine service. The soldiers were led to the church, and the minister started to pray. Those who had Bibles took them out, but the soldier had neither Bible nor Prayer Book; so, pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them before him. He first glanced at one card, then at another. The sergeant saw him, and said—

"Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard.

When the service was over the constable took Richard in charge, and brought him before the magistrate next day.

"Well," said the bailie, "what have you brought the soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in church, sir."

"Well, soldier, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you very severely."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book. I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intention."

Then spreading the cards before the bailie, he began with the ace.

"When I see the ace, it reminds me that there is but one God.

"When I see the deuce, it reminds me of the Father and Son.

"When I see the three, it reminds me of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"When I see the four, it reminds me of the four Evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

"When I see the five, it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were foolish, and were shut out.

"When I see the six, it reminds me that in six days the Lord made Heaven and earth.

"When I see the seven, it reminds me that God rested from the great work on the seventh day.

"When I see the eight, it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world—Noah and his wife, his three sons, and their wives.

"When I see the nine, it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. There were nine out of ten that never returned thanks.

"When I see the ten, it reminds me of the Ten Commandments, which God handed down to Moses on the tables of stone.

"When I see the king, it reminds me of the King of Heaven, which is God Almighty.

"When I see the queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon."

"Well," said the bailie, "you have described every card in the pack except one."

"What is it, sir?"

"The knave," answered the bailie.

"Oh, your honour must know well the first and greatest knave—Satan. When I count the number of cards in a pack I find 52, the number of weeks in a year. There are 12 picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year. The four suits of cards represent the four seasons of the year, and the 13 cards in each suit stand for the number of weeks in a quarter. So, you see, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, an Almanack, and a Common Prayer Book.

It is almost needless to say that the ingenious soldier was dismissed.

A DIAMOND STORY.

COLOURED diamonds are supposed to be manufactured nowadays for the unwary, but I heard of a new dodge last week. A photographer who has had considerable experience in expert detective cases says—"We have a new use for photography—the testing of precious stones. The business began in this way:—One day last year a diamond expert with quite a reputation in the business was asked by a stranger to buy a remarkably fine diamond. Eight thousand dollars was asked for it. The expert tested it in every manner known to the business, and examined it carefully with a glass. It was a magnificent stone, of superb colour and shape. He offered 7000 dollars, and the man took the money and went away. A day or two after that the stone was shown as a great bargain to some other experts, one of whom, after examining it closely for a long time, declared that there was something very peculiar about the way in which the light went through the stone. The owner was advised to take it to me and have it tested by a ray of sunlight sent through a camera. It was brought to my studio with several other diamonds, and whereas one diamond would allow a beam of light to pass clear and straight, the seven-thousand dollar stone seemed to have something in it which stopped the beam. A powerful microscope was then brought into play, and the fine diamond was found to be two stones joined together with marvellous dexterity by the aid of what is known as Canada balsam, the material used by all opticians in joining two lenses. Each stone was worth about 1250 dollars, and the loss on the transaction was 4500 dollars. The stones came apart upon the application of certain chemicals.

Wealth is like a viper, which is harmless if a man knows how to take hold of it; but if he does not, it will twine round his hand and bite him.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

AMERICAN NOVELS. (Edinburgh: D. Douglas, 1882-3.)

MR. DAVID DOUGLAS, Edinburgh, has done the reading public a great service by his publication, under arrangement with the authors, of a cheap pocket edition of the novels of Mr. W. D. Howells, and others. It is with no extreme British feeling that we name those stories as essentially American—quite impossible to be written by any but an American writer. They reveal quite a new world to the novel reader, even although, as in the beautiful story, "A Foregone Conclusion," the scene is in the Old World. The "Lady of the Aroostook," a story of a girl's adventures as the solitary woman on board ship crossing the Atlantic, is supremely interesting as a picture of character and manners; and in "Their Wedding Journey," Mr. Howells gives one of the best accounts we have met with of the scenery of Niagara and Lower Canada. Of the volumes by others than Mr. Howells, "Rudder Grange," by Frank R. Stockton, stands forward as an admirable example of American humour in its more subtle forms. He must be a great dullard who is not amused beyond expectation with the story of Pomona and the household in which she ministers as a "help." The printing of the little volumes is especially good, fitting them admirably for railway reading.

"PROGRESS AND POVERTY." (London: Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co., 1883.)

THE TATLER eschews politics. But he is willing to recognise literary merit in any form, and Mr. Henry George shows in this inquiry into the why and wherefore of the present social state of the world, a fluency of diction, and a fertility of illustration that compel admiration. Be his theories of rent, land, and wages true or false, he has put them in a way never doubtful or dubious, and no one can be said to have mastered the literature of the subject who has not read this treatise. Besides a people's edition at sixpence, there is a finely-printed cheap edition at eighteenpence.

An Irishman, attending the University of Edinburgh, wished to have lessons on the flute, and went to get the terms from an eminent teacher:—

"My terms are two guineas for the first month, and one guinea for the second."

"Faith, then," said Pat, "I will come to you the second month first!"

♦ ♦ ♦

A miserly old fellow always on the look-out for bargains, entering a curiosity-shop, found the dealer mourning over the fragments of a superb Sèvres vase. "I'll buy the bits of you," said he. "But you can't possibly mend it, sir." "Never mind; just put the pieces into a large box, tie it up, and send it to Lady Bric-à-Brac with my kind regards." Then, giving the dealer five shillings, this prodigal departed with the cheering reflection that "my lady" would of course suppose the vase to have been broken *en route*. Two days afterwards, full of this idea, he called on Lady Bric-à-Brac. "I have received your singular present," she said. "Singular, my dear Lady Bric-à-Brac?" "Well, rather; here it is." And she showed the stupefied old gentleman each piece of the vase carefully wrapped in tissue paper. The dealer had been altogether too thorough in his packing.

GRAND PREMIUM CONTRIBUTION ARRANGEMENTS.

"When a man has engaged to keep a Stage Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Passengers or not, to set out. Thus it fares with us weekly Historians; but, indeed, for my Particular, I hope I shall soon have little more to do in this work than to publish what is sent me from such as have Leisure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleased in an elegant Manner."—"The Tatler," 7th May, 1709.

The Proprietors of THE TATLER offer each week TWO PREMIUMS, namely ONE POUND and TEN SHILLINGS, for the best Contributions sent in. The following conditions require to be observed:—

1. The MS. must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be properly paged and fastened.

2. The Contributor must furnish full name and address at the end of each Contribution.

3. Where the Contribution is not Original, the source, date of publication, and, where possible, the author's name must be given.

4. Preference will as a rule be given to Original matter, which should be marked "Original" on the right hand corner of the first page, and Original Anecdotes or Verses will be acceptable. No prize will be awarded for matter which has appeared in any contemporary, and such should not be sent in.

5. The MS. must be addressed to "Editor of THE TATLER," 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, and all MS. received up to Saturday morning's delivery will be in time for that week's competition. The result will be intimated and the premium contribution printed a fortnight thereafter.

6. The copyright of all Original MS. sent in shall vest in the Proprietors of THE TATLER, and all MSS. may be used, whether gaining a premium or not.

7. The Name and Address of the Contributors obtaining the Premiums shall be published each week, unless Contributors object to this publicity. If they object, their initials or *nom de plume* will be published instead, but it is preferred that the full name and address of successful Competitors should be given.

To be had at all Railway Bookstalls, and may be ordered from any News-agent throughout the United Kingdom.

Next Week's Portrait will be
Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

Printed for the Proprietors by MACRONE & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—September 1, 1883.



THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 2.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

"DEAR OLD TATTY."

A CRITICAL ADDRESS—BY AN ADMIRER.

Dear Tatty, I was glad to see
Your name ance mair in print,
So I paid down my penny fee
At your contents to glint.
Ilk story and ilk bonnie sang
Are nane ower short nor yet ower lang,
But each a perfect measure,
Tauld clean aff-loof in language terse—
"Remember me's" twa hame-ower verse
Are worth a lump o' treasure.
To hear them sung by that douce chiel,
On whom you have "your-eye-on"—
He kens fu' fine to turn wit's wheel,
'Twixt laughing and 'twixt cryin';
Sometimes I was inclined to whine
About his loss o' Geraldine.

His story claims my best regards;
So does that "Yankee Gal,"
"The Soldier and his Pack of Cards,"
Are chosen wondrous well.
Your verses are well up to Dick,
The sentiments won't make us sick
Of our own "Sea-girt Isle."
As for the "Wish," as I love pelf,
I own to such a wish myself,
And wish I could "strike *ile*."
"Twas ever thus;" but why regret
And gloom when Fortune lowers—
The better days are coming yet,
As sunshine follows showers.
Come on, then, Tatty, rub your chin—
Give us the mirth, we'll give the tin.

Your frontispiece has made a hit
In a' parts of the toon;
The Queen, sae grand, is at your fit,
As gin ye were John Broon.
While you your spectacles have on,
You do not look like "Number One,"
Nor like that vulgar tramp
That you have "spotted" on your back;
Annamite-like he cuts his track,
Losing his club, the scamp.
Losing his aim—while yours, I vow,
Will each week mark "bull's-eyes."
As with your smirking smile and bow
You give us such a prize,
That with your fun our mirth finds zest,
Leaving to Providence the rest.

G. C. S.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 2.—THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

WHEN a man has been a leading figure in his country's history for half a century, he needs no introduction or recommendation when his portrait is placed before the nation.

Mr. Gladstone's portrait is issued at the close of an arduous Parliamentary session, and it gives him radiant in health and spirits—a man whose eye is not dimmed, nor his natural force abated, and holding, by sheer right of intellectual strength, a post in which, so far as at present appears, he has neither rival nor successor.

Born in 1809, Mr. Gladstone is now in his 74th year, and for upwards of fifty years he has sat in the House of Commons. Besides the mere labour which the post of a representative of the people entails, Mr. Gladstone has held office, with more or less continuity, since 1834. Over and above his political career, the subject of our portrait has taken a high place in classical, in polemical, and in political writing, varying his periods of hard official work by incursions into the Homeric field, and sharing heartily in many branches of cultivated pleasure, such as Art and the Drama, the collection of bric-a-brac, and, singularly enough, the practice of woodcraft. Mr. Gladstone is a keen hand with the axe, as everybody knows, and is critical on the merits of axes, American and other.

An enthusiastic admirer dubbed him the "Grand Old Man;" and what was spoken with a glow of admiration, and re-echoed at first with somewhat of a sneer, has now become a familiar and acceptable cognomen. No words could better describe the subject of this portrait. Artists may make fun of his collars—and some very good fooling has been got out of them, for the collar, like the apparel, "oft proclaims the man," and what humour he is in. But Mr. Gladstone does credit to his nick-name; and whether people admire him or detest him politically (and THE TATLER understands that both such feelings have existence in the country), all are agreed on several points. One of those is, that he has long and faithfully served his Queen and Country; another is, that at this moment he stands amongst the first rank of European statesmen; and the third is, that he is, emphatically, a "Grand Old Man."

THE CHOLERA.

WITHOUT being alarmist, THE TATLER sees in the cholera a call to the world to be up and doing. It is a warning to every one, to nations, to communities, and to individuals to set their houses in order, and a few words may be said as to the duty the warning imposes under each of those heads.

We look to the central Government for the preservation of as near an approach to a sanitary cordon as our free system will admit of, and as our medical authorities declare to be necessary. Portia's argument notwithstanding, the country might very well allow the Executive to strain their powers here and there, "to do a great right do a little wrong," and for this plain reason, that "the safety of the people is above the law," as the ancient legal maxim has it. If quarantine cannot be established, at least such importations as rags from cholera-infected districts can be stopped, and the insidious danger in letters and newspapers can be limited by a process of thorough fumigation. But there rests with the Government even a more important duty, and that is to see that all "Local Authorities" are alive to the powers they possess in sanitary action.

Experience is proving that a system of closed drains is in some respects a higher danger than open drains, as the latter can be seen and kept clean, and by their odours they tell at once when the duty is falling into disregard. But in our large cities there is an ever-present danger of a subtle kind, which only the most active treatment by magistrates and sanitary authorities can avert. The flushing of drains, lime-washing of courts, alleys, and closes, and a free use of disinfectants, particularly in watering the streets, can do much to keep down the germs of disease and arrest their action. People complain of the rates; but it is an "ignorant impatience of taxation" which grudges sanitary expenditure. How much more would a cholera epidemic cost one of our great cities than any possible outlay on lime and carbolic acid!

The duty of the individual is plain. He is to keep himself clear of panic, and as a distinguished journalist has recalled from former experiences, he must preserve his temper. It is not, perhaps, a very wonderful thing that an irate man or woman should be susceptible of an ailment which touches organs in the body which a fit of ill-temper so readily affects. But with a placid mind and a placid temper we require also personal cleanliness, and, above all, personal temperance. Let each man see that his house is kept sweet and clean, free from smells, and with all drain connections systematically attacked by disinfectants. Should the disease come to our shores, the duty of those attacked is, first, to seek medical aid and remedies at once, and, above all, to make efforts to maintain circulation with the view to ward off the dangerous stage of the attack. All this may seem very

elementary; but when cholera is carrying off Egyptians by the hundred, and British soldiers in Egypt by the score, the inculcation of elementary truths becomes a duty, for the simple reason that, by their very elementariness, they are apt to be lightly esteemed and neglected.

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL:

A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE was techin' me a Methody him when I seen Jim Casey playin' in the yard. I slipt out when he was a nappin', an', O, I do wish I hadn't. I woodn't ha broke the sixth law, nor had the gilt of blud on my sole. We went to the yard to play ware fokes as die get berried. That's ware pa an' ma is wating for their orphing. A man was diggin' a berryin' hole big enuff for a ellefant, an' Jim got on top of the pile that the man was a throwin' up, and went down hed first, like the boys at the peer as goes a swimin', an' cut his hed awful on the man's spade, an' the blud ran all over him, an' he had to be carrid home, an' cudn't speke to me, tho' I cried never so. I gess thay'll have to dig another berryin' hole soon. An' the digger told 'em as how it was me shuved Jim over, an' they cum an' loked for me evrywares. I lay quiat as aunt's tabby when it's watchin' a mouse under a flat stone. So when they all went home agen, I crep out, an' begun to rede storys on the grave stones. An' I red duzzens an' hundreds, an' evrybuddy as was down under 'em was that good that I knew I shoood never meet pa an' ma thare. Ther wasn't any bad fokes nor wicked little girls berried there at all. An' I cried cos I was so wicked, an' when I wanted to go home the gate was shut. The walls was 2 high to clime, an' it began to gro dark, an' nobuddy heerd my cry. I tried to get over on a tre branch bhind the church, an' I don't 'member much moar, cos I tumbeld an' broke my bak an' spraned my ankul. Wen I cum 2, uncle's dog Cesar, wich they had got to hunt me, was a likkin' my face, an' men an' wimmin was carryin' lanterns into all the holes a lookin' for ther lost child. An' I was scared uncle wood bete me for Jim Casey, but I coodn't moov, so I plade possum, an' fell aslepe. An' I heerd uncle say when he found me aslepe: "My child wich was dead is alive agen; she was lost, but is found!" An' taint so, cos if a thing's lost it's lost, an' taint never found any more. An' he went on (friends, mark how swete is the slepe of innosunse) "Her chekes are wet with the teres of repentunce, an' peece has fall'n upon her. May we all be as plassid wen we are in the pressunse of deth. Let us kill the fatten calf." An' Grace tuke me up an' carrid me home, an' for wekes and wekes I had ice creme, an' peeches, an' creme, an' candy, and everythin' nice—

no Methody hims, nor nothin' bad. Possum ways is jolly!

CHAPTER III.

UNCLE's a snake, Grace says. He just wated til my fute was well, an' then my good time in bed was changed to pane an' teres. I got thinkin' wun day 'bout Jim Casey, an' how it all happen'd, so I ask'd uncle where I would be berried, as there was no bad uns in the churchyard. So he asked me if I knew I had most killed Jim Casey, an' then uncle most killed me. O, I wish I was in the cole, cole ground anyway, I'se so tired o' cryin' an' bein' bad, an' waxins an' Methody hims. Uncle says I'm to be berried in a ditch, like as all wicked girls is, an' that I'll never mete pa an' ma—never, wurd without end, amen! He bete me for 'alf a duzzen things all at wanst. He red my journal wen I was away a killin' Jim Casey, an' aunt red it too. He wanted to no why I had writ such things 'bout him as had bin more'n a father to me, an' 'bout aunt, as had bin more'n a muther. That was wun sin, an' 'is nose is red's a bete, tho' he sed I shud have told the truth, and nuthin' but the truth, wich I did an' didn't. An' cos I told lies 'bout him an' aunt, that was 2 sins. Then he bete me for aunt, wich said as how she woodn't tuch sich a varmint. Then he bete me for Jim Casey's muther, as cudn't leave her diein' boy. I don't kno wy they make sich a row over a dien' boy. Uncle's always sayin' that hev'n is sich a hev'nly place that I most want to go there myself, but nobody, nor uncle neither, wants to go there. I gess there's sum lyin' done around camp, for if Jim dies he'll go to hev'n, an' ther ain't no wicked girls there to push him in berryin' holes. Then he bete me for blots, an' he bete me for my bad spellin'. He says as how I don't spell words twice alike, even when I spell them rong, an' I don't want to, for wot's the use o' lukin' back an' copyin' wot ain't rite nohow? An' if he new wot the words was, ain't that all as he can spect from an orphing as warn't born with a dikshunary in her hed. O me, I'se that sore I can hardly rite.

I went to see mammie Flo an' Jo. They is cullerd pussons, an' used to blong to grandpa. Mammie says she lubs me cos pa died for her and Jo. She allus makes me feel good when uncle's ben a finishin' me off. She told me as how Jim warn't kill'd at all, an' that uncle only said so to friten me, cos if he'd been kill'd I would ha' been hanged. So uncle told a grate big story when he was a tellin' me to tell the truth. I gess he tels lies enuff for all the family. That's what mammie said. When I got back, uncle asked me if I'd lurned my pun-ish-ment hymn. So I told him I coodn't find th' place. Neither cood he, an' then he bete me cos I tared the leef out, so's to get away to mammie. Then he tawked at me, an' when I fell aslepe he bete me an' told me I was the very awfulest girl he ever saw, as didn't care for nuthi

but misscheef. He wood burn my book an' all the stories 'bout him an' aunt, only he's that mene that he woodn't spend 50 cents to get a new one; an' if I was trufel he woodn't mind spellin' and blots 'alf so much, but I rote wot wasn't troo, an' then it was wors'n tellin' a strate out-an'-out lie to try to chete him 'bout the hymn lefe. Decevin' may be liein', an' hidin' fawits may be lien, an' lettin' on that things ain't so as is so may be liein', an' uncle hisself may be liein', so I'se allus goin' to tell trufe an' hide nuthin', nor deceve nobuddy. An' cos I'se a little girl as had repented in sakcloth an' ashes, he tuke me out with him to a party. Aunt fixed me up in go-to-meetin' clos, an' I was to bhave well, an' not ete 2 much at dinner, wich I didn't, but was a reglar little lady, as aunt told me to b. Only I felt slepey after dinner, an' got a sash (such a pretty 1) to tie rownd me to hide the busted hukes and i's, cos my frock got 2 little. So when we was all filled up, uncle took me with the other ladys into anuther grand rume, cos he said to Mr. Spier, so as evrybuddy heerd 'im, as how he liked ladys' company better'n that of a bottel, an' Mr. Spier, whos house it was, is a f.f.v., an awful rich, an' had hepes of slaves afore the war, said as how it mite be better for both sides not to judge by appereunces. An' uncle got that white, all 'cep his nose, that I thawt he was sick an' had stummuk-ake, an' evrybuddy laffed 'cep uncle. So when I woke up I thawt I would like sum more peeches an' creme, an' I crep away out to the uther big rume, an Mr. Spier asked me wood I have wine or punsh, so I sed peeches an' creme. An' then he asked me agen if I wood have punsh or wine.

"O my! it smells nice," I sed.

"Wy, how do u kno the smell of it?"

"O, I smell it to home sumtimes, when uncle kepes me up late at punnyshment hymns."

"O, he drinks punsh while you lurn hymns?"

"Yes," I said, and evrybuddy laffed so as I felt quite shamed. But uncle said as how I was allus to l : trufel; so when Mr. Spier asked me how uncle made it, I told him as how he put hot water in a bole bigger'n Mr Spieres.

"Wot," he says, "all to hisself?"

"Yes," I said, "cos aunt's in bed with takin' it cold, an' it makes me sick," an' they all laffed an' laffed. "An' he puts sumthin' in out of a big black bottel, an' sugger an' limes an' things, an' drinks it out of a littel glass, an' when he's taken a lot for his roomatiz, I goes away, an' he never knos anythin' about it, nor punnyshment hymns nor nuthin'."

An' then uncle, wich had ben a listnin' at the dore, grabbed me an' tuke me home an' waxed me, an' says as how I've roined him, an' that he'll hev to give up his church, as evrybuddy will beleve wot I said, as coodn't find no holes in his cote 'cept wot I showd 'em. An', O, I am that nawty, an' I'll never tell the trufe no more, as gets waxed anyways, for I nevir said wun wurd 'bout his cote, as ain't holy anyhow.

(To be continued.)

STRANGE VICISSITUDE OF FORTUNE.

A correspondent furnishes the following interesting facts:—During the hearing of a case in the court of Mr. Justice Kay, recently, there sat as an eager and interesting observer at its proceedings a lady whose peculiar though slightly-faded beauty did not fail to attract the observation even of unimpressible lawyers, and whose life has been one of romantic and unusual incident. She has scarcely yet outlived her youth, and retains some of that remarkable beauty which in her early years brought even princes to her feet. When a young girl, living with her parents in India, a native prince became enamoured of her charms. Her father, a gentleman of English descent and connections, was, or had seen, the young prince's tutor, and his daughter had been trained with all the care of a Christian home, and had been especially taught to admire the British character, and to love the British Queen. When she had but just entered on her teens, her resolute admirer, who had now become the Rajah of Kuppooorthala sought her hand in marriage. But her parents, properly regarding her youth and the perils of the position to which it was sought to raise her, could not be prevailed on to consent. That was just before the outbreak of the great Indian Mutiny, and that saddest of all rebellions brought the Rajah's opportunity both for love and war. The young lady's father had left his home to render prompt service in the cause of loyalty, and for some days after his departure all was excitement and alarm. It was a matter of no small conjecture and anxiety as to the part the young Rajah would take, and his fidelity to the British Crown seems to have been for a brief period in suspense. At this critical moment he determined to renew his appeal for the hand of the young beauty. Arriving with an imposing pageant at the house of her father, of whom nothing had been heard for some days, and about whose safety there was an intense anxiety, the Rajah presented himself to the mother of the young lady, telling her that upon her answer depended the course that he and his army would take in relation to the mutiny. In vain the mother pleaded the absence of her husband and her own crushing anxieties—the answer was required there and then, and upon it was to depend the Rajah's immediate action. It was given as he desired, and he fully redeemed his pledge. With all his energy he threw himself into the British cause, with a valour and success which by no means passed unrecognised. The young lady's father never returned to his house, but the pledge had been faithfully fulfilled on the one side and it was faithfully kept on the other. The young girl at the age of fourteen became the Raneé of Kuppooorthala, the marriage being solemnized according to the rites of the Presbyterian Church, to which the parents belonged, as well as those of the religion of the Rajah; and the entrance of the young Raneé into the territory of her husband was one of

the utmost grandeur; her parents being exhibited and her titles proclaimed with every conceivable pomp and pageantry. And for several years the young Raneé lived in the affection of her lord, and maintained an irreproachable influence in his State. But she was guilty of an unpardonable sin; she bore to him three daughters in succession, and not one son, and for this greatest of crimes she had to be sacrificed. Regard for her safety compelled her flight and that of her little ones. Another took her place, from whom better things were hoped, and for the young wife and her children a provision by no means befitting a king was made by deed under the royal hand and seal. This deed of separation and divorce, bearing the strange hieroglyphics of the Rajah and his Durbar, was now produced in the court of Mr. Justice Kay, the defendant in the proceedings being a late trustee of the deed, who was alleged to have misapplied the trust money. The case was in itself devoid of interest, and no one could have imagined that it was the sequel of a strange romance, or that the lady anxiously whispering to her solicitor, Mr. Learoyd, had been the heroine of such strange vicissitudes of fortune.

"AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENTS."

"I MUST tell you," he said, "about a trade of Uncle Capen's. He had a little lot up our way that they wanted for a school-house, and he agreed to sell it for what it cost him; and the selectmen, knowing what it cost him—fifty dollars—agreed with him that way. But come to sign the deed, he called for a hundred dollars."

"How's that?" says they, "you bought it of Captain Sam Bowen for fifty dollars!"

"Yes; but see here," says Uncle Capen, "it cost me on an average five dollars a year, for the ten years I've had it, for manure and plowing and seed, and that's fifty dollars more."

"But you've sold the garden stuff off it, and got the money," says they.

"Yes," says Uncle Capen, "but that money's spent and eat up long ago!"

HITTING HIS HEAD.

A KERRY boy, a born artist in use of the national maul-stick—the shillelagh—having been arrested for laying open the skull of a compatriot, an old bald-headed man, who would not charge him with the assault, was asked by the magistrate—"Are you not ashamed to have half-killed this old man, who will not even give information against you? Had you any ill-will to him?" "Oh, none at all, yer honour; I never seen him before to-day." "Then what made you do it?" "Well, I'll tell yer honour the truth. Ye see, I come late to the fair; luck was agin me, for all the fighting was over; so, as I was strutting about, looking for some boy to cross a stick wid me, I seen this man's head poked out of a slit of the tent that he might cool it, and it looked so purty that, for the sowl of me, I couldn't help hitting the blow."

WARNED BY A DREAM.

THE soft, rhythmic, sensuous swaying of a pair of striped stockings which hung in graceful fashion from a clothes line that flecked the horizon in the rear of Brierton Villa, and lent a warm tint to the turquoise bloom of the dreamy Italian sky that looked down in all its azure beauty that August morning, attracted the attention of Cecil Dare as he walked listlessly up the gravel path leading to the little rose-embowered summer-house in which he was to meet Clytie Corcoran—the proud, stately beauty to whom all these broad acres, with their wealth of golden grain, orchards nodding with the weight of rosy-cheeked apples and the old slab-sided family cow that had kicked Clytie's father into the great Beyond, of which we know so little and are not wildly anxious to find out more by personal exploration—would belong when the two months that must elapse before she became of age had passed.

And as he walked slowly along, his hands clasped behind him in such fashion that the large, gaudy bonespavin on the third finger of his right hand, which was all that was left to him of his college education as a third baseman, did not show, one thought was in his mind, one care in his heart. "Are you dreaming, darling?" and as Cecil Dare looked up in surprise at the sound of the voice whose tones he knew so well, Clytie Corcoran stood by his side, and before he could answer her question, she had placed her shapely arms around his neck, and pressed with her dewy lips upon his cheek a warm, throbbing, there-is-no-danger-as-long-as-you-grab-the-chair-kiss that seemed to him like a benediction. "And you are late, too," continued the girl. You are nearly three minutes behind time, and if you knew how dreary and desolate those moments have been to me, how my heart has been tortured by agonizing doubts and fears, I am sure you would not, if you loved me, ever be so cruel again."

"Forgive me, my precious one," said Cecil in low, murmurous tones as he bent lovingly over the girl and pressed a cold, calm, Historical Society kiss on a brow that was fair as the cyclamen leaves in the woods around them. "I will never be late again."

"And I will never leave you," said the girl, "when the maddening ecstasy of our love has found fruition in marriage. I will be always by your side until death—"

"Hold! Do not speak of death," cried Cecil, drawing her still more closely to him; "I had such a terrible dream last night. Such a dreadful, eerie dream that I shudder even now when I think of it."

"What was it sweetheart?" asks Clytie.

"I dare not tell you," he answers, his voice seeming almost like a moan, so greatly is he affected.

"But you must tell me," she persists. "Surely you can trust me, your future bride, with any secret."

"I will tell you then, precious one," he says, "but you must be brave—very brave."

"I will," she answers.

"I dreamed," he said, "that we were married, but had become very, very poor—too poor, in fact, to keep even one servant—and that you, my bonnie little blossom, that had never before known want or sorrow or suffering, was obliged to do all your own household work."

"But there is nothing so terrible about that," interrupts Clytie. "I am young and strong."

"Wait," he says, in a ghastly whisper. "I dreamed that on the first day of our poverty you made some pie—apple pie—and told me nothing about it—" and Clytie sees his face grow paler as all the horror of the scene presses upon him.

"Well?" she says, interrogatively.

"I ate a piece of the pie," he continues, "and—can you not guess?"

"My God!" shrieks the girl, in an agony of grief.

"How long did you live?"

"Fifteen minutes,"—and, kissing her tenderly, he said: "We must part for ever, Clytie. It would be wrong to take such chances. Am I not right, sweetheart?"

Looking into his face with a yearning, passionate expression that showed how her heart was being riven by this terrible experience, she said, with clenched hands and lips that were white with agony: "I should smirk to twitter."

THE CORRUPT PRACTICES ACT.—Glasgow would seem to require this. THE TATLER finds that there he can buy a *Citizen* for a halfpenny and a *Bailie* for a penny.—*Quiz(m)' Chiet.*

♦ ♦ ♦

A tourist, wishing to give poetic expression to his sense of the beautiful, while waiting breakfast one morning at a Highland inn, wrote in the album thereof—

"The sun rose high in the blue vaults above,
And illumined the depths of the sea;"

But his muse had apparently suddenly forsook him. He therefore left it unfinished. A wag looking over the album, however, subsequently completed it thus:—

"But the little fish cried, with a wail of distress,
O heavens, how hot we shall be!"

♦ ♦ ♦

THE value of a comma was illustrated in the copy of the Queen's Speech given by an enterprising evening paper in Scotland, which rushed out an edition containing the Speech "unread." Her Majesty's "own words" regarding the Madagascar affair were that the recent occurrences "form the subject of communications with the Government of France, which, conducted in the spirit of friendship, will, I doubt not, lead to satisfactory results." An intelligent compositor, not so sanguine as Her Majesty, made it read—"which will, I doubt, not lead to satisfactory results." This equals the pulpit intimation, where a minister read out:—"A man going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation." What was written was:—"A man going to sea, his wife requests," &c.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS:

A DEFENCE—BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

"False witnesses did rise up; they laid to my charge things that I knew not."

THE character of this ill-fated Queen has long been the subject of fierce and stubborn controversy; over no other have partiality, prejudice, and passion cast a deeper veil. Branded by her enemies as a murderess, her friends would enshrine her as a martyr.

The misfortunes of Mary Stuart began even with her earliest days. The news of her birth found her father dying of a broken heart, weighed down to the grave by the death of his two sons, and, more recently, the disgraceful rout of his army.

Transferred at six years of age, for safe custody and for future marriage, to France; twelve years more, and we find her embarking again for her native land, with all her youthful hopes blighted, and her affections buried in the grave of her husband, Francis II.; she now returned to encounter the stormy factions of her own northern realm.

The austere preachers of the "Evangel" frowned, and taught their flocks to frown, on the foreign "idolatress." Amidst the fearful elements she was called to rule, cruelty and revenge, oppression and corruption in every form, all the fierce and lawless passions of a dark age, which had not been softened or subdued, but only taught dissimulation and treachery by frequent intercourse with more polished nations—amidst these, how hard, how apparently hopeless, the task of a youthful Queen, already denounced as a Papist and a stranger! Although, on her landing, she had issued a proclamation promising to maintain the Protestant form of worship, which she found established, although she had scrupulously fulfilled this promise, she could not easily obtain for herself the same freedom of conscience that she granted. "I mean," she had said, while even yet in France, "to constrain none of my subjects, and I trust that they shall have no support to constrain me."

But the fierce zeal of the Reformers could not be restrained; her private devotions were intruded upon, and her chaplains threatened with death by the mob; and when Lord James Moray (her illegitimate half-brother) interfered personally on their behalf, and saved their lives, he was bitterly and ironically attacked by Knox.

Every attempt which the Queen made to conciliate Knox was rudely repelled. That fierce disciple of Calvin not only regarded his Sovereign as an incorrigible idolatress, but as an enemy whose death would be a public boon. He denounced in a public manner the amusements of the Court, and, in particular, the deadly sin of dancing. Yet in spite of these rigorous denunciations, the great Reformer was by no means indifferent to female attractions, for at the mature age of 58 we find him paying his addresses to a girl of 16. Thus was it ever so, thus will it ever be, with the "saints"—the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and a little child shall lead grey-bearded patriarchs.

Knox did not scruple to avow in his pulpit that Roman Catholics were worse idolaters than the nations of Canaan. The Hittites, the Hivites, the Amorites, and the Jebusites were apparently mild and inoffensive heathens compared with the believers in the faith of his father and his mother. He held that the texts in the Old Testament for putting idolaters to death were still binding under the Christian dispensation. He could always see the hand of the

Almighty when Papists like Guise and St. Andrews were cut off, but with a strange forgetfulness of his own real position, which was not that of a genuine son of Abraham, but that of a Canaanitish "proselyte of the Gate," a converted Papist; and because he believed in all the "dismal dogmas of Calvin," he arrogated to himself the position of a priest after the order of Melchisedec, and deemed it to be his privilege and his duty to fulminate the most outrageous accusations against all who ventured to differ from him in opinion. These views were as marrow to the bones of the Reformers of his day; but, looking at them from the standpoint of our more tolerant and enlightened age, we are constrained to say, generally, and with a thorough perception of all the circumstances, that we look upon them with scorn, and we hold them in utter abhorrence. We cannot, now-a-days, like the sow that was washed, return to wallow in repudiated superstition.

Without experience and without friends, nothing can be imagined more hopeless than the prospects of Mary Stuart on her return to Scotland. But the young Queen had resources within herself which were not dreamed of in the sour philosophy of the Reformers. So far as we can judge of Mary's character up to the time of her marriage with Darnley, her proceedings would show that she was warm, generous, and confiding, but with each of these qualities carried to a dangerous extreme. Impatient of contradiction, as a sovereign from her cradle, her warmth often impelled her beyond all prudent bounds, and rendered her heedless of advice. Her generosity was seldom tempered by caution, and her confidence, once granted, was credulous and unguarded. It was her weakness to be carried away by the predominating influence of some one feeling and object. But the matchless perfection of her beauty, her grace of manner, the charms of her mind, her taste for the Fine Arts, her skill in poetry and music, have been warmly extolled by her partisans, and reluctantly acknowledged even by her enemies.

Five years after her return to Scotland, when she was in her 23rd year, she was married to Henry, Lord Darnley, who, next to Mary, was nearest in succession to the throne of England. It was from this union with a giddy youth of nineteen that all her subsequent misfortunes arose. He was graceful and accomplished, but the good qualities of head and heart were utterly wanting. His ingratitude to the Queen, his drunkenness and low debaucheries, his harshness and open disrespect to her, his selfish grasping at power, though utterly incapable of wielding it, his pride and insolence, his fury and passion, so easily aroused, caused grave and earnest men to wonder how it would all end. How it did all end we know, and the circumstances attending his swift taking-off have been made the foundation of one of the most odious charges ever brought against a woman.

Need I go over again the oft-repeated tale of the murder of David Rizzio?—the conspiracy between Darnley, Morton, Lethington, and Moray to compass the death of "Fiddler Davie;" Darnley's betrayal to the Queen of his accomplices, his public denial of all previous connection with the plot, and the fearful wrath of his partners in crime when his treachery was discovered? All this is matter of history and matter of fact patent to the world.

Could affection continue to walk the earth after this? Cold civilities, secret distrust, and frequent quarrels must naturally ensue; and when Mary had it clearly proved to her that Darnley was a ringleader in the affair, her confidence in him was for ever shattered—even his wretched fellow criminals loathed his presence. This defiance of the Queen's authority roused all the loyalty o-

the Lowlanders, and an army of 8000 men gathered to defend the Queen. Morton and Ruthven fled to England; Lethington, who had taken an active part in the plot, but who had artfully kept in the background, retired to the Highlands; and Knox, grieving deeply over the discomfiture of his friends, took his departure for the West. Would such a man as he flee if he were not more than suspected to be implicated in a crime his connection with which was only hinted at?

But the birth of her son and the illness of Darnley produced a sort of reconciliation (for the Queen was of a most forgiving temper); and as the conspirators had good reason to fear his influence with her would be adverse to them, the danger was obvious and imminent. That Mary should have pardoned Darnley seems to some minds incredible. But had she not already twice pardoned the treachery of her brother, and even forgiven Lethington and Morton and Lindsay their former offences, might she not overlook the errors of a husband she had married from affection, and who now made full confession of all his follies?

It was feared also by the great lords of the Protestant party, who had fattened on the Church lands, so lavishly bestowed on them by Mary, that Darnley's influence would be used to obtain the revocation of these grants, which had not received Parliamentary sanction, and which could be revoked when the Sovereign attained twenty-three years of age.

When Lethington and Moray found the influence of Darnley was being used to prevent the Queen pardoning Morton and his fellow-conspirators, pious zeal and holy rage possessed their souls, and his removal from the scene was mooted in the secret councils of the godly. If the Queen had even consented to a divorce, that would have suited their purpose; but, *that* failing, his death was resolved upon.

Machiavelli never conceived a plot more "devilish" than that which was devised by the more knowing of the conspirators. A bond of assassination was even drawn up by Sir James Balfour, at Craigmillar, such as was customary in Scotland in those days, and it was signed by Bothwell, Huntly, Argyle, and Lethington. Moray afterwards swore he did not sign it, and we believe him. This was consistent with the wary character of the man.

Into the circumstances of the murder I need not enter. It is sufficient to say that Darnley was strangled, and the house in which he lay blown up with gunpowder. It was done in such a way as to induce the belief that people in power were the perpetrators. But who shall now discover the perpetrators of such a crime? Conjecture is nothing; suspicion is no argument; supposition is no evidence; belief is no proof.

If I do not enter minutely into the succeeding events of Mary's life, the farcical trial of Bothwell, conducted by his fellow-conspirators; his abduction of the Queen, his marriage to her, the rising of Moray, Morton, and others against him; his flight, and the imprisonment of Mary in Lochleven Castle, and all the events which followed in rapid course, are they not written in the chronicles of the Kings of England and Scotland, and in the writings of the scribes Hume, Robertson, and Froude?

I will therefore proceed to give my views on the great question of Mary's guilt or innocence of all connection with the murder of Darnley, and the value as evidence in connection therewith of her marriage with Bothwell, and the credibility of the "letters" brought up against her by Moray and Morton as evidence of her guilty passion for that nobleman and of her foreknowledge of the plot. Now, all historians concur in stating that Bothwell was recom-

mended to the Queen by a strong party of the nobility as a suitable husband, that her abduction was a fact, and that on the day of her marriage she told the French Ambassador that she wished for nothing but death. Her own statement to her French relatives, that none of her subjects moved to her rescue—that, finding herself a helpless captive, Bothwell by persuasion and importunate suit, accompanied not the less by force, finally drove her to consent to become his wife—this clear and simple statement covers all the known facts of the case, and appears to be essentially true. We have the most undoubted proof that she was at that time, and she showed herself to be, a most miserable woman.

How can we reconcile this despair with her alleged passionate love for Bothwell? The mother of Hamlet had committed the very crimes which are charged against Mary Stuart. She had been an accomplice in the murder of her husband, and she had married the murderer. What should we have thought if Shakespeare had represented her as a miserable, broken-hearted woman on her wedding-day?

But the great master of human emotion has left us no picture so revolting to common sense. Gertrude of Denmark, the slave of guilty passion, betrays not a symptom of uneasiness until, amid scenes the most appalling, her slumbering conscience is at length awakened by the fierce reproaches of her son. If these immortal pictures are true to nature, how can we reconcile them with the demeanour of Mary, who had just, according to her enemies, attained the object of all her wishes and the object of all her crimes?

These questions admit only of one reply. The behaviour of the Queen at this crisis of her history can only be explained by her rooted aversion to a marriage which was forced upon her by the daring ambition of Bothwell and the matchless perfidy of his brother nobles. P.N.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The following colloquy is reported between Mr. Spurgeon and a boy in his orphanage:—

"Mis'r Spudgin, s'posing there was an orflin 'sylum an' a hunnered orflins in it, an' all the orflins had uncles an' aunties to bring 'em cakes an' apples, 'cept one orflin wot hadn't no one—oughtin' somebody give that orflin sixpence?"

"I think so, Bob," replied Mr. Spurgeon; "but why?"

"'Cause I'm him," said Bob. The story goes that the "orflin" collared the sixpence.

◆ ◆ ◆

Two passengers set out for their inn in London, early on a December morn. It was dark as pitch; and one of them not being sleepy, and wishing for a little conversation, endeavoured, in the usual travelling mode, to stimulate his neighbour to discourse. "A very dark morning sir." "Shocking cold weather for travelling." "Slow going on these heavy roads, sir." None of these questions producing a word of answer, the sociable man made one more effort. He stretched out his hand, and feeling the other's habit, exclaimed—"What a very comfortable coat, sir, you have got to travel in!" No answer was made, and the inquirer, fatigued and disgusted, fell into a sound nap, nor awoke until the brightest rays of a winter's sun accounted to him for the taciturnity of his comrade, by presenting to his astonished view a large bear (luckily for him muzzled and confined) in a sitting posture.

A MAIDEN'S "PSALM OF LIFE."

Tell us not in idle jingle,
 "Marriage is an empty dream,"
 For the girl is dead that's single,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
 Single blessedness a fib;
 "Man thou art, to man returnest,"
 Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way,
 But to act that each to-morrow
 Finds us nearer marriage day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though light and gay,
 Still like pleasant drums are beating
 Wedding marches all the way.

Mind, lest when too long you've flirted,
 'Mid the vanities of life,
 In the lurch you get deserted,
 Be a heroine—a wife.

Find your future peer or peasant,
 Let each dead love bury its dead!
 Act, act to the living present!
 Heart within and hope ahead.

Lives of married folks remind us,
 We can live our lives as well,
 And departing, leave behind us
 Such examples as shall "tell."

Such examples that another,
 Wasting time in idle sport,
 A forlorn, unmarried brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart on triumph set;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 And each one a husband get.

FEMALE DOCTORS.

THIS is what the 'Frisco *News-Letter* has to say on female doctors:—"Of course these female doctors are all young and good-looking, and if one of them came into a sick room where a man was in bed, and he had chills, and was as cold as a wedge, and she were to sit up close to the side of the bed and take hold of his hand, his pulse would run up to a hundred and fifty, and she would prescribe for a fever when he had chilblains. Oh, you can't fool us on female doctors! A man who has been sick, and had female doctors, knows just how much he would like to have a female doctor come tripping in, and throw her fur-lined cloak over a chair, take off her hat and gloves, and throw them on a lounge, and come up to the bed with a pair of marine blue eyes, with a twinkle in the corner, and look him in the wile changeable eyes, and ask him to run out his tongue. Suppose he knew his tongue was coated so it looked like a yellow Turkish towel, do you suppose he would want to run out over five or six inches of the lower part of it, and let the female doctor put her finger on it to see how funny it was? Not much. He would put that tongue into his cneek, and wouldn't let her see it for twenty-five cents admission.

Now, suppose a man has heart disease, and a female doctor should want to listen to the beating of his heart. She would lay her left ear on his breast, so her eyes and rosebud mouth would be looking right in his face, and her wavy hair would be scattered all around there, getting tangled in the buttons of his night shirt. Don't you suppose his heart would get in about twenty extra beats to the minute? You bet! And she would smile—we will bet ten dollars she would smile—and show her pearly teeth, and the ripe lips would be working as though she were counting the beats, and he would think she was trying to whisper to him, and——. Well, what would he be doing all this time? If he was not dead yet, which would be a wonder, his left hand would brush the hair away from her temple, and kind of stay there to keep the hair away, and his right hand would get sort of nervous, and move round to the back of her head, and when she had counted the beats a few minutes, he would draw the head up to him and kiss her once for luck, if he was as bilious as a Jersey swamp angel, and have her charge it in the bill. And then a reaction would set in, and he would be as weak as a cat, and she would have to fan him and rub his head till he got over being nervous, and then make out his prescription after he got to sleep. No! all of a man's symptoms change when a female doctor is practising on him and she would kill him dead."

POOR PAT.

THE General and his bride went to Killarney on a wedding *tower*. Well, the General didn't want folks to know they were only just married, for people always run to the winders and doors to look at a bride, as if she was a bird that was only seen once in a hundred years and was something that was uncommon new to look upon. It's inconvenient, that's a fact, and it makes a sensitive, delicate-minded gal feel as awkward as a wrong boot. So says the General to his new servant, "Pat," says he, "don't go now and tell folks we are only just married; lie low, and keep dark, will you? that's a good fellow."

"Bedad," says Pat, "never fear, yer honner; the divil a-much they'll get out of me, I can tell you. Let me alone for that; I can keep a secret as well as ever a priest in Ireland."

Well, for all that, they *did* stare, and no mistake; and well, they might, too, for it aint often they saw such a gal as Miss Jemima, though the Irish gals weren't behind the door neither when beauty was given out; that's a fact. At last the General saw something was in the wind above common, for the folks looked amazed in the house, and they didn't look over half pleased either. So says he, one day, "Pat," says he, "I hope you didn't tell them we were only just married, did you?"

"Tell them you was just married! is it, yer honner?" said he. "Let me alone for that. They were mighty inquisitive about it, and especially the master; he wanted to know all about it entirely. 'Married is it?' says I, 'why they aren't married at all; the divil a parson ever said grace over them. But I'll tell you what' (for I was determined it was but little truth he'd get out of me), 'I'll tell you what,' says I, 'if you won't repeat it to nobody, *they are goin' to be married in about a fortnight*, for I heard them say so this blessed day with my own ears.'"

If the General wasn't raving, hopping mad, it's a pity. In half-an-hour he and his wife were on board the steamer for England, and Pat is in bed yet from the licking he got.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. 1.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

No. 1.—GRATITUDE.

ONE often hears a warning never to travel in a compartment with a strange woman. She might be subject to hysterical hallucinations, or she might be a designing vixen. Women may make themselves disagreeable enough even when a man is not "unprotected," and when they come into neither of the two categories mentioned. The "Rambler" once went from Victoria Station, London, to Newhaven with a friend. In the same compartment there was a Frenchman returning home without having picked up much English. At South Croydon a young woman entered the carriage. After travelling a few miles she asked excitedly if this train went to Red'ill. The "Rambler" and his friend were both new to the line, and couldn't tell, and the Frenchman didn't understand her. The woman volunteered the statement that she had asked the guard twice, and he had told her she was right, but she didn't recognise the line as the same she had come before. The "Rambler" tried to reassure her that if she were really on the wrong track she had only to explain matters to the Station-master at the next station, and he would have her sent all right, while if she feared that her friends would be anxious, she might then telegraph to them. As she continued to wail in her atrocious Cockney accent, the "Rambler" ransacked his luggage for a timetable, a map, or a guide which might throw light on the position of Redhill. At last on a map of France, which gave the south-eastern corner of England, he found that Redhill was on this line, and so he told the girl. Just then the train stopped at Redhill, and as the woman stepped out of the carriage she had the cheek to tell the "Rambler" that he "ad been maiking a guy of her." A solemn disavowal was of no avail, and, until the train started, she remained at the carriage door persisting that those who had put themselves to considerable inconvenience and worry on her behalf, had been amusing themselves at her expense. For unadulterated impertinence and hideous accent commend the "Rambler" to the women of the southern suburbs of London. The moral of this tale is, not to put yourself about too much in the service of "beauty" in distress. For whatever the poet may say about "man's ingratitude," and the wintry wind, nothing is so unkind after all as woman's ingratitude—especially that woman's.

No. 2.—THE "COCKSURE" TRAVELLER.

There is no more amusing fellow-traveller than a "cocksure" individual. The "Rambler" meets such persons repeatedly, and finds them generally with parties only more ignorant than themselves. You may find specimens in coaches, in trains, or steamers, but they are always the same in tone, in manner, in "cocksureness." Sometimes one comes across an embryo genius of this kind. Quite recently the "Rambler" overheard a small boy on a Clyde steamer instructing his mother and his aunt about things in general. The "Rambler" became so interested in this young man's vain imaginings, that, remembering Lord Melbourne's wish that he was "as 'cocksure' of anything as Lord Macaulay was of everything," he dubbed the youth Thomas Babbleton Macaulay—the liberty taken with the famous historian's middle name being justified by the babble the boy uttered. A repetition of any of "Thomas's" innumerable misstatements, which the old

ladies seemed to take for gospel, would be unprofitable; but the "Rambler" may chronicle a remark made by his own companion when Thomas observed, pointing to a hill, "That's Ben, Ben, Ben,—I don't know what it is, we'll just call it Ben Something-or-other." The comment was, "That's the first true statement in an hour." On the same voyage when the vessel sent ashore about a dozen barrels of some preparation of tar for sheep, a "cocksure" passenger told another confidently that it was *paint*, regardless of the fact that there were only about twenty houses in the Argyllshire township where the ship had stopped. What he imagined they were going to get to paint puzzled the "Rambler," but the "cocksure" traveller never condescends to common-sense details. *Still on tar*, the "Rambler" heard the other day a lady ask her husband what these were, indicating a row of the peculiar tanks on wheels which are used for the conveyance of gas tar on the railway. "Oh, they're boilers, of course," was the ready assurance. As is his custom, the "Rambler" refrained from destroying the confidence a wife should feel in her husband's word, and didn't put him right. Besides, the "cocksure" traveller would have been sure to resent the interference, and then there might have been a row!

No. 3.—IRISH BULLS—NEAT AS IMPORTED.

The "Rambler" went to Ireland lately, with the view of studying the Irish question, but soon found it a far more enjoyable thing to study the Irish answer.

For example, we had not gone far up Belfast Lough in the steamer, when one of our company remembered that Irish time is twenty-five minutes later than Greenwich time—another injustice to Ireland, that they are *not so far on in the world*, begorra! So we all began to put watches right to suit the new meridian; but one of the party, a native of Ireland, did not touch his watch.

"Are you not going to alter yours?" he was asked.

"No; sure I won't alter it *till I come bhack*," he replied, in a true Milesian tone, and forgetting, as only an Irishman could forget, that there would be no need to alter his watch when he came *bhack* if he didn't alter it now.

Well, we did not stay long in Belfast—Bil-fast the people call it—because one of our party had a great habit of whistlin' to himself as he walked along. Now in Bil-fast they say that if you whistle party tunes you will get "run in;" so, as we did not know *Boyne Water* or *Croppies, lie down*, or any of *thim iligant chunes*, we were afraid our friend might be at some of them, and get into the hands of those decent volunteer-looking chaps, the constabulary.

So we very quickly found our way to Dublin—or Doblin, as they call it. And, of course, we got on a car, with a very nice pony in it, and went bowling away up the first street—namely, Sackville Street.

"What building is that?" says the "Rambler," looking at one with fine pillars and some nice statues on the top.

"That's the Giniral Post Office, sur," says Mickey.

"And what statues are these on the top?"

"Sure, thim's the twelve apostels, sur."

"But there are only three of them," it was objected.

"Ah, sur, all the rest of thim's inside sortin' the letters."

So we passed on, and heard a great deal of the same kind of thing, all very witty, and sometimes, as in the case of Tom Moore's monument, a little coarse. But we came to the Bank of Ireland, where formerly the Irish Parliament sat, and a handsome Irish spalpeen in a natty uniform got the key of the House of Lords from the big official who keeps it. This fine room is now the Bank

parlour, and in some respects it remains as at the Union.

Says our spalpeen, "Yes, sur, it is all exactly the same as it was at the time of the Union, sur, *only the furniture has all been done up*, sur."

The Speaker's chair is away, and a statue of King George occupies the dais where that formerly stood; so that is another alteration in the room, though it is "exactly the same as at the time of the Union, sur."

There are two tapestries on the wall, and on them the guide bestows much pains.

"That's the glorious Siege of 'Derry, sur," said he, pointing to one, "and that is the glorious Battle of the Boyne, sur," pointing to the other.

The battle is a small affair, and mainly consists of a big horse and a man under it with a gun-shot wound in his forehead.

"That's the Duke of Schomberg, sur," goes on the cicerone; "yes, sur, he was shot, sur, an' he died, sur, an' *his ancestors* have had five hundred a-year ever since, sur."

After this fine example of the Irish answer, it scarcely needs to say that we will remember the Duke of Schomberg and his pensioned ancestors to our latest hour.

One car drive we had, the fare for which was half-a-crown, which of course was paid. Mickey held it in his hand, with a puzzled look, and at last he said:

"Would you look at that pony, sur?"

Of course we looked, and saw that it was an exceedingly nice pony indeed. After our inspection, the driver proceeded:

"And you give me half-a-crown, sur?"

"Yes; is it not correct? You said the fare was half-a-crown, and agreed to give the drive for that."

"True for you, sur," he pleaded, with a laugh in his eye; "but how do you think a pony like that is to be kept up if you only give me half-a-crown?"

This was a phase of the Irish question the "Rambler" did not feel able to solve, so we just gave the pony a shilling, and came away.

RAMBLER.

ACTRESSES AND PEERS.

THE marriage of Miss Fortescue to Viscount Garrahy, heir to Earl Cairns, recalls the fact that, on numerous occasions formerly, an actress has ceased to represent royalty and grandeur on the stage to act the part of an aristocrat in real life, while it has also been the case that noble-born dames have married actors.

The famous Earl of Peterborough, the hero of the war of the succession in Spain, married, in or about the year 1715, the celebrated Anastasia Robinson, a songstress.

Lady Henrietta Herbert, widow of Lord Edward Herbert, second son of the Marquis of Powis, and only daughter of James, first earl of Waldegrave, took, "for better for worse," on the eighth of January, 1739, John Beard, Esq., of the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden.

Charles, third duke of Bolton, married, in 1751, Miss Fenton, the original *Polly* in "The Beggar's Opera." It is said that, on his Grace once threatening a separate maintenance, she knelt, and sang "Oh, ponder well, be not severe!" in a style so tenderly

persuasive, that he had not the heart to fulfil his intention.

Lady Elizabeth Bertie, daughter of the Earl of Abingdon, married Signor Gallini, one of the corps de ballet at the King's Theatre. The date of this marriage is not known.

In 1764, Lady Susannah Sarah Louisa Strangways, daughter of the Earl of Ilchester, married William O'Brien, of Stinsford, Dorsetshire, Esq., once a favourite comedian, and a contemporary of Garrick, Mossop, and Barry.

The Countess of Derby, who died in 1829, was a Miss Farran, of the Cork Theatre.

The Earl of Craven married, in 1807, Miss Brunton, a popular actress of Covent Garden Theatre.

"The Beggar's Opera" has put another coronet on the brows of another *Polly*. Mary Catherine Bolton, called also *Polly* Bolton, in 1813 became the wife of Edwin H. Thurlow, nephew of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow. His lordship dying unmarried, he was succeeded by this nephew as second baron. By Miss Bolton, who died in 1830, he had issue Edward Thomas, who succeeded him, and two other sons.

Lord William Lennox espoused Miss Paton (afterwards Mrs. Wood), which marriage was dissolved by the laws of Scotland in 1830.

The Earl of Harrington, in 1831, married the fascinating Maria Foote, and had one son, Lord Petersham.

The late Duchess of St. Albans was a Miss Mellon, of the Portsmouth Theatre, who married and subsequently became the relict of Thomas Coutts, Esq., an eminent metropolitan banker, when she married, secondly, the Duke of St. Albans, June 16th, 1827. Her Grace, like indeed all the heroines we have been enumerating, had the good sense not to forget or be ashamed of her histrionic connections. As an instance, it may be mentioned that, on passing through Macclesfield a few years after, she visited the site of a barn theatre (long since demolished), and pointed out to her attendants the humble dwelling in which she had once lodged. She also, on that occasion, showed an example of that charitable disposition universally to be found among players, in presenting a handsome *souvenir* to an old and decayed performer who had often performed with her before a Macclesfield audience.

"What is the meaning of coy?" asked a town schoolmaster, when every boy remained silent save one observant chap, who, much meditating on shop signs, cried out, "A short word for company."

A schoolgirl was asked the other day to paraphrase the lines—

"Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

The following was given in:—Celebrity is the instrument on the heel of a horseman which the transparent ghost produces, to deride entire satisfactions and work hard the whole twenty-four hours."

HOW I LEARNED TO GOLF.

It happened ae summer lately that my twa sons took a house doon at Fisher-raw, and they said it would be so fine for me to learn to gowff on Musselburgh Links. It was a thing I kent naething about awa, but on nae account wad the laddies be contented unless I went on 'the green' with them. Green enough I was, and I micht say that I was dune broon before it was a' ower. The lads said it was the richt thing to wear a red coat; but as I was a retired member of the 135th Lanark Volunteers, and had my tunic to the fore, I determined I wadna buy a scarlet coat as lang as I could wear *it*.

But there was much to be dune before I got on my coat to try the game. First, I had to gang to a gowff club-maker, and there I spent about twa pounds before I had a' thing complete. There was five shillings for this, and four shillings for that, besides a lot o' shillings for the gowff ba's, that were unco dear at the price, as I thoct. They would ha'e me to get a driver, an' a grass driver, an' a cleek, an' a putter, an' a niblick, an' a sand-iron, an' a spoon, and the like, till I thoct I was a regular king o' clubs—at least I was the ten o' clubs, for that was the number I went out wi' under my oxtar.

Weel, it wadna be considered richt for a gentleman wi' a complete set of clubs to carry them himsel', so my sons got a chield to carry them for me. They said he was a Cadi, but, being blind o' an e'e, he seemed to me to be more like the one-eyed Calender we used to read about in the *Arabian Nights*. So I strutted aff to the green, 'going before the Cadi,' as the story micht go, for, of course, my knave of clubs walked duly behind, with the sheaf of clubs under his arm.

Arrived at the Links, we cam' to the first hole, where there was stickin' in an iron rod, like a spit on which haddies would have been hung up at my mither's door. But the funny thing was the grand red 'tossel' hanging at the head of this spit. My grandfather on the mither's side had been a Royal Archer, and a member of what she called the Intoxo-fill-it Society, or, as she said—for my mither was very fond o' a joke—they should have been rather called the Intoxo-empty-it Society, for many a tumbler of guid strong toddy did they put down. What put me in mind of the Royal Archers was this grand red tossel on the herring spit, only that the archers' 'tossel' was green. But, as the auld rhyme says:

'There's some o' them red, an' some o' them green,
And some o' them like a turkey bean.'

I had been tell't that the great difficulty in gowff was to put the balls into the hole, but I found no such difficulty; for, excepting this thin iron spit, that did not fill up a hundredth part of the hole, there was no hinder to prevent me from dropping a ball in on the spot. However, my son and the Cadi both cried out that I must strike aff the ball in another direction at a place about a dizen yards away. Here I found the Cadi busy making a little tappie-toorie with a handful of sand, and this he said was 'grein' me my tea.' Thinks I, 'I have heard o' sugar being sanded, but never o' tea being made o' sand;' but I didna speak. And then the lad put ane o' the nice new white balls on the top o' the sand, and handed me a lang club-stick, saying, 'That is your driver, sir.' I had never played gowff in my life, or paid attention to it, so I did not quite comprehend what he was *driverin'* at—ye see I will ha'e my bit joke. But I saw that the man had under his arm a neat wee iron spoon-looking thing, just the shape and

size of the ball, and I insisted that, if I was to strike the ball, it would be far easier to do it with a thing shaped to catch it. The Cadi was a dour chap, howsoever, and wadna give me that little round club, saying that nae player took that club for driving aff with. So I had just to put up with the lang stick with its block of wood at the end, for all the world like a wee bairn's shoe.

I was instructed to lick the ball with all my power in a certain direction; and my son, to show me the plan, shouted out 'four' (for what reason I knew not), and gave a grand lick at his ball. Away it went spinning up into the air, and it seemed so easy that I got my legs well apart, as I had seen John do, and whirled my stick o'er my head to send my ball away into the air after his. Round I came with the rush o' a whirlwind, but never a bit was the ball touched, and every bone in my back felt a wrench that very nearly made me gi'e up the gowff on the spot.

But 'when at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again;' and the Cadi and the laddie—and that's rhyme—urged me to aim better, which I did.

Whish—thud!

Such a *dirl* my hands got this time, for I had struck the ground just three or four inches behind the ball, which lay there provokingly quiet and white, while the head of my bonny four-and-sixpenny club whirled far awa' ower the green, and the Cadi laughed just as if he had a profit on each club that was broken.

I thought, then, that some ane or ither of my ten clubs might do to get that bit white ball aff his tappie-toorie, and sent away after John's ball, which we saw lying on the grass about a hundred yards from us. At last I got a 'cleek' from the Cadi, and, taking a more cautious blow this time, I fairly exhausted my strength with the knock it got on the ball, and the ball ran away close to the ground amongst some lang grass about ten yards away.

"You should aye try to be well up with your first," said the Cadi; "you will have to play two more now." Well, I had to play at least a dozen more, getting many a dirl on the ground, and missing the ball often as I whirled the club-stick round my head and making what I was sure was a deadly aim.

My son was 'well up in three,' they said, and there was a talk of 'getting on the green,' just as if I had not been on the green all the while. It is true that once or twice I got into some sand-pits—'bunkers' they called them—and many a lick did the ball get with my different sticks before I got within half-a-dozen feet of the hole with its spike and red tossel.

Now, thinks I, this will be easy; but that little white cantankerous thing would not be persuaded to run into the hole. At one time the stroke was too strong, and the next would be too weak, and there was I going back and forward, forward and back, till it was mentioned I had taken twenty strokes, while John had 'holed out' in five. At last I 'holed in,' as I would call it, and the Cadi was heard to whisper to his neighbour something about how the 'old man' (that was your humble servant) had 'foozled his short game.'

'That was one hole lost,' they said, and then we went to the next striking-aff place, where a barrowful of sand for the tees and two round marks with white-wash showed where the next play was to be taken from.

"You see that farm chimney up the hill there?" said my son.

"Preserve me," I replied, "do you expect me to send the ball a' that length?"

The Cadi laughed, and John went on to point out that the next pole was in a line with the telegraph post just under the farmer's chimney. But, oh me! it was long, long ere I got that length. First, of course, I had to 'miss the globe,' as they called it, and then to take a big bit of turf out behind the ball, which they called a 'cup.' I said a cup was not far out of place at the tee, but nobody laughed at that bit joke, so I had just to try again. So I grasped the leather-covered stock of my stick, and made a grand hit, as I expected; but the "globe" was just as little moved as if I had been Archimedes in search of a lever, instead of a middle-aged man trying to learn to play gowff. At long and last I got the ball to move; but though I swung my best, and duly rose upon the point of my left foot, I, as instructed by the laddies, was surprised to find the ball running away far to the left instead of straight forward,—a 'screw' one called it, and a 'draw' said another, but as there was not a bottle in the case I could see no screw or draw about it. But I would have been very glad of a drop at this time.

'Get it well over the bunker with your second,' was the next advice; but of course I was far from the bunker with it, for did not the ball run this time as quick to the right as it had done last to the left. So I had just to bring it back; and after much digging up of turf, and many a sore dirl in my arms, I 'holed out,' and the laddie John said he was two up."

At the next striking place there was a grand elevated platform, and far away doon I was shown a fine plain grassy place, towards which I was to send my ball. John drave aff in his usual high-fleein' style, clear of all the sandy places and little whin bushes that lay just below. But waes me! My 'first' just put the 'globe' amang some loose sand, and after making a fine stour with two or three strokes, I got it finally out of that bunker. But it was not much better, for there was the provoking ball snugly sitting up amongst the branches of a wee whin bush, just as if it were a white lintie perched up to sing his sang. It would be far ower lang to tell of all my troubles in getting to the next hole, where, after many a stroke, which just made the ball run on a couple of yards with the 'sough' through the bonnie gowany grass, I got down within about a dozen feet of the hole. As ill luck would have it, there was the laddie's ball lying richt before mine, about a yard awa', and the Cadi said it was a "stimy," which was an undoubted fact, for it would certainly stay me if I tried to run on. 'Lift your ball,' cried John, as I thought, and very contentedly I lifted it up and threw it on, but he said that 'loft' was what he said, and that I had lost that hole for touching the ball against the rules. So he was three up.

The next hole was a very grand affair. I had considered the former hole, with its whins and sand in front of a fine grassy plain, as a kind of purgatory with Elysium beyond it. But the next place was far waur. With my first I got the 'globe' very nicely caught on the neb of a big bunker, and after some vigorous strokes with what was called a sand-iron, I got it out on the grass again, and with ten was just lying a yard in front of a wooden paling where the horse races run round. 'Get over Pandy,' was the cry, and well did my hands feel as if I had been getting pandies for the last half hour. As it was, I got out my new driver—for the Cadi had run up to MacEwan for a new one when the first was broken (anither four and sixpence gone!)—and with a fine swirl, which I was now beginning to learn how to make, I sent the ball away a great distance, while the new club came up against the paling, and was broken in two by the force of the blow.

(A third four and sixpence!) Here was I 'lying well with my eleventh,' and looking back I found that fortune had for once favoured me. John's ball had got into the wide chasm over which I drave, and then I found out why the place was called Pandemonium, for that laddie used words to his clubs and ball that it would not do to repeat to ears polite. At long and last he got near up to me with his twelfth, and there was I, within two yards of the hole. 'You must play the like,' said the Cadi; but for once his judgment was wrang, for why should I go and play such like things, or use such language, and me so near the hole? So I tried to put in the 'globe,' but just missed, and then we 'halved the whole' by each going in in thirteen.

Then we set out for what they said was Mrs. Forman's hole, as I afterwards appreciated. I need not dwell on the terrors of that passage over the whins and across the road, and into what they said was Lord Shand, and then out into the coach road with an unlucky hit that was too strong. Of course, John came up in four, while I was at fifteen, and down popped his ball, so that he won that hole in four in all.

'The game is dormy,' said the Cadi. 'Is it so?' I replied. 'I am very glad to hear it. But what may that mean?' 'Oh, it means four up and four to play.' But as there were only the two of us playing, I did not comprehend that. But I said, 'Dormy be't, then,' and we set aff and had a bit of bread and cheese and a fine glass of ale in Mrs. Forman's, where, indeed, ended my first day at gowff.

THE TEE.

COONT YERSEL'

The Crieff company of Volunteers, after many a hard drill, started on the morning of 7th August, 1860, to attend the Queen's Review at Edinburgh. Each man was afraid he would sleep too long, and was up and doing long before the hour for parade. The muster was full, and the hamper arrangements were very complete. A short time after eight o'clock the train was bearing its precious load onwards. A short halt was made at Crieff Junction, till the Perth companies would come up. During this halt the colour-sergeant was anxious to have a few company movements to steady the ranks. The men fell in, and "Number off" was ordered. "One," "Two," and so on to "Twenty-seven." "That is fifty-four men in the ranks," said the sergeant; "and with four supernumeraries in rear makes fifty-eight. We want a man! We had fifty-nine when we left Crieff. Number again!" "One," "Two," &c., to "Twenty-seven." "That still only makes fifty-eight. Who is absent? See if he is in the station. It is most extraordinary that some people will not pay attention, keeping the whole company waiting for them! They must just be left behind, and what will the Queen say?" A Voice—"There's nobody in the station." "Most annoying! Number again; we are losing a good half-hour, which might have been employed in proving the company. "One," "Two," &c., to "Twenty-seven." "Isn't that confounded, Lieutenant! there is a man amissing. "We left Crieff with fifty-nine, including officers, and now we have only fifty-eight." "A man amissing already!" says the lieutenant; "what will it be at this rate ere we reach Edinburgh?" "Number again." "One," "Two," &c., to "Twenty-seven." "That is fifty-four, and four supernumeraries makes only fifty-eight." A Voice—"Coont yoursel', Neil!" Tremendous laughter wound up the perplexity, and the good-humoured face of the colour-sergeant relaxed into a smile.

JOHN PAUL FORSTER,

OR, THE TWOFOLD MURDER.

CHRISTOPHER BAÜMLER, a worthy citizen of Nürnberg, lived in the Königstrasse, a wide and much-frequented street, where he carried on the trade of a corn-chandler, which included the right of selling brandy. He had lately lost his wife, and lived quite alone with only one maid-servant, Ann Catherine Schutz. He had the reputation of being rich.

Bäumler was in the habit of opening his shop at five o'clock in the morning at latest. But on the 21st September, 18—, to the surprise of his neighbours, it remained closed till past six. Curiosity and alarm drew together a number of people before the house. They rang repeatedly, but no one came to the door. At last some neighbours, with the sanction of the police, entered the first-floor windows by a ladder. Here they found drawers, chests, and closets burst open, and presenting every appearance of a robbery having been committed. They hastened down stairs into the shop, where they discovered in a corner close to the street door the bloody corpse of the maid; and in the parlour they found Bäumler lying dead beside the stove.

As soon as the police were informed of the murder, a commission was appointed to visit Bäumler's house. Immediately on entering the shop, to the right of the door in the corner, between two bins of meal and salt, the maid-servant Schutz lay on her back, with her head shattered, and her feet, from which both her shoes had fallen, turned towards the door. Her face and clothes, and the floor, were covered with blood; and the two bins, between which her head lay, as well as the wall, were sprinkled with it. As no other part of the shop showed any marks of blood, it was evident that she had been murdered in this corner. Not far from the body they picked up a small comb, and at a little distance from that a larger one, with several fragments of a second small one. In the very farthest corner of the parlour, between the stove and a small table, upon which stood a jug, they found the body of Bäumler, stretched on his back, with his head, which was resting on a small upturned stool, covered with wounds and blood. A pipe and several small coins lay under the body, where they had probably fallen when the murderer ransacked the pocket, which was turned inside out, and stained with blood, for money or for keys. The floor, the stove, and the wall were covered with blood, the stool was saturated, and even the vaulted ceiling, which was nine or ten feet high, was sprinkled with it. These circumstances, especially the stool on which Bäumler's head rested, and the pipe which lay under his body, showed that the murderer must have suddenly attacked him unawares and felled him to the earth, as he sat drinking his beer and smoking his pipe on that very spot.

One of a chest of drawers in the upper chamber was pulled out, the doors of two cupboards in the adjoining room were open, and everything lay scattered about the floor. Several other presses, however, had not been opened, and many things of value, such as clothes, silver ornaments, a gold repeater, &c., were left in them, and even in those which had been opened. The rooms on the second storey were found in their usual state.

On the table, in the parlour, stood a wine-glass with some red brandy at the bottom, and a closed clasp-knife stained with blood on the back and sides. Two newly-baked rolls were found near the entrance-door.

A baker stated that Bäumler's maid had fetched these rolls from his shop the evening before, at about a quarter to ten. His wife, who was examined the next day on this point, recognised the rolls as those bought by the unfortunate maid-servant on the evening of the 20th September, adding, "The evening before last, at nearly a quarter to ten, the maid came to my house, and asked for two halfpenny rolls, which I gave her. I did not recognise her till she was going away, when I said, 'It is you, is it?' She answered sulkily, 'Yes.' I asked if they still had guests with them; and she said, 'Yes, there are a few fellows there still.' I then looked out of the window for a while; there was a death-like silence in the street, so much so that I remarked it to my people. At a quarter to ten exactly I closed the shop."

This evidence afforded a strong presumption that some person or persons who were still in Bäumler's shop at a quarter to ten had committed this murder.

Accordingly, all those who had been at Bäumler's house on that evening were examined, and they concurred in saying that a stranger had entered the shop very early, had sat at the farther end of the table, alternately smoking and drinking red brandy out of a wine-glass; and that he had remained there alone at nine o'clock, when the others went away. All agreed in their description of his person; that he was about thirty, of dark complexion, and black hair and beard; that he wore a dark-coloured coat (most of the witnesses said a blue one, which afterwards proved to be a mistake), and that he had on a high beaver hat. With the exception of one witness who had conversed with the stranger about the hop trade and other like matters, and had found him a well-informed, agreeable man, they all stated that he had kept his hat pressed over his face, and his eyes constantly fixed on the ground, and that he had said little or nothing. He stated himself to be a hop-merchant, and said that he was waiting at Bäumler's for his companion, another hop-merchant, who had gone to the play. The witnesses recognised the glass produced in court, as exactly similar to that out of which the stranger had been drinking red clove brandy.

Meanwhile suspicion had fallen upon a certain John Paul Forster, who had lately been discharged from the bridewell at Schwabach, and who had been observed for several days before the murder walking about in a suspicious manner before Bäumler's house. His father, a miserably poor day-labourer, lived with two daughters in a cottage belonging to a gardener named Thaler, in the suburbs of St. John. Forster did not live with his father; but on the morning after the murder he had left the suburb of St. John quite early, and had gone to Diesbeck, where he lived with a woman called Margaret Priess, who had been his mistress for many years. At her house he was arrested by the police, the third day after the murder. In her room were found, among other things, two bags of money. Besides these, Priess's daughter, a girl of about fourteen, gave up a small purse containing some medals and a ducat which Forster had given to her when he returned to Diesbeck.

The special inquisition to which Paul Forster, his sister Walburga, and Margaret Priess were first subjected, produced nothing of importance against Forster. He underwent thirteen long examinations, in which he had to answer one thousand three hundred and thirteen questions, besides confrontations with innumerable witnesses; but no confession could be wrung from him. Animated by a spirit as powerful and enduring as his bodily frame, he often stood during his examinations for five or six hours on the same spot, and nothing ever made him flinch

or waver. Once in the Bridewell he said to some of his companions, that "if ever he got into trouble again, he would persist in denial until his tongue turned black and rotted in his mouth, and his body was bent double." Indeed he combined in his person all the qualities which could enable him to resist truth even when most evident. He was a man whom no question could embarrass and no admonition disconcert. He had considered beforehand the whole array of evidence against him as carefully as the judge himself. Thus nothing took him by surprise; there was nothing for which he was unprepared. He clung to his fable of the two hop-merchants like the shipwrecked sailor to the plank which is to convey him to shore. This tale, in which he never varied the smallest circumstance, although he admitted that unfortunately for him no one would believe it, always afforded him a loophole by which to escape from the most convincing facts or from the clearest evidence. His presence in Bäumler's house, the axe with which the murder was committed, Bäumler's clothes found upon him, did not, according to his version of the matter, criminate him, but the two hop-merchants. His confession of the murder to his sister, and the fact that his boots were bloody, rested merely on her testimony, and he positively denied both to her face. He accounted for the blood on his brown coat and that on Bäumler's green one by some incredible fiction. All means of attack recoiled from his iron soul; neither the bloody clothes nor the axe, nor confrontation with his sister and other witnesses, could shake him. If a passing flush or paleness, or a downcast eye, occasionally betrayed surprise and embarrassment, it was but for a moment, and he quickly recovered his self-possession. When the axe was produced, his changing colour and rolling eye betrayed the fearful emotion within; but his voice and his answers remained unshaken. Upon being confronted with his sister Walburga he seemed confused, his colour fled, and his hands trembled; but he still preserved so complete a command over himself as to look her full in the face while he denied the most manifest truths. During the whole special inquisition, the emotions he exhibited were those of a wild beast suddenly caught in a net, vainly seeking an outlet by which to escape from the hunters who surround him. When the judge animadverted upon his changing colour or his embarrassed air, he replied with perfect truth, "It is quite possible for an innocent man to seem more embarrassed than a guilty one; the latter knows exactly what he has done; the former feels that he cannot prove his innocence." He concealed his obstinacy under an assumption of calmness, gentleness, and piety, as if humbly submitting to a fate he did not deserve. "I see plainly," said he in his last examination, "that I cannot escape unless the hop-merchants are taken. I have therefore nothing to do but to pray to God that he will enlighten my judges and enable them to distinguish between guilt and innocence, between the possible and the impossible. In this case guilt and innocence touch, and I have no means of proving my innocence." The following circumstance will give some idea of his cunning, hypocrisy, and dissimulation:—During the trial a certain John Wagner, who had formerly been in prison with him at Schwabach, was confronted with him to give evidence touching expressions which Forster had dropped concerning some scheme for future crimes. Wagner, on this occasion, accused him of stealing a pair of silk braces. Forster denied the charge, and even when the braces were produced in court and identified by Wagner, he persisted in his denial. But in the solitude of his prison he reflected that he could

turn this incident to good account in giving an air of truth to his falsehoods respecting the murder. Accordingly, after an interval of two days, he requested an audience, and appeared before the judge with downcast looks and trembling hands, like one bowed down by shame and remorse, and confessed in a circumstantial manner that "he had given way to the temptations of Satan and had stolen Wagner's silk braces." This repentant confession was doubtless intended to convince the judge that one whose tender conscience could not bear even the burden of a stolen pair of braces, would be still less able to endure the remorse which must follow a double murder.

Towards the close of the trial he must have seen, and indeed he acknowledged as much, that, in spite of his courage, obstinacy, and cunning, truth could not be overpowered by fables and evasions. His obstinate perseverance in denial must therefore be attributed not only to a hope of thus avoiding capital punishment, but also to pride. Impressed with a conviction of his own mental superiority, and ambitious of a character for dauntless courage and immovable strength of will, he was resolved not to allow the judge to gain the slightest advantage over his feelings or his understanding. If he must fall, at least he would fall like a hero. If he could not avoid the fate of a criminal, he would avoid the disgrace of a confession wrung from weakness or cowardice. Men might shudder at him, but his fearful crimes should excite wonder, not contempt. The murder of Bäumler and his maid was a crime which any common villain might commit; but to stand unmoved by all the dangers which followed the deed, to bid defiance to truth, to the skill of the judge; to behold the most terrible sights with a steady gaze and without one feeling of pity; to turn a deaf ear to the admonitions of conscience; to remain firm in the dreadful solitude of the cell, as well as in the presence of the court—this it was which raised him, in his own estimation, far above the common herd of criminals.

Forster escaped capital punishment in spite of the strong circumstantial evidence against him, as no confession could be extorted from him, and as there were no competent eye-witnesses to the murder. Sentence to this effect was accordingly passed upon him on the 22nd July, 1821:—

"That John Paul Forster is convicted of the murder of the chandler Bäumler and of his maid-servant on the night of the 20th September, 1820, and that he is condemned to imprisonment for life in chains."

An evening journal lately reported, that "as a wedding party was proceeding to church at Garvagh, County Derry, they were accidentally shot *in the face* by a gun discharged in honour of the event, and the ceremony was postponed." This is not putting a good face on the matter. It is a satisfaction to know that the gun was discharged for hitting the party's face.

◆ ◆ ◆

It sometimes happens that impertinence is paid back in its own coin. Once when John Randolph was leaving a country tavern, the landlord said—"Mr. Randolph, which way are you going?" The gruff Virginian replied, "I've paid my bill, and it's none of your business." Half-an-hour later Randolph came to a cross road, and, not knowing which road to take, sent his servant back to inquire. The landlord replied, "Tell Mr. Randolph that he has paid his bill, and he can take which road he pleases."

THE TITLED CONVICT.

CONTINUING the recital of his sad story, my fellow-prisoner said—"The sight of any human being in distress had always a great effect upon me, and to look upon a woman gnawing a bone in very hunger in a measure sobered me, and I asked her who and what she was. She told me a harrowing tale of how she was the eldest of seven children; that her mother was bed-ridden and her father blind; and how she toiled at a sewing machine all day, and at the theatre at night, and then only earned a miserable pittance, barely sufficient to keep a roof over their heads. This being the pantomime season, she had been in the theatre since 11 that morning, and she had not tasted food all the day, until a carpenter had kindly given her the remains of his supper. I lost no time in procuring a bottle of champagne, and felt happier than I had for years, as she placed a tumblerful to her parched lips and drank it off at a gulp. A few moments later I saw 'Little Rosie' (for so she told me her blind parent loved to call her) being lashed to an 'iron,' and posing as an angel for the great transformation scene in course of preparation. I subsequently discovered—though, alas! too late—that 'little Rosie' was only too well-known as 'big Rose.' But my mind has again got in advance of my story. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! where am I?"

At this stage I really got alarmed, for my titled friend's excitement was evidently increasing. Happily, however, a passing official necessitated silence, and he eventually resumed with comparative composure.

"I will not weary you with unnecessary details; suffice it to say that in a short time Rosie became Lady—and the vows that were made 'till death should us part,' were eventually broken by the living death that consigned me to penal servitude. After our marriage, my wife's nature gradually changed and the frankness and *naïveté* that had so captivated me gradually gave way to habits and sentiments that astonished and alarmed me. I verily believe that, had I found in her the woman I believed her to be, I should truly have reformed, and given up drink. Instead of that, however, I found at my elbow one who was always ready to encourage me in the vice. Port was her favourite tippie; and though my own state seldom permitted me to judge of her consumption, still in my lucid intervals of sobriety I was astonished at the amount she consumed. Gradually we began to turn night into day, and nights of debauch regularly followed the few hours of daylight we seldom or ever saw. Even yet I had not abandoned all hope of reform. My conscience smote me when I was sober enough to heed it, and in hopes of avoiding temptation, I hurried with my wife to Ireland; but even here she could not rest quiet. The cloven hoof persisted in showing itself, and we were tabooed by the whole country. In this I found further cause for mortification—I might have been looked up to and sought after. I tried to save my wife's feelings by concealing the real cause of our existence being ignored; but, fool that I was, I gave way to her importunings, and actually called on those who had avoided us. The well-merited reward of my temerity was not long in coming. Some of the country families returned our cards by post, whilst others sent them back by a servant; and at a subscription ball that took place not long after, we received the cut dead. This filled up the cup of my humiliation, and I rushed back to London.

"A 'cousin' about this time made his appearance, and gradually became a daily visitor; and had my muddled faculties been more capable of forming an opinion, I might have been puzzled how a well-dressed and apparently gentlemanly man could be the nephew of either the blind father or the bed-ridden mother. Gradually, however, my suspicions were aroused, and I employed a detective to watch them both. He fulfilled his duty, alas, too well, and I received information proving that the 'cousin' had formerly passed as my wife's husband. A sickly child, too, that frequently came to the house, and whom she often told me, with tears in her eyes, was her 'dead sister's,' I had reason to suspect was a nearer relative.

"My wife now began to display reckless extravagance; nothing was too good for her. The handsome settlement I had made for her failed to meet a fraction of her expenses, and she at length became so degraded as to borrow money from my very servants. Love, they say, is blind, and in my case, I fear, was frequently blind drunk. On these occasions I would agree to do anything, and gradually signed away, first one thing, and then another, till I found myself divested of house, estates, everything, and a pensioner on my wife's bounty. It may seem incredible that anything should be capable of bringing the blush of shame to such as I—I who for six long years have worn this dreadful dress—but believe me, my cheeks tingle even now when I think of it all. I was at length compelled to resort to a pawnbroker's, and watch, chain, ring, everything, found their way to an establishment in — Road. My credit, once good, was entirely gone; tradesmen to whom I owed money began to dun me; others refused the smallest credit; servants, washerwomen, butchers, and bakers, all were creditors. Writs and County Court summonses were of daily occurrence, and the family mansion that my ancestors had never disgraced was in the hands of the bailiffs. How I cried out in my anguish will never be known. Relations I had none to whom I could apply for sympathy or advice. My only friend was drink, and in my misery I turned to it with redoubled energy. I have not much more to tell; the climax which brought me here was very near at hand. One afternoon I had returned to our lodgings (we were then in apartments at — Place) rather sooner than expected from a fruitless endeavour to borrow a few pounds. I had stopped at several public-houses on the way back, and I was almost mad with misery and despair. As I entered the room, the first thing that met my gaze was the hated 'cousin.' To seize a loaded pistol that always hung over the mantelpiece, was the work of a second, and, without aim or deliberation, I fired. The report and my wife's screams alarmed a policeman who happened to be passing; he entered and found her in a swoon, but happily uninjured—thank God I am free of that crime—and the tell-tale bullet lodged in the wall. Concealment was hopeless I was arrested, and eventually sentenced, on the evidence of my wife and her paramour, to twenty years' penal servitude."

His excited state alarmed me. I feared we should be observed, but it was hopeless to attempt to check him, as with eyes staring and the tears flowing fast down his scanned and blotchy face, he was proceeding when I found we were observed, and I had to bid him a hurried adieu, promising to meet him again. I never did see him again, but heard months after, that the unhappy man had died, and that the bright expectation accruing from youth, birth, and fortune, that had been formed six short years ago, lies buried in a nameless convict's grave.—*Eighteen Months' Imprisonment.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"NETHER LOCHABER." By the Rev. ALEX. STEWART, F.S.A., Scot. (Edinburgh: W. Paterson. 1883.)

THE *Inverness Courier* has always been noted for the quality of its correspondents, both from London and elsewhere, these having included Angus B. Reach, Shirley Brooks, Edmund Yates, that chatty agriculturist, Mr. Murray of Geanies, the writer of "Notes from Edinburgh," and the author of this volume. As a rule, newspaper writings are of a fugitive cast, but not so those of "Nether Lochaber," who, although taking his key from some passing event, writes on Folk Lore, Natural History, Local History, and Antiquities, the Weather, Legends, the Celtic Language, Classic Literature, and a vast range of subjects, each touched in a racy, free, and eloquent style of diction, and with ample knowledge. This handsome volume gives the best of ten years' contributions, and is, in every page, readable and interesting, and it is beautifully got up by the publishers.

"BONDS OF DISUNION; OR, ENGLISH MISRULE IN THE COLONIES." By C. J. ROWE, M.A. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1883.)

THE future of our Colonies is a matter of vast interest to our industrial classes. Shall there be federation in one great empire, or shall each colony or group of colonies some day attain to independence? There is probably a good deal to be said on both sides, and on one point THE TATLER would insist that the discussion should be solely from the view of what is best for those who are governed.

On points of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best.

Mr. Rowe discusses the Colonial question in this volume with abundant knowledge, and in a brilliant and easy style. What his leading view is may be gained from the title—namely, that compulsory federation with the mother country would only be to create "bonds of disunion."

NOT READY, AT ANY OF THE LIBRARIES.

"DICK'S DELIGHTED," by the author of "Janita's Cross."
"THE UGLY MUG," by the author of "The Beautiful Face."

"ABOVE A GOOSE'S WING," by the author of "Under Drake's Flag."

"JEMIMA'S JO," by the author of "Sam's Sweetheart."

"A JUVENILE CHORISTER," by the author of "The Senior Songman."

"ONLY A HOBBLE-DE-HOY," by the author of "But Yet a Woman."

"JANE FIRESIDE'S UNCLE," by the author of "John Ingle's Ant."

"NOTWITHSTANDING THE BLUE DEVILS," by the author of "Because of the Angels."

"STICK-Y," by the author of "Wanda."

"THE LOCH WITH FOUR ISLANDS GONE WRONG," by the author of "The Land of the Five Rivers and Sindh."

"SIMILAR CABS OFF THE STANCE," by the author of "Like Ships upon the Sea."

"SOME SUPPER," by the author of "Na-dine."

"VERY OLD ARTICLES," by the author of "No New Thing."

"NO SCARF UNDER A FIT OF ILL TEMPER, AH!" by the author of "All-tie-o'er a Pet, Oh!"

GRAND PREMIUM CONTRIBUTION ARRANGEMENTS.

"When a man has engaged to keep a Stage Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Passengers or not, to set out. Thus it fares with us weekly Historians; but, indeed, for my Particular, I hope I shall soon have little more to do in this work than to publish what is sent me from such as have Leisure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleased in an elegant Manner."—"The Tatler," 7th May, 1709.

The Proprietors of THE TATLER offer each week TWO PREMIUMS, namely ONE POUND and TEN SHILLINGS, for the best Contributions sent in. The following conditions require to be observed:—

1. The MS. must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be properly paged and fastened.

2. The Contributor must furnish full name and address at the end of each Contribution.

3. Where the Contribution is not Original, the source, date of publication, and, where possible, the author's name must be given.

4. Preference will as a rule be given to Original matter, which should be marked "Original" on the right hand corner of the first page, and Original Anecdotes or Verses will be acceptable. No prize will be awarded for matter which has appeared in any contemporary, and such should not be sent in.

5. The MS. must be addressed to "Editor of THE TATLER," 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, and all MS. received up to Saturday morning's delivery will be in time for that week's competition. The result will be intimated and the premium contributions printed a fortnight thereafter, beginning with No. 4.

6. The copyright of all Original MS. sent in shall vest in the Proprietors of THE TATLER, and all MSS. may be used, whether gaining a premium or not.

7. The Name and Address of the Contributors obtaining the Premiums shall be published each week, unless Contributors object to this publicity. If they object, their initials or *nom de plume* will be published instead, but it is preferred that the full name and address of successful Competitors be given.

To be had at all Railway Bookstalls, and may be ordered from any News-agent throughout the United Kingdom.

Next Week's Portrait will be
MR. HENRY IRVING.

* * A.E.L. and other correspondents are informed that in the Monthly Parts of THE TATLER the Portraits will be given separately, on toned paper.

Printed for the Proprietors by MACRON & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—September 8, 1883.

TON

1880
1881
1882
1883
1884

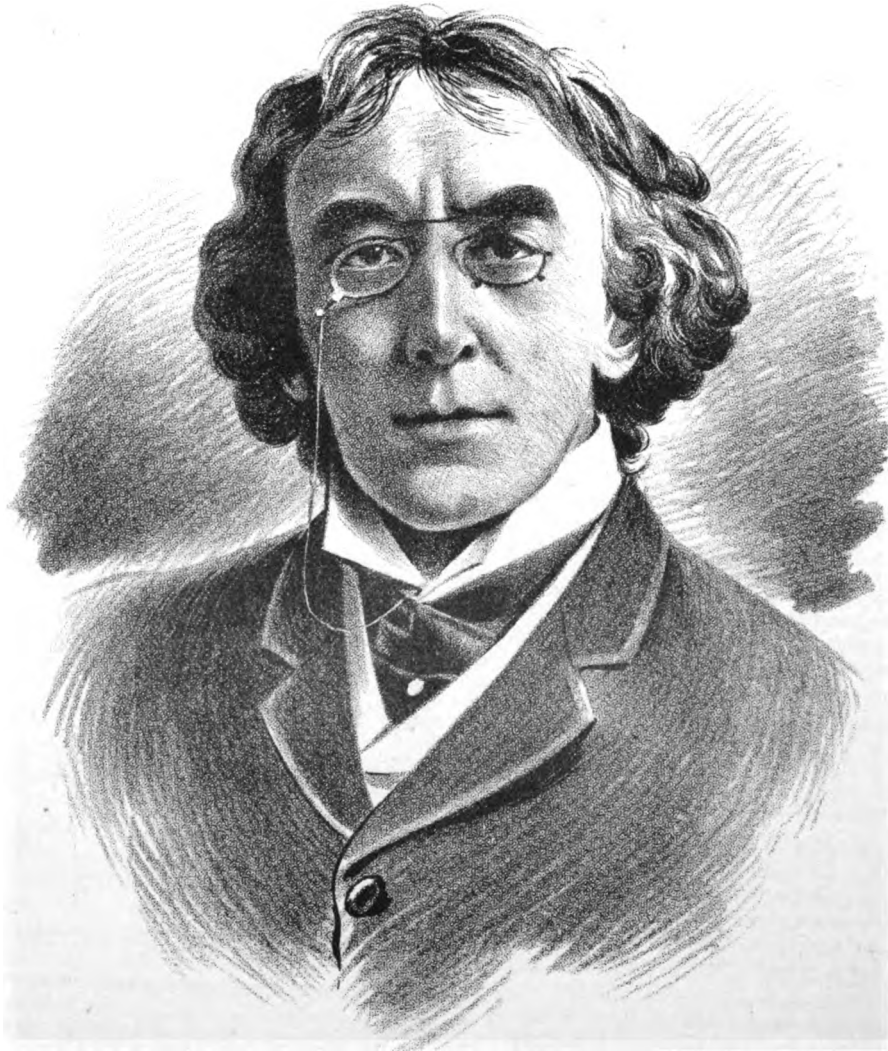
1885
1886
1887

1888
1889
1890

1891
1892

1893
1894
1895
1896
1897

1898
1899
1900
1901
1902



THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 3.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE GRAND NEW SONG OF NILAXSANSPhAKS.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE SHEEPSHEARA PARCHMENT FOUND IN A CAVE
NEAR MADAGASCAR.

A yellow frog slept by the side of a pool,
Noaxe—noaxe—sansphaks,—
The water was warm, the bank was cool,
Frogs dream when they sleep as a general rule,
As this one came from the general school
He dreamed of natural acts.

He dreamt of the fawns that came to drink,
Noaxe—noaxe—sansphaks,—
In galloping groups at the brook's bright brink,
Where the bellowing bull would make them shrink
As a ball-room Miss, in her first new pink,
Does under the light we call wax.

These visions have changed; he seems to moan,
Noaxe—noaxe—sansphaks,—
Hark, hark to his sigh twixt a croak and a groan,
As a hulking boy, with a hump of a stone,
Lets fly at the sedge where the frog lies prone,
Dreaming of natural acts.

The frog slept on by the side of the stream,
Noaxe—noaxe—sansphaks;—
Fresh visions of bliss came over his dream,
Of swimming in shallows amongst the bream,
Where no cruel pike could persecute him
With one of its savage attacks.

The sedge was so cool, sound sleep was so dear,
Noaxe—noaxe—sansphaks,—
Dreaming all day with nothing to fear,
Until the bright-brook sighs soft in his ear,
"Is your weather-eye open, *Mon Amie*; look here,
Look at those natural acts."

"A duck and a drake has waddled this way,"
Noaxe—noaxe—sansphaks,—
They stop at the place where the sleeping frog lay,
Each looked unto each, each seeming to say,
"What a nice yellow frog,"—and—"nothing to pay—
Be careful how each of us acts."

The duck she sat down on the tip of her tail,
Noaxe—noaxe—sansphaks,—
The drake saw his love for the duck would prevail,
And his squake was a squoke like the quavering wail
Of a bacchanal over his lost cake and ale:
These now, *are* natural acts.

My eye, what a jump that frog did take,
Noaxe—noaxe—sansphaks,—
He *went* for that duck, and he *went* for that drake,
He was up,—*they went down*—with never a shake—
Quite a bag full of feathers that frog's sto-make,
These are the natural acts.

Dear Daddy Bushwhacker, the moral is new,
The frog is alive to the facts;
He has cozened the duck, and the drake, and *parbleu*,
Has a penchant for water, and sticks to it too;
Keep your eye on that frog, or he may cozen you,
With some of his *phaks* or *axe*.
G.C.S.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 3.—MR. HENRY IRVING.

THE position of Mr. Henry Irving in the dramatic world is unique. The early struggles through which he passed in learning the rudiments of that art in which he now stands as one of the most conspicuous ornaments, were severe and almost insuperable, but by sheer force of perseverance these were overcome. As a sample of his disappointments, we give the following incident:—It was the occasion of a holiday in the city where he fought so long to get to the front, and, with a comrade equally far down in the theatrical ladder, he organised an entertainment in a quiet old burgh. The Town Hall had been duly engaged, and the town was billed; but when the pair arrived in the evening they found that even the hallkeeper had forgotten about the engagement. Routing him out, the pair got the gas lit and the door duly opened, and sat down to wait for the audience. *Not one single person came*; and having, happily, enough money in hand to pay all charges, Irving and his brother in misfortune came back to Edinburgh sadder and poorer, and, mayhap, reflecting on the ingratitude of a community that knew not what they had sacrificed by their neglect.

Contrast this with the scene witnessed of late at the Lyceum Theatre in London. There for weeks the box office was besieged by crowds of people anxious to secure seats, weeks and even months in advance. Within that wonderful vestibule, with its ruby lamps, its foot-thick pile of carpets, its crowd of attendants, the highest and noblest of the land thronged

* Professor Chinbrugh informs me that this title is what he would call Poodle-French; it means, "Without acts there are no facts."—G.C.S.

to witness the plays put on by Mr. Irving. And now, when he is playing nightly to enormous audiences in the larger cities of England and Scotland, before going off to America to win fresh laurels, he is performing under such a certificate of personal and dramatic estimation as has seldom been enjoyed by any provider for the enjoyment and elevation of the people.

This position has been won by sheer hard work and determination, coupled with a cultivated appreciation of what dramatic representations should be. Mr. Irving has sought to look to every detail of the drama he produces; and even in those parts where his individuality in voice and gesture are against complete success in the actor, the manager is felt in every point from the overture bell to the "curtain." It would be rash to give any special opinion on the characters in which Mr. Irving plays, for every one of them has admirers, and hence we may conclude that he displays merit in all. In comedy and melodrama he has made some very palpable hits, and of his Shakespearean studies perhaps *Iago* deserves the highest praise, in that he brings out so conspicuously the fact of this great villain being, as Shakespeare drew him, young and light-hearted, while so deft in his rascality.

Mr. Irving's ability as a dramatic critic has been shown in several small points, such as his "look here upon this picture, and on this," in the interview with the queen mother in *Hamlet*, and his argument to prove that the "third murderer" in *Macbeth* is none other than the Thane of Cawdor himself. And he has done much to raise the social status of his profession;—

The apt occasion by the hand he takes,
Some circumstances find, the rest he makes.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.
But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

—Thomas Carew.

"You are weak," said a woman to her son, who was remonstrating against her marrying again. "Yes, mother," he replied, "I am so weak that I can't go a stepfather."

◆ ◆ ◆

Elderly philanthropist to small boy who is vainly striving to pull a door-bell above his reach—"Let me help you my little man." (Pulls the bell.) Small Boy—"Now, you had better run, or we'll both get a licking."

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL: A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER IV.

I'se in dispare. There's nothin' left for me, uncle says, but wepein' an' walin' an' nashin' of tethe. My porshun's with the wikkid. Uncle's done nuthin' since I blowed on him but sit with the flowin' bole on his studdy tabel. He prays an' prays all day long, 'cept when his aslepe, an' rings the bell for prayurs in the 4nune, and gave out for the hymn yesterday, "Cum, boys, fill up the flowin' bole." Aunt's tuke to her bed, an' says I've brawt 'em to dissgrase an' shame, an' uncle puls me evry which way, an' betes me an' pluks my hare, an' makes faces at me, til I most freese with skeer. He calls me a magpy, an' kepes asayin' as how I've roined him twice over, cos I went an' brawt Mr. Spiers when he wanted me to, an' the tayler to make him a noo soot of go-to-meetin's, an' the surjen to meshur him for a noo fute. He was a pullin' on his boot, an' when he was stampin' it on he stamped a bras nale into his hele, wich it was me put thare jes to tickle him. So now he wants a noo fute, an' it's to be wood, so's it'll stand tax. I gess wot fokes says is rite, that he's 'bout played out for preechin', an's fit for nuthin' but a sylum, where they puts fokes as is mad.

Aunt's that ill with nurves that when the bell rings she skremes like as it was robbers. She skremed all day last Sunday a weke since cos o' th' church bells, an' all day yes'day cos uncle was a ringin' bells, thinkin' it was Sunday. He said as how if the sextun woodn't do his wurk he must do it for him, an' thawt he was ringin' the church bell. So cos aunt was skremin' I climed up an' made th' wires so as they woodn't pull, but uncle's pullin' away all the time, an' don't know they ain't ringin'. He's def as a dor-nale. An' a noo man is preechin' til uncle an' aunt gets better, an' last Sunday thare was no bell, cos when the sextun pull'd the rope it all came down on his hed, and most smuthered him, as if I cood help it tumblin', or know'd it wood tumbel. But the sextun he cum up an' told Grace as how he saw me in church one day when they was clenin', an' that I must ha' gone up the steepel an' chopp'd the rope throo with a ax. An' I ain't goin' to tel no lies about it, cos I did it with a carvin' nife, as most run into me when I fel on the stare up the steepel. So I gess uncle'll have to pay for a noo t. An' am I to blame cos aunt skremed when the nasty ole bell rung. I wunder why fokes can't go to meetin' anyhow without makin' such a row about it as bells does. Mr. Spiers says Ime a brik an' a bennyfakter to Stokerville, as can't abide bells when his hed's bad on Sunday mornin's. They shutes through his brane like nives, an' that's jes what aunt says, so I think as how she an' Mr. Spiers must be pretty much alike. An' the fokes wunder'd why the bell never rang, an' wated an' wated, and thawt as

how there was no meetin' cos uncle was 2 ill. An' the noo man preeched and praid to the old sextun as digs the berryin' holes an' rings the bell wen there's 1 2 ring. I'se glad uncle's too sick to kno ennythin' about it. He's had 'em awful bad tho'. He went out in the garding one nite an' broke all the glass frames an' c-o-n con, s-e-r ser, v-a va, t-o-r-y tory windos, an' kep a hollerin', Wo, wo, an' desulashun! Then he let Cesar, as nobuddy can go near 'cep hisself an' me an' poor Jim Casey, of his chane to rome among the rooins seekin' hume he may devower. So nobuddy can't cum nere our house, an' all the helps is goin' to leve. Cook says as how 'tween a mad man in the house an' a mad dog out of it, ther life ain't wuth a cent, wich I think's about the rite figger.

CHAPTER V.

TIMES has been dredful bad, Mammie Flo says, an' them's my centyments. I'se akin' all over, hedake, an' backake, an' tum mukake, an' legake, jes like old mammie, 'sides nooralij an' roomatiz an' sum uther troubles 2 numerus to menshun. I'se got nobuddy to put me to bed, nor say prayers to. I'se runnin' here an' there an' evrywhere all day, an' at nite it's run for the dokter, wich says he's sik o' the hole biznis, an' bring fizzik an' drafts, wich aunt says the house is full o' them. Uncle got worsen and worsen. All the help is gone 'cep Grace, an' mammie an' Jo is doin' the cukein' and chores. An' mammie grones all day, an' Jo's that stoopid as can't do nothin' but laff. U wood think he was at a pantymine in Noo York. So Grace went an' got a Chinaman for help, wich his name is John, an' he's yaller'n oker an' drier'n an old shep-skin. He spekes queren'n Missis Mather. "Littee Melican gallee," that's me; an' "Glancee" 's wot he calls Grace. Wen Glancee gave him some ice-kreme, he said, "You catch 'em fleazy belly all same Slan Flansisko." But most o' the time he says nuthin', so I specs he's 'bout 'alf dum. An' he's got no more hare'n uncle, 'cep a long pig's tale, wich he kepes bootiful a hangin' down his bak an' tied an' platted. My, it's pritty—far prittyer'n Susy Kane's. But his mouth ain't pritty a bit, it's that big; and when he laffs I'se got to run away, I'se that skared his goin' to swaller me up. I gess uncle feles 'bout the same, for when John crep into his rume, wich wares funny shoos, with rope botums as makes no noys, an' loked at uncle an' laffed, uncle thawt he was the bad man cum to take him away. He holler'd an' skremed, an' told John, Get the behind me, Sayton, and fawt with Jo, as is stronger'n ten men, mammie says. So John got fritened 2, and at nite, when Grace went to get coles, he was in the cole bunker, and Grace hit him on his hed with the shuffel, an' skremed and went off into a faynt. I gess she thawt he was the bad man 2. So uncle got a fit, an' John got his hed smasht, an' Grace 'as bin sik ever since, bekaws—bekaws—— I gess ther's a dele o' feelin' among grow'd-up fokes

around this house. My only friend's Cesar, wich I fedes careful 'bout ten times a day. When uncle's quiet he allus asks me if I've fed Cesar, wich I think is the only one in the family as is fattnin'. An' Cesar's the wisest dog as ever lived. He slepes an' slepes, an' never makes no noyse by nite nor by day, seeing as evrybuddy's sik, 'cep when John goes nere him. He most broke his chane to tare him to peeces, wich Mr. Spiers says he ain't got no eye for culler. I'd most forgotten my jeornal in these bad times, wich I'll never, never do no more. When evrybuddy else is sik an' feelin, I rekkon it's 'bout as well to tawk to myself. Uncle shouted, Kepe yer rekkurd clere, 1 nite when he had a bad turn. Seems to me that it's mostly tother fokeses sins as is gettin' marshall'd an' fit with an' repented. Evrybuddy's sorry for evrybuddy else's sins. Uncle's sorry the bad man fritened him, an' John's sorry Grace hit him. I can't sin jest at pressunt wuth a cent. My hands is 2 full, 'tleast-ways that's wot Mr. Spiers says, an' he's old enuff an' wikkid enuff to kno. He's 2 funny to be good.

BADLY-TOLD STORIES.

SAYS a Cockney, in reply to a forced query as to his short coat, "Yes, it is short, but it will be a long time before I get another," and he wondered why nobody laughed, though he admitted the story did not seem so funny as when he heard it. The original said, "It will be long enough before I get another."

"It is a *lapsus linguae*" (slip of the tongue) said a man who had ordered his servant to let a leg of mutton fall, and nobody laughed. And yet when he was at supper in another house, everybody laughed when a servant let a tongue fall, and the same remark was made.

"There's nothing new, and there's nothing true, and it does not signify," said a man, trying to tell that clever Oxford summary of advanced opinion. That there should be nothing new, and nothing true, and *no matter*, is such a different kind of story.

"She has got red hair, if her books haven't," remarked a lady, and could not understand why everybody thought her an idiot. The writer's "hair was red, if her books were not," is a very neat epigram.

"There was a fellow who had a sister, and there was another young man—no, it was the second fellow who had the sister—and the fellow said—at least one of them said—if I was to go—no, it was the other man that said it, and he said—he said—that—oh, I forget the story." This kind of badly told, or untold story is o'er common.

At the gate to an estate in Essex, a placard is shown to this effect—

"POLUPHLOSBOYOS ARE IN THOSE GROUNDS."

The spelling is not all that could be desired, but Grecians will appreciate the joke. The estate is, of course, many miles from the sounding sea.

EARTHQUAKES.

NATURAL phenomena give a splendid opportunity for grandiose writers airing all the big words in their vocabulary. The earthquake at Ischia and the terrible disturbances in Java have awakened a perfect dictionary of "Spelling-bee" words, and a great deal of elementary science has been trotted out by some of the journals. But THE TATLER has no desire to follow in their footsteps. His readers will find here no such words as "cataclysm," or "seismology," or "Plutonic upheavals," or that sort of thing. The subject is in reality too terrible to be used for any such purpose as airing a smattering of science, but it has a practical side.

It will readily be confessed by all, that even the fury of a great thunderstorm, or the grandeur of the raging sea when the north wind comes out in its strength, must yield as sources of terror to the shaking of the earth itself. We speak of *terra firma*, and to the general experience there is nothing more substantial and unmovable than that solid mass we call Mother Earth. Those who have never experienced the shock when this firm earth gives way beneath the tread, can hardly picture the occurrence. "Rolling like waves of the sea" is the description of the condition at Ischia, while every solid point of shore, or mountain, or rock appears to have been overwhelmed by the waves at the Straits of Sunda. An entire town has been thrown down in the one case; a well-known navigable channel has disappeared in the other; and the whole world is informed by telegraph that the charts so carefully prepared are now valueless. The imagination fails to realise, at the distance, what has actually taken place.

But, in one respect, the imagination can suggest an accompaniment to such dire movements of the stable earth, namely, that much suffering and loss must have been endured by many thousands of people. The pious old tombstone inscription gives the warning, "To-day to me, to-morrow to thee"—*hodi mihi, cras tibi*—and in this year of disaster the nations of the world would appear to have their kinship most pointedly emphasised. The fatal prize distribution at Sunderland—prizes of death—and the *Daphne* fatality may seem small in their results as compared with the awful loss of life and property in those greater disasters to which reference has been made. But they all teach one lesson, the duty of holding out a helping hand to our fellow men. "What is nearest us touches us most," but none the less this country should acknowledge the ready aid it has got by granting assistance as readily. And let no man say, what I can give is too trifling, for "many a little makes a mickle," and the industrious man's penny is, in principle and in result, as efficacious as the millionaire's large subscription.

Why are handcuffs like guide-books?—Because they are made for two-wrists.

THE MUSIC OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

"I was loafing around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the oldest locomotive engineers running into New Orleans, "and as I had nothing to do I stepped into a concert and heard a slick-looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool, I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys away up one end just as if they were gauges, and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up, as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle, and sailed out on the main line as if he was half an hour late.

"You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old '36' pulling a passenger train, and getting out of the way of a 'special.' The fellow worked his keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz-saw, and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little, he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back in the tender, and, Jerusalem jumpers! how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that she was 'pounding' on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ashpan.

"But he didn't hear me. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, the trees appeared to be a mud bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a humblebee. I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around the curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug, went down grades fifty feet to the mile, and not a confounded brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up like a cat's tail, because I knew the game was up.

"Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of the 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people mashed, and mangled, and bleeding, and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing at the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old, I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano.

Somebody wants "A young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion."

LONDON THEATRICAL TATTLE.

WHEN Mr. Irving, in his farewell speech, alluded to Miss Mary Anderson as "a lady whose beauty and talent had made her a favourite in America," I made up my mind we should have something more than usual. The curiosity aroused has now been satisfied, and Mr. Irving's words have not proved disappointing. The Lyceum was crowded on Saturday (Sept. 1); Society, Art, Letters, were all represented; and seldom has such enthusiasm prevailed. "Ingomar" was the play selected—not a very happy one, for it savours of bygone days, and there is hardly sufficient to interest an audience of the present time. As *Parthenia*, Miss Anderson made a veritable triumph, and I must confess, like many of the others, her extreme beauty led me almost to forget Maria Lovell's play, and the whole interest was centred in the one character. Her figure is slight and graceful, her features regular and expressive, her movements easy; but what is more, she is thoroughly natural. She has talent, lots of it, and I shall look forward with pleasure to her future essays, for *Parthenia* offers but little scope for the display of powerful and sympathetic acting, of which Miss Anderson is fully capable. Though the pretty face materially helped the artiste, it was honest labour that achieved the success.

When last I saw this somewhat old-fashioned piece, *Ingomar* was played by Mr. Gladstone's "pet;" but he being not available, I doubt whether a better selection could have been made than in Mr. "Jack" Barnes. His acting was finished and artistic throughout. Mrs. Arthur Stirling was effective as the mother; Mr. J. G. Taylor gave a thoughtful reading of *Polydor*; and Mr. W. H. Stephens was far from being happy as *Myron*. It is needless to say the staging was perfect, and fully equal, if not better, to Mr. Hawes Craven's past pictures.

Sir Michael Costa has presented to the Naples Royal College of Music the MSS. of four operas and four ballets. He has also given his bâton, used by him for ten years. It is of ebony, with a coral pommel, upon which is engraved a portrait of Garibaldi. It cost a considerable sum.

The "No fee" system is beginning to gain ground. Mr. Hollingshead has long tried it, and seems none the worse for dropping the sundry sixpences. Messrs. Wilson Barrett and "Gus" Harris have determined to run on the same line, and now programmes—cloak-rooms too—are provided at their theatres, "free gratis for nothing."

The Globe re-opens on Saturday with "The Glass of Fashion," under the direction of Messrs. Hollingshead and Shine. The latter gentleman is expected to carry out his suggestive name, and make a hit in "The Glass."

"Glad Tidings," by Jas. Willing and Frank Stainforth, has been produced at the Standard. As a literary work it is poor, but the "big" scenes introduced are certainly novel. As a stage-picture "Rotten Row" has not been equalled, whilst "The Wreck" is horribly true to nature. The acting is good, Mr. Arthur Dacre coming out well as the hero, and Miss Amy Steinberg plays with considerable power as the heroine.

Willie Edouin's "Sparks" will go out (of London) on the 15th inst. I hope their career may be somewhat brighter in the provinces than it has been in London.

A new piece, entitled "A Row in the House," by T. W. Robertson, has been the opening item at Toole's. It comes well before the comedy; for you will generally find when an "M.P." is anywhere near, "a row" is the result. It is poorly written, though capitally played.

Miss Fortescue has left the Savoy, and is now, doubtless, making the final preparations for "the grand event." Her place has been filled by Miss Julia Gwynne, who will remain there until the Haymarket opens its doors again.

The mashers will yet have another chance of seeing Miss Kate Vaughan previous to her provincial tour. She appears at the Gaiety on Saturday, 8th inst., the bill consisting of "The Country Girl" and Reece's "Our Cinderella."

A version of Dickens' "Bleak House" was produced at the New Grand on Saturday, christened "Move on; or the Crossing Sweeper." Miss Jennie Lee has made the part her own, and many actresses have played the poor little *Jo*; but Miss Lydia Cowell, who undertakes the character, strikes out in a new direction, and gives a most touching rendering of the part. Miss Helen Massey is *Lady Dedlock*, and Miss Dolores Drummond repeats her original character, *Hortense*. Mr. R. C. Lyons scores as the *Inspector*, and the remaining characters are well looked after.

Oscar is inclined to feel more than usually *Wilde*, seeing that his play produced in America has been so thoroughly "cut up." The flowing thoughts of this "too-too-all-but" young man did not go down with our cousins. I don't wonder at it.

Miss Maud Forrester is to receive a testimonial from the good people of Coventry, in consideration of her appearance as *Lady Godiva*. I have no doubt it will be something "massive," to correspond with the lady, whose weight is considerably over 14 stone.

Miss Genevieve Ward leaves for India on December 12th. She will, however, run through the provinces first, Glasgow being on the list. Mr. W. H. Vernon, who played lead during her season at the Olympic, is one of the company.

When Mr. Irving & Co. return from America it is expected "Faust" will be played—Mr. Irving as *Mephistopheles* and Miss Terry as *Marguerite*.

In America Mr. Irving will do the thing handsome in the way of salaries, Miss Terry, it is said, heading the list with £300 per week.

According to an American paper it is probable, in one of the towns visited by Mr. Irving, that Mr. Booth will arrange for a series of performances at the same period. The Yankees believe in comparisons.

The "Silver King" is still drawing large houses. "Confusion," at the Vaudeville, has run fifty nights, and goes as merrily as before. The Comedy closes on Monday for a week for re-decoration, the company going down to play at Brighton. "Rip Van Winkle" still forms the entertainment, and its popularity seems in no way diminished.

WHIFFLES.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS:

A DEFENCE—BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

(Concluded from last week.)

“False witnesses did rise up; they laid to my charge things that I knew not.”

THE alleged finding of the celebrated letters containing the most damning proof of Mary's guilt and guilty passion has never been thoroughly proved. The men named as having secured them were never brought up as witnesses; and the only witness of the truth of the story as told by the finders was the Earl of Morton, who finally produced them at Westminster, and who was afterwards himself convicted and executed for the very same crime with which he had charged the Queen.

These letters were undated, unsigned, and unaddressed. They were shown privately to Queen Elizabeth's Commissioners at York as written in Scotch, and afterwards at Westminster written in French, and at both places sworn to as the originals. The Queen must have been so obliging as to write two copies of each letter for the purpose of furnishing evidence against herself. From internal evidence one or two were apparently written to Darnley between the time of her private marriage to him and the public ceremony. It was, however, necessary her enemies should prove she entertained a violent passion for Bothwell, and a no less violent hatred of her husband. The language of some of these letters is pronounced by David Hume as “natural” but “inelegant;” but human depravity has its limits, and the most hardened do not boast, at least in writing, of their treachery and cruelty. When that great delineator of the human mind, Shakespeare, gives us a picture of a most wicked woman, he does not make Lady Macbeth indulge in unseemly levity with the partner of her crime, nor does she gloat with fiendish delight over her intended victim. Calm, resolute, remorseless, she fills us with horror, it may be at last with pity, but never with disgust. The brutal levity of Bothwell's supposed correspondent inspires the latter sentiment alone. Compare any of these letters with the hundreds of others known to have been written by the Queen, which we find to be models of good feeling and good taste. In none do we find the smallest approach to unbecoming levity or coarseness of expression. Are we to believe that a princess, famed throughout Europe for intelligence and humanity, could at once sink to the infamy depicted in some of these letters? The plain fact is, they *could* not have been written by a *woman* at all. The colours are too glaring and gross. Not only is the Queen represented with the morals of a Messalina, and with manners that would disgrace a kitchen-wench, but she actually describes to her paramour her suspicious familiarities with another man. Would not this last incident have been instinctively concealed by the most abandoned woman in the world?

We need not, however, go far to seek the real author of these wretched forgeries; only *one* in those days could put such shamelessness into words. “Whenever,” says Robertson (no friend to the Queen), “a paper is forged with a particular intention, the eagerness of the forger to establish the point in view, his solicitude to cut off all doubts and cavils, and to avoid any appearance of uncertainty, seldom fail in prompting him to use expressions the most explicit and full to his purpose.” These are always the general charac-

teristics of forgeries, and are present here in endless redundancy.

A late writer, Mr. Froude, has devoted his learning and literary skill to a history of these events, which, for reckless assertions and disregard of plain facts, would make angels weep. He pictures the “Queen” as the worst of criminals, calls her a “brute” (vol. 9, chap. 14), and in the next sentence speaks of her “noble nature.” (Hume also continually speaks of her as the most amiable of her sex.) Kindly, yet cruel, warm and true in her friendships, and generous in the extreme; perfidious in planning and remorseless in pursuing her schemes of vengeance. He is accusing her of a murder requiring the greatest deliberation; the greatest deceit of feigning the tenderest affection for the husband she abhorred, that she might lure him to the snare prepared for him by his assassin. How all these high moral qualities, attributed to her by this modern historian, agree with all this depravity, is a problem he leaves his readers to solve for themselves.

Now Knox and Buchanan's account of her *is* intelligible, and has the merit of consistency. They deny her the possession of a *single* virtue, and they accuse her of *every* crime.

John Wesley, the great founder and high priest of the Methodists, has expressed himself as convinced of Mary's innocence. “But how, then,” he says, “can we account for the quite contrary story which has been almost universally received? Most easily. It was penned in French, English, and Latin (by Queen Elizabeth's order) by George Buchanan, who was secretary to Moray, and in Queen Elizabeth's pay; so he was sure to throw dirt enough. Nor was she at liberty to answer for herself. But what, then, was Queen Elizabeth?” As just and merciful as Nero, and as good a Christian as Mahomet. “The circumstances of Mary's death,” he said, “were those of an ancient martyr.” As a judge of men and their motives, John Wesley had no superior.

The characters and motives of her principal enemies in Scotland will not bear close investigation. Lethington and Morton are proved to have been criminals of the deepest dye; but of Moray, the “Good Regent,” we have more to say, for there are some facts in his career which weigh heavily against him. He consented to the murder of Rizzio to compass his own return to power; he unscrupulously leagued himself with men whom he *knew* to be the murderers of the king, used their evidence to convict their sovereign, and refused to turn against them until they began to threaten his power, and declined to act as the tools of his ambition. If we regard private faith and honour, how can we defend his betrayal of Norfolk, and his delivering up Northumberland? If we look to love of country, a principle now, perhaps, too lightly esteemed, but inseparable from true greatness, what are we to think of his offers to be vassal to Elizabeth? If we go higher still, and seek for that love which is the only test of religious truth, how difficult it is to think it could have a place in his heart, whose last transaction was to aggravate the imprisonment, if not to recommend the death of a miserable princess, his own sister, and his sovereign. Scotland might be horrified, but could not honestly regret the “deep damnation of his taking off.”

We had indulged the hope, for the sake of the reputation of the Reformed religion, that we should find this avowed champion to have really been, like Lethington and Buchanan, a freethinker and a sceptic; but this expectation had to be given up, for all testimony concurs in endowing him with a reputation for piety. This makes the character complete. Whatsoever things are false, what-

soever things are dishonest, whatsoever things are unjust, whatsoever things are impure, whatsoever things are of evil report—if there be any vice, if there be any infamy, all these things we know were blended in Moray.

When to such an assemblage of qualities a high profession of piety is added, the effect becomes absolutely overpowering; we sink under the contemplation of such exquisite and manifold perfection, and feel, with deep humility, how presumptuous it is of us to think of composing the legend of this beatified athlete of the Reformed faith. If we may presume, in the place of abler men, to pass sentence, we would assume the images called forth by the mighty mind of Danté, and compare the different degrees in his terrible abyss. Let Moray then be hurled with Eccelino and Bothwell into the crimson Bulicame—the seething river of blood; let Lethington be rooted in the thorny forest, and torn by the harpies' talons; and Morton be weighed down by the deceiver's gilded robes. They were faithful to the cause of their dark master in the days of small things; surely now he will make them lords over many cities.

In concluding this brief sketch, I may ask whether the exemplary conduct of Mary during her long and unrighteous imprisonment in England, and her dying declaration of innocence, are to have no weight in the controversy? In the darkest hour of her existence, amidst wailing attendants and relentless foes, when she bailed the prospect of a violent death on the scaffold as a blessed relief from her protracted sufferings, she never once expressed a doubt as to the verdict that would be finally pronounced between her and her enemies. She forgave all those who thirsted for her blood. The theatre of the world, she reminded her judges at Fotheringay, is wider than the realm of England. She appealed from her persecutors to the whole human race, and she has not appealed in vain. In regions uninhabited or unknown—when she uttered these words—on the ice-bound shores of the Baltic, in the busy cities of the Far West, in the vast regions of Australasia, the story of her life creates as deep an interest as in the capitals of Europe; and so long as beauty and intellect, a kindly spirit in prosperity and matchless heroism in misfortune, attract the sympathies of men, this illustrious victim of sectarian violence and barbarous state-craft, to which all similar examples are as dust in the balance, will ever occupy the most prominent place in the annals of her sex. P.N.

MANLY FORBEARANCE.

AT the annual fair held at Portnacraish, in Appin, a Lowland shepherd, in the service of a gentleman near Glencoe, was drinking whisky with four or five Highland shepherds in an inn. Getting intoxicated, he had been very abusive, and struck several of the party. A tall, handsome, manly-looking Highlander, with black curly hair, took him by the shoulders and turned him out of the house. The moment he was at liberty he turned round and struck the Highlander violently with his long hazel staff. The Highlander took it from him, snapped it, and threw it away. At this instant a pitiful looking little fellow rushed out of the house with a great deal of clamorous swaggering to beat the Lowlander, who, he said, had struck him. "Begone, beggar!" said the tall young man, pushing him back, "he struck me too, and I think I could beat

him as well as you. He has behaved ill, and I have turned him out; he made a bad use of his staff, and I broke it; but no man shall beat him here, and he that lifts his hand to him had as well lift it to me. *He is a stranger, and has none to take his part.*

SPORTING ENTHUSIASM.

THE enthusiasm of anglers is a quality little understood by those who cannot share it, and its attendant weaknesses have long been a standard subject of ridicule. Sensible men of mature years travel two or three hundred miles, to toil day after day, in and out of water like amphibia, cold, tired, and hungry it may be, for the mere chances of catching a few little trout which could be bought at a twentieth part of the cost; they labour till back and arms ache, and legs are weary laden with wet waders and unwieldy boots, dragged about the river six or seven hours daily, still admiring their fine fishing-gear, and still dreaming of returning on the first favourable opportunity to go through a somewhat similar ordeal. Other men not so affected may be excused for looking upon angling as a strange infatuation, and even hinting that if such vagaries were practised in everyday life, the man's friends should have him "cared for."

Such weaknesses, however, are not confined to anglers; they are widespread and deep-rooted in our race. The cricket and the football player exhaust their utmost powers in pursuit of their sport, forgetful of dangers that not unfrequently kill or maim companions; the bowler on the green, and the curler on the ice defying the wintry blast, run wild over the destinies of their bits of wood and stone; artists and authors coop and crumple themselves up late and soon, often breathing bad air, and blurring their eyes over "miserable books," many of them having as poor and rubbishy a basket to show when the day is done as the poor fishermen. Grave men who sit in Parliament watching the framing of laws to regulate the lives of millions of their fellows, grow feverishly impatient for the close of that important work when the 12th of August draws near, and soon after may be found in damp and dreary hags on Highland moors, "despising wind, and rain, and fire," watching more intently for the passing flight of the muirfowl, and more excited over a "winged" bird, than they would be over a bill "winged" in its final passage through the House of Commons; while by-and-by the *élite* of the counties turn out in red-coat gala costume, mounted on high-stepping costly chargers, to gallop in break-neck danger over fence and fallow, bog and ditch—a host of hounds, horses, men, and even ladies, in a wild craze over a poor frightened fox. All of which only demonstrates—as is done in many other fields—that there is a something in our natures craving for special excitements, and prone to occasional extravagances, refusing to be always subjected to the measured rules and sober gait of grave wisdom and cool philosophy.

PEGGY'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

It was the day before Christmas, snowy, blowy, and cold.

Peggy and her two little sisters Polly and Rose—such a white, wee Rose—were huddled together on a heap of rags, their three curly heads almost touching each other, in one corner of the miserable garret-room they called their home.

An old woollen shawl was wrapped about them, and an old wooden table drawn up in front of them, to keep off the snow-flakes, that every now and then came flying that way through a hole in the roof.

There was a pile of snow upon the bare floor, in the middle of the room, just under this hole, and Johnny, Peggy's six-year-old brother—dressed in a ragged coat, miles too large for him, but as it was the only garment the poor little fellow had on, perhaps its size was in its favour—was playing with it, making men, and boys, and horses, and dogs, and laughing quietly over the queer-looking things, although his small, red hands were nearly frozen.

"Cum here, Johnny," called Peggy from the corner "yer han's 'll ache orful, bimeby, ef yer don't stop playin' with that 'ere snow. Cum an' scrouge under thier shawl. Ain't it too bad sum wery poor young uns hain't got no shawl to keep 'em warm?"

"Yes, hurry up," added Polly; "cum an' hear wot Peg's a tellin' us."

Johnny ate the last snow-man he had made—though goodness knows why, for certainly snow can't be very refreshing when your shivering with cold—and then crept in beside his sisters.

The shawl seemed to shrink a little as he did so, but no one said a word, and with one more curley head added to the group, Peggy went on with her story:

"An' his name is Zanty Claws—"

"Wot a funny name," interrupted Rose. "Hav he got claws?"

"Why, no—course not," answered Peggy; "that's just his name; same as yourn's Rose Lyon, and you aint a lion, are yer? Mr. Zanty Claws—an' he goes about ter-morrer night a puttin' all sorts of pooty things in young uns' stockin's."

"But we hain't got no stockin's," said the wee, white Rose.

"No; an' I don't 'spect he'd cum here if we hed," said Peggy, shaking her curly head sadly, "fur he must be a great genelman, and werry orful rich, ter giv' away so many things. English Sallie says thousan's and thousan's of dollars' wuth, an' oh! she sez he hes a big sled, an' two reindeers a draggin' of it."

"Wot's them?" asked Johnny.

"'Spect them's sum new kind o' hosses wot goes werry fast," answered Peggy, gravely.

"Well, I wish we on'y hed even one stockin', we'd hang it up an' try," said Polly, with a tear in her eye.

"Hey diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle!" sang Johnny, quoting from his very slender stock of rhymes, and drawing an old stocking, full of holes, out of the rag-heap on which they were sitting. "Yer got yer wish that time,

Poll; here's a werry fine stockin'—a werry fine stockin' indeed;" and holding it up before him, he surveyed it with much mock admiration.

"So it is," said Peggy, taking it out of his hand; "I fished that out er ash-barl yisterday mornin', and forgot all about it. But it's no use," she continued, again shaking her head sadly. "He couldn't cum up them rickt stairs ef he wanted ter. He's big an' fat—not like the folks wot lives here—an' there's no chimbley fur him to cum down, nuther."

Little Rosie's lip began to tremble. "I wish yer hadn't stole us, Peggy," she sobbed.

"Don't cry," said Peggy, patting her cheek; "wait till I think a minute;" and she thought a minute, and then jumped up suddenly, clapping her hands. "I know wot I'll do," she cried, her whole face sparkling with hope; "I'll wash this 'ere stockin' at the hydran' in the yard, ef it ain't froze, an' I'll dry it; an' ter night, ez soon's it's dark, I'll take it roun' to them big houses roun' the corner—he's sure to go there—an' I'll write a letter. Ain't I glad English Sallie learnt me how to read an' write—"

"It's on'y printin'-writin'," interrupted Johnny.

"It'll do," returned Peggy, with dignity, "ez long ez Mr. Zanty Claws kin read it—and I 'spect he kin read all kines o' writin'—an' I'll ask him ter giv' us sumthin' good to eat, ennyhow, an' I'll pin it to ther stockin', an' I'll hang it on a door-knob, an' p'raps ef he can't cum here hisself, he'll send one o' his boys."

Peggy stopped, all out of breath with her long speech.

"That's fust-rate," said Johnny, and the two little sisters laughed aloud in their delight.

So away went Peggy, her old shoes clattering on every step as she descended the stairs to the wretched yard, where she washed the stocking, though I can't say it looked much better after it was washed than it did before.

Then she knocked at the door of the front room on the second floor, where English Sallie lived—an old woman who took care of poor children, when their mothers were out at work, for a few cents a day.

Besides taking care of them, she also, when they were old enough to learn, taught them to spell, read, and write, as far as she was able—which, between you and me, wasn't very far.

Peggy, in Peggy's more prosperous days, had been her favourite scholar, and the old woman often declared "she never did see anythink like her for pickin' up larnin'."

"Oh, please," said Peggy, as Sallie opened the door, "will you len' me yer penanink? An' oh! a piece o' letter paper; I want to write a letter."

"Bless your poor little heart," said Sallie; "whoever are you goin' to write to?"

But Peggy pursed up her mouth, and shook her head, and said she couldn't tell. It was a secret.

So Sallie gave her the "penanink," and back to the miserable garret she went, where, drawing up the only chair to the wooden table, she made ready to prepare the important document.

Johnny, Polly, and Rose crowded around her, forgetting their hunger and cold in their intense admiration of the sister who could write, even though it was only "printin'-writin'."

"Go away. I can't do nothin' if yer scrouge me," said Peggy, squaring her elbows and lolling out her tongue.

The other children retreated to the rag-heap, wrapped the old shawl again about them, and sat in perfect silence, while Peggy toiled bravely through her letter, and here it is just as she wrote it; but for fear some of my little readers may be unable to make it out, I shall translate it.

MISTR ZANTYCLAWS : AM 8
 AN JONI 6 AN POLI 5 AN ROSI 3
 AN WE ANT GOT. NO STOKENS
 ONY THIS WOT I FISHD OT A ASH
 E BARL WE ANT GOT NO FATHR
 GOS HE SEDED AN MUTHR WA
 SHS HURSELF BUT WE - R 2
 LITL. WE CANT. PLES GIV US
 SUM OF YURE GUD THINS. YO
 CANT COM 2 R HOSE COS ITS
 2 DERTS AN RIKTI STARES
 PLES SEN 1 OF YUR ROYSE ITS
 1 TIN POT ALI AOUN THE KA WNR
 FROM THIS DORE NUB WARE
 IM GOIN 2 HANG THER STOK
 EN A MEN PEGGY LYON.

And now for the translation. I shall not correct the grammar—you must do that yourselves; but I must confess the spelling of the original is so very peculiar, that it would take older heads than yours to guess at the meaning of the words:

Mr. Santa Claus:

I am eight, and Johnny six, and Polly five, and Rosie three, and we ain't got no stockings, only this what I fished out of a ash-barrel.

We ain't got no father, 'cause he's dead, and mother washes herself, but we are too little, we can't.

Please give us some of your good things. You can't come to our house 'cause it's too dirty, and has rickety stairs.

Please send one of your boys.

It's No. 1 Tin-pot Alley, round the corner from this door-knob, where I am going to hang the stocking.

Amen.

PEGGY LYON.

"There, that'll do," said Peggy, drawing in her tongue, and sucking the ink off her forefinger, after an hour's very hard work.

And then she read it aloud, and Johnny and Polly approved of it highly, and little white Rose said, "I fink 'Amen's' real pooty."

"Now I'll fetch it roun' soon's its night," said Peggy, "and we won't say enythin' to mother, 'cause yer know I mightn't git no answer!" a supposition that caused the tears to spring to Polly's eyes again.

With twilight the poor mother came back, bringing a few sticks for the old grateless stove, a mite of tea, and a loaf of bread.

"I on'y got a little job," she said, "scrubbin' out a store; but here's enough to keep us from starvin' to-night."

So Peggy made the fire and put on the tea-kettle—it was an old tomato-can, but they called it the tea-kettle because it sounded so much better—and when supper was ready the children drank their weak tea, and ate their share of bread, with such bright faces, that their tired mother looked at them in wonder.

You see she knew nothing about the letter to Santa Claus.

Nine o'clock struck. Little Rose and her mother were sleeping soundly when Peggy whispered to Johnny and Polly, "I'm a-goin'," and she stole down the "rikty" stairs, and out into the street.

Poor little thing, how she shivered with the cold; but in a few minutes she reached the big brown-stone houses, ran quickly up the stoop of the corner one, tied the stocking, with the note pinned to it, to the door-knob, and then ran as quickly back to the garret again.

"What in the world was that ragged little girl doing on our stoop?" said a fine-looking gentleman who was coming up the street, with a lady on one arm and a heavily-laden basket on the other, as Peggy tied the stocking—the light of the street-lamps in front of the door falling full on her trembling ill-clad figure.

"I can't imagine; poor little thing, how wretched she looked," said the lady, in a low, sweet voice; and then they both went up the steps, and saw the stocking hanging there.

The gentleman jerked off the string, and took it, with the note pinned to it, into the bright, handsomely-furnished parlour, where a group of happy children were gathered before a glowing grate fire, laughing and chatting merrily together.

"Why, Papa, what are you doing with that old stocking?" asked Alice, the eldest daughter, as she ran to kiss her father; but Papa never answered. He was reading Peggy's letter.

As he finished it he handed it to the lady, about whom the children were now fondly hanging. And coming to her side, as she looked over it with puzzled look, he helped her to make out the queerly-shaped letters and oddly-spelled words. The tears came into her beautiful grey eyes, and rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh! my dear," said she, "isn't this pitiful?"

"Do tell us, Mamma, what is it?" cried the children; "what can there be on that dirty piece of paper to make you cry?"

Then the lady told them about the poor little girl she had seen tying the stocking to the door-knob, and she read them Peggy's letter, and showed it to them, that they might see the queer spelling and "printin'-writin'."

"Poor little thing! What a shame!" burst from the group. "What a funny place to live in—Tin-Pot Alley."

"What are you going to do about it, Mamma?" asked Alice. "'Zanty Claws' must surely answer the letter."

"Yes, such implicit faith should be rewarded; but what do my girls and boys propose to do?" said her Mamma.

"Take half—no, take all you were going to give me, dear Mamma—I have had a merry Christmas so many times," said Alice, her big blue eyes beaming with charity.

"Give Johnny all my goodies—every one," said Willie.

"And Rosa the pretty doll Santa Claus promised me," said little Effie, with a catch in her breath.

"And Polly my book and box of *bonbons*," said Jessie.

The lady's face was bright with pleasure. "God bless you, my own darlings," she said; "and Mamma will add shoes and stockings for the whole family."

"And oh! Mamma!" burst in Alice again, "some of our clothes—we have so many. And what will you give, you miserly old Papa?"

"Well," said the miser, with an unmiserly smile, "I think some food and coal might be very acceptable. And now, off to bed, all of you, so that you may get up early in the morning and help to load one or more of Santa Claus' boys for Tin-pot Alley."

"But the yetter," lisped wee Effie, with anxious face. "Santa Claus must get Peggy's yetter. He'll want to give something, too. You better pin it to my stocking, Papa, then he'll see it for very certain."

"It shall be done, my birdie," said Papa, catching her in his arms and giving her a good-night kiss.

So, sure enough, Santa Claus got the note, and on Christmas morning he, or some of his boys, stopped the hole in the roof, built a good fire in the old stove, covered the floor with a bright piece of carpet, knocked up a shelf in one corner of the room, and heaped it with all sorts of good things from the grocer's; put shoes and stockings on eight cold little feet, and warm clothing on four little shivering bodies (not forgetting a nice woollen dress for the "MUTHR who WASHES HURSELF"), gave Polly her book, Rosie her doll, and all of them wonderful dogs, cats, and chickens, made of barley sugar; took away the heaps of rags, and put a nice mattress and two soft pillows in its place, and told the happy little ones the sweet story of the Christ-child born that day in a manger.

Wasn't that a splendid answer to Peggy's letter to Santa Claus?

MADGE ELLIOT.

A lazy fellow lying down on the grass said, "Oh how I do wish this was called *work*, and well paid for it."

◆ ◆ ◆

A lady advertised her desire to obtain a husband "with a Roman nose having strong religious principles."

◆ ◆ ◆

A gardener whose fruit was being stolen put up a notice—

"ANY BOY FOUND STEALING FRUIT WILL BE SPUNG-WHEEZLED."

No boy in the neighbourhood was ever found bold enough to run the risk of knowing what it was to be "spung-wheezled."

◆ ◆ ◆

A land agent wished a Kentucky farmer who was not successful to go to Dakota.

"We have the richest lands, the finest wheat, the fattest stock, and the biggest farms in the world."

"Yes?" said the farmer, inquiringly.

"Why, man, on one of those big farms they plow a furrow five miles long."

"What?"

"They plow a furrow five miles long."

"That *will* do, stranger,—don't talk Dakota to me. It's all I can do to plow one of these fifty-yard furrows here in Kaintucky, and if it were five miles long, I guess I should never get to the end on't. Git up?" he shouted to his horse, and drove off.

A WITTY COOK.

CURRADO GIANFILIAZZI was always esteemed a gallant and worthy citizen, delighting much in hounds and hawks, not to mention many other excellences. Having taken a crane one day with his hawk, and finding it to be young and fat, he sent it home to his cook, Chickibid, who was a Venetian, with orders to prepare it for supper. The cook, a poor, simple fellow, trussed and spitted it, and when it was nearly roasted, and began to smell pretty well, it chanced that a woman of the neighbourhood, named Brunetta, with whom he was much enamoured, came into the kitchen, and being taken with the high savour, earnestly begged of him to give her a leg. He replied, very merrily, singing all the time, "Madam Brunetta, you shall have no leg from me." Nettled at this, she retorted, "As I hope to live, if you do not give it me, you need never expect any favour more from me." The dispute was carried to a great height between them, and, to quiet her, at last he was forced to give her one of the legs. Accordingly, the crane was served up at supper, with only one leg, Currado having a friend along with him. Currado wondered at this, and, sending for the cook, demanded what was become of the other leg. He very foolishly replied, and without the least thought, "Cranes have only one leg, sir." "What the dickens does the man talk of?" cried Currado, in great wrath. "Only one leg! Rascal, dost think I never saw a crane before?" Chickibid still persisted in his denial. "Believe me, sir, it is as I say, and I will prove it to you whenever you please upon living cranes." "Well," said Currado, who did not choose to have any more words then out of regard to his friend, "as thou undertakest to show me a thing which I never saw or heard of before, I am content to make proof thereof to-morrow morning; but by all the saints, if I find it otherwise, I will make thee remember it the longest day thou hast to live."

The next morning Currado, whose passion would scarcely suffer him to get any rest, rose betimes, ordered his horses, and took Chickibid along with him towards a river, where he used early in the morning to see plenty of cranes. "We shall soon see," said he, "whether you spoke the truth or not last night." Chickibid, finding his master's wrath not at all abated, and that he was now to make good his random words, rode on first with all the fear imaginable. Gladly would he have made his escape, but he saw no possible means; and he was continually looking about him, expecting everything that appeared to be a crane with two legs. But coming near the river, he chanced to see, before anybody else, a number of cranes, each standing upon one leg, as they are used to do when they are sleeping; whereupon, showing them quickly to his master, he said, "Now, sir, yourself may see that I spoke nothing but truth when I said that cranes have only one leg; look at those yonder, if you please." Currado, beholding the cranes, replied, "Yes, sirrah; but stay awhile, and I will show you that they have two." Then, riding up to them, he cried out, "Shough! shough!" which made them set down the other foot, and, after taking a step or two, they all flew away. "Well, thou lying knave, art thou now convinced that they have two legs?" Chickibid, quite at his wit's end, and scarcely knowing whether he was on his head or his heels, suddenly made answer, "Yes, sir; but you did not shout out 'Shough! shough!' to that crane last night, as you have done to these. If you had it would have put down the other leg as these did now." By this sudden and comical answer, Chickibid escaped a sound drubbing.

"ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE."

AMONG the things not generally known is the immense variety of character and condition exhibited by those who do the work of the nation. In a list of above four thousand civil servants of the Crown, we have discovered a perfect mine of curious facts, from which we purpose to extract a few of the more interesting. The first thing that strikes one is the immense number of clergy—secular clergy in this case—employed by the Queen, for the list strikes off with no less than fourteen *abbots*. Perhaps we should rank higher—constitute into a *hierarchy*—the two *angels* and the *prophet* who draw pay from the exchequer; but passing them we find the staff of abbots have but one *abbey*, which reminds us, by the way, of a new application of the term "plurality," invented by the Free Church of Scotland. In the General Assembly of that body, we have heard a collegiate church—one in which two ministers officiate—designated a plurality, which, as everybody knows, is very different from the application of the word in the Anglican Church. Besides a *nun*, and a *friar*, and the three *monks*, we observe the interesting fact—to which we would respectfully draw the attention of the honourable member for North Warwickshire—that this county has three *popes* in its employment, while a *jew* and an *image* give further evidence of our latitudinarian tendencies. However, there is some consolation in another quarter. The proverb *quot homines tot sententiae* (so many men, so many minds) is not altogether true of the Government clerks, for the six *christians* on the list have only four *creeds*, which is so far satisfactory, considering there are six *bishops*, sixteen *deans*, one *priest*, two *deacons*, and thirteen *parsons* (all labouring in one *parish*) to help them to disagree. To worship in there appears to be two *temples*, two *churches*, three *chapels*, and three *kirks*; while the solemn lesson, *memento mori* (remember death), is preached to the congregation by five *graves*, one *coffin*, and some *dust*.

From the church the transition is natural to the law; and here we find excellent material. The *laws* are few in number, but they are well administered through the *fitness* of the two *judges*, who have a *jury* to assist them. Of lesser magistrates, we discover one *mayor*, three *sheriffs*, one *alderman*, twenty *bailies*, and one *beak*. That some such persons are required as a terror to evil-doers is evident from the presence of two *scamps*, a *prig*, and two *lawless men*; indeed, the general depravity is such that there are only two *goodbodies* in the whole service. This result is not to be wondered at, if we consider the tag-rag and bobtail employed. We certainly find *Tagg* among the names, and though there is no rag there are several *Bob Taylors*. The medical profession is meagrely represented, there being only one or two *doctors*, and one bearing the old-fashioned title of *leech*, and their professional services are required for one man who is *ayling*, and another with an *aiken-head*, also for three who *fell*, one being *hurt*, and for one who is *hitt*, probably by one of the three *boxers* who would appear to have given one *blow* at least.

On looking into the domestic arrangements of the vast body from whom these statistics are derived, we cannot avoid being struck with the misery of their position, which might move the heart of the most callous Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is true there is only one *man* among the officials, but he is a *husband*; and there is a *cove*, who probably is the *young husband* mentioned in another part of the list. But we find these family men have six *boys*

and four *childs*, with only three *cribs* for them to sleep in, and one *doll* for them to play with. Their *dames* have to hand over the children to the care of a *neighbour*, three *cousins*, and five *friends*, while they themselves sit all day *darning* for their *dearlove* and *dearman*. Three of the youngsters are stated to be *fairbairns*; but as there is only one *comb* and one *tub* among them, we doubt whether, as is said, there is one *pretty*. The man is decently provided with apparel, in the shape of four *coats*, a *cape*, four *hoods*, a *tippet* and two *dickies*; and there are four *buckles*, two *hooks*, and one *button* to fasten these on withal. The ladies are furnished for their work with one *bodkin* and *shears*, and of their dresses six are of *cotton* and three of *silk*.

The miserable equipment shown in these inventories is more astonishing when it is known that the monarch of these realms has in her service no less than forty-eight *kings*, two *princes*, a *duke*, a *marquis*, seven *earls* (but only one *goodearl*), three *chevaliers* (one *royal*), eighteen *knaves*, three *lords*, a *baron*, a *noble*, and two *squires*. These exalted people have two *castles* and twenty-six *halls* to live in. Every *stair* has two *banisters*, as might be expected, and the thirteen *chambers* and the *loft* to which these stairs lead have thirty-four *bells* to summon the eight *porters* who, with seven *pages* and one *usher*, all reside in the *lodge*, and are at the service of these noble personages. There is only one Crown *jewel* to be found, though there is also a *gem* and a *pearl*, one being in a *case* and the other in a *box*. To protect these there is one *lock* and a *locker*, who has five *keys* and a *barr* which he can *bolton*. There is also a *chain* and a *shackle*, necessary enough, considering the presence of more than one *wildman* and one who is *wildish*. Of the safeguards mentioned two are *silver*, five are *golden*, one is *argent*, and one *brassey*. For further protection we find three *runners*, who are provided with *armour* in the shape of *darts* and *spears*, and have also six *cannons* under their charge. In the commissariat department we come first upon a stock of *bacon*, with, unfortunately, two *badhams* amongst it, and a *basket* of *beans*, with some *beer*, *coffee*, *parsley*, *grapes*, and other miscellaneous articles. One official appears to be always a *T. Hirst*, but to meet his case there are two *lapps* and a *poll*, with abundance of *porter*. We find further that there are five *lemons*, with a little number of *peels*, and one *leek*—the latter probably provided for the *Welshman*. Of live stock we come upon a respectable supply. The man in charge of the *herd* seems to have believed his stock of eight *bulls* insufficient, and to have got one *bullmore*. Of dairy stock there is one *cowdry*, and two others which the Scotch people call *yeld*, which sufficiently accounts for the lack of milk and butter. Curiously enough, though there does not appear to be any cheese, there is more than one *cheeseman*. The flock of twelve *lambs* have seven *shepherds* to watch them. But, as the American poet elegantly sings—

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one black sheep is there;

so in this little flock there are no less than seven *black*. Three *bucks*, nine *hinds*, a *fawn*, and a *doe* suggest thoughts of venison; while there are no less than thirteen *foxes*, which have occasioned as many as twenty-seven *hunts*, to the great delight of twelve *hunters*. Two *collies* and one *cur* represent the canine race, while the feathered game consists only of five *partridges*. In the matter of domestic fowls the management seems particularly defective, for we find as many as ten *drakes* with only three *ducks*, and two *cocks* with one *hen*. Among birds, we encounter only one *dove*, though there are said to be

three *billing*. The aviary includes two *eagles*, three *jays*, four *ravens*, two *kites*, two *parrots*, seven *peacocks*, a *gold-finch*, and a *wren*; but it is remarkable that these birds have only one *bird's-eye* among them!

The Queen's servants, as the British public well knows, are not over-worked, so it is not surprising to find that one *holiday* two went *nutting* in the *edge* of the *wood*. They only appear to have got two *nutts*; but they gathered in addition one *bunch* with six *berries*, and two *cherries* out of an *orchard*, besides a *peck* of *pease* from some of the *fields* they passed. The twelve *fishers* in the service have only one *rod* and two *hooks*, notwithstanding which meagre equipment, it appears they caught seven *salmon*, six *pikes*, a *parr*, a *tench*, and two *chubbs*, besides a *fish* with two *finns*. There are others of the national servants who have no taste for such wholesome sports. Some are disposed to *gamble*, playing *hodd* or *evens*, by which we learn two succeeded in *winning* seven *pennies*, and considered it a *good sell* thus to deprive their unsophisticated brethren. There is some justification of the idleness which such conduct indicates in the defective appliances for work. Will it be believed there is only one *penn* in all the Government offices (though there are two *holders*), and that while there are three men who do nothing but *rule*, there is no ruler supplied for their use! No wonder it is that one *gapes* all day, while the *smiles* on one face and the *smirke* on another show how easily their consciences permit them to get on with only *work* for one out of all their number. In ability, Her Majesty's servants are, as is well known, very variable. Two at least are *speedy*, three are *quick*, and two are *ready* and *swift*, while one at least is *too good* for his office. One gentleman alone remains *still* all day, and four are *stiller*; but it is not difficult to understand the general vivacity such facts indicate, when we find so many *gay* and *jolly* and *blythe*, and one officer even *gayer* than the two *merry ones*. There are others of opposite temperament, it is true, such as the six *moody* men, or the two *crokers*; while the eleven who are *cross*, and the *fellow* who does nothing but *whimper*, must be very obnoxious to their two brother officers who *love joy*. One is *humble*, like Uriah Heep, and one is still *meeker*; while the diversity of human character is further illustrated by one who is *sly*, three who are *blunt*, as many *bland*, one *bold*, three *bright*, and one *supple*, and there is one who does nothing but *pout* because two of his neighbours are so *spry*.

Pursuing another branch of the inquiry, we find in the service of the country two *hurleys*, five *barrows*, and three *carls*. Curiously enough there are fifteen *carters* and four *cartwrights*, indicating in another way how easy the Government service is. All the goods to be moved about in those vehicles consist of three *burdens*, one *case*, one *box*, and one *bale*, and two *cranes* are provided for loading them.

We are quite *ready* with a *reason* for this curious inquiry, even though we found it the work of a *week*, or of several *weeks*. We might, indeed, pursue our *way* through three *summers* or seven *winters*, and despite of *rains* or *frost*. The temptation is indeed great to take a *trip*, say for ten *days*, which we would do in a *trice* if we believed our readers would further listen to our *story*. By going to the *beach* or one of the *shores*, we should at once find one *tar*, who would go as *crew* in one of the *cutters* of this Royal *fleet*, and *cruise* before the *gales*; or we might visit the *glen* or one of the forty-six *hills* (engaging one of the three *hillmen* to guide us), and so travel over the *moor*, or the *craigs*, or the numerous *vales*, *parks*, *lakes*, *meadows*, *rivers*, *brooks*, *fords*, *lanes*, *fenns*, *marshes*, *mills*,

bridges, and *burns* that make up this interesting official landscape. We might go *north*, *east*, *west*, or to the *southgate*, and the conviction would be strengthened that this country is most extensive in the range of employment it gives. *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Harry* are to be found in the list—indeed, there are two *Toms*, five *Dicks*, and one *Harry*—but perhaps the most comprehensive way of putting the case is to state that the entire *world* is employed "On Her Majesty's Service!"

A thunderstorm is a high-toned affair.

♦ ♦ ♦

A serious movement on foot—The coming corn.

♦ ♦ ♦

"In money matters," said a miserly old fellow, "treat strangers as though they were your relatives."

♦ ♦ ♦

A chap who was told by a clergyman to "remember Lot's wife," replied that he had trouble enough with his own, without remembering other men's wives.

♦ ♦ ♦

At Rotherham Station, the other day, a porter promptly offered the Bishop of Sodor and Man all possible assistance with his luggage. "How many articles, your lordship?" "Thirty-nine," said the bishop, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "That's too many, I'm afraid," replied the man, in good faith. "Ah," said the bishop, "I perceive you are a Dissenter."

♦ ♦ ♦

An American spiritualist, who had astonished people by his ghostly performances, and made some converts, was one night lately preparing for a seance in his hotel, and as the night was cold, he went near a hot stove to warm himself. Here an extraordinary "manifestation" took place, for he suddenly burst into flames, owing to a bottle of phosphorus, which he was to use in his manoeuvres, blowing out its cork in consequence of the heat. It is said his converts have relapsed.

♦ ♦ ♦

Once upon a time a Kirkcaldy barber, not being very busy, resolved to walk along to Burntisland and see what was going on. Arrived at Kinghorn, he espied a public-house, and immediately began to feel drouthy. On examining his purse, he found he only possessed twopence. Nothing daunted by this, he walked up to the bar and ordered a glass of whisky, which he immediately drank off. In payment he tendered his twopence. "Ye want a penny," said the landlord. "Na, na," replied Mr. Block, as he walked away, "it's you that wants it."

♦ ♦ ♦

The Tabernacle at Salt Lake City holds 12,000 people, and the whole congregation can emerge in a minute and a quarter. For the body of the hall there are 20 double doors, each 9 feet wide, opening outwards. Through each of these six persons can walk abreast at one time; 58 such rows of these would give 6,960 persons in a procession 30 yards long, which, moving at the rate of one mile an hour, would take just one minute to get through the doors. The door space, 180 feet for 7,000 persons, gives 1 foot for each 39. In many of our public buildings the door space is more like 1 foot for each 200 or 300. Until some competent authority shall compel the constructors of our public buildings to make all doors open outwards, and provide at least 1 foot of door space for every 50 persons, we shall be liable to repetitions of the catastrophes of Santiago, Vienna, and Sunderland.

A 'CYCLING ADVENTURE.

A VISIT to the Sportsman's Exhibition held in the Agricultural Hall in the beginning of February last forcibly recalled to memory my first and only trip on a tricycle, which, although it happened some fourteen years ago, comes up before me vividly in true panoramic sequence as if it were but yesterday. The difference between the velocipedes then and the 'cycles now is truly marvellous. The only bicycle I had ever tried was an old "bone-shaker" at Newcastle, when spending a holiday there visiting old friends. I was struggling along the footpath, the balance kept true by my companion holding me up on one side, and by my ever and anon impulsively grasping at the hedge to prevent a complete upset on the other. At last, betwixt laughter and pure inability to propel the velocipede another inch, I relinquished further attempt, discovering, as a wag who stood by chaffingly remarked, that better progress was made after I got off and pushed from behind.

Nevertheless, I had a secret desire to have a further acquaintance with 'cycling; but it was not until I had returned to Edinburgh, and the winter had passed, that a proposal made by my companions for our holiday on the Queen's Birthday, renewed my friendship with cycling and wheels. Edinburgh lads in these days were capital pedestrians, more especially those who, like ourselves, were in their apprenticeship, and had no great store of cash. Most of our holidays were spent in walking excursions to such places as Cramond Brig, Habbie's Howe, Hawthornden, Fa'side Castle, or along the sea-shore; and as our pic-nic luncheon was generally demolished long before mid-day, anything which came in the way—turnips, wheat, haws, doghips, aye, even mussels or tangle—were all as fish to our net.

A coachbuilder in Edinburgh had cleared his shed for a bicycling training school, and devoted his inventive faculties to improving the old-fashioned bone-shaker. In the evening we—my brother and I—frequently stood looking on at the fun created by the "awkward squad" of pupils, naturally taking an interest in all that was going on. The coachbuilder was somewhat of a genius, and was, so far as we knew, the inventor of the "sociable" velocipede. His first vehicle received our ardent admiration, and my mind was made up that we should spend our money and our holiday on and upon it, travelling as far as Queensferry, a distance hitherto beyond our boyish pedestrian limits.

I should hope the wonderful invention is still to the fore, and that it may yet find a place at South Kensington, or in the Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh. It was constructed to carry five passengers—two inside, as it were, and three out. There were three wheels, all of the same diameter, which, I think, was 40 to 44 inches, the guiding wheel being in front and the two behind having the usual brake appliances. Each wheel was saddled like an ordinary bicycle, and the propelling power was obtained from the pedals driven by the riders on each wheel, augmented by the two inside passengers, who sat in the basket suspended in the centre, and pulled handles as if rowing a boat, which was supposed to aid in driving the two back wheels. As it proved, this assistance did not adequately counterbalance the extra weight of the two heavy fat boys we carried as "insides," who laughed more than they worked. Being broadly built and well balanced, there seemed little fear of the possibility of an upset.

This ingeniously-constructed carriage was still in an

unfinished state when we negotiated with the proprietor for the day's hire, and also for a couple of hours' practice on the Saturday afternoon before the Queen's Birthday.

Our band of five adventurers is now scattered far and wide. Andrew, the youngest of the five, who sat with his back to the driving-wheel, emigrated to Liverpool, and died in harness some years ago. Davie, the *vis-a-vis* occupant of the back seats, is now in the busy metropolis, vigorously pursuing art and letters. Bob, who drove the right-hand wheel, had to cross the seas in search of health, but, alas! only to find an early grave amongst strangers in, a foreign land. David—who got his proper name more for distinction than by intention, for who in Scotland hasn't a nickname?—the stalwart driver of the left wheel still resides in "mine own romantic town," steadily following his profession. The front and guiding wheel was allotted to the writer, who duly appreciated the responsibility, and who still seems to find "Auld Reekie" the best spot on earth on which to spend a holiday, notwithstanding the toil of the long and tedious journey there and back—especially back!

The Saturday afternoon found us all at our post, and our friend kindly gave us a short lecture and lesson how to proceed; but we wisely walked the vehicle down to the level and open road of Inverleith Row, beyond the Botanic Gardens, before we essayed our first trial. All of us were too much in earnest and too busily engaged to think of the benefit of "seeing ourselves as others see us;" but one thing is certain, that we must have cut a pretty figure. At first it was two yards backward to one forward—to right—to left—like the progress of a tipsy soldier hurrying to barracks before tattoo. But there was no secret to learn, nor any science of equilibrium to discover, and a little perseverance overcame all the difficulties. We had one or two good runs and drove home in fine style, passing our houses so that our friends might see and fully appreciate our enterprise.

The eventful day came, and we were up betimes, having arranged to start before the roads became crowded with other vehicles. Our way lay along Heriot Row and across the Dean Bridge, following then what is admittedly the best turnpike road in the United Kingdom. We were all pulling together beautifully, and skipped through between the toll-bars at Craighleith, to the amazement of the gate-keeper, who had no law under which to levy dues on our strange equipage. Reaching Blackhall, we had to run the gauntlet of urchins large and small, whose sole ambition was to wreck our machine; but although a dozen of them gave chase for some distance, we soon put on speed and outran them.

Having shown our superiority at racing on being mocked by an excursion party in a van, we challenged another trial of speed, and much to their chargin, we soon outdistanced them and overtook many others. And thus we progressed till we reached the top of the Haws Brae, and then the row began. We had passed the stage-coach in fine style while driving along that beautiful part of the road at Barnton, but going up the hill at Dalmeny the coach overtook us. Beyond this point none of us had ever been, and the coachman, who seemed to take an interest in our venture, gave friendly advice to "mind the Haws Brae;" but of course we were too excited with our success to pay any heed. 'Cycling Clubs, if there were any in these days, did not have any cautionary placards as at Highgate Hill, Middlesex, notifying that the hill is dangerous to 'cyclists. Those who know the steep descent of the Haws Brae may, when they learn we started off at full speed, anticipate what was before us.

Before we had gone many yards on our downward course, we received admonitions from several cautious drivers who had already pulled up to walking pace, and who clearly saw by our reckless behaviour that we were unaware of our danger. Soon it became evident that we were in trouble. I shouted to both David and Bob to put the drags on as hard as they could; but the hill being now so steep, we gained such a velocity that the machine was beyond control. The two boys in the basket had been forced to let go the handles, while the riders on the saddles had to keep their feet clear of the treadles. To assist in holding the guiding wheel firm, I managed to hitch my legs over the top of the handles. Both drags were full on, David and Bob assured me; and although all of us were fully alive to the peril of the moment, we all fortunately kept our presence of mind. The hill is about a quarter of a mile from top to bottom, so that what happened came on quicker than it can be described. Half-way down we passed the stage-coach, and it and all the other vehicles on the road drew aside to allow us to pass, just as in the street when the fire engines are rushing to the scene of destruction. Everybody shouted to "put on your drags," and such like advice, and the whole crowd looked on with awe at our rashness.

At the foot of the hill the road turns sharply to the right and then almost immediately to the left, past the hotel and along the coast. Facing the hotel, is the Ferry Pier not many yards off. In a moment I had to determine whether to hazard a double turn and gradually come to a standstill on the level, to run the velocipede into the hedge and risk broken bones, or to make towards the pier, which would at least provide a ducking and the loss of our vehicle until the tide went back. Like Mr. Gladstone, I had "three courses before me."

However, I adopted none of them, as I saw at the moment that the road near the foot had partly been newly macadamised, and thinking the rough small stones would act as a drag, I drove right into them, when, in an instant, the handles received such a twist that I was pitched forward some distance, fortunately landing on my feet, owing, no doubt, to my legs having been above the handles, and thus being free. Looking round in confusion I saw poor Bob disappearing into the ditch, and the two boys cuddled together rolling like a ball along the footpath, while David lay on the road, mixed up with the wreck of our velocipede, his legs entangled in the wheels, and blood flowing freely from his nose.

Willing hands came to our assistance. In a few minutes our misery was relieved by a general exchange of glances and a hearty laugh. None of us, happily, were seriously hurt, except the velocipede, which had the front wheel doubled up and twisted right round under the two back wheels, so that we had to lift it very much as a knife-grinder hurls off his apparatus, and go in search of a snidly for repairs.

We were not in a mood for exploring the Ferry and enjoying ourselves. It was evident we should have to walk the velocipede home; as although the worthy smith had made it drivable, he said it was not very well tempered, and would not stand weight. At Cramond Brig we were attacked by some roughs, who had witnessed our triumphal progress onwards. Some young men rescued us from the roughs, but for their timely assistance they demanded a short ride, notwithstanding our humble protestations, with the result that the vulnerable part again gave way, and our machine had to be doctored once more by the blacksmith at Muttonhole, our friends quietly sneaking away before the repairs were paid for.

Should this meet the eye of either of these gentlemen, perhaps they will send a subscription to the Royal Infirmary as conscience money.

With much dread and meekness we continued our sad return home, quietly submitting to many indignities at Blackhall, where the villagers again spotted us as subjects to have game with. Reaching town, it was agreed that only one should push, and the others keep at a respectable distance behind. How we were to face the coachbuilder was a riddle too terrible of solution. We sent a scout on in front. It was now "tween gloamin' and mirk," and the honest inventor was seen impatiently waiting our return to lock up and go home, while we had the machine in the next lane waiting his impatience. At last he locked the door and went off. The way clear, and the signal given, had he come back in two minutes he would have found his wonderful velocipede tied to the handle of the door, and not a soul to be seen within a mile who could tell where it came from.

The market place, where his house stood, did not see us for years after this. Nor was the curiosity of the worthy coachbuilder gratified for a longer period. We never called for our deposit. Some years afterwards, the writer was shooting at the Braid meeting, and had just fired, when a non-commissioned officer said, "Just below the bull." The voice was familiar, and a full glance made me quake. It was the coachbuilder. The recognition was mutual, and my remaining shots were very wild. Noticing my disquietude, the man very pawkily set me at rest, and asked me to come away and tell him all about the velocipede affair, as he was really curious to know. And no one enjoyed the tale more. As we parted, the worthy fellow said, "Well, I could never understand it, as it was as fine a bit of steel as ever left my smithy."

JAY TEE.

At a small debt court in Scotland lately, a farmer was sued by a gamekeeper for damages for assault. The pursuer's agent tried to show that the farmer was of a quarrelsome disposition, so he asked him if he did not fight with every gamekeeper that he came across? "Nae me," quo' the farmer, "I never fecht wi' onybody." "Do you mean to say that you did not fight with George Lawson last month?" Defender—"Hoots, I see what ye're drivin' at noo. Geordie and me had a bit argument ae day. He ca'd me a leer, so I just flung him ower the dyke. But there was nae fechtin' about it."

◆ ◆ ◆

The witty sayings of Quin, the celebrated actor, would fill volumes, and some of them are excellent. Dining one day at Bath, a nobleman said to him—"What a pity it is, Quin, my dear boy that a clever fellow like you should be a player!" "What would your lordship have me to be—a lord?" was his reply. A young gentleman volunteered one day a specimen of his talents for the stage, intending, as he said, to turn actor, if Quin approved of his performance. He had, however, scarcely concluded the line—"To be or not to be—that is the question," before Quin started up, exclaiming—"No question at all sir; not to be, upon my honour!" Lamenting one day that he grew old, Quin was asked by an impertinent young fellow "What he would give to be as young as he was?" "I would even submit" said he "to be almost as foolish." Being ironically complimented by a nobleman upon his happy retreat at Bath, he replied—"Look ye, my lord, perhaps 'tis a sinecure your lordship would not accept of; but I can assure you I gave up £1400 a year for it."

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. II.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

No. 4.—A CHEAP HOLIDAY FOR THE BAIRNS.

GOING third class one day from Edinburgh to the favourite watering-place of Portobello, the "Rambler" was astonished to find the compartment filled up with very young children. There was one woman, evidently some decent tradesman's wife, and a "halfin" lassie, two babies in their arms, and either seven or eight small mites of children. It seemed too much for one family, yet no other person claimed charge of the youngsters.

In the evening the "Rambler" found the explanation. Owing to the great crowd, he was compelled to travel in the guard's van, and although the man was rather crusty, owing to the mob, he was communicative at once when the incident of the woman with many children was mentioned.

"That was Mrs. Smith, the joiner's wife,—it was her turn to come down."

"Her turn?"

"Aye. There are six wives that stay in the same 'land,' and they each hae twa or three bairns, and they bring the entire band every day to the sea-side. Each wife takes her turn, and the weans enjoy a grand day on the sands, from about ten to five or six in the afternoon. And as a' the bairns are under the age, they only buy a ticket and a half—the half being for the biggish lassie that comes to help to herd the lot. It's no' very profitable to the company, but it does the bairns guid."

From the maternal point of view, the system is magnificent; but from the railway standpoint, as the guard's words indicate, it is unremunerative. As it secures "the greatest good of the greatest number" of children at the smallest possible outlay, the "Rambler" cannot conscientiously condemn it, even at the risk of losing the confidence of the inquiring guard who "spotted" the system. One can imagine the wonderment with which, before the dodge was found out, the railway officials and the other passengers saw a woman with four or five children with very few months between their ages, and another half-dozen more or less of a size. Malthus might have been dismayed at the array; and the problem of how a family happened to be so large, and yet all so small, might have puzzled observers for many a day, had not the shrewd official probed it to the bottom. The conclusion the "Rambler" arrived at was, that if you want ingenuity, go to the prudent mother of "a big sma' family."

No. 5.—"BODY O' BEEF, SAYS I."

One day the "Rambler" crossed the Woodside Ferry at Liverpool, and took a seat in the direct train crossing the peninsula to Chester. In the corner sat a fat Welshman—and the ease with which Welshmen, and more especially Welsh women, take on fat is phenomenal—and it was clear that something had ruffled his usually phlegmatic temperament. On inquiry, the "Rambler" found he was angry with himself with cause, and was "taking it out" in railing against the railway company without cause. He had gone into a train at Lime Street, believing it to be right for Chester *via* Runcorn, and, as it did not go off as expected, he had jumped out, found he had got into a wrong train, and that the proper one was gone. So he had hurried to Birkenhead, and was all in a heat with his walk.

The gist of the Welshman's complaint was the rascality of the railway companies in their charges for conveying carcasses.

"I sent a body of beef," said he, "and when the bill was got for carriage, it was charged twenty-eight shillings. 'Twenty-eight shillings for a body o' beef from Bangor,' says I; 'that is as much as the beef cost me.' And I told them they could keep the beef."

The story was recounted over and over again, always interlarded with the "body o' beef from Bangor," or "body o' beef," says I," amusing the whole company present with the comic narration and the reiteration of the "twenty-eight shillings for a body o' beef from Bangor."

A funnier bit of the story was the effort of the "Rambler's" little girl to tell the story to her smaller sister, in which narration the phrase got altered to "*body of a cow!*"

No. 6.—LODGING-HOUSE EXPERIENCES.

The "Rambler," many years ago, saw a placard in large letters in front of a house in the New Town of Edinburgh, bearing the words—

"LUDJANS FOR TRAVELLERS; 2 A NITE."

Those "ludjans" he did not seek after.

He once advertised for rooms in the suburbs, and got an answer from an eight-storey block in the busiest thoroughfare. At another time, having advertised for rooms in the country, with a piano, one answer said, "No piano, but use of bath"—rather a curious substitute.

On another occasion, being in the country, first one friend and then another turned up; and the night being very bad, both stayed, and were "put up" on a sofa and chairs. At this abuse of her privileges, the landlady was also "put up," and next day she remonstrated with the "Rambler." "I lets my sophy for wan, an' not for two to sleep on," she explained—and this indignant outburst is a common by-word amongst the families concerned in the story. That "I lets my sophy for wan" is no doubt a good principle, for, otherwise, how might not the capacity of lodgings be abused, and the rights of lodging-house keepers invaded?

AN INDIAN MAGISTRATE.—The following story, which is told by the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, amusingly illustrates both the imperiousness of Indian magistrates toward unofficial Europeans and their abject servility toward officials belonging to that race. The high official who figures in the anecdote as the criminal was, of course, a European. A certain high official, now retired, was unfortunate enough, some years ago, to be summoned before a native magistrate. The judge was haughty; the criminal, usually of a careless habit of dress, was humble and resigned. The following conversation took place:—Criminal, humbly: "Good morning, sir; my time is precious, and I have a train to catch. Could you very kindly dispose of my case first?" Judge, haughtily, referring to a list: "Your case is fifth on the list." Criminal, humbly: "But, sir, my time is—" Judge, interrupting angrily: "Be silent." In due course the fifth case came on, when a second dialogue ensued. Judge, insolently: "Your name?" Criminal, humbly: "A. B." Judge, insolently: "Your occupation?" Criminal, humbly: "Secretary to—" Tableau! The judge nearly swooned, but, recovering himself, and descending hastily from his seat, gasped out, salaaming most profoundly: "My dear sir—my lord—your honour—will your honour now be seated? Take my seat!"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. JOHN SKINNER, DEAN OF ABERDEEN." (London: W. Skiffington & Son. 1883.)

THIS is a most acceptable and, on the whole, a most delightful book. Most readers of THE TATLER will be familiar with the famous song Dean Skinner wrote—the almost riotously witty "Tullochgorum:" and if English readers do not know the song, they should inquire after it. But the fact of Skinner's life being published by a London house shows that the writer of those well-known verses needs no introduction even in England. We may regret that the writer, who is a clergyman at Monymusk, has not given all the anecdotes about the Dean which are still current in Banffshire. But he has one resource left—namely, to contribute a few of them to THE TATLER.

"A DAY IN THE COLUMBA: A SUMMER IDYLL" (Glasgow: Wilson & M'Cormick. 1883.)

A SUMMER idyll for summer idlers, of course! On page 14 there is obviously room for a line or two, which may be here suggested—

"THE TATLER, with his portraits, blythely takes the eye—
Outside good and inside better, pleasing all who buy."

The hint is given without expectation of fee or reward; but "blow, blow, thou wintry wind—thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude," and it will probably not be taken. Seriously, this little rhyming description of the *Columba*, its master and officers, its appointments and its route, should take very well, and the nice illustrations greatly enhance its value.

"No, sir," said a practical Yankee—"No bric-a-brac on the mantel for me. It's a nuisance. Where's a man to put his feet?"

◆ ◆ ◆
THE PUZZLE.—A certain country squire was the most uncalculating of mortals in money matters. He began to build a house, but his original design grew, with wing on wing, until it flew away with all his cash capital, and more too. He was in debt to architects, carpenters, masons, and for everything about his new dwelling. One bright morning in March, as he leaned meditatively over a fence, looking towards his Aladdin palace, a stranger passing by asked, "Sir, whom does that handsome edifice belong to?" "That," said the squire, with a sparkle in his eye, "is just what I am trying to find out."

◆ ◆ ◆
DR. GUTHRIE'S MODESTY.—Dr. Guthrie, amongst his many other good and noble qualities, was remarkable for his modesty in everything which tended to point him out as a model which all others should copy. On one occasion he was present at a large and influential meeting in one of our large cities, and, after several eloquent preachers and others had addressed the audience, the chairman rose and called upon Dr. Guthrie to speak, denominating him at the same time as "the flower of orators." The Doctor rose and began as follows—"My dear friends, my friend, the chairman, in asking me to address you, has designated me as 'the flower of orators.' Now I wonder how he spells that word 'flower?' If he spells it 'f-l-o-w-e-r,' then you have inhaled the fragrance of so many this evening, that this one will stink in your nostrils; and if he spells it 'f-l-o-u-r,' then I am but the shakings of the pock."

GRAND PREMIUM CONTRIBUTION
ARRANGEMENTS.

"When a man has engaged to keep a Stage Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Passengers or not, to set out. Thus it fares with us weekly Historians; but, indeed, for my Particular, I hope I shall soon have little more to do in this work than to publish what is sent me from such as have Leisure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleased in an elegant Manner."—"The Tatler," 7th May, 1709.

The Proprietors of THE TATLER offer each week TWO PREMIUMS, namely ONE POUND and TEN SHILLINGS, for the best Contributions sent in. The following conditions require to be observed:—

1. The MS. must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be properly paged and fastened.
2. The Contributor must furnish full name and address at the end of each Contribution.
3. Where the Contribution is not Original, the source, date of publication, and, where possible, the author's name must be given.
4. Preference will as a rule be given to Original matter, which should be marked "Original" on the right hand corner of the first page, and Original Anecdotes or Verses will be acceptable. No prize will be awarded for matter which has appeared in any contemporary, and such should not be sent in.
5. The MSS. must be addressed to "Editor of THE TATLER," 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, and all MS. received up to Saturday morning's delivery will be in time for that week's competition. The result will be intimated and the premium contributions printed a fortnight thereafter, *beginning with No. 4.*
6. The copyright of all Original MSS. sent in shall vest in the Proprietors of THE TATLER, and all MSS. may be used, whether gaining a premium or not.
7. The Name and Address of the Contributors obtaining the Premiums shall be published each week, unless Contributors object to this publicity. If they object, their initials or *nom de plume* will be published instead, but it is preferred that the full name and address of successful Competitors be given.

To be had at all Railway Bookstalls, and may be ordered from any News-agent throughout the United Kingdom.

Next Week's Portrait will be
THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, K.G.

* * Back Numbers can be had at any time on application at the office, 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow.

Annual Subscription (including postage), 6/6.

Printed for the Proprietors by MACDONALD & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—September 15, 1883.



THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

NO. 4.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

"THE TATLER."

When a boy cried THE TATLER, I thought of poor Steele,
And then of the Editor now at *the wheel*;
I bought it—I read it—and now I can see,
That, like Steele, he's "struck ile," whoe'er he may be.

He's not simply a *Chiel*, and of course he won't *Quiz*,
Nor yet give us jokes that never were his;
He asks our support on his merits alone—
If we fail to appreciate—the fault is our own.

On the *path* he has started we all may behold
The *road* that was made by "THE TATLER" of old;
Then wish him "God speed" in the work he's begun,
And the *new* win the fame that the *old* one has done.

Tho' he's ne'er got a grant from the Government store,*
For a journal whose loss the *whole House* must deplore;
Yet he's given us "GLADSTONE," the Liberal sage,
And now we have "IRVING," the head of the stage.

Like Steele, Swift, and Addison, he is no imitator,
And who knows but in time he may start a *Spectator*.
Then success to THE TATLER, and let the cry be,
"THE TATLER! THE TATLER! that's the paper for me."
D. M.

* The Editor of the "Mace" received a grant of £35 to carry it on last session, which has been withdrawn now, as it did not pay.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. 4.—THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, K.G.

THE promotion of the Scottish National Memorial to the Duke of Buccleuch gives a motive for presenting to the people a portrait to show what manner of man this venerable and esteemed nobleman is. With his weight of seventy-seven years, he is presented as still a lithe and limber man, wearing, no doubt, a few of the wrinkles which the lapse of so many years will bring, but with all the stately dignity which becomes a man who has borne a conspicuous part in the domestic history of the country.

To every one the present holder of the title is emphatically *the* Duke of Buccleuch. There are aged men amongst us who can remember the time when as yet Mr. Gladstone had not entered Parliament, and may have the memory of a Sovereign before the memorable reign of the Queen began. But it is only a very aged man who can have a rational recollection before the Duke of Buccleuch inherited his rank, for in 1819, at the age of thirteen, he succeeded his

father in the title. Inheriting a large patrimony, lord of many broad acres and noble mansions, the Duke had early instilled into him, while "under tutors and governors," the obligations that rest on the recipient of such an inheritance, and his declaration made on attaining majority and independence gave a fine keynote to the career he has subsequently followed.

It is with the personality of the Duke of Buccleuch that we have here alone to do, and his political career may be dismissed by recalling, that while yet a comparatively young man he held Cabinet rank. The social and personal influence thus indicated have been the conspicuous marks of his long and beneficent life. The wise and considerate policy followed in the management of his vast estates have made the Duke of Buccleuch's tenants the envy of the agricultural world. The influence goes beyond his own bounds, for in the heat of the great Hypothec controversy, when a farmer was speaking strongly against the law, he was met with the remark that he knew nothing about the operation of landlord's hypothec. "No," he replied, "my farm is too near the Duke of Buccleuch's land for that." If a farmer could not be the rose he could be near the rose—if he was not "Bran" he could be "Bran's brither."

The Duke of Buccleuch has won many marks of honour from the Sovereign, from the Universities, and from his fellow men. Since 1826 he has been Lord-Lieutenant of Midlothian, since 1834 D.C.L. of Oxford, since 1835 a Knight of the Garter, since 1841 a Privy Councillor. He is a Doctor of Laws in Cambridge and Edinburgh Universities; and at the Dundee Meeting of the British Association he received the honour, not often given to a man of only general culture, of being elected President for the year. No doubt the Duke values very highly this unusual compliment from a large and somewhat broad political community. In public works the Duke of Buccleuch has done much, notably in constructing the large and accessible harbour at Granton; while in such a town as Hawick, where his sway is almost as that of an autocrat, he is held in the highest personal honour and esteem. It is but recently since the inauguration of a new water supply gave that town the opportunity of renewing its testimony of regard for the "Bold Buccleuch."

Into the romantic and wonderful legends and ballads the consideration of all that those last words suggest it is impossible to enter. From the origin of the name in that scene "where in the *clench* the *buck* was ta'en" down to our day the name has been prominent

in Scottish story; and the present movement, to perpetuate in some enduring way the sixty-four years' reign of the present peer, is proof that he has nobly and well performed his part. He has been first to remember that "property has its duties as well as its rights," and no more striking testimony to the rectitude and the liberality of his long administration of the estates could be had than the letter of Mr. Gladstone in sending his mite to the National Testimonial. It seems to be a movement in which "Whig and Tory a' agree," and all will join in the wish that for many years yet the Duke will continue to win golden opinions from all sorts of people, as for more than sixty years he has done.

TECHNICAL TRAINING.

THIS is a subject which interests all classes in the community. Not the toiler alone, whose labour has to be directed into beautiful and profitable ways; not the employer, who has to see that his work does not lack the grace or fitness which other nations can give it; not even the consumer, although he has a vital interest in getting a good job and a well-formed article. The question has no class significance whatever, but concerns every one, every class, every society or community in the kingdom.

How so? it will be asked. For the simple reason, that if our mechanical or textile products are inferior to what other nations can produce, our trade—not our home trade, but our share of the world's trade—will be diminished, and the nation be thus impoverished. Hence it is of vast importance for our vast industrial population to see that what is nationally done in the way of technical culture should be well done, and there is too much reason to fear that this is not so. The latest writer on the subject says that all the cost of South Kensington is practically money thrown away, because the training given in our art schools is not directed into a practical channel. Many firms declare that they can find no assistance from those schools, and must train their own men. A maker of paper-hangings says that the prize or best designs from the schools are never of use to him, because the designers lack practical knowledge; a decorator says that he must train his own draughtsmen, because all the art students want to be artists—easel artists—instead of going in for the well-paid work that might be open to them in decorative art. A glassmaker says that, for want of a practical turn, the designs he gets are useless; and the Artisans' Association for promoting Technical Education condemns the system as having failed in teaching people how to turn theory into practice. If this be true—and it is stated on good authority—the money so spent is worse than wasted, as it not only fails in its object, but hinders progress in a true direction. There seems no subject of equal social importance at this moment, and the large centres of industrial

labour in which the TATLER is read could employ their energy in no more beneficial work than in discussing this matter, and in turning the attention of their representatives in Parliament to the need for a better system.

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL: A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER VI.

AKSYDUNTS is quere things, an' uncle's had 1 or 2, 'cep when they're 'tenshunal, wich is apt to spile the fun. Jim Casey's out agen, an' Ise that glad, tho' Ise awful sorry for the sins wich tuke place about that time. I saw him by aksydunt out of the windo a tryin' to play all by hisself with his hed tied up; an' cos Ide hurted him I saved up all my scents, wich was 17 an' a nikkul, an' so I went out an' told him I 'ad luvd him more than candy, or even ice creme, ever sinse he was took down, an' I hoped he furgave me, an' cried, an' gave him all my fortin. So he let me see his sore hed, wich was awful funny with the hare cut off it, an' all red, an' most tendern chikkin, an' said as how his ma woodn't never let him play with me nor speke to me no more as was a bad little girl brawt up in sich a house, whare there was nuthin' but wikkednus to be lurnd. But he said he didn't think I tried to cut his hed, nor kil him, an' he thawt it was best to say nuthin' like his sister Mealye. She has a bo wich is pure, an' her ma wont let him cum to see her, so las nite he was at thayre house. Jim as had been sik with the berryin'-hole cut was lyin' on the sofy, an' they thawt he was aslepe, wich he wasn't, cep with 1 i, so he hurd Mealye say:—

"Derest, I cannut bare to part; we must mete crooylti with cawshun. We can wate. We must mete ware the wudebine twynuth. There's no sin in ukering ma, wich wood tare yung arts assunder."

So her bo sed he was redde to mete death for her sake; deth in a den of lyons, or mid the snos of the Rokky mountings a diggin' for gold to ransom her from sich turrny. "I'll go west," he sed; "I'll go west and konkur or dye."

An' Jim told me all 'bout it bewtiful. He's 2 year oldern me. So he jumpt off the sofy, and when Mealye had dun skremin', wich is wot evrybuddy does cep me as only does it when Ime tikkled, he told her bo:—

"Nevvur despare, old boy, here's me in the very same fix. Wele mete our gals ware the wudbyne twyneth, an' roun' the westurn wilds, an' when we're millyuneares with bar's clause, and peltry, an Injun's skalps, an' tummy-auks, wele cum home an' by up the old ooman's clame, an' if she gets kintankrus, rase her hare and bust up this ere shanty. Yournited we stand, devidid we fal. Wele uker the ole ooman evry game"

An' then Jim hooped, an' his ma went in to see wots all the row, an' she told Mealye's bo to clar out, an' not cum bak till he'd munny enuff to keep house. So he said, "Munny, Mealye dearest, is the rute of all evle," and put his hans in his pokkits, where ther warn't no evil rutes, an' went. Jim's goin' to cum an' see me ev'ry day till he gos west, wich I don't like. So he went and bawt candy with my fortin as I gave him, an' we had a rele good time. Then we had a reglar 4th o' July sellybrashun cos his hed was well, an' he was able to play; only the bonfire didn't amount to much, cos Jim said as how the braves was on the war-path an' mustn't see our camp fires. Then we got 2 turnips, an' made lanturns of 'em, an' Jim cut awful faces in 'em as most skared me in the dark, when the light shined throo. An' we stuck 'em on long poles, an' marched Injun file throo the wood, an' as we was a marchin' I heerd sombuddy hollerin' for me. So I forgot all 'bout the lanturn, and ran back to the house, wich I set down in the corner of uncle's rume, whiles I ran for the doktor. When I got back evrybuddy was out, an' uncle too. So I ran down the strete, an' fokeses was shoutin' an' dogs barkin', an' the hole place was havin' a kin' o' ryot. An' I ran agin a purlieseman wich said:—

"Hello, little Sis, wots cumd over yer uncle. He's gone past here like a commit, with a lobster fur a hed peece, an' a nite shirt for a tale. His nose is that red, yow kno'," so with that thare cum uncle a flyin', with nuthin' on but his shirt, an' Cesar 'longside, an' a hull gang at his 'eels hollerin' an' yellin' "Hitch up yer pants, old chap!" "He's ben at his uncle's!" "A rowser fur the flyin' parsing!" "Barnum's Mazeppy!" I run 2, and shouted to Cesar, wich wodn't let nobuddy tech him, but uncle ran rite on til he cumd to the kanal, an' jumpt in. So Cesar grabbd him, an' they was both fished out, an' when uncle was got home he kep takin' fits and fitin', til the doktor saw my lanturn an' its 'orrid face, and tuke it away. Wich he told me I was a fulish gurl to put thare, as it had been the deth of him most, an' had fritened uncle so as he jumpt over the windo. If uncle dies, that 'll be a big sin for my jurnal. I knowd all the time I must be to blame sumhow. Uncle fell aslepe with some stuff the doktor gev him, an' the kanal has most bleached his face wite, all 'cep his nose, wich is purpul like a plum, or a puttato appel. I tikkled it a littel jes to see if he was slepin' sound, an' he never moved or snezed 1 bit. So I tuke sum of the draft in a littel bottel, cos I wanted sumbuddy else to slepe sound a while.

(To be continued.)

PUNCTUATION cannot be too sedulously studied. We lately read, in a country paper, the following account of Lord Palmerston's appearance in the House of Commons:—"Lord Palmerston then entered on his head, a white hat upon his feet, large, but well-polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking-stick in his eye, a menacing glare saying nothing. He sat down."

A BUNDLE OF BLUNDERS.

"WHEN two minds are not, as the French say, *en report*." The French, of course, say nothing of the kind; but the editor from whose leader the words are taken is like Chaucer's woman, and talks

"After the French of Stratford atte Bowe,
For French of Paris is to him unknowe!"

"The average circumference of the circle thus made is 240 feet." An average circumference of a circle is good, and the phrase shows that editor and reporter of this journal are, "as the French say, *en report*."

"The main entrance on the ground floor is situated in a circle corner." This is the same reporter, who, it will be seen, is great in geometric figures.

These are the errors of a small journal; but in one of the leading newspapers of Scotland there appeared the same week a reference to something said by "Alphonse Karr in his Voyage autour de Mon. Jardu." Of course, no man ever made a voyage round Monsieur Jardu; what was done was to describe a voyage around my garden (*mon jardin*), and it seemed odd that the "intelligent compositor," the press reader, and the writer of the article should all pass such a palpable error.

MEAT FIRST SOLD IN JOINTS.

THE following extract from Stowe's "Annals," under the year 1535, edit. 1592, p. 959, furnishes us with the first instance of a great change in the practice of butchers, and their mode of supplying their customers:—"It was this yere enacted that butchers should sell their beefe and mutton by weight, beefe for a halfe-penny the pound, and mutton for three farthings; which being devised for the great commodity of the Realme (as it was thought) hath proved farre otherwise, for at that time fat oxen were sold for six and twenty shillings and eighteenpence the peece, fat weathers for three shillings and fourpence the peece, fat calves of the like price, a fat lambe for twelve pence. The butchers of London sold penny peeces of beefe for the reliefe of the poore, every peece two pounds and a halfe, some time three pounds for a penny, and thirteen, sometimes fourteen of these peeces for twelve pence; mutton eightpence the quarter, and an hundred weight of beefe for foure shillings and eight pence; what price it has grown to since it needeth not be set downe. At this time also, and not before, there were forraine butchers permitted to sell their flesh in Leadenhall Market of London."

MURNIN' HEMS.—A servant-maid saw her mistress pouring some sherry into a wine-glass, and that it was left with still a wide margin at the top. "Eh, mem," said the girl, "in oor cless o' life we would say, 'Dinna gie's any o' yer murnin' hems.'"

THE IDIOT MURDERER.

CONRAD EICHMULLER of Lenzenberg, a day-labourer, seventy-one years old, and feeble with age, had been employed for about a week on a hill in the forest near Hersbruck, in digging and cutting up stumps of trees. He always went to his work early in the morning, and returned home before dark, usually at five o'clock; but on the 7th of September, 18—, night began to close in, and he had not come back. His wife, a woman of sixty-two, became uneasy about him, and sent her son by a former marriage, a young man called Lahner, with some other youths, to look after him. They soon returned with the news that the old man was lying dead in the forest, and took with them some men, and a cart to fetch the body.

Eichmuller was found about three feet from the stump at which he had been working, and in which three wedges were still sticking; he was lying with his face towards the ground, his skull shattered, and both feet chopped off; the left foot still adhered to the body by the boot, but the right lay under a tree at a distance of four or five feet. Traces of blood clearly showed that he had been dragged from the spot where he was at work, after he had been killed and his feet had been chopped off; his jacket and his two axes were scattered about, and one of the latter was stained with blood in a manner which left no doubt that it had been used in the murder and mutilation of the unfortunate old man. The wife had charged her son to take possession of the money which her husband had in his pocket, amounting to about two florins, but on searching the body nothing was found upon it, save one button in the breeches pocket.

The deed was no sooner made public than the murderer was known and brought before the tribunal at Hersbruck.

On the 7th of September (the day of the murder), Paul Deuerlein, a day-labourer, was driving a cart-load of grain from Reichenschwand to Hersbruck, and at about five o'clock in the afternoon, he overtook young Sorgel on the road, and called out to him, "Where do you come from? the Hansgorgle, eh?" Sorgel replied, pointing to the hill, "A year ago some one buried my blood up there; I went to look for it last year, but it had not curdled then, and he who had buried it flogged me soundly. To-day I went up there again to look after my blood, and he who buried it was there again, and had horns, but I hit him on the head with the hatchet, chopped off his feet, and drank his blood." Deuerlein, who knew that Sorgel was foolish at times, took no heed of what he said; meanwhile they came to Hersbruck, where Sorgel's father was waiting at the door of the poorhouse, into which he and his family had been received.

Sorgel came quietly along with Deuerlein, who told the father, in the presence of a blind man called Albert Gassner, what his son had been saying. The father scolded his son for talking such nonsense; but he replied, "Yes, father, it is quite true that I knocked a man on the head and chopped off his feet; I killed him in order to drink a felon's blood; and the man had horns upon his head." Gassner followed Sorgel into his room, where he added, "I also took from him a purse of money, but I threw it away again, for I will never keep what is not mine." Gassner said, jesting, "Oh, you kept the money, to be sure;" whereupon Sorgel was angry, and said, "Hold your tongue, or I will strike you dead."

About an hour later Sorgel went into the barn of the inn, next door to the poorhouse, laughing heartily, and said to Katherine Gassner, "Now I am well again; I

have given it to some one soundly; I hit him on the head, and chopped off both his feet, and one of them I threw away." Katherine was frightened at this speech, especially as she perceived blood upon his face; when she asked him how it got there, he answered, "I drank a felon's blood;" and he went on to tell her that the man was sitting on the ground filling a pipe, and that he (Sorgel) took up the man's hatchet, which lay beside him, struck him with it on the head, and took two florins which he had upon him.

In the evening he told Katherine Götz, the daughter of the sick-nurse in the poorhouse, that he had come upon a woodcutter who was digging up stumps in the forest, and that at first he had helped him at his work, but that the man then appeared to him to have horns, whereupon he took up the hatchet and hit him on the head; that the man groaned very much, and he then chopped off both his feet and drank his blood.

Old Sorgel, who looked upon his son's story as a symptom of returning insanity, to attacks of which his son was subject, chained him to his bed by way of precaution. The son bore it quietly, ate his supper, and joined in prayer with the rest of the family as usual, and then lay down; but towards morning he broke out in raving madness, stormed, and tugged at his chain, which he endeavoured to break. In this state he was found by the constables when they went to arrest and take him before the court, and they were accordingly forced to depart without him. Soon after, however, he became perfectly quiet, and his own father and another man took him before the court, unfettered, on the 8th of September, when he related the murder as follows:—"I went yesterday with my father to the wood called the Hansgorgle. I left my father, and saw at a distance an old man digging up stumps of trees. I did not know this man; but it seemed to me that my own blood was buried under the stump, and I formerly dreamed that my parents were shut up in that place, and that I must drink the blood of a felon. So I went up to the old man, and struck him on the head with his hatchet, and chopped off both his feet. I then drank the blood out of his head, left him lying there, and went home." When asked what could induce him to commit such a deed, he said, "The thing is done and I cannot help it; it was because I thought he was digging up my blood."

On the same afternoon he was taken to Lenzenberg to see the body, which he approached without the slightest air of dismay, embarrassment, or remorse. When asked whether he recognised it, he said, "Yes, it is the same man whom I struck yesterday evening; he is dressed in the same clothes; I chopped off his feet, so that he might never be laid in chains again." During this scene he displayed the same bodily restlessness as he had done at his examination. He frequently laughed, and said that he was an angel, and that he had known very well that the old man was good for nothing.

On the 15th of September the judge was informed that Sorgel had been perfectly quiet for several days, and that he talked coherently, without any mixture of foolish fancies. The judge hereupon repaired to his prison, in order to avail himself of this interval of reason for an examination. His appearance and manner were totally changed; when the judge came in he took off his cap, and greeted him civilly, which he had never done before, at the same time addressing him by name. On being asked, he said he had felt much better ever since he had been bled by order of the physician. He was asked if he knew the cause of his arrest. "My father," said he, "who generally watches beside me at night, told me that I ran

away from him in the Hansgorgle and killed a woodcutter, so I suppose that is why I am in prison." Did he remember going to the Hansgorgle with his father. "No; I should know nothing of the matter had not my father told me about it the other day. I know nothing at all of having killed a man; and if I did so, it must have been the will of God who led me thither." He was then reminded that he had himself twice told the court that he had killed a woodcutter with his own hatchet. "I remember," said he, "that you were here in my prison, and that somebody wrote at yonder table, but I know nothing of having confessed that I killed a man." He as positively denied any recollection of having had a dead man with his legs chopped off shown to him, or that a bloody hatchet and a flint and steel had been laid before him, both of which he recognised. Nevertheless he knew that he had been imprisoned for about ten days, and that it was Saturday. He admitted having heard, as he added, from his mother, who had heard it from some one else, that the blood of a felon was a cure for the falling sickness, but observed that the man he killed was no felon, but rather that he himself must be one. Still he maintained that he never remembered drinking human blood or killing the woodcutter. "Every one tells me that I did so," said he, "and therefore I am bound to believe it, but I must have been out of my mind at the time." During the whole of this and another examination his demeanour was quiet and collected, he spoke coherently, and without any confusion of ideas, and his look was open and unembarrassed.

It is evident that the utter ignorance of all he had done, which Sörgel professed during these examinations, was not affected. Falsehood is never so perfectly consistent as were his declarations in the two last examinations, nor can dissimulation ever appear so frank and unconstrained as the demeanour of this young man, who was, moreover, described by all who knew him as a simple, kind-hearted, pious lad when in his right senses. At the examinations he showed himself perfectly sane; whereas, if he had had any reason for wishing to deceive the judge, nothing would have been easier for him than to continue playing the part of a madman. None but a Garrick could have acted madness with such fearful truth and nature. Nor was a murderer at all likely first to confess his crime in the assumed character of a madman, and then to affect forgetfulness of the past upon pretending to recover reason. If, again, he were really mad when he committed the crime, when he related it and when he recognised the corpse and the blood-stained axe, he could have no conceivable motive for acting forgetfulness of deeds committed and words uttered during a paroxysm of insanity.

His behaviour in court on the 3rd November, when his advocate's defence was read to him, confirmed the truth of his statement. His advocate pleaded for an acquittal on the ground that he was not accountable for his actions. During the reading of this paper, Sörgel's manner was unconstrained and almost indifferent; he listened to it attentively, but without the slightest emotion. On being asked whether he was satisfied with the defence: whether he had anything to add, and if so, what? he answered, "I have nothing to add, and what yonder gentleman has written is quite to my mind. As I have often said, I know nothing about killing any man, and if I did so, it must have been while I did not know what I was about. If I had been in my right mind, as I am now, I certainly should not have harmed any one." To the inquiry how he felt, he replied, "Very well; but a few days ago, my keeper tells

me, I was very crazy again, and talked all manner of nonsense, but I do not know a word of the matter."

The physicians declared their opinion that Sörgel had committed the murder in a paroxysm of madness, when he was not accountable for his actions; and accordingly the court, on the 23rd November, 18—, acquitted him of murder. But for the safety of the community, he was confined in the madhouse of Schwabach, where he died in the course of a few months.

THE ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

THE first modern paper, bearing any resemblance to a newspaper, was circulated in MS. at Venice in 1563, and called *Gazetta*. The *English Mercurie* is the first printed sheet, said to have been circulated while the Spanish Armada was in the English Channel in 1588. This and the *Packet of News* were only issued occasionally. Butler's *News of the Present Week* appeared in 1622, about which time similar sheets began to be circulated on the Continent. From this period till the restoration, sheets of news and gazettes were frequently published. In 1633, Roger L'Estrange brought out, with privilege, his *Intelligencer*, and two years afterwards, the *Government Gazette* was issued. In Scotland the first newspaper published was *A Diurnal of some Passages and Affairs*, printed in London, and reprinted at Leith in 1652. The first actually produced in Edinburgh was the *Mercurius Caledonius*, 31st December, 1660. The *Edinburgh Courant* was established in 1706, and in 1710 liberty was granted by the town council to the celebrated Daniel Defoe to publish it in room of the deceased Adam Bog. The *Caledonian Mercury*, its contemporary, and now extinct, was conducted by the celebrated grammarian, Thomas Ruddiman. In Dublin the first paper was published about 1700, called *Pue's Occurrence*. The first English Provincial paper was the *Norwich Postman*, in 1706, price one penny, "but a halfpenny not refused." All these papers were of small size, and frequently, from a dearth of news, left half blank, or filled up with portions of Scripture, or printed on one leaf of letter paper, as *Dawkins' News Letter*. The *Daily Courant*, 1790, was the first daily London paper. The *Tatler* of Steel, *Spectator* of Steel and Addison, the *Englishman*, *Rambler*, *Mirror*, &c., were the archetypes of the modern race of literary periodicals. The *Spectator* was looked upon as having a prodigious circulation when it reached 10,000 copies per week; and such in reality it was, considering the population then and the illiterate condition of the mass of society. In 1782 the number of newspapers in England was 50, in Scotland 8, and in Ireland 3.

Art is the joyous externalisation of inwardness.

Beauty is the joyful internalisation of outwardness.

Poetry is the hampered soul leaping at verity.

Truth is the so-ness of the as-it-were.

Right is the awful yes-ness of the over-soul meditating on the how-ness of the thing.

Society is the heterogeneous buying peace with homogeneity.

A thing is simply an is-ness. *Matter* is is-ness possessed of somewhat-ness. *Mind* is am-ness.

Philosophy is the mind trying to find out its own little fame.

These suggestions depend for their significancy on the words themselves as related to the appreciative intuitive-ness of the reader.—*Century Magazine*.

SERVING AS A WARMING-PAN.

IN Ireland a *warming-pan* is called a *friar*. Not many years ago an unsophisticated girl took service in a hotel. Poor thing! she had never heard of a warming-pan in her life, though she had regularly confessed to a friar once a year.

It happened, on a cold and drizzly night, that a priest took lodging at the inn. He had travelled far, and, being weary, retired at an early hour to rest.

Soon after the mistress of the house called the servant-girl, "Betty, put the friar into No. 6."

Up went Betty to the poor priest, "Your reverence must go up to No. 6, my mistress says."

"How—what?" asked he, alarmed at being disturbed.

"Your reverence must go up to No. 6."

There was no help for it, and the priest arose and donned a dressing-gown, and went into No. 6.

In about fifteen minutes the mistress called to Betty, "Put the friar into No. 4."

Betty said something about disturbing his reverence, which her mistress did not understand. So she told the girl, in a sharp voice, "to do as she was directed, and she would always do right."

Up went Betty, and the unhappy priest, despite his angry protestations, was obliged to turn out of No. 6, and go into No. 4.

But a little time elapsed ere the girl was told to "put the friar into No. 8;" and the poor priest, thinking everybody was mad in the house, and sturdily resolving to quit it the next morning, crept into the damp sheets of No. 8.

But he was to enjoy no peace there. Betty was ordered to "put the friar into No. 3," and, with tears in her eyes, she obeyed.

In about an hour the landlord concluded to go to bed, and the "friar" was ordered into his room. Wondering what it all meant, Betty roused the priest, and told him he "must go into No. 11." It so happened that, on the landlord going to bed, he found a man between his own sheets sound asleep. To rouse the sleeper, and kick him into the street, was the work of a moment; nor was the mistake explained till next day, when the priest informed the inn-keeper what outrages had been committed upon him, and learned, to his amazement, that he had been serving the whole night as a *warming-pan*.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

WHEN you see a piece of paper or twine on the floor enough to be useful, pick it up. When you see covers off boxes, put them on. Straighten up goods when you see them disarranged. Dirt is an enemy, and we expect you, individually and collectively, to see that things are kept tidy. See that customers are waited upon promptly, and that all transactions are reported to entry clerks. Killing time you will find, upon due reflection, to be a delusion and a snare, and not worthy your consideration. It pays better to give honest service, and to work for the interest of the firm. The community of interests is best served by harmony—let us have peace. This advice was given, in neatly done up packets, containing the pay of men in a large London house.

A naturalist has taken the ground that a lobster is a posthumous work, inasmuch as it is never red till after death.

HIS MEMORY.

A STORY is told of a very eminent lawyer in New York receiving a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand whom he was trying to brow-beat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat it was necessary that Mr. A. should impeach the witness. He endeavoured to do it on the ground of age. The following dialogue ensued:—

Lawyer: How old are you!

Witness: Seventy-two years.

Lawyer: Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago, is it?

Witness: I do not know but it is.

Lawyer: State some circumstances which occurred, say twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you can remember.

Witness: I appeal to your honour if I am to be interrogated in this manner; it is insolent.

Judge: You had better answer the question.

Lawyer: Yes sir; state it.

Witness: Well, sir, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge B's office, did you not?

Lawyer: Yes.

Witness: Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my office, and saying to me: "Mr. D., my son is to be examined to-morrow, and I wish you would lend me fifteen dollars to buy him a new suit of clothes." I remember, also, from that day to this he has not paid me that sum. That, sir, I remember as though it were but yesterday.

THE VALUE OF HUMOROUS JOURNALS.

WERE a perfectly disinterested person, on the occurrence of some great public event, to go into a news-room, and read the various papers on the subject, he could not fail to be greatly puzzled. In one he would find the event a measure extolled to the skies, in the other deprecated in the strongest terms, in a third cut up into shreds and patches, in a fourth volleys of execration, not so much at the measure in question as at the parties supporting, and the parties opposing it. Did this stranger, in his perplexity, turn from the crowded columns of the newspapers to the living groups around him, and enter with them into a discussion of the subject, his ideas on the matter would be still more clouded and perplexed. On the one hand he would find a group of eager declaimers on the inexpediency and unlawful nature of the affair; on the other, a chuckling coterie, exulting in the fulfilment of their dearest hopes, while some long-visaged, pale-faced, slouch-hatted, restless-looking beings perambulate the hall before him, muttering dissatisfaction at every view of the political horizon which can be presented to them. In walking out he may perhaps meet with a single round-faced, ruddy and cheerful old gentleman, who has been amusing himself with THE TATLER or PUNCH, instead of the more truculent political prints, and who, on the question being put to him, gravely shakes his head with the well-weighed answer of Sir Roger de Coverley, "Indeed, indeed, sir, much may be said on both sides."

R AND I.—The late John Brown approved of the Imperial title, "for," as he said, "everybody knew that the greatest people in the country were 'er and I.'"

LONDON THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

MISS KATE VAUGHAN evidently means to go in for more substantial food than burlesque, though she does not intend giving up altogether that necessary ingredient to a masher's happiness. She met with a very warm reception at the Gaiety on the afternoon of the 8th, and the carpet in the stalls was well-watered by the tears of the many sorrowing young men whose heads and brains (if any) are supported by a four-inch collar. "The Country Girl" was the piece, arranged by John Bannister. This afforded Miss Vaughan ample opportunity for the well using of her undoubted comedy powers, and although hardly so bright and pleasing as Miss Litton in the part, her acting is marked by much delicate treatment and refinement. She was fairly well surrounded by her company, who are to accompany her during her tour through the provinces. Mr. Bannister was well-suited as *Sparkish*, Mr. Morton Selten made an adequate *Belville*, Mr. Lionel Rignold a good *Moody*, and Mr. Wainwright did a lot with *Harcourt*. The concluding piece was "Cinderella," written up by Reece. The theme has so frequently been worked upon before, that very little more can be obtained out of it. There is really nothing fresh in it, and the puns are very old. Miss Vaughan, as the heroine, played, danced, and sang in her usual bewitching style, and made many regret that London was to lose her for a time.

"The Glass of Fashion," by Sydney Grundy, was produced at the Globe on Saturday, 8th. It is a capital piece, well written, and a plot somewhat more probable than we are used to now-a-days, and I have no doubt it will bring plenty of grist to the mill of Messrs. Hollingshead and Shine. The story rests upon certain naughty pars. published in a society journal, from which the piece derives its title. Some of these little pars. are funny, very funny, and to see the occupants of the higher-priced seats tremble as these are confided to the pit and gallery makes me pity them. The acting is capital. Miss Lingard, who pleased me so much as *Camille*, is most natural and artistic as *Mrs. Trevanion*, whilst that charming actress Miss Lottie Venne is delightful as *Peggy*. Mr. Shine, as a brewer and proprietor of "The Glass" (of fashion), is excellent; Mr. Beerbohm Tree is also well suited as a Polish Prince, and the other parts are in safe hands.

"Blue Beard" is again at the Gaiety. Miss Farren resumes her old character, and is as bright and lively as ever. Her singing of "My Boy" is a treat not to be missed. Mr. Harry Monkhouse, of Grecian fame, now plays Mr. Terry's part, and Miss Connie Gilchrist replaces Miss Vaughan as *Lili*.

I noticed the latter lady in a private box on the opening night, and didn't she quiz Connie pretty severely?

It is very probable that "Confusion," now being played so successfully at the Vaudeville, will shortly be seen in America.

On Monday, September 17th, a new drama, by H. W. Williamson, founded on Lord Lytton's "Paul Clifford," and entitled "Fate's Decree," was produced at Astley's. I hope to say something of it soon.

The Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon has spoken pretty strongly on the proposed unearthing of Shakespeare's remains. It seems hard lines on the poet that some would-be enthusiast should want to disturb him from, I hope, his Avonly resting-place. Let them read his epitaph, and apply it to themselves.

A new comedietta, christened "The Opera Cloak," was introduced at Drury Lane on Saturday 8th, and it proved to be a very amusing little piece. "Freedom" now plays much more briskly, and what chance there is for acting has certainly been improved upon and considerably filled out.

It is expected that Miss Mary Anderson will play *Julia* in "The Hunchback" after the run of "Ingomar." It is not settled when "Romeo and Juliet" is to be put on.

Mr. C. W. Godfrey, the clever author of "The Parvenu," has written a new piece for the opening of the Court, founded on the novel, "Kissing the Rod." In it Mrs. John Wood will make her re-appearance, and I need hardly say a hearty welcome awaits her.

Gospodin A. Lubinioff has been appearing at the Egyptian Hall. His recitals are well studied, and his English pronunciation, considering he is a foreigner, almost perfect. "The Dream of Eugene Aram," although so old, was received with much applause. Mr. Aynsley Cook gave selections from "Carmen," and his humorous song, "Simon the Cellarer," received a deserved *encore*.

"The Double Rose" has closed at the Imperial, and last Saturday was opened again at Sadlers Wells. Both houses are pestered with that individual blessed with the *nom de plume* of "harp," and visitors are greatly bothered with the treatment they receive from these gentlemen, who are at times rather too obliging.

Miss Gerard has been absent from Toole's, and her place has been filled by Miss Maud Robertson. I hear Miss Gerard has left for America.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal returned to the St. James's on the 17th, reviving the successful "Impulse."

Mr. Arthur Williams now plays Mr Ashley's part of *Brabazon Sikes* in the "Merry Duchess" at the Royalty. The first-named gentleman goes to the Prince's, Manchester, for the pantomime. Big business at the Standard, with "Glad Tidings." Mr. John R. Kemble, the "interlocutor" of the Moore & Burgess Minstrels, has left for America; previous to his doing so, the company presented him with a little token of their regard for him. Mr. George Conquest is at the "Brit," playing *Hoyley Snale* in "Sentenced to Death." Mr. Pinero's "Rocket" was produced in America on Monday, 10th inst. A new comedietta, to be called "A Little Dinner at Seven," by Herbert H. Adams, will soon be brought to light at the Standard. Mdle. Minnie Hawk has started for America, for a concert tour of three months, at the conclusion of which, she will return to Europe, to fulfil an engagement in Berlin.

WHIFFLES.

"Is it a sin," asks a fashionable lady of her spiritua director, "for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am handsome?" "It is, my daughter," he replies, gravely; "we should never delight in falsehood!"

"FALLEN AMONG THIEVES."

HOW THOS. SPEDDING MADE A MATCH.

SOME years ago Mr. James Ramsay, a Glasgow merchant, whose wife and only daughter—the latter a girl of fourteen—had long been in poor health, was advised by the family physician to spend a few months in Egypt, in the hope that the change of air and scene might bring about the desired improvement.

This advice had been acted upon, and the family had been travelling several weeks on the Nile in one of those picturesque native boats, called *dahabeahs*, when, late one afternoon, as they were visiting some noted tombs near one of the landings in Upper Egypt, they were suddenly assailed by a score of Bedouin Arabs intent upon plunder.

The servants of the family—Turks, Arabs, and Egyptians, under a Copt dragoman, or interpreter—one and all laid down their arms at the first word of command from the ferocious old chief. Mr. Ramsay fought desperately, bravely assisted by his wife and daughter, as well as by a favourite butler and nurse who were with them; but all to no purpose. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay were soon left for dead, and Amy, the daughter, whose beauty and bravery had attracted the attention of the Bedouin leader, was carried away captive—the whole band of robbers vanishing into the Nubian desert as quickly as they had appeared.

The pain and consternation of the parents, as they slowly came back to consciousness and saw that their beloved daughter was no longer with them, for a time held them speechless, so clearly did they realize the terrible nature of the calamity that had fallen upon them. And when at last they found voice, all they could learn, in answer to their inquiries, was the direction in which their daring assailants had disappeared.

Being without horses, while the Bedouins were splendidly mounted, immediate pursuit was impossible—the more so that their cowardly servants flatly refused to take any part in hunting-up the robbers.

The injuries that Mrs. Ramsay had received in the conflict, together with her previous illness, rendered it imperative that she should obtain medical care, and nothing remained but an immediate return to Cairo—a voyage rendered long and tedious to the heart-broken parents, whose constantly-recurring thoughts of their missing daughter were unspeakable tortures.

Arrived at Cairo, Mr. Ramsay placed his wife in the hands of the ablest European physicians in that city, and then invoked the aid of the British Consul, and through him that of the Egyptian Government, in the search for his child. This done, he organized a party of pursuers, with whom he returned to Upper Egypt, penetrating into the Nubian and Libyan deserts, and explored their vast solitudes in every direction. Between five and six months were spent in this anxious quest, but no trace of Amy was found.

Returning to Cairo, worn, haggard, and despairing, at the end of his vain search, Mr. Ramsay found his wife very feeble and confined to bed. Not only was she still suffering from the injuries inflicted upon her by the robbers, but her physicians declared that her anxieties and sorrows, added to the weakening effects of the climate, were carrying her rapidly to her grave. The duty of Mr. Ramsay was clearly manifest. He offered a large reward for the recovery of his daughter, or information as to her whereabouts; had minute descriptions of her personal appearance and dress inserted in various languages in the

newspapers published in Cairo and Alexandria; sent out fresh search parties; placed the case in the hands of the Consul, and with a heavy heart brought his wife back to Glasgow.

Installing Mrs. Ramsay in her own comfortable home, her husband despatched to Egypt a quick-witted, active agent, a man who had acquired great renown as a private detective, and waited—who can describe his longing?—for tidings of his lost daughter. His agent was absent a year, using ample funds, and not only returned unsuccessful and disheartened, but with the conviction that Miss Ramsay was dead.

Mrs. Ramsay continued a helpless invalid, patient and gentle, and hoping against hope. Unable to leave her, and equally unwilling to give over the search for Amy, Mr. Ramsay despatched to Egypt a second agent, named Norman Donald, an experienced traveller, but regarding whom Mr. Ramsay finally concluded that his efforts would prove as barren of results as those of his predecessor, and he set about engaging another agent to continue the inquiries.

Accordingly, in June of 1882, nearly three years after the disappearance of his daughter, Mr. Ramsay advertised in various newspapers that a young man of ability and courage was wanted to undertake a mission full of difficulty and danger in a foreign land.

An evening or two after this advertisement had appeared, as Mr. Ramsay sat musing in his library, a ring at the door-bell broke in upon his sad thoughts, and, a moment afterwards, a servant came to announce that a young stranger desired to speak with him on the subject of the advertisement.

"Show him in," said the merchant, in a voice which attested with what hopelessness he was already regarding this last movement.

The visitor was a slight, lithe fellow, apparently scarcely out of his teens, and of somewhat effeminate appearance, despite the fact that his fair skin was sunburned. He looked like a slender boy fresh from school, and unused to the ways of the world.

"Do I understand that you are here in answer to my advertisement?"

"Yes, sir," the youth replied, in a firm, self-reliant tone, looking his questioner full in the face. "You advertised for 'a young man of courage and ability,' and I think I may say without boasting that I have both. I am here to ask for the mission in question."

Mr. Ramsay's first impulse was to smile, but he surveyed the young man more narrowly; and then he discovered that the slender and graceful figure was well-knit and agile; that the sunburnt, boyish face was full of power and purpose; that the forehead was broad, white, and intellectual; and that the eyes were keen and penetrating—announcing a manly soul.

"Who are you?" Mr. Ramsay now asked, favourably impressed with his survey.

"My name is Thomas Spedding, sir."

"Are you from the country?"

"No, sir. I was born and brought up in Glasgow. My father was a saddler, and died when I was thirteen years old, leaving me with my invalid mother to support. Since his death, I have not only supported myself, but my mother also, keeping her in every comfort until her death, which occurred last year. I have now no ties to bind me to my own country. I have a taste for adventure, and a strong desire to see something of the world."

The merchant was impressed by this simple and modest recital.

"You must have had friends to help you, Mr. Spedding?" he remarked, interrogatively.

"Except the little money my father left, my only friend has been that kind Providence which helps those who help themselves," Spedding answered, gravely and reverently.

Everything in the youth's speech and bearing, and the plain tale he had told, were in his favour. The thought of sending him to Egypt did not now seem so preposterous as at first.

"You are younger than I could wish, Mr. Spedding," he said, with a sigh. "The expedition in which I would enlist assistance is one of especial peril, and requires the utmost skill and courage, as well as physical endurance."

"So I supposed, sir," said Thomas, quietly. "I am only twenty years of age and look younger, because my mode of life has been very quiet and uneventful; but I am healthy and hardy, as well as resolute, and I am persuaded that you will not repent having engaged me—if you so decide."

There was a subtle sympathy in the young man's tone and manner that touched Mr. Ramsay, who at once proceeded to explain the circumstances under which he had sought his help.

"You know now," he concluded, "how strangely I lost my daughter in Egypt three years ago. God only knows if she be living or dead, but I believe her to be living. The perilous undertaking mentioned in my advertisement is a trip to Egypt—a search through the whole of the Nile valley and the Nubian and Libyan deserts for my lost child. You will see that the enterprise demands a man used to the world, determined, powerful, keen-witted, and able to cope with many enemies at once, and to pursue many different lines of search."

"I think I answer to your requirements as well as any one can hope to," Spedding said, simply. "You have sent two men already: try another. Heart as well as brain is needed for this search, and instinct will be more useful than experience. You will never miss the amount of my expenses, even if I fail—and I don't believe I shall fail. Send me to Egypt, and I pledge you my word I will devote every energy of heart and soul to your service. And as you, of course, know nothing of me beyond what I have myself told you, here are the addresses of some gentlemen that will vouch for my respectability and trustworthiness."

"I like you, Mr. Spedding," said Mr. Ramsay, in his straightforward manner, "and I will send you on this mission. And as time is precious, I shall want you to start at once."

Thomas's face flushed with joy. It was evident that he had set his heart upon going.

"I can set out immediately, sir," was his answer.

"You are young, and you will see strange sights—experience strange temptations," said Mr. Ramsay. "That you may never lose sight of your mission—that you may never forget how much is dependent upon your exertions—I will show you a picture which I want you to carry with you in your memory. Come with me."

With these words the merchant led the way to the sitting-room in which his invalid wife spent her days.

In a large, softly-cushioned chair, near the open window, sat Mrs. Ramsay. Notwithstanding her years of bodily suffering and mental anguish, she was still a beautiful woman. Her large blue eyes shone with unnatural lustre, and yet their depths were clouded with the shadow of despair. A piteous, appealing expression, like that of a hunted deer, rested upon her features.

When her husband entered, Mrs. Ramsay summoned

to her pale lips a quivering little smile—a smile of love and welcome—as if she would fain hide from him the withering sorrow that was undermining her life—as if, forgetting herself, she desired to be to him now more than ever a minister of hope and comfort.

"Isabel, this young man has called in answer to my advertisement. His name is Spedding, and I have decided to send him to Egypt. He will start to-morrow, by way of Brindisi, and I have brought him to see you before he goes."

The anxious mother did not speak for a moment, but her eyes searched the young man's face with a keen and earnest scrutiny that seemed to pierce the inmost recesses of his soul. Had there been a single mean or unworthy trait in his character, it must have been laid bare to her steadfast gaze; but he was noble and honest to the core, and met her eyes frankly. Her brow cleared as she said gently:—

"You seem but a boy, Mr. Spedding, but you inspire me with a faith I did not feel in either of the agents we have already sent to Egypt. I shall have great hopes that you will succeed where they failed. Pray be seated."

"I am glad you like my new agent, Isabel," he said, tenderly. "Perhaps God will bless his efforts, and permit him to rescue and restore to us our missing child."

A momentary spasm of pain convulsed the lovely features of the unfortunate mother as she replied:—

"I cannot think that she is living, James. I—I *hope* that she is dead! O, Mr. Spedding, all I ask of you is that you will bring me proofs that she is really dead—my innocent, beautiful Amy! I believe that she is dead; but it is the horrible doubt—the haunting fear that, after all, she still lives—that keeps me from getting well. I cannot recover while I remain in such dreadful uncertainty concerning her fate."

The low, passionate utterance stirred Spedding's heart to its lowest depths. Never before had he encountered such fervency of emotion.

"Mrs. Ramsay," he said eagerly, "I hope to bring your daughter home to you safe and well. Why do you hope that she is dead?"

"Ah, you are but a boy, after all!" sighed the unhappy mother. "Think of her—but, no, you cannot understand the feelings of a mother. All I ask is to know that she is dead, and that she died in all her sweet young innocence. God is good. Surely He will have taken her to Himself. If I did not believe this, I should go mad."

"Mrs. Ramsay, as you say, God is good," said Thomas, gently. "And if your daughter lives, may He not have kept her safely until this hour, and may He not restore her to you? He who guarded Daniel in the lions' den can surely protect your daughter amid the wild Arabs of the desert."

These comforting words kindled a faint flame of hope in the mother's breast. Extending her hand to Spedding, she said, softly:—

"Find my daughter or her grave. This is all I can say to you," and sank back, pale and exhausted.

Mr. Ramsay and Spedding returned to the library.

"You have now seen how we are situated, Mr. Spedding," said the former when they were again alone. "My wife endures a living death, while I —"

He finished with a gesture of despair.

A sympathetic moisture came into Thomas's eyes—a heroic resolve shone upon his features.

"My heart bleeds for you," he said, simply. "I will do all that man can do to restore happiness to your house—"

hold. There is one thing more : I must know something of the appearance of Miss Ramsay."

The father took a package from his desk.

"Here is her portrait, taken in London shortly before we set out on the tour that ended so unhappily."

Thomas looked long and earnestly at the picture.

"It is engraven on my brain," he murmured, thrilling with the emotions with which it and the unknown fate of the original inspired him.

"Put it in your pocket with these papers," the merchant said, huskily. "I have an agent in Egypt at the present moment—if he is alive, and not on his way back to this country. It is, indeed, whispered that he is secretly intriguing with an ambitious native official against the Europeans; but as this is merely rumour, I will not further speak of it. It is my desire, however, that you learn where he is, what he has done, and what he is doing. Write to me the fullest particulars of everything you can find out respecting his movements. And I beg of you not to lose sight of the main object of your journey—all else is as nothing in comparison. If you find my daughter, tell her——. Oh, bring her home to us quickly!"

"God helping me," said Thomas, earnestly, "I will bring her back to you. You can have faith in me."

At this instant a postman's knock was heard, followed by the appearance of a servant with a letter.

"From Egypt! How strange!" exclaimed Mr. Ramsay, as he glanced at the stamps and post mark. "From the British Consul at Cairo!"

The start he gave as his gaze encountered an enclosure which fell out was vehement, and a wild cry escaped him. "My daughter's handwriting!" he stammered breathlessly.

With trembling hands he tore open the second envelope.

"Read, Spedding, read!" he cried; "the page is a blur to me. I—I only see that it is in the handwriting of our lost daughter."

Spedding gently took the letter from the merchant's hand, and read aloud as follows:—

"My dear Father and Mother,—I write to you from some point unknown deep in the heart of the Libyan desert. I am in an oasis—I don't know its whereabouts or what it is called—the captive of a robber chief named the Black Vulture, who at the present moment is absent some days' journey from here collecting men to make a descent upon Alexandria, where they expect to get rich plunder, as they say that the unbelievers are to be killed by the natives, and their houses and goods seized. One of his men is going to Cairo, and I have given him all my jewellery to take this letter to the British Consul, to whom I have appealed to arrange terms for my ransom. If you receive it, come—oh, come to me at once—save me! There is no time to write more.—Your loving daughter, AMY."

As the eyes of Mr. Ramsay and Thomas met in a startled, incredulous gaze, there came a smart ring at the door-bell, and the next instant a servant announced the "British Consul from Cairo," who hurriedly entered.

"Mr. Dalton," gasped Mr. Ramsay, as he held out his hand to the new comer, "can it really be you? We have just received your letter, and now ——."

"Then prepare for further good news," said the Consul, joyfully. "It seems that your daughter not only bribed one of the Bedouin chiefs' men to bring her letter to me, but also to permit her to accompany him disguised as his wife."

"My daughter alive and free!" the father exclaimed, scarcely daring to believe the glad tidings.

"Such is the fact, on which I congratulate you the more heartily, because I fear troublous times are in store for us in Egypt. The native officials are becoming insufferably insolent towards Europeans, and the air is full of dark rumours of coming dangers. The Khedive himself is said to be threatened by the malcontents, who are led by an upstart officer of whom next to nothing is known. However, for the present we have nothing to do with that. I have obtained leave of absence to bring my wife and family home, and your daughter travelled with us."

These hints were enough for Mr. Ramsay, who cried:—"My daughter—my daughter! Where is she? Bring her to me!"

"I am here, papa!" a silvery voice exclaimed from the door, which had been gradually opened while Mr. Dalton was speaking. And a bright, youthful form appeared before his happy eyes.

Let us draw a veil over the blissful meeting. Such a surprise comes but once in a lifetime. As to Thomas Spedding, he was amply compensated for his disappointment at not visiting the ancient land of the Pharaohs; for though he was saved the dangers of the adventure, his bold offer and high character won him the grand prize, the hand of the stolen Amy.

First Premium (£1) awarded to MR. EDWARD HEINS, 22 South Coburg Street, Glasgow.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

You thought me just a ladies' man,

Who never meant to marry?

Exactly; but the best laid plan

Will oft by chance miscarry,

And Fortune of my long-kept bow—

That freedom I'd ne'er barter—

Made havoc; so you see me now

A matrimonial martyr!

It was an accident, in fact—

You smile and seem to doubt it;

But, if you please, I'll be exact,

And tell you all about it.

A pic-nic's a festivity

I've ever deemed *most* stupid,

And yet 'twas at a pic-nic I

Was captured by Dan Cupid.

Of course, I paid attention to

The prettiest damsel present:

It was my duty, and to you

I'll own not quite unpleasant.

Far from the rest it chanced we strolled,

Stella and I together,

All heedless of the clouds that rolled

And threatened nasty weather;

When, as we sauntered down a lane,

Absorbed in merry chatter,

Quite suddenly came down the rain

With furious pelt and patter.

Poor Stella, though a careless face

She strove to put upon it,

Was sorely troubled by the case

Of her new summer bonnet.

So when a tiny hut we spied,

We scampered, helter-skelter,

And were relieved to find inside

Just room for two to shelter.

An hour were we in durance vile—
Now wasn't it provoking?
And not a chance the time to wile,
Alas! by even smoking.

Howe'er, we strove to make the best
Of awkward circumstances,
Exchanging many a merry jest,
And mutual curious fancies.
At last I played, for her delight,
The proverb, "Man proposes :"
She charmed me with a tableau bright
Of "Love among the Roses."

"Now, Stella dearest, tell us true,
Was't not as I have stated,
And my proposal made to you
Quite unpremeditated?"
"Of course," said Stella, nothing loth ;
"Pray add that I consented
With equal rashness, and that both
At leisure have repented!"

MORAL.

Young men, if at a pic-nic you
Meet with a charming Stella,
Don't stroll too far,—or, if you do,
Remember your umbrella!

Second Premium (10s.) awarded to Miss M. M. C., 28 Houghton Street,
Southport, Lancashire.

"BONNETING" A JEW.

In the days of stage coaching, when travellers endured more trouble in their transit from one place to another than they do now, a farmer named Macleod had occasion to go to Edinburgh, and having reached that city, he picked up an acquaintanceship with a peddling Jew, and they agreed to go home together, as the Jew's domicile lay a few miles further on in the same direction.

They fared sumptuously at the first inn they reached, and the Jew having paid his bill looked to Donald to pay his, but, to his surprise, that worthy only twirled his cap in reply to the landlord's demand for payment, and, stranger still, the landlord was satisfied. Even when the driver came round for payment, Donald only twirled his bonnet and kept his cash, while the Jew had to pay up. It was the same everywhere—whilst the Jew and the other travellers had to settle to the uttermost farthing, the cap-twirling of Macleod acted like a balm upon the not over-sensitive feelings of guards and hotel keepers; it appeased them, and they turned away with a satisfied air.

"I must have that bonnet," thought the Jew.

"I say, friend," he said aloud to Donald, "what would you sell that bonnet for?"

"Remember," he added cautiously, "You will drow in de stick along with it. I don't mind if I give you vun hundred for it."

"Ony stick'll do," replied Macleod, "an' as for the price o't, I'll no sell it under three hunner pounds, for ye ken it's gey usefu' to me."

It is needless to add that in this opinion the Jew quite concurred, and it warned him to appear not so niggardly in buying that which would relieve thenceforward his expenses in going from place to place.

While silently meditating what price to give, the Jew's companion, Donald, was nearing his destination, and be-

gan to regret his refusal of the Jew's offer of one hundred pounds.

"I say," interrupted the Jew, "I can only give you another fifty, that is all I have with me, for the bonnet."

"Ah, well! sighed Donald, eyeing the much-coveted cap as if reluctant to part with it, "I'll gie it to ye," and as he handed the bonnet over to the Jew he descended from the coach, pocketing the money, and being then only a few yards from his home.

When the next inn had been reached, and refreshments had been partaken of, the landlord presented the bill to the Jew, but that worthy only gleefully twirled his bonnet; but, alas! he found, when too late, to his consternation and disappointment, that the charm of the bonnet departed with the previous owner, and while heartily cursing the cunning Gentile who had thus overreached him, he settled his bill, and departed a sadder though a wiser man.

Donald, in setting out on his journey, had paid his return fare and expenses; and being unable to read or write (a common fault in those days), he agreed that on the return to his home he should twirl his cap as a sign that he had already paid his expenses.

Commended—Mr. JOHN LUBY, 20 Franklin Street, Bridgeton.

OUTDOOR AND AIR EXERCISE.

ACCORDING to Dr. Felix Oswald, consumption is more easily cured than any other chronic disease. The population living at an elevation of 4000 feet above the sea level have been shown to be quite free from consumption. What the doctor calls "indigestion of respiration" is bred by humid climates and stagnant air. He believes in the theory of the German, Dr. Koch, that parasites are a phase of the disease, but maintains that their appearance does not amount to a death sentence. "Cease to feed the lungs with azotic gases, and Dr. Koch's animalculæ will starve and disappear." He claims that all except the last stages of consumption can be subdued by out-door exercise. He condemns the night air superstitions, and recommends mountain excursions, even to the extent of a three months' tour under the disadvantages of insufficient clothing and protracted fasts, as certain to effect a cure in a majority of cases. He points out malnutrition of the lungs as one of the primary causes of consumption, and suggests fatty substances and sweet cream as the best lung food. A vocal effort, he says, does not injure the inspiratory organs; on the contrary, it strengthens them, and he thinks consumptives should envy cattle drivers, "whose business gives them a plausible pretext for yelling." Too many clothes he considers harmful, whereby the perspiration is forced back upon the body, and the lungs have to do double work.

Punch's grandmother has discovered that if there had been no inns, the Good Samaritan would not have been able to succour the man who fell among thieves as he did. This is quite true. But as the opponents of inns say that there would be no thieves if there were no drinking, the argument comes back to the starting-point. This is what logicians call arguing in a "vicious" circle.

HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY (WET) NIGHT:

OR, MORE MURDERS THAN IN SHAKESPEARE.

To folks in summer quarters the prospect of a wet evening is not a very attractive one. When one is vegetating in a seaside village of twenty houses, where the resources of civilisation are represented by two public-houses and a miscellaneous store, it is simply appalling. One evening recently I found myself forced to contemplate this misery. When I turned from the sky, with its murky clouds pouring down their contents relentlessly to the sea, the business looked worse. The sea at this place had no idea of moderation. It was always rushing to extremes. At one time it was splashing over the wall which bounded the highway, and shortly after it ebbed a mile and a-half out, leaving an uninviting stretch of sand and mud. It was thus when I was forced to turn to it as a relief to the sky.

Happily, just then I remembered an ambitious placard announcing that at the neighbouring town, only a mile and a-half away, a strolling theatrical company had pitched their temporary tabernacle. And on this evening, as luck would have it, there was to be a "first grand fashionable night," when Shakespeare's "sublime tragedy of 'Macbeth'" was to be played. The bill of the play promised a rich treat. Besides the "large and talented company," all mentioned by name, there was a "leader and scene-painter," with the aristocratic and attractive name of Mr. H. De Ville, and a cornet. Curiosity to find what or whom the leader was to lead was as strong as all the other attractions put together. Accordingly, I donned my waterproof, and, with a friend, trudged over the sloppy road and under the soaking rain to the "Prince of Wales' Theatre."

The theatre was an erection with wooden sides and a canvas roof. Round it were grouped the caravans which conveyed the properties and the company from place to place, and numerous see-saws and swing-boats, which, no doubt, helped to swell the exchequer of the enterprising manager. After poking about a moment or two, we discovered a "general entrance." Stepping inside, we were confronted by a partition with a hole in it, and here a woman received the money. Anxious to be of the fashionable company, for once at least, we paid a shilling each for admittance to the "front seats, carpeted." The other prices were sixpence to the pit and threepence to the gallery; but the whole audience was seated on a dead level, so these distinctions were purely arbitrary. The front seats consisted of two benches, about twelve inches broad, covered with a slip of stair carpet, and having a footboard. The performance was to begin at 7.30 prompt, and we had taken seats punctually. At this time "fashion" in the front seats consisted of one young man, suspiciously like a "dead-head," the writer, and his friend. By-and-by another youth treated his sweetheart to the luxury of a front seat, and this was all the rank and fashion, save some more of the "free list," who came in at half-time.

The audience soon discovered that the "prompt" part of the performance was to come later on, but the delay permitted us to take stock of our surroundings. The wooden walls were draped with dirty canvas, and the roof was leaking badly. Large placards warned the company that smoking and unseemly conduct were strictly forbidden; and while the latter part of the rule was conscientiously observed, the "gods" were oblivious of the former. In a corner of the pit was a refreshment

stall, whose principal wares were "sweeties" and lemonade. So much for the auditorium. The orchestra-box was small, but amply sufficient. The Admirable Crichton who practised scene-painting and music was a rather handsome man, with a moustache and imperial, and with his hair brushed from the back over his ears in the fashion affected by the stage. The cornet was not so attractive, and he distinguished himself by gallantly squashing a daddy-longlegs which ventured on his music. A flaring gas-jet lighted the orchestra. The drop-scene was labelled "Roslin Castle." We had seen Roslin Castle, but would not have recognised the picture. It represented a ruined cloister, and when the show is in England will no doubt be re-christened Tintern Abbey, or any other ruin that suggests itself. Artistically it was not a success. While we had been looking around, the orchestra had essayed to play popular dance music. The leader had a wheezy violin, which seemed to be affected by the prevailing dampness and gloom. As for "leading," Mr. De Ville had no chance, for the cornet did nearly all the work, and drowned the unhappy fiddle. Suddenly a violent ring is heard, and Roslin Castle is rolled up.

The three witches fully answered the requirements of the text, in so far as they were "wither'd and wild in their attire." Such a collection of "old cast clouts and old rotten rags" has seldom been seen, and the mystery was how they held together. But, of course, all things are possible to witches. One thing sorely troubled the three. Their staves were long gipsy tent poles, and they had to manoeuvre very carefully to avoid bringing down some of the top-hamper of the little stage. The "prompt" part of the performance now came in, and when the witches were hoarsely told to "kneel down," one, who resented the imputation that she didn't know her part, whispered back, "Shut up." This was sublime tragedy with a vengeance. As a matter of course, *Macbeth*, splendidly attired in scale armour, with a red cloak over it, was addressed as "Thane of Glam-is" with the two syllables carefully emphasised. This recalled the old story of the indignant Forfarshire man, who called from the gallery on a similar occasion, "Glaums, ye eediot."

As the acting was really not bad—disappointingly good—for I had gone expecting something atrociously funny—I will confine myself to a description of some of the costumes. *Macbeth* was gorgeous in his armour, with a Tam o' Shanter, which last, with his mailed gloves, he scrupulously wore when in his castle, and when he had left the supper table he still had them on. The manners of the aristocracy in these days were apparently a little peculiar. When *Macbeth* had reached the throne he wore magnificent robes, covered with jewels, and a crown, which he very carefully poised on his head. *Lady Macbeth* was got up in a similar rig. Poor old *King Duncan* had run to seed; his velvet doublet and robe were very wretched, and I couldn't help admitting that the country must have needed a new king, and so *Macbeth's* usurpation was justified on sartorial grounds. The tailor to his Majesty must have had a sinecure in *Duncan's* time. The same old gentleman who played *Duncan* acted the first murderer, which he did in an old Highland cloak. Later on he donned a very respectable dressing-gown, washed his face, and appeared as the doctor in the sleep-walking scene. *Macduff* doubled this part with that of *Rosse*. His costume was a pair of moleskin trousers, top-boots, manufactured by rolling canvas round his ankles and calves, a velvet tunic, a faded 42nd tartan plaid, and a Tam o' Shanter. His weapon was an old navy cutlass. *Banquo* was very commonplace in his attire. He had the

inevitable velvet tunic, with tights and boots of the conventional brigand type. In the general resurrection of *Macbeth's* victims he became *Seward*. *Malcolm* was acted by a lady, and her costume was reasonable. A young man with a bad cold and a cockney accent acted *Angus*, and various minor characters were in a costume of the Elizabethan period.

But the most comical figure of all was a versatile gentleman, who appeared variously as *Seyton*, "an attendant," "a porter," "a messenger," and so on as the text required. He, too, had a velvet tunic and woollen tights, which in their prime had been white. His legs were very slender, his calves being particularly shadowy. This elegant figure was finished off with a pair of elastic-sided boots, too big for him, and the effect was most laughable. As his characters were so many and his boots so conspicuous, I dubbed him the "chief boots" of the "*Macbeth*" establishment.

At the close of the third act, the three witches and the whole company in disguise came on and sung through "*Locke's* music to *Macbeth*," and indulged in a sort of dance of death. The disguises were simply excruciating. *Macduff* donned an old flowered dressing-gown over his plaid, a "pot"-hat superseded the Tam o' Shanter, and it was secured with a bandana handkerchief round his chin. All the others had cloaks of one kind and another, but the "boots" still had the best of it. He had put on a light grey petticoat, which reached his ankles, still leaving the boots visible, a tweed sack coat and a white handkerchief over his head completing the costume. So much for the dresses.

The banquet-scene, in which *Banquo's* ghost appears, was a sad case of "funeral baked meats." When *Macbeth* roamed about after the ghost, the Cockney, who was *Lennox* then, transformed the Shakespearian line, "Here's a place reserved," into "'Ere's a seat, your 'Ighness." In vain *Lady Macbeth* motioned to the three witches, who were there without their rags, to take some wine out of the two gilt cups, which formed all the banquet, but they apparently had joined the "Blue Ribbon Army," and declined the invitation. They acted on the hint to "Go at once" with great celerity.

In the final scene *Macbeth* took care to stow away his go-to-meeting claymore, which he had worn all through, and took a short iron cutlass to fence with *Macduff*, thus showing that he, as well as his predecessor, could be economical. The fencing was of the regular old school—"one, two, three, over; one, two, three, under"—and, after five minutes of striking sparks, *Macbeth* condescended to give up the ghost.

A farce followed, but I had had enough of comedy for one night, so "we coomed awa'." DEE.

SOMETHING LIKE AN HOTEL.

THE COMFORTS OF HOME WITHOUT ITS RESPONSIBILITIES.

THE following clever bit of chaff on hotel grumblers was issued in America:—

This hotel has been built and arranged for the special comfort and convenience of its visitors. On arrival, each guest will be asked how he likes the situation; and if he says the hotel ought to have been placed up upon the knoll, or farther down towards the village, the location of the house will be immediately changed. Corner front rooms, up only one flight, for every guest.

Baths, gas, water-closets, hot and cold water, laundry telegraph, restaurant, fire-alarm, bar-room, billiard-table daily newspapers, THE TATLER, sewing-machines, grand piano, a clergyman, and all other modern conveniences in every room. Meals every minute, if desired, and consequently no second table. English, French, and German dictionaries furnished every guest, to make up such bill-of-fare as he may desire, without regard to the *bill-affair* afterwards at the office. Waiters of any nationality (and colour) desired. Every waiter furnished with a libretto, buttonhole bouquet, full-dress suits, ball tablets, and his hair parted in the middle. Every guest will have the best seat in the dining-hall and the best waiter in the house.

Any guest not getting his breakfast red-hot, or experiencing a delay of sixteen seconds after giving his order for dinner, will please mention the fact at the office. Children will be welcomed with delight, and are requested to bring hoop-sticks and shinties to bang the carved rosewood furniture especially provided for that purpose, and peg-tops to spin on the velvet carpets. They will be allowed to bang on the piano at all hours, yell in the halls, slide down the banisters, fall down stairs, carry away in their pocket, dessert enough for a small family, and make themselves as disagreeable as the fondest mother can desire.

Washing of clothes allowed in rooms; and ladies giving an order to "put me on a flat iron," will be put on one at any hour of the day or night. A discreet waiter, who belongs to the Masons, Oddfellows, &c., and who was never known to even tell the time of day, has been employed to carry milk punches and hot toddies to the ladies' rooms in the evening.

Every lady will be considered the belle of the house, and boys will answer the bell promptly. Should any boy fail to appear at a guest's door with a pitcher of ice-water, more towels, a gin-cocktail, and pen, ink, and paper, before the guest's hand has left the bell knob, he will be branded "Front" on his forehead, and be imprisoned for life.

The office clerk has been carefully selected to please everybody, and can lead in singing, match worsted at the village store, play billiards, is a good waltzer, and can amuse children, is a good judge of horses; as a railway and steamboat reference, is far superior to any Handy Guide; will flirt with any young lady, and not mind being cut dead when "'pa comes down," can room forty people in the best room in the house when the hotel is full, attend to the communicator, and answer questions in Hebrew, Greek, Choctaw, Gaelic, or any other polite language, at the same moment, without turning a hair.

Dogs allowed in any room in the house, including the w(h)ine room. Gentlemen can drink, smoke, swear, chew, gamble, tell queer stories, stare at the new arrivals, and indulge in any other innocent amusements common to watering-places, in any part of the hotel. The proprietor will always be happy to hear that some other hotel is the best in the country. Special attention given to parties who can give information as to how these things are done "Abroad."

The proprietor will take it as a personal affront if any guest on leaving should fail to dispute the bill, tell him he is a swindler, the house a barn, the table wretched, the wines vile, and that he (the guest) was never so imposed upon in his life, will never stop there again, and means to warn his friends.

A country paper states that several quarts of vest buttons were found on the floor of the public hall in the borough town after a humorous lecture had been delivered the previous evening.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. III.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

No. 7.—"My SEPOY."

It was a very crowded train in the height of the holiday season, when myriads of people were on the wing northwards. The "Rambler" had taken a third-class ticket from King's Cross (there being no fourth), and got a seat in one of those hard-boarded "thirds," to which the present through carriages are as a palace to a hovel. Away in the opposite corner was a sinister-looking man. His appearance was decidedly queer, and if the compartment had not been so full, it might have seemed advisable not to travel far in his company.

What was the meaning of that keen, furtive, dark eye? The "Rambler" could not discover till we all began to make up for the night, and then, tying a white kerchief round his head, the suspicious man lost his terror, and showed himself to be, as he was, an Indian. The sudden change from doubt of the man as European, to perfect acceptance of him as "the wild Hindoo," was very remarkable. It was a year or two after the terrible business in India; but this man, though undoubtedly a native of that place, had no appearance of being discontented with British *raj*.

As morning dawned in the long journey, the "Rambler" and the "Sepoy"—the only two awake—had a grand "two-handed crack." The latter said he had sided with the British, had given up his caste, and had fought in one of the famous corps of irregular cavalry which did so much to suppress the mutiny. He had never seen the sea till he came down to Bombay to embark, and was visiting Europe out of curiosity. But this man, with his foreign eyes and Eastern cast of thought, was wonderfully well versed in our literature. This was evidenced in quite a remarkable manner. Next the "Rambler" was a young woman who had been nodding away in a very uncomfortable way, and the "Rambler" motioned with his hand, "put your head down on my shoulder," which the girl frankly did. This led to some chaff from the Sepoy, who quoted an old Scots proverb, to which, no doubt, many even in Scotland will be strangers. For in reference to Mrs. Rambler quoth the Sepoy, "She'll claw ye wi' the creepie!" (English readers will be interested to know that this means, "She will scratch your head with a three-legged stool.") This, as Dick Swiveller hath it, was "staggerer number one."

No. 8.—A JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND.

The "Rambler" was travelling north by the west route, and a few days were pleasantly spent amongst the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. His English partner in the jaunt was in the ferryboat on one of the lakes admiring the beauty of the autumnal foliage, and at last even appealed to the ferryman—or ferryboy rather—on the subject.

"Woi, sir, it be always loike that this time o' year," was the unsympathetic answer.

On resuming the journey at Carlisle the statement was overheard that "this is the Caledonian Railway." "Oh, indeed," said a hearer, "where is Caledonia, and what is the fare there?"

On we went, and in the early morning, getting out at a stopping place:—

"Isn't this invigorating?" ejaculated the English traveller, as he stamped about on the platform in the sharp morning air.

"Oh no, sir," said the canny Scots porter, "this is Auchterarder."

But Sandy, through another native, soon had his revenge. Arrived at Dunkeld, the "Rambler" and his friend, in looking about, came to a big house in course of erection.

"What is this you are building?" quoth the Englishman of one of the masons.

"It's a jyle."

"Indeed—I thought you were far too good people here to require gaols."

"Oo, we're jist buildin't for the strangers!"

Flodden avenged!

Queen Elizabeth always displayed her worst temper in her best clothes. She was then dreadfully ruffled.

♦ ♦ ♦

It seems that the good-feeling existing between the clergy and the stage is beginning to show itself in a marked manner. Mr. Irving, amongst the many applications he received from persons requiring employment during his American tour, received one from a clergyman, desiring the post of honorary chaplain to the "flock." Fancy H. I. engaging the gentleman in question, No doubt the worthy manager would have kindly assisted by handing round the plate, and those who did not drop in would have had half-a-crown deducted from their salaries.

♦ ♦ ♦

A CLEVER RETORT.—I have heard that after Louis Napoleon had given Lady Blessington the "cut dead," they chanced to meet, each in a carriage coming from opposite directions, in a narrow street of Paris. The President could not pass the lady by with a mere bow; so, after exchanging a word or two on commonplace topics, he said, "Do you make a long stay in Paris?" "No," said my lady. "*Do you?*" The point of the repartee is, of course, to be found in the fact that the position of the President was at that moment precarious.

♦ ♦ ♦

There is a rare story told by James Hannay of a literary man who, whenever he made a few pounds, invested in a diamond scarf pin or a gold snuff box. He was, like Wemmick, a believer in "portable property," and said of his luxuries—so badly assorting with his Grub Street suit—"that it will be good for a tenner if I get hard up." It was the same shiftless man who, feeling so often the poets' "eternal lack of pence," was observed by his cronies to be in a state of exuberance not usual even for this Bohemian. "I believe he has been having *meat*," said a crony who knew somewhat of his ways.

♦ ♦ ♦

It would be too much to expect the Ordnance Survey officers to give Saxon phonetic renderings for every Gaelic name; but intelligent and learned editors like Mr. Baddeley can, when discussing localities in Gaelic, give us the pronounceable equivalent, as the Polish confectioner did with his own name on settling in Paris—thus, "Czrwczkoczowski (*pronouncez* Dubœuf)." This recalls a Welsh story of a town that was called "Rhosllanercrugog," and which, in compliment to the results of trying to pronounce it, the inhabitants had altered to "Pant," which it is now called.

TRUE HEROISM.

In the year 1795 a serious disturbance broke out in Glasgow among the Breadalbane Fencibles. Several men having been threatened with corporal punishment, considerable discontent and irritation were excited among their comrades, which increased to such violence that a great proportion of the regiment rushed out, and forcibly released the prisoners. This violation of military discipline was not to be passed over, and accordingly measures were taken to secure the ringleaders; but so many were equally concerned, that it was difficult to fix on the proper subjects for punishment. The soldiers being made sensible of the nature of their misconduct, and the consequent punishment, *four men voluntarily offered themselves to stand trial*, and suffer the sentence of the law, as an atonement for the whole. They were accordingly marched to Edinburgh Castle, tried, and condemned to be shot. Three of them were, however, afterwards reprieved, and the fourth was shot on Musselburgh sands.

On the march to Edinburgh, a circumstance occurred which shows a strong principle of honour, and fidelity to his word and to his officer, in a common Highland soldier. One of the men stated to the officer commanding the party, that he knew what his fate would be, but that he had left business of the utmost importance to a friend in Glasgow, which he wished to transact before his death; that as to himself, he was fully prepared to meet his fate; but with regard to his friend, he could not die in peace unless the business was settled; and that if the officer would suffer him to return to Glasgow, a few hours there would be sufficient; that he would join him before he reached Edinburgh, and then march as a prisoner with the party: the brave Highlander added,—“You have known me since I was a child; you know my country and kindred; and you may believe I shall never bring you to any blame by a breach of the promise I now make, to be with you in full time to be delivered up to the castle.” This was a startling proposal to the officer, who knew perfectly his risk and responsibility in yielding to such an extraordinary application. However, his confidence was such that he complied with the request of the prisoner, who returned to Glasgow at night, settled his business, and left the town before daylight, to redeem his pledge. He took a long circuit to avoid being seen, and in consequence of this caution, and the lengthened march through woods and over hills, by an unfrequented route, there was no appearance of him at the hour appointed. The officer moved forward slowly, but no soldier appeared, and, unable to delay any longer, he marched up to the castle, when, as he was delivering over the prisoners—but before any report was given in—Macmartin, the absent soldier, rushed in among his fellow-prisoners, pale with anxiety and fatigue, and breathless with apprehension of the consequences in which his delay might have involved his benefactor. In whatever light the conduct of the officer may be considered by military men, it cannot but be wished that the Highlandman’s magnanimous self-devotion had been taken as an atonement for his own misconduct and that of his brother prisoners. Fortunately, it was determined that only one should suffer, and the four were ordered to draw lots, when the fatal chance fell upon William Sutherland, who was executed accordingly.

Why are babies like new flannel? Because they shrink from washing.

TATLER’S TATTLE.

BOOK-KEEPING IN ONE LESSON.—Don’t lend them.

A reporter, in depicting a wreck at sea, says that “no less than thirteen unfortunates bit the dust.”

“There,” said Miss Dashie, as she sealed a letter to her lover—“that isn’t very bright; but it will do for him. Lovers are all alike. If you only write to them, they don’t care a snap of the fingers what you say.”

“My love,” said one lady to another, “you heard, I suppose, that Amanda is about to marry Arthur?” “I know it,” was the reply; “and what I can’t understand is that a woman as intelligent as she is can consent to marry a man who is stupid enough to marry her.”

A lady correspondent of the *San Francisco Call*, writing on earthquakes, thinks that “heterogeneous parallexes prismatically converging are not due to the silicious introductions of phosperical asteroids, but rather to parabolic stratification of igneous zygema.”

During a railway journey a passenger entered into a political discussion with a man sitting opposite him. The dispute became very animated, and when it was at its height a collision took place on the line. One opponent was thrown from his seat by the shock, and his head struck the other’s right between the eyes. It being dark, the poor man thought that his antagonist had lost his temper and struck at him, and he bawled out “Cum, cum! let’s hev neay strikin’! We can talk without hittin’ yan anudder!”

An old maiden lady, who kept house in a thriving weaving village, was much pestered by the young knights of the shuttle constantly entrapping her serving-women into the willing noose of matrimony. This, for various reasons, was not to be tolerated any longer. She accordingly hired a woman sufficiently ripe in years, and of a complexion that the weather would not spoil. On going with her, the first day after the term, to make her markets, they were met by a group of strapping young weavers, who were anxious to get a peep at the “leddy’s new lass.” One of them, looking more eagerly into the face of the favoured handmaid than the rest, and then at her mistress, could not help involuntarily exclaiming, “Hech, mistress, ye’ve gotten a nest egg noo!”

MR. M’MANUS is a very matter-of-fact farmer in Midland, Ontario, and the father of a number of very attractive girls. A young farmer, in every way eligible, was a suitor for the hand of the second unmarried daughter. “No, no,” said old M’Manus when the young man had confessed his tender passion, “you cannot have the pick o’ my flock.” “But,” objected the young man, “why should I be compelled to wait until after the eldest of your daughters is married?” “Oh, you need not wait until after,” rejoined the farmer, “you can have the eldest; they must all be taken in their turn.” The young man was confounded but not dismayed. A few weeks after a double wedding was announced to take place at M’Manus’ house. The young farmer had persuaded his brother to take the eldest, which, of course, left the way clear for him to the second. M’Manus says that there is nothing like making good sensible rules, and sticking to them.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"HENRY IRVING, ACTOR AND MANAGER." By William Archer. (London: Field & Tuer. 1883.)

THERE is no man more competent at this day to write about the drama than Mr. Archer, and in this little essay, forming one of the dainty "vellum-parchment shilling series," we have his views on the great theatrical celebrity of our time. Mr. Archer began as an Irving hater, and he discusses the subject now from the point of view of one who has learned to know what is good and permanent in Mr. Irving's art, and to treat rationally what to many seem grave defects. The care, culture, and thoroughness which mark Mr. Irving's career as manager is fully admitted; indeed the chapter on the intellect of the man is one of the brightest in the book. An etched profile of Irving, by G. R. Halkett, adorns the pretty little volume.

"ONE SUMMER." By Blanche W. Howard. "THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE." By Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.)

The opening of "One Summer" is a little irritating, because of that ridiculous fear of not being deemed "a lady," which flutters the heart of American girls, and which never flutters ladies elsewhere. But it develops into a charming love story, with odd humour in the sketch of Jim, riotous fun in the domestic sparring of Tom and Bessie, and of course the right ending for Laura and Philip. Professor Wendell Holmes' two volumes of bright essays do not need recommendation. These form valued additions to Mr. Douglas' pocket library of American literature.

TWO VIEWS OF MARRIED LIFE.

The first view is obtained by reading as usual, the second by reading the lines alternately.

That man must lead a happy life
Who is directed by a wife;
Who's freed from matrimonial claims,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace
Till he beheld a woman's face;
When Eve was given for a mate,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female race appear
Truth, darling of a heart sincere;
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride,
In woman never did reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The worth in women we behold?
The failings that in women dwell
Are almost imperceptible.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INVERNESS.—The Portraits cannot be had separately; but see notice as to monthly parts.

J. S. and others are informed that MSS. cannot be returned. See conditions.

UEBERSETZER should consult a London publisher.

Questions can only be answered through this column.

GRAND PREMIUM CONTRIBUTION
ARRANGEMENTS.

"When a man has engaged to keep a Stage Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Passengers or not, to set out. Thus it fares with us weekly Historians; but, indeed, for my Particular, I hope I shall soon have little more to do in this work than to publish what is sent me from such as have Leisure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleased in an elegant Manner."—"The Tatler," 7th May, 1709.

The Proprietors of THE TATLER offer each week TWO PREMIUMS, namely ONE POUND and TEN SHILLINGS, for the best Contributions sent in. The following conditions require to be observed:—

1. The MS. must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be properly paged and fastened.

2. The Contributor must furnish full name and address at the end of each Contribution.

3. Where the Contribution is not Original, the source, date of publication, and, where possible, the author's name must be given.

4. Preference will as a rule be given to Original matter, which should be marked "Original" on the right hand corner of the first page, and Original Anecdotes or Verses will be acceptable. No prize will be awarded for matter which has appeared in any contemporary, and such should not be sent in.

5. The MSS. must be addressed to "Editor of THE TATLER," 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, and all MS. received up to Saturday morning's delivery will be in time for that week's competition. The result will be intimated and the premium contributions printed a fortnight thereafter.

6. The copyright of all Original MSS. sent in shall vest in the Proprietors of THE TATLER, and all MSS. may be used, whether gaining a premium or not.

7. The Name and Address of the Contributors obtaining the Premiums shall be published each week, unless Contributors object to this publicity. If they object, their initials or *nom de plume* will be published instead, but it is preferred that the full name and address of successful Competitors be given.

To be had at all Railway Bookstalls, and may be ordered from any News-agent throughout the United Kingdom.

•• MONTHLY PARTS ready with the Fifth Number, containing five complete numbers, with Portraits inserted separately on toned paper. Part I., price Sixpence; by Post, Sevenpence.

The following Portraits have appeared:—

- 1.—THE QUEEN.
- 2.—RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.
- 3.—HENRY IRVING.

Printed for the Proprietors by MACRONE & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—September 22, 1883.



THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 5.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE WALTZ OF DEATH.

A VIENNESE INCIDENT.

'Mid soft music's measured swelling,
In the ball-room's pomp and pride—
Purest love all thought excelling—
Stand a bridegroom and his bride.

Scarce a month since at the altar
Hermann wed his beauteous wife;
Yet forebodings made him falter
As they pledged themselves for life.

Wept her parents—grieved her sisters—
As from home the loved one hied,
Yet deemed not death would claim her,
And the bridegroom mourn his bride.

As they move amongst the dancers,
Gazers murmur on each side,
Greatest joy must be the portion
Of the bridegroom and his bride.

'Tis the last waltz of the evening,
And they midst its whirlings glide—
With one arm her form encircling
Passed the bridegroom and his bride.

Graceful far than others dancing,
Raptured all around them spied—
Horror! from his arm outglancing
Has the bridegroom lost his bride!

Then one look of anguish darting,
Fearful knelt he by her side.
Ah! how sad this instant parting
Of the bridegroom and his bride.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 5.—THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

THE rise of a political star of the first magnitude may give the chronicler something of the delight experienced by the astronomer when a new star "sweeps into his ken." The rise of Mr. Chamberlain, although not unprecedented in our history, has been remarkable, and friends and foes alike admit that, amongst the Cabinet Ministers, he gives his colleagues a hard race for second place in force of character and intellect.

Mr. Chamberlain, who is in his "forties," earned his renown in municipal affairs in Birmingham. As alderman and mayor he left his impress on that town, rendering it famous for social and sanitary progress. Keen of intellect and commanding in determination,

he easily took first rank there, and it was a reasonable ambition that prompted him to seek honour in the higher walk of Parliament and politics. He entered the House of Commons in 1874; and within six years he found himself a member of the powerful Cabinet constructed by Mr. Gladstone in 1880. This result of so brief a career in the House he owed partly to his own ability and partly to the cause he there represented—namely, the right of the large and popular constituencies to have a ruling voice in the country.

As President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Chamberlain has shown himself a capable administrator. Judging from the number of toes he has trod on, some people think he is just a little too capable, and the old maxim, *point de zèle*—no zeal—has more than once been suggested by the right honourable gentleman's candid friends. But with this THE TATLER has nothing to do. Enough for him and his readers that a remarkable man has arisen, and that the effigies of all remarkable men and women are welcome in a National Portrait Gallery.

NOTORIETY.

AND so there are twelve hundred candidates for Marwood's great office! It was a good practical joke of some admirer of THE TATLER to telegraph to the Home Secretary that, the editor desired the job, on account of his skill in hanging people—in his Portrait Gallery! But he need not assure his readers that there is no truth in the statement. Fame, as the little girl said in a former number, is "the instrument on the heel of a horseman which the transparent ghost produces," and it was rather a transparent ghost of a joke to fancy that THE TATLER coveted such fame.

But the passion for notoriety will make some men do strange things, as if it were better to be notorious as the public hangman than never to be mentioned at all. For notoriety men will maim themselves, will "peep and botanise upon their mother's grave," and will sacrifice all that sensible people hold most dear and sacred. It is truly an evil passion. It was for such a result that the Invincibles sought to "make history," with effects which leave most of them dead and the whole of them execrated. It has been for such a result that most of the evil done in the world has been accomplished, and nations have wept because some conceited fool has aimed at getting his deeds recounted

in big type in all the newspapers. For this men have qualified for the gallows, happy to "die game" amidst the cheers of their comrades in crime. The abolition of out-of-door executions has greatly limited the notoriety of the murderer; but still it is a question whether both Marwood's successor and Marwood's prospective victims should not be alike deprived of their opportunity for such fame. Let the murderer know that from the moment of his sentence the world can hear no more of him, because for life he will remain but a "number" in a huge prison, where his personality and renown will be hopelessly buried, and it may be that persons who seek notoriety as murderers will be reduced in number, and for certain those morbid case-hardened who wish to succeed Marwood would miss their mark. It is quite right to ask, as the French do, that "Messieurs the assassins should begin" in the abolition of death; but if our argument be right, the assassins would decrease in number.

Where are the Womens' Rights advocates, that they do not seek to have female murderers to be hanged by a Mrs. Marwood?

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL:

A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER VII.

UNCLE was better an' aunt was better, when all of a suddint aunt went of into his terriks, an' uncle most gave up the gost thru a hole in the bed clos. It warn't my fault. It was all along of Susy Kane's braided swich. A long time since we was all at Spierses, at a yung fokeses' blow-out, an' everythin' was jes luvly cep that swich. An' Mr. Spiers made a grand speche, welcumming all his yung frends. He sed as how he had got reddy for us all the dellycusses of the sesun, but wen we cum we brawt to him and to his house uthers he coudn't by. We was bigger dellycusses than eny as was in the markit. An' uncle, as was rite then, sed as how the speche was like everythin' on the tabel, it was the best of the sesun. An' we all laffed, cos we was dellycusses. Only there was 1 2 menny. There was that swich, as was black like tar, or cole, or anythin' durty. An' when Mr. Spiers, as was rele fun, sang a song bout fare, fare with the golding hare, wich he ment me, he sed as how he hoped tho' it woud be a long time fore I was slepin under the willer. I told him I didn't fele slepy 1 bit, and what did that mene thing, as is older an' bigger me, do but bang her swich rite cross me, an' up an' tell me I oughter go to skool an' lurn sum singin an' poitry. I cood most 'ave pulled it, cos I knos "Mary had a littel lam," an' "How doth the littel bizzin' b," cos it bizzes when it flies, an' "Let dogs delite." An' I felt rele nawty, an' woud 'ave cut off her swich if I cood, cos Jim Casey, as had sed I

was pruttier'n Susie, kep a fulin with it same as i did with my viktureen las winter. An' Susie, Mr. Spiers sed, muved with a ladylike air and a langwid grace as was rele funny for sech a littel gurl, wich was rite. So uncle sed as a langwid grace was bad for the livvur. I don't kno bout that, but it's bad anyhow you fix it. But I did, as uncle sed I was allus to do—I was good to them as hated me. I was jest as swete's nuts to Susie. An' she got her swich all m'lasses, an' the flies buzzed around awful. So wen Mr. Spiers sez to me:

"Jim Casey's gettn' verry 'tentiv to Miss Kane."

"O, yes," sez I, "he's after the m'lasses."

An' he went an' told evrybuddy wot I sed, and Jim woodn't speke to me cos they all laffed at him. So he helpit her clene it and' pull of the dead flis—a nasty, stikky thing as had made her wite dress look horrid. She was wussn a fli paper all over; an' it was allus in some mischefe or tuther, tho' I was rele luvvin to her. After the m'lasses it got in the creme pitchur, nobuddy knos how. Then she switched over a kerryseen lamp, and most set fire to the hull house, wen Jim was a-huggin her at forfits. Then she tried to go a-prancin' round the room with a char danglin' at the end of it, as was most redikulus. Then she got tied with it to softy Mellor as was playing blind man's buff, an' began to cri, an' tore the hankerchef of his i's, an' I thawt they wos a nice 2. But the best fun was a littel snappin turtel wich was onst in the garding, an' snap at the end of it, an' the way she skremed an' that turtel hung on was rele fun. An' Mr. Spiers laffed till he crid, an' the more he laffed the more Jim woodn't speke to me. I thawt there was a good dele of a snake bout that swich. So as Susie was cryin' sum, I tuke her into the garding an' out into the brambel thicket, and wen she got bak, stoopid thing as woodn't kepe ware it was dri an' nice, her frok was all tore an' her feet that muddy she had to go home. So wen it was all over we went home, an' Jim wanted never so to make up, but I tole him there warn't no m'lasses on my swich, wich I had nun. He didn't marshul his sins and fite agenst them for more'n a weke, an' I had nobuddy cep Cæsar to play with. So he brawt me some candy, an' p-nuts, an' a noo squirrl as cood hardly see, an' we was good frends agen, an' he was rele good, an' nevver's much as sed swich. I saw it sumtimes, which was allus by itself a danglin around.

(To be continued.)

When Alexander Russel, of the *Scotsman*, was editor of the *Fife Herald*, politics ran very high in Fife, so that every day the Whig *Fife Herald* and the Tory *Fife Journal* attacked each other with appalling fury. The Tory paper was edited by James Bruce, and, while the rival papers were in deadly hostilities, the rival editors were boon companions, and would make merry at night over the virulent leaders of the morning, in which they had assailed each other, and sometimes they would secretly exchange editorial chairs, and assault their own papers with ferocity.

A TOWN COUNCILLOR IN EDEN.

(To the Editor of THE TATLER.)

DEAR TATLER,—When a man hears that a Town Councillor has been seen in the Garden of Eden, the first feeling will be one of astonishment. But, as Meg Dods says, "What for no?" A man is but a unit amongst half a million in a great city, and human nature requires companionship, so that unit-arianism cannot always satisfy the soaring human soul. So evidently felt the Town Councillor now described. And he didn't, like the "sneck-drawin' dog" described by Burns, enter Paradise *incog.*, for everybody could recognise him. What would you say, dear TATLER, if, for instance, some personage (you know when once a person becomes Town Councillor he is a *person* no longer) should forget the trust which a too willing electorate placed in his hands, and copy the ways and doings of the unsupportable masher—that mixture of insipidity and stupidity, whose resorts (and collars) should be put down by law.

Think of it, by George! A "personage" invested with the authority a Town Councillor possesses, to lower his dignity so far as to walk—strut, I should say—with a cigarette in mouth, arm in arm with a young woman with ditto in *her* mouth, up and down a certain promenade, the door of which cars pass every few minutes, and where admittance is gained by paying sixpence, which charge includes one refreshment. (Ladies and dogs not admitted.)

In this resort—established for the education and amusement (?) of the inhabitants of this city—the above scene took place, and it was with one of the pretty waitresses of this establishment that the Town Councillor strutted about on such intimate terms.

I shall not moralise; oh, no! I never do, as I always like to spare people the anguish occasioned by my reasoning; but I leave the matter in the hands of the proper tribunals—the sheep who made this good man their shepherd.—I am, &c.,

L. L.

CONFOUND THE BOOTS.

ONE day when Lord Brougham had driven down to the House of Lords in the carriage of his own invention, which Robinson, the coachmaker, had christened after him, he was met in the robing room by the Duke of Wellington, who said to him, "I have long been under the impression that your Lordship would go down to posterity as the great apostle of education, the emancipator of the negro, the reformer of the law; but no—you will be hereafter known only as the inventor of a carriage."

"And I, my Lord Duke, have always been under the delusion that your Grace would be remembered as the hero of a hundred battles, the liberator of Europe, the conqueror of Napoleon; but no—your Grace will be known as the inventor of a pair of boots."

"Confound the boots! I had forgotten them. You have the best of it," replied the Duke.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. IV.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

No. 9.—"IS IT REAL?"

THERE is not much finer in the way of railway scenery than on the Dingwall and Skye Railway. Away you go from Dingwall clear up hill to Strathpeffer station—the very place mentioned in Hamlet—"a station like the herald Mercury, new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill." Then you go on towards the Eagle Rock—Craig-na-fittich—which was the scene of the present experience. There is a very heavy cutting just at the place, and the train runs in almost under the tremendous rocks which stand sheer up some two hundred feet above. Of course every one is at the window of his carriage, craning out to try if the top of the rock can be seen.

Whereupon to the "Rambler" quoth a young lady, "Is it real?"

The railway companies are very enterprising, we know; but the idea of "getting up" a precipice two or three hundred feet high to please the tourists is something quite too awfully too too!

No. 10.—IT IS REAL.

Crossing in the North-Western Railway Company's steamer "Lily" from Dublin to Holyhead, the "Rambler" had a remarkable proof of the accuracy of Dickens' observation. On the centre of the deck lay a group the exact counterpart of the Crummles family, "Infant Phenomenon" and all!

There was Mr. Vincent Crummles himself, large-faced, clean-shaven, loud-voiced, and withal tragic. The occupation of the man could not be doubted, and if the two Masters Crummles had on the spot got out their broadswords and gone through their "terrific combat," no passenger would have been in the least degree alarmed. Mrs. Crummles was there, too, and Miss Snellicci, and the redoubtable "Phenomenon," each one more exact to the life than the other. "Mr. Johnson" was not there, for of course that was Dickens himself portrayed, but Mr. Folair was of the party, and in the loud confident talk, the bandinage, the weak jests over which they were so merry, the picture as drawn by Dickens was realised to a wish.

No. 11.—A QUARRELSOME CHORUS.

Staying at Birmingham some years ago, the "Rambler" had an unexpected visit from a country friend. He just arrived as it was time to start for an oratorio, and there being two tickets, we started together for the hall. We had not been seated very long when the "Rambler" discovered that he had forgotten to post his letters. Leaving his friend, he went out to dispose of the correspondence, and on returning he found the countryman gone. The "Rambler" of course sat in wonderment till the oratorio was over, and, hurrying home, found his friend quietly seated at the fireside.

"Halloa!" quoth the "Rambler," "where did you disappear to?" The answer was laughable.

"Well, man, when you went out a chap got up across on the platform, and he shouted out that he was the king of glory. Then another man got up at the other side and said *he* was the king of glory, and then a lot of fellows got up, and they said, 'I am the king of glory.' So I thought to myself there was likely to be a scrimmage, and the sooner I was out of the place the better!"

LONDON THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

BUSINESS, theatrically speaking, is "brisk, very brisk," the several novelties lately introduced bringing plenty of patronage to the managers concerned. Miss Anderson has now settled down to the Lyceum, and has not to be reminded by the "frequenter of the heights above" to "speak up." "The Glass of Fashion" at the Globe is drawing well, and in spite of the sundry hasty knocks nightly administered, the stalls are well filled, and their occupants seem rather inclined to "grin and bear it." It is somewhat funny to read in the papers, that Mr. Hollingshead puts down his loss of the smashing of the glass on the mantelpiece at fifteen shillings. Truly this is an age of cheapness, and everybody recognises Mr. Hollingshead as a shrewd business man, and I have no doubt his brother managers would like a leaf out of his book, and would also be glad of the information as to the how, when, and where, such cheap articles can be obtained.

Wanted to know.—If the value of the above-mentioned glass is worth fifteen shillings, what is "The Glass of Fashion" worth? Answers to be sent to the office of "THE TATLER," addressed to their own *Whiffles*.

I regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Dutton Cook, which took place suddenly, on Tuesday 11th inst. Mr. Cook was an admirable critic, and for a long period enjoyed the friendship of Charles Dickens. He was buried on the Saturday following his death.

The work that Mr. Cook was about to publish will be taken in hand by Edmund Yates and Moy Thomas.

Messrs. Maskelyne & Cooke are home again, and are delighting large audiences with their wonderful and novel entertainment.

Another absentee from the Savoy, but this time not for holiday-making or honeymoon trips. Miss Alice Burnet, who for so long has been connected with Mr. D'Oyley Carte's Company, has been away owing to a sore throat. Her part of the *Fairy Queen* has been undertaken by Miss Carlingford, and very well she has played it.

Early in November, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert's new opera is to see light at the above-named theatre. The title has not been made known yet, but it is founded on Mr. Tennyson's poem, "The Princess."

Mr. Charles Duval, a very clever entertainer of the Maccabe type, opened at St. James's Hall on Monday last. His various portraits are original and droll, his "picture frame" making a decided hit. Single-handed he keeps his audience in a good humour for a couple of hours, and his entertainment will doubtless draw well during his six weeks' campaign.

A professional *matinée* was given at the Standard on Thursday, 20th, when a large number of people accepted the kind invitation of the Messrs. Douglas, and one and all pronounced "Glad Tidings" a success. "The Rottenrow" scene secured special recognition, and I must say it is certainly one of the best things in stage-pictures I have seen. The gentleman who looks after a house in Drury Lane will have to look to his laurels.

The Clapton Park Theatre (a minor and rather unlucky temple of the drama at the East-End of London) is about to be tenanted by Mr. Frank Able, for a series of Saturday night performances, commencing October 6th. Looking down the list of names sent me, I notice that of Mr. R. W. Hughes, a clever and original comedian, who is down to play *Micawber* in the opening piece, "David Copperfield."

A capital book of recitations has just been published by Samuel French, in the Strand, being a collection of poems from the pen of Mr. Clement Scott. To those in want of some effective pieces, humorous and pathetic, I can heartily recommend this little work.

The Olympic Theatre will shortly be opened by that admirable actress Mrs. Chippendale, with a revival of those comedies which have helped to make her name so popular.

Miss Minnie Palmer, the American actress, introduced "My Sweetheart" at the Grand on Monday, 17th inst., and met with a very flattering reception. More of her in my next.

The version of Offenbach's opera, "La Vie," by Messrs. Henderson and Farnie, has been "aired" at Brighton, previous to its production at the Avenue on October 3rd.

Madame Ellmenreich, a German actress, will make her first appearance in England at a Gaiety *matinée* on the 26th inst. "Marie Stuart" has been chosen for her *debut*.

That pushing little paper *The Stage* is about to be enlarged to 24 pages. I fancy the editor of another paper in the same line will have to lift up his eyebrows, and look to his "sixpen'orth."

I hear that Earl Cairns has spent at least ten thousand pounds in buying up the photographs of his future daughter-in-law, Miss Fortescue. He might have saved his money, for the British public not only "dearly loves a lord," but dearly loves a lady.

Mrs. Langtry carries all before her in the Beauty Competition started by the *St. Stephens' Review*.

The Edinburgh "minister" who last week preached a sermon in praise of the stage and Irving has caused some stir even here. The fun of the thing is his naïve admission that he never was inside a theatre except to preach, "which he enjoyed very much."

I believe Mr. Bancroft will play Mr. Coghlan's part in "Fedora" when the Haymarket opens.

WHIFFLES.

"What's the crowd about?" queried a stranger, as he noticed a stream of visitors going into a fashionable residence. "It's a silver wedding," obligingly replied his informant. "What's a silver wedding?" "Why, a chap's been married twenty-five times, and he's a celebrating of it."

SWEETLY EXPLAINED.—A crusty old fellow once asked: "What is the reason that griffins, dragons, and demons are ladies' favourite subjects for embroidery designs?" "Ah, it is because they are continually thinking of their husbands!" was the lady's quick retort.

A MESMERIC SEANCE.

THE other morning, while the swell barkeeper at Baldwin's was putting an extra polish on some glasses, a couple of strangers entered, and as they ordered drinks, one of them, a long-haired, cadaverous person, in a faded ulster, said—

"Oh, it's very easily done, I assure you."

"Easy," exclaimed his companion, with much animation; "why, it's the most remarkable—the most astonishing thing I ever saw. What did you say you called it?"

"Mesmerism," said the long-haired man, holding the glass up to the light. "The principle was discovered by a German scientist named Mesmer, although it is unquestionably identical with the animal magnetism known to the early Greeks. Tacitus says—"

"But you don't mean to say," interrupted the other, who was making a formidable demonstration on the free lunch, "you don't mean to say, professor, that the person subjected to the influence hasn't the faintest idea of what's going on?"

"Exactly," said the professor. "The person under the influence of mesmerism has no more self-consciousness than a cane-bottomed chair. For illustration, do you see that man at the corner over there? He is evidently waiting for a car—big hurry to go somewhere—and yet I could bring him into this saloon in a perfectly unconscious state in less than two minutes."

"Bet you five dollars you can't do it," said the other man, producing a somewhat dubious-looking V.

"Y-a-s," added the barkeeper, arranging his diamond pin in the glass, "and I'll go him twenty better he can't do it."

"Well,—er—hem—gentlemen, I don't want to rob you—and—ahem—I'm not sure I have that much with me," faltered the professor.

"Oh! you haven't, eh?" said the cocktail mixer, winking at the bystanders, who were also fumbling out their coin. "Well, we'll trust you. Just fire away, and if you win you can take the pot."

"Well, gentlemen, I suppose I'll have to try anyway," and amid a series of mysterious winks from the gathering crowd of bystanders, he walked to the window and began making a series of mysterious passes in the air, with his eyes fixed on the party at the corner.

"Did you ever see such a blamed idiot?" said the barkeeper. "Looks like a Santa Clara windmill, doesn't—hello! by Jove, the fellow's coming!"

The man on the corner slowly faced the window, passed his hands across his eyes in a bewildered manner, and then began walking in a curious way across the street. "It will have more effect upon him as he gets closer," said the professor.

The man entered the saloon and stood still, looking straight ahead with a vacant expression.

"I'll make him ask for a drink," whispered the disciple of Mesmer. "Just stand back, gentlemen," and sure enough the subject walked mechanically up to the bar, and asked in a hollow voice for a little old rye.

"Give it to him—humour him in everything," whispered the professor, and the victim solemnly swallowed the drink, and then stood motionless as before.

"Now I'll make him think he's an actor," said the illustrator of will power, and immediately the other began to strut about and recite Shakespeare in a tragic voice.

"Make him bark like a dog," suggested the man who had bet the five dollars. Whereupon the man began to

imitate a terrier, and tried to bite a spectator, to the immense amusement of everybody. After that he was caused to do several things, such as crowing like a rooster, catching a fly, and pocketing the "pool" money which lay on the counter.

"Make him think he keeps the bar," put in the professor's friend, and the subject walked promptly around behind the counter, turned up his sleeves, and compounded a cocktail, put the money in the drawer, and counted out the change with great deliberation.

"Now," said the professor, "we will make him put the contents of the drawer into his own pocket, then restore him to consciousness, and accuse him of having stolen the money."

Everybody said that would be a first-rate joke, and then the five-dollar man thought it would be better to let him walk outside and arrest him in the street—his astonishment would be all the greater, he said.

The man solemnly cleaned out the till, walked from behind the bar, and out of the door. As soon as he struck the pavement, however, he darted down Powell Street at a three-minute clip.

"Dear me," shouted the professor, "I must have been thinking about running, somehow. Come on, Mr. Smoothy, and help us to catch him," and the soul subduer and his friend dashed off in pursuit.

They are still waiting at the Baldwin for the return of the trio, who must have divy'd about fifty-five dollars a-piece, and the detectives think they are likely to wait for a long time. The barkeeper says he wishes he may be blank blanked to everlasting blankation, while manager Tom Maguire, who is out eight dollars on the mesmeric proposition, says he's half a mind to have the whole thing dramatised for the fall season.

A SENSIBLE SAINT.

IN St. Columba's time the ancient romantic ideas still prevailed; but, as he introduced a new system of enchantment, he found it necessary to suppress the old. A woman of Mull implored him for a magic spell to secure her sheep from the fox, by whose rapaciousness she was much harassed. The saint, with seeming contentment, desired her to watch the prowling robber, and to fetch a sheep snatched from him while he was in the act of devouring it. The woman attended her flock very closely, but the fox kept at a distance because she was present. Wearied with a long course of observation, she at last despaired, and returned to Columba, telling him she found it impossible to execute his orders notwithstanding her extreme assiduity. The saint, to her astonishment, replied that such vigilant attention was the very charm she stood in need of.

"I saw a capital thing in your pamphlet the other day," said a cynic to his friend. "Indeed!" said the delighted author. "What was it?" "A pound of butter!" was the cruel reply.

♦ ♦ ♦

Mrs. M. always helped to decorate the church at Christmas. An illuminated text, she thought, would look well over the chancel screen, and she requested her husband to bring it from town. Of course, he forgot the text, and telegraphed for particulars. To the surprise of the telegraph clerks, and all who saw the message, this answer was sent back, "Unto us a child is born, nine feet long by two feet broad."

WOONG A FEMALE MEDICAL STUDENT.

MISS MARY FLYNN was studying medicine, and being courted at the same time. Mr. William Budd was attending to the latter part of the business. One evening while they were sitting together in the parlour, Mr. Budd was thinking how he should manage to propose. Miss Flynn was explaining certain physiological facts to him.

"Do you know," said she, "that thousands of people are actually ignorant that they smell with the olfactory peduncle?"

"Millions of 'em," replied Mr. Budd.

"And Aunt Mary wouldn't believe me when I told her she could not wink without a sphincter muscle!"

"How unreasonable?"

"Why, a person cannot even kiss without a sphincter!"

"Indeed?"

"I know it is so."

"May I try if I can?"

"O, Mr. Budd, it is really too bad of you to make light of such a subject."

Mr. Budd seized her hand and kissed it. She permitted it to remain in his grasp.

"I did not notice," he said, "whether a—a—what do you call it?—a sphincter helped me then or not. Let me try again."

Then he tried again, and while he held her she explained to him about the muscles of that portion of the human body.

"It is remarkable how much you know about such things," said Mr. Budd—"really wonderful. Now, for example, what is the bone at the back of the head called?"

"Why, the occipital bone, of course."

"And what are the names of the muscles of the arm?"

"The spiralis and the infra-spiralis, among others."

"Well, now, let me show you what I mean. When I put my infra-spiralis around your waist, so, it is your occipital bone that rests upon my shoulder-blade."

"My back hair primitively, but the occipital bone, of course, afterwards. But, Mr. Budd, suppose pa should come in and see us?"

"Let him come! Who cares?" said Mr. Budd, boldly.

"I think I'd exercise a sphincter again and take a kiss."

"Mr. Budd, how can you?" said Miss Flynn, after he had performed the feat.

"Don't call me Mr. Budd; call me Willie," he said, drawing her closer. "You accept me, don't you? I know you do, darling."

"Willie," whispered Miss Flynn, faintly.

"What, darling?"

"I can hear your heart beat."

"It beats only for you, my angel."

"And it sounds to me out of order. The ventricular contraction is not uniform."

"Small wonder for that when it's bursting with joy."

"You must put yourself under treatment for it. I will give you some medicine."

"It's your own property, darling, do what you please with it. But somehow the sphincter operation is the one that strikes me the most favourably. Let me see how it works again."

But why proceed! The old, old story was told again, and the old, old performance of the muscles of Mr. Budd's mouth was enacted again. And about eight years later Mr. Budd was wishing that Mary would catch some disease among her patients, and Mary was thinking the best possible use Willie could be put to would be as a subject for the dissecting table.

FACTS FROM DREAMLAND.

MOST people remember the terrible railroad accident in which Dickens himself and his proof-sheets escaped, while so many victims perished. In the train there chanced to be a gentleman and lady just landed in England after their return from India. The lady said to her husband, "I see the great wave rolling on; it is close to us;" and then the crash came, and she was a corpse. The husband was unhurt, and, at a later time, explained his wife's strange words. Ever since they set sail from India, she had been haunted in sleep by the dream of a vast, silvery wave, and always as it was about to break on her, she had awakened in terror. This was the phenomenon which she recognised immediately before the accident which caused her death.

Less tragic is the anecdote of an English farmer's dream. The good man wakened from his first sleep, and aroused his wife to tell her about a startling vision. He had dreamed that he saw a favourite cow drowning in a pond in a neighbouring common. "There bain't no pond there," said the wife, with natural irritation and double-shot negatives. This was undeniably true, but the farmer was uneasy. At last he arose, dressed and walked up the long lane which led to the common. Everything was quiet, but just at the top of the lane the farmer heard the sound as of a man digging. Then a light caught his eye; it glimmered through a hedge that divided the lane from the fields. The farmer cautiously drew near till he was just above the ditch. There he spied a country fellow digging a long, straight, deep hole in the ground. An axe lay beside the hole. At this point the farmer slipped, the hedge rustled, and the delver fled away. The farmer secured the lantern, and made for home. Just at the entrance of the lane, he met one of his servant wenches hurrying in the direction whence he had come. "What do you want, my lass? No good, I fear," said the agricultural moralist; and, in short, he made the girl tell him her story. She was going to an assignation with her "young man," who had jilted her and was courting another girl. She had threatened him with an action for breach of promise of marriage, and the swain had promised that, if she would but meet him at two in the morning, at the bend of the lane, he would satisfy her, and remove all jealousy and differences. "Very well, my lass," said the farmer, "come, and I'll show you what he had to give you." He led the way, and revealed to the horrified girl the long, deep, narrow hole and the sharp axe which had awaited her. Naturally she did not any longer pursue her lover, and here is a dream which all will admit not to have been purposeless. Indeed the "machinery" of the drowning cow made the vision appeal direct to the bucolic mind. If the authority for the story is not all we could wish, what can excel that for the spiritual rendezvous at "Ticonderoga"—a story lately told by Dean Stanley. How could a man dream that a spirit offered to meet him at Ticonderoga, a place which he had never heard the name of till he fell mortally wounded in the battle there, if there were nothing not naturally explicable in dreams.

A small boy, aged four, was playing at trains with his little sister, aged two. He seated her on a footstool, and imagined himself both guard and engine. After imitating the noise a train makes, he stopped, and called out, "London," then "Bristol," then "Liverpool." He knew no more towns, and so he then said "Heaven." "Top," said the little sister, "I'll det out here."

SPOILING AN ELOPEMENT.

ONCE upon a time a young lady who desired to get up with the lark, in order to go on an eloping tour, adopted the English girl's plan, and the lover was to be on hand at daybreak to give the signal.

The string used for the pedal communication was a stout cord, and one end was dropped out of the third storey window into the back yard, and the other end, of course, was attached to the damsel's great toe. And the legend runs that a healthy goat of the William persuasion arose early next morning to look for the early worm, as it were, and wandered into the yard.

After eating up all the old tomato cans, barrel staves, and broken crockery ware, he found the string, and took that in as dessert. As soon as the cord was drawn taut, the goat stood upon his hind legs and gave the string an impulsive jerk.

The girl awoke.

The goat gave another sudden pull, and the maiden jumped out of bed with a smothered cry of pain. Then she stooped down to detach the cord just as the ridiculous beast gave another violent jerk, and she lost her equilibrium—and her toe too almost, the cord cutting into the tender flesh.

She sprang to the window, and called down in a hoarse whisper, "Stop pulling, Charles; I'll be down in a minute."

Then she made another effort to untie the cord, but that persistent goat gave his head several angry bobs, and each time the girl gave a cry of pain.

Again she called out in the darkness, "Charles, if you don't stop jerking that way, I'll not come down at all!"

She was answered by another savage pull, and the cry of anguish that escaped from her lips brought her mother into her room, with a look of affright and a lighted lamp. The young lady fainted; the elopement was nipped in the bud; and the disappointed maiden's big toe was sore for two weeks. The goat escaped.

HAD THE GOUT.

INCIDENTS of a highly ludicrous nature frequently occur in the examination of patients, both by doctors and by students. A professor on one occasion was lecturing to his class on the means of diagnosing diseases by the external appearance, face, and other details of the patient. Expressing his belief that a patient before the class afforded an example of the practice in question, the professor said to the individual—"Ah! you are troubled with gout!" "No, sir," said the man, "I've never had any such complaint!" "But," said the professor, "your father must have had gout!" "No, sir," was the reply, "nor my mother either!" "Ah, very strange," said the professor to his class. "I'm still convinced that this man is a gouty subject. I see that his front teeth show all the characters that we are accustomed to note in gout." "Front teeth!" exclaimed the patient. "Yes," retorted the professor; "I'm convinced my diagnosis is correct. You have gout, sir!" "Well that beats everything," replied the man; "it's the first time, sir, I've ever heard of false teeth having the gout! I've had this set for the last ten years!" The effect of this rally on the part of the patient upon the inquisitorial professor and his students may be better imagined than described.

A PRINTER'S SERENADE.

TO MISS ELSIE M'CUE.

O come 2 the windO, dear LC McU,
4 I'm w8ting 2 C Ur sweet face,
2 hEr U Declare that 2 me U R true,
& 2 lock U up in my M—

The * * up on hi R aw8ting U 2 ;
C their little ii twinkle with doubt,
UnEZly idering, LC McU,
Like me, if U'll ever come out.

O, I NV the bRd who can sing 2 his love
In XLNt verse of her chRms,
Who can win her 2 tempt the sweet shade of the grove
& 2 fly 2 his Rms.

How long in XpectoC must I remain?
Y slight U my fond roderNS?
O, haste put a . 2 Ur RE's pain,
4 E loves U 2 violent XS.

But should U B plAing, with h8fullest Rt,
On 1 who bot loves U 2 wL,
A † U'd plunge in2 his faithful hRt,
& 4ce his poor soul down 2 hL.

4 B sure 'twould B=, whether Heaven or hL
Should B a last home 4 poor me,
If my f8 unB9 should B lonely 2 dwL,
2 ne'er C U, nor with U 2 B.

WHY PEOPLE DRINK.

MR. A. drinks because his doctor recommended him to take a little.

MR. B. because his doctor ordered him not, and he hates quackery.

MR. C takes a drop because he's wet.

MR. D, because he's dry.

MR. E, because he feels a kind of rising in his stomach.

MR. F, because he feels a kind of sinking in his stomach.

MR. G, because he's going to see a friend off to Liverpool.

MR. H, because he's got a friend come home from Scotland.

MR. I, because he's so hot.

MR. K, because he's so cold.

MR. L, because he's got a pain in his head.

MR. M, because he's got a pain in his side.

MR. N, because he's got a pain in his back.

MR. O, because he's got a pain in his chest.

MR. P, because he's got a pain all over him.

MR. Q, because he feels light and happy.

MR. R, because he feels heavy and miserable.

MR. S, because he's married.

MR. T, because he isn't.

MR. V, because he likes to see his friends around him.

MR. W, because he's got no friends and enjoys a glass for himself.

M. X, because his uncle left him a legacy.

MR. Y, because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.

MR. Z, because—because—because—

An inexperienced sportsman having missed five partridges in succession, blazed away at a sixth, and cried exultantly to the gamekeeper: "There, I hit him! I saw the feathers fly, didn't they?" The gamekeeper: "Yes, sir, they flew—they flew off with the bird!"

INNER LIFE OF THE GREAT CITY.

I.—THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF MRS. HAZLITT'S HUSBAND.

"THE chief has rung for you three times!"

On entering the private room of the head of the detective department at Scotland Yard, I, Robert Price, recently appointed to the staff of the public prosecutor, saw that there was a storm brewing.

"You have greatly disappointed me," were the first words that greeted me. "You led me to understand when I promoted you over others much older and longer in the service, that you only wanted the opportunity to distinguish yourself."

"I did say so."

"Men from the ranks were useless as detectives; they could not cope with high art crime!"

"These were my words."

"It was intellect and not brute force that was required!"

"That is still my opinion."

"Well, has your college training—your knowledge of Homer and Euclid—enabled you to discover Mrs. Hazlitt's husband?"

"I have not been successful so far, but there has not been much time wasted."

"Five days! an eternity to the young wife. Have you the slightest clue?"

"Not at present, and I have been extremely busy."

"This won't do," said the chief in an angry tone, and referring to his diary of daily events, "there was a body found without a head at Wapping?"

"A sailor, chief; evidence will be produced before the coroner that the man belonged to the *Amanda*, a New Zealand sailing vessel, and that the murder was committed through jealousy."

"Who was it that jumped off the mail boat *Sea Foam* between Dover and Calais, and was drowned?"

"A stockbroker's clerk who had embezzled some of his master's money. Body found at Cape Grisnez."

"On August 15th, the day Mr. Hazlitt went amissing, eleven people were run over in the streets of London?"

"I have been at all the hospitals, and he was not one of these individuals."

"On the night of the 15th, some medical students came into collision with the police at the top of the Haymarket, and several gentlemen who took the part of the foolish young men, were locked up?"

"He has not been seen or heard of at any of the police stations."

"You have tried the cabmen?"

"Each man has had full particulars and a photograph."

"He was always travelling—there is Paris?"

"No such person as Mr. Hazlitt is in any of the hotels or lodging-houses."

"What about the Morgue?"

"No body at all answering the description has been placed there; besides, for the last five days, every body has been identified."

"Can't any of his friends give you a hint?"

"He had but few friends, and not one of them can assign the slightest reason for his disappearance."

"No quarrel at home, I suppose?"

"They had only been married three weeks, and Mrs. Hazlitt is very pretty, and not quite eighteen years of age; when he went out to go to his club, they were on the best of terms."

"I understand it is not a question of money?"

"There is a large balance to his credit at Drummond's. A cheque was cashed on the 15th, and he must have had about £75 in his possession."

"How was this cheque paid, and to whom?"

"He called at the bank himself, and he was paid in one £20, three £10, and five £5 notes. I have the numbers, but none of the notes have yet reached the Bank of England."

"Was he eccentric? any insanity in his family?"

"Nothing of the kind, chief; quite a man of the world."

"It amounts to this then, Price," remarked the chief, shutting up his diary quickly, "that from the time Mr. Hazlitt left his home at 8 o'clock on the evening of Monday the 15th August, you can tell me nothing about him?"

"That is so, although I have left no stone unturned."

"I thought this would be a case after your own heart, in which your trained intellect would have immediately unravelled the mystery; but I see I have been mistaken. You are beaten, and you have not an idea left?"

"Not exactly, chief; but the entire absence of motive puzzles me."

"Clarke had better take up the case; the reputation of the office is at stake. Mrs. Hazlitt is a niece of a Junior Lord of the Treasury, and the Home Secretary has written a sharp letter to the office complaining of our dilatoriness."

"Give me one more week, chief; your confidence will not be misplaced."

"You had better have assistance?"

"I would rather work alone."

"Well, Price, you have the chance you wished, for you are on your trial; take to this day week. Go anywhere; draw for what you like, but find me Mrs. Hazlitt's husband dead or living."

A few days afterwards, when I was enabled to explain everything, the chief said it was no wonder I was baffled at first; in all his experience he had never heard of such an extraordinary case.

If the credit of the office was in question, my reputation was involved also. It was of the utmost importance to me that I should make my mark; that I should show at the commencement of my career that my appointment, so difficult to obtain, had not been a mistake. There were numerous jealous men watching my movements, and eager to catch me tripping; because, without going through the usual degrees, I had been given a much envied position.

But I must own I was discouraged. The case offered nothing to catch hold of. I am not a Benedict myself, but I believe that newly-married men do not usually desert their wives, especially if they are beautiful, after a three weeks' trial, and omit to write, explaining their absence, and intimating when they may be expected home. Yet that is exactly what Mr. Hazlitt did.

Mrs. Hazlitt was distracted, and it was feared her mind would give way, which it ultimately did. Her belief was that her husband must be dead—murdered—or he would have managed to communicate with her, and the majority of his and her relations were of the same opinion. There were certainly more reasons for than against this supposition. Few men would have willingly left the side of such a lovely girl. She was what is styled a brunette, and one of these fascinating women about whom men in love and without occupation rave and indite poetry.

It was impossible that her past life could have had anything to do with the disappearance of her husband. She was too young to have had other love affairs. I found that there was no event in her short existence calling for

the slightest notice. She left a highly respectable boarding-school at Brighton, kept, it may be mentioned, by the sisters of the greatest caricaturist *Punch* ever had, to get married to George Hazlitt, whom she had known all her life. Her father and Mr. Hazlett, sen., had been partners in a firm of solicitors, and the engagement first mooted in fun, became, as the years rolled on, a reality and ended in marriage.

George Hazlitt was twelve years older than his wife, and had always been of a wandering disposition. There were few places of note in the world he had not visited, and he only returned from America, after a six months' absence, about a fortnight before his wedding day, which had been for a long time fixed for the 24th of July. His mother left him a modest independence; although he was called to the bar, he never practised, and when his father died he gave up his chambers in Pump Court Temple, and took to travelling all over the earth. The highways and by-ways of Europe were as familiar to him as the various outlets of Regent Street. But whether he came from Pekin or Paris, he never arrived in London, I was told, without bringing some handsome presents to Eva Poland, his affianced wife.

His disappearance created an immense sensation in society; the chief magistrate at Bow Street hoped the press would notice the fact, which they did at great length, as it was the off season, and there was nothing more startling to write about. *Truth* weaved a romance about Hazlitt; the *Times* had a leader on the subject; and the *Saturday Review* made sure that the absent man was a delinquent member of a secret association. Advertisements had been inserted in all the best papers of the three kingdoms, offering a reward of £500 for information, but to no purpose.

(To be continued.)

CHEATING A PUBLISHER.

SOME mistaken individuals think that writing books must be a very paying concern, but not unless they are as sharp as Dr. Walcott, the celebrated "Peter Pindar," who was an eccentric character, and who had a great many queer notions of his own. A good story is told by one of his contemporaries, of the manner in which he once tricked his publisher. The latter, wishing to buy the copyright of his works, offered him, by letter, a *life annuity* of £200. The doctor, learning that the publisher was very anxious to purchase, demanded £300. In reply, the latter appointed a day on which he would call on the doctor and talk the matter over. On the day assigned, the doctor received him in entire *deshabille*, even to the nightcap, and having aggravated the sickly look of a naturally cadaverous face by purposely abstaining from the use of a razor for some days, he had all the appearance of a candidate for quick consumption. Added to this, the crafty author assumed a hollow and most sepulchral cough, such as would excite the pity of even a sheriff-officer, and make a rich man's hair crack with joy. The publisher, however, refused giving more than £200 till, suddenly, the doctor broke out into a violent fit of coughing, which produced an offer of £250. This the doctor peremptorily refused, and was seized, almost instantly, with another and even more frightful and longer protracted attack, that nearly suffocated him, when the publisher, thinking it impossible that such a man could live long, raised his offer, and closed with him at £300. The old rogue lived some twenty-five or thirty years afterwards.

THE PHANTOM BARBER.

IN a neat little town in the Far West there stood a pretty little shop, which for a very considerable period remained tenantless.

To a stranger this would have appeared a singular circumstance, as the town of Swabbatchet was in a most flourishing condition, and the shop in question stood in a populous and excellent locality for *any* business, but most of all for that of a barber, for which it had at some distant date been used.

Had the stranger, however, taken the trouble of asking any of the children who ran about and played on the *opposite* side of the street why this particular shop was continually muffled in its greatcoat of shutters, he would have been told in trembling voice that the barber's shop was haunted. Yes; the shop *was* h-a-u-n-t-e-d—there was no getting away from it. A madcap barber had lived, sighed, fretted, despaired, and died there, or rather had been slain there, or rather had slain himself there, or rather (drop your veils ladies) had committed suicide there. Yes; there—there in that identical shop—the white-aproned, razor-strapping imbecile had "given up the ghost." To whom he "gave it up" this deponent sayeth not.

Being altogether rather a "pecul-yah" individual, he stoutly refused to die like an ordinary mortal, and he insisted (we suppose) not only on "revisiting the glimpses of the moon," but frightened people out of their wits by inquiring in the most sepulchral of voices, "D'ye want to be shaved?"

Barber after barber took the shop, tried it, gave it up—in fact, *fled* from it, pursued by the echo of the remarkable inquiry: "D'ye want to be shaved? D'ye want to be shaved?"

The last occupant had been a heathen Chinese. Hop Lee, the "Child of the Flowery Land," had heard the story of the haunted shop, but regarded it not. He reasoned that if the barbering business failed, he could start a laundry, and "washee! washee."

Alas! for the instability of human hopes (even Chinese), Hop Lee had indeed reckoned without the reported visitor. The shop was opened, newly painted, and looked just like any other respectable shop. Hop Lee waited inside for his customers, and he did wait—three weeks—but not a customer appeared. At length a visitor who had just arrived in town, and knew nothing about the tragic history attached to the premises, entered to "get shaved."

Hop Lee selected his best towel and used his softest brush for soaping purposes. So far so good; and he had just passed the keen glistening razor over his customer's face, when there came a sound that froze the very marrow in the customer's bones, and caused a big waxhead wig-holder to drop through the front window into the street.

Again and again there came that marrow-freezing, blood-chilling, heart-thumping inquiry: "D'ye want to be shaved? D'ye want to be s-h-a-v-e-d?—s-h-a-v-e-d?"

As soon as the customer could "pull himself together," he bolted—soap, towel, and all—upsetting in his mad career the unfortunate Hop Lee, who, falling with the open razor in his hand, promptly chopped the tail off a stray cat that was sitting near the door. His catship immediately jumped through the glass sunlight, dropping into a milkman's pail, and was drowned in the water (we mean, the milk). But still high above the din, above the "crash of ruins" and the "wreck of (miniature) worlds,"

came the irritating, nerve-racking, soul-torturing, hollow inquiry: "D'ye want to be s-h-a-v-e-d?"

Poor Hope Lee, he also gathered himself up, and after muttering to himself that he didn't want anything to do with any "dead Meleky man," closed the shop, and was found a few days afterwards in the Muddle Puddle River, with a note, written in Chinese and pinned to his clothes, requesting his body to be sent to the Flowery Land.

Such was the state of affairs when my comrade (Jack Rennie) and I arrived in the town of Swabhatchet.

We were "prospecting," were floating around, were fit for anything, and ready for more. Hearing the tragic story of the inquisitive barber, and laughing it to scorn, we determined to "go in and win," or perish in the attempt.

We were further induced to do so from an offer by the landlord that we might have the shop rent free for twelve months, and after that on a lease for seven years at a low rent. Neither Jack nor I had ever been in the barber business, but we could both shave ourselves, and why not anybody else? Besides, when a person *does* go abroad, if he means to succeed he must be able and willing to do anything from lighting a fire to writing a poem. Jack and I had a notion that there was a mistake somewhere, and that by carefully watching we might discover the cause of the dreaded voice. With the idea of doing so, we determined to sit up for a few nights and observe.

Well, we lighted a fire, provided ourselves with some creature comforts (including a few cigars), and locking the outer door, we sat down to await the issue of events.

We had entered exactly at eleven o'clock at night, and for an hour we heard not a sound; but scarcely had the clock struck twelve, when there rustled through the stillness of the night a sound, the most frightsome and chilling I had ever heard. Yes; there it came, clear and distinct, "D'ye want to be shaved?"

I looked over at Jack. Every hair on his head stood up straight as a lightning conductor, while his face was as pale as his paper collar.

"Jack," said I, "don't be a fool. I'm sure there's some trick here, and I came here to find it out. Will you assist me, or will you not?"

This plain question put quite coolly brought Jack back at once to his normal condition, and he replied in a no-surrender sort of voice:

"I will, by thunder!"

Lighting two lanterns which we had provided for the occasion, we determined to take a walk through the house. It was a large three-storeyed house (with garret), a wooden staircase reaching from basement to roof.

Up this staircase we proceeded very cautiously, listening and watching. The first stair landing was reached; not a sound. Still onward, the second landing was reached; not a murmur. Still onward, the third landing—"thus far into the bowels of the land" had "we marched on without impediment," when, "angels and ministers of grace defend us!" there came a shrieking sound that would have opened an oyster. Yes! there it came—shrill as a boatswain's whistle—the blood-curdling inquiry, "D'ye want to be shaved?" Jack almost fainted, and would have fallen had I not caught him.

I was firm and solid as a block of marble, simply because I believed that there was trickery at the bottom of it. Jack swore he would not go another inch; so leaving him on the third landing, I myself proceeded to the garret. I stepped boldly up the stairs, and I noticed that as I advanced, the voice, or rather sound, grew more distinct. I reached the garret at length, flashed round

my lantern, but nothing could I see—absolutely nothing—yet still clear and distinct came the voice just as usual.

Well, I have a pretty strong nerve, but I must confess I was beginning to feel a little shaky and queer, when all at once a thought struck me, and calling downstairs on Jack, I asked him to come up.

He did so, and with his assistance I got out through an open skylight on to the roof.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and at the very first glance I saw "the barber." No! dearly beloved reader, I did *not* fall back through the skylight, though it is quite possible I might have done so had I been favoured with a glimpse of the former occupant of the shop. For when I say I saw "the barber," I mean the barber the noise came from.

From the end of the skylight window (which was broken) projected a pole which had got broken in two, one-half of it hanging suspended, so that now and then, when there came an extra heavy high wind—sweep! the broken limb swung backwards and forwards with a croaking noise that sounded for all the world like, "D'ye want to be shaved?"

Having thoroughly satisfied myself of all this, I called to Jack to hand me up a saw. He brought one from downstairs, and in a few seconds I had sawed off the bit of wood, and from that day to this we were never troubled by "the barber." When the true story of the ghost got abroad, the trade soon returned.

Jack has been for many years a magistrate in Kamschatka, while I am still occupying the old shop, having long since taken unto myself a wife; and should any of the readers of THE TATLER ever visit Swabhatchet—why, be sure to come in and see us, and I will be happy to show them the *v-e-r-y* pole of which this story is the history, as I always keep it in the shop for the double purpose of exhibiting it and keeping order on rough Saturday nights. So be sure and come, for you can get your boots soled—no, confound it! I mean you can get shaved while you wait. *Au revoir!*

First Premium (£1) awarded to MR. JAMES V. HUGHES, 43 Ladywell Street, Glasgow.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.—With cash.

◆ ◆ ◆

The thief has his excuse; he would do good by stealth.

◆ ◆ ◆

A lawyer works at his profession from the very start. He begins by prosecuting his studies.

◆ ◆ ◆

An old gentleman said to his conceited nephew: "John, you should not think so much of yourself." "Why, uncle, the other day, when I sauced that old friend of yours, you complained that I forgot myself," retorted the youth.

◆ ◆ ◆

A young lady, who went into a shop to buy a pair of gloves for her young man, couldn't remember what the size of his hand was. She knew, however, that he wore a fourteen and a half collar, if the clerk could tell anything by that.

◆ ◆ ◆

A testy old man went into the cellar with a handsome mug to draw some beer. He stumbled and fell heavily over a box. His wife called out: "My dear, have you broken the mug?" Smarting with pain, he replied: "No, but I will," and immediately dashed it against the wall.

INSURING HER LIFE.

HE had an umbrella very much the worse of the wear in the one hand, and a bundle of papers that looked like circulars in the other, as he stood before Mrs. M'Wiggins' trim little cottage. He had a keen penetrating eye had this man of the umbrella, while his nose was of a very pronounced colour. His clothes were on a par with his umbrella—they had seen better days—while his carefully-polished boots and well-brushed hat proved his endeavour to look respectable, which, we are sorry to say, only ended in making him look more shabby-genteel.

And yet he was a dashing fellow, a gentleman who had no mean opinion of himself or his personal appearance, as a scarf-pin of value in his well-worn tie gave token, and whose carefully-kept hands and dainty fingers shone resplendent in rings, no doubt rare and costly, the envy and admiration of the gentle sex whom he often called on, and who did not know which to admire most—his free and charming style, or the sparkling gems that adorned his person. We have said he had a keen eye, and a rapid glance of Mrs. M'Wiggins' cottage seemed to satisfy him, as he put his umbrella under his arm and knocked. Presently the door is opened by a clean, homely woman.

"Good morning, ma'am; I hope you're quite well," he says, in his softest tone of voice, while his ample face is wreathed in a bland smile.

"Deed, I'm no that bad the noo, sir; thank you for the speerin'. Wull ye no step ben?"

He did step ben, and, carefully laying his hat and umbrella on one chair, sat down on another.

"My name, ma'am, is Mr. Hornie, and I have the honour of representing the Hand-in-Pocket Assurance Society, of which I presume you are already a member."

"I'm no member of ony insurance swindle, sir, though I've heard folk speak o' your ane, whaur they pay big salaries to chappies for bletherin' nonsense, and fee men to fecht at their meetings."

"Ah! how unfortunate. You are quite misinformed. Have none of our agents called on you and laid before you the great advantages of our unrivalled society—a society that numbers amongst its members the most distinguished in the land, of whom only I will mention Sir William Codlins! The most of your neighbours are in it, and it was only last week we paid a claim of fifty pounds to Mr. Fortin, whose wife died of consumption. But I will not go over ground that must be well known to a lady of your good sense. Your age, if you will pardon me for saying so, is about thirty-six, and for fourpence a week you—"

"Hoots, awa' wi' ye, man. Thirty-six!—ye're just trying to tak' your fun aff me, sir," she protested in a well-pleased voice, while a radiant smile lit up her homely withered face, which at thirty-six might have been comely, but at sixty looked as it ought.

"Really, ma'am, I'm in earnest; and if I am mistaken, the fault is your own, as you look fresh and young, and not a bit older than I say."

"Weel, weel, sir, it's very civil of you to say so; but gin I was gaun to join yer swindle—I mean society, ye'd ha'e to add anither wheen years to my age. But I'll no fash it the noo, thank ye. I've heard a guid bit aboot these societies, and, no that I'd like to say a hard word agin onybody, Mrs. Fortin never did a day's guid after enterin'; and though her husband's gien it oot that she died frae consumption, I ken ma ain ken, and if what a' folk say be true, there'll soon be anither in her place.

'Deed no, sir; for though Tam be a verra guid man, I'll no tempt Providence by putting temptation in his road."

"Your remarks are quite just, and do great credit both to your feelings and judgment; but as the Rev. Mr. M'Loud said to me yesterday, what would the working classes do only for such societies as ours. Funerals are not what they were in my young days, and every one looks for a respectable burial."

"Weel, weel, I'll no argue the pint wi' ye, sir; but this I ken, that they'll no lay us ower grund, for if they dinna bury us for love they'll bury us for something else."

"Then, I suppose, ma'am, I must bid you good-day. Perhaps you have some grandchildren you would enter for a penny a week? You know children are very subject to trouble."

"Nay, nay! I've nae bairns—naebody but Tam and Flora—"

"Flora! How old is she?"

"'Deed I never fashed ma thumb aboot her age, but I daursay she's nine or ten."

"Well, say ten. Now for a penny a week at ten you will get ten pounds if anything was happening, or for twopence a week you'd get twenty pounds. Think of that. Shall I put her down for twopence a week?"

"Twenty pounds is a braw sum, but tuppence a week is ower muckle to pay. Noo, if I was to pay a penny a week, and onything gaun wrang, do ye think I'd ha'e ony bother in getting the bawbees?"

"Not the least; you'd just have to call at the office in Jackson Street, and it would be paid over the counter. She is in good enough health, I presume?"

"There's naething wrang wi' her that I ken o'; she's oot the noo, or ye cud ha'e seen her."

"Never mind, I'll take your word for it, though our rules are very strict on these points. Good-day, ma'am. I shall call on you in a week or so with your policy and card. Tell Mr. M'Wiggins I was asking for him."

"Tam, what do ye think I've done?"

"Something daft-like, nae doot."

"Ye're aye there or thereabouts. Ye ken, every ane canna ha'e as muckle sense as yersel'."

"Never mind, Peggy, what did ye do?"

"Can ye no guess?"

"Broke the teapat?"

"Wrang!"

"Bocht a new bonnet?"

"Wrang again!"

"Sewed buttons on my Sunday sark?"

"Deil tak you and your Sunday sark baith! It's aye aboot yersel yer thinking!"

"I gi'e it up then."

"I've a guid mind no to tell ye noo for yer impudence. What do ye think o' me insuring Flora's life?"

"Insuring the dog's life! It's just what I'd expect of ye, Peggy, my woman."

"What do ye mean?"

"Oh, naething!"

"Do ye think it canna be done?"

"Of course it can. Cows, horses, houses, everything they insure noo-a-days. I saw that a man got ten pounds because a lassie bit his thoom! What are you to get for Flora when she croaks?"

Flora did "croak," and Mrs. M'Wiggins took the train and soon appeared at the society's office in Glasgow.

"Flora's deid sir, and here's the papers. I suppose there'll be nae trouble in getting the money?"

"Certainly not, ma'am. Have you got a registrar's certificate?"

"A register's certificate! I hope yer no trying to chaff me, sir, as they ca' it?"

"Nothing is ca'ing from my mind, ma'am. I feel for your painful position, and am willing to afford all the assistance in my power. Are you the mother or grandmother?"

"Am I the mother or grandmother! Is the man daft? Bide a wee, sir." And going over to another part of the office, she called to a young clerk, "Hey, laddie!" and then in a lower key, "Wha's that?" indicating him with her thumb.

"The superintendent," was the reply of the somewhat puzzled clerk.

"Is he a' there, think ye?"

"Yes; at least the company think so."

"Weel, the company may, but I dinna."

"Can I do anything for you, ma'am?" the clerk ventured to ask, at a loss what to say.

"Yes, I daursay you can. Ye see, Flora's deid, and I've come for the insurance money."

"Ah, I see!" said the clerk, brightening up. "You're the nearest blood relation, I suppose?"

"Just mind wha ye're insultin', or I'll draw ma hand across yer face, Mr. Impudence. Ye're a bonnie pair, the twa o' ye, and it's in Gartnavel Asylum and no in a respectable office ye sud be. But ye'll no diddle me oot o' my ain wi' a yer pretended saftness. I'll gang to law wi' ye afore I'll be beat."

"I'm afraid, madam, you're not in a fit state to transact business just now. I beg of you to call again, and bring a friend with you," was the superintendent's advice.

"What do ye mean, ye insulting thing ye, as I sud say sich a thing? Do you mean to say I'm drunk?"

"Madam, I do not wish to say anything to hurt your feelings. I allow for everything; but we must see all our rules complied with before we can pay this claim. Is the father living?"

"Is the father living! Man, ye're smart. If it was living it would tear ye to pieces, ye stupid gowk ye. Is the father living! A doug wi' a faither! Was ever sich a thing heard tell o' afore, or what is things comin' to at a'?"

"I'm afraid, madam, there is a grave mistake somewhere. Is your child's name not Flora?"

"Ma doug's name was Flora—bairns I ha'e nane."

"Ha! ha! ha! I knew there was a blunder somewhere."

"Oh, ye may lauch, but ye'll no lauch me oot o' my insurance. If there's ony mistake, it's Mr. Red Nose Hornie's, and I'm no gaun to be the sufferer!"

We will now leave this nice little *pickle* to the reader's imagination. Some may imagine that good simple Mrs. M'Wiggins was "diddled" out of her bits of bawbees, but our own impression is that Mr. "Red Nose" and his "wise" superintendent had to quiet her with a substantial handful of cash; and she has solaced herself with another "Flora," which, however, she calls "Hornie."

Second Premium (10s.) awarded to Mr. John Robertson, 58 Morrison Street, Edinburgh.

An emigration agent went into the Highlands for the purpose of inducing the people to go abroad. He came back saying that his mission was an utter failure, in consequence of the difficulty presented to Highland emigration by the demand of a halfpenny toll at Perth Bridge.

LOST—A BAG OF GOLD.

"ARE you engaged, coachman?"

I had stopped at that moment to water my horses, and to quench my own thirst in a "pub." near. I had scarcely reached my horses' heads when I heard the above question, and saw, as I turned round, a young lady standing by the side of my cab. Without delay I answered, and, opening my cab, helped the lady in.

As soon as I had found the number which the lady had given me, I stopped, got off the box, and opened the door to let her out. She appeared to be in great agitation, as if an unpleasant interview lay before her. I received more than the fare, which she evidently knew—a little drink money—thanked her, and she hurried away, while I turned my cab towards a neighbouring saloon to get a glass of beer.

But before going in, I went in my cab to see if all was right. When I opened the door I saw something lying on the seat. It was a small linen bag. I took it in my hand, and its weight astonished me. With not a little curiosity I looked at it again, and at last tried to open it. This was easily done, for the bag was fastened only by a small piece of string.

One can imagine my surprise when I found that it was filled with gold pieces. I dared not look at them further there, as a policeman might possibly notice, and ask me how I came by the gold. So I tied the bag again, and put it in my coat pocket. Instead of indulging in the glass of beer, I drove to the nearest hack-stand and took my place in the rear of the line of cabs, so that I could not be wanted for some time.

I got into my cab, as cabbies often do when they want a little rest, and I examined for the second time my newly-found treasure. I shook the contents of the bag on the seat, and sat with dazed eyes before a pile of gold. After delighting my eyes with it for a little, time I counted the money—partly twenty, partly ten dollar pieces—singly again into the sack, and found that it amounted to exactly the sum of fifteen hundred dollars.

While I now looked more closely at the bag, I found, written in ink upon it, the address, "Miss Wilfred Berkeley, 4 Madison Place." This address, which had hitherto escaped me, I read with as much disgust as astonishment, for there now remained to me, as an honourable man, but one way. I meditated over it for a time, but could come to no conclusion. "With honesty," said a voice in my soul, "you will earn no bread; with honesty you can go, in your old age, to the workhouse."

At last I came to a compromise, and I resolved to keep the money till the following day. Then I thought there will be a reward offered, and no one can blame me for profiting by that.

I remained all day in a fever of excitement, and, when night came, I felt really ill. I could not sleep. Next morning I was pale and wretched. I went to breakfast where hackmen drink their coffee, and eagerly looked for the morning paper. Sure enough, at the top of the column for lost and found articles, I found this advertisement:—

LOST yesterday, in a cab, a Bag of Gold. The finder is earnestly entreated to bring the money to No. 75 Grattan Street, three flights up, where he will receive a liberal reward.

I knew very well what this last passage signified, for I had in many cases learned that this common expression allowed great latitude. A liberal reward meant from one to five dollars, and a glass of beer. I laughed in scorn, and my chagrin was great. My heart hardened towards

the person who had inserted this notice, and I no longer felt the least desire to part with my newly-found treasure.

To my great surprise the advertisement was not repeated. I could not explain this to myself, but began to fear that the police were on my track, and that some fine day I must walk to prison.

A week passed, and I had become a mere shadow of the strong healthy man I had been. The money had been a curse to me ever since I had touched it. I had no rest by night or day; I felt weak and wretched, and visibly pined away.

I had noted the address given in the advertisement, and so I drove at noon on the tenth day to 75 Grattan Street. It was the place where I had driven the young lady. The door stood wide open. I called a boy to hold my horse, and went upstairs. I asked a girl I met for Miss Berkley, and she thought that such a person lived on the attic floor. I went up higher, and knocked at the door I presumed to be the right one. I could not help feeling that I had been a rascal, and only the consciousness that I was at last going to do right gave an ease to my conscience.

At my knock a weak voice called, "Come in!" I opened the door and entered.

For a moment the darkness prevented my seeing the interior. The windows were dim with dust, smoke, and dirt, and some broken panes were pasted over with paper. A table and two chairs, with a miserable bed, was the whole furniture.

"Step softly, death is here," said a trembling voice, in which I only too well recognised the young lady whom I had brought there ten days before. But how she had changed in this short time! Her cheeks were hollow, her face was pale as death, and her eyes had an unnatural brightness.

When I had gained the necessary self-command, I said with my face turned away—for it was impossible for me to look on myself as other than a cowardly villain:—

"I bring the bag of gold which——" and then I muttered something about having only just seen the notice.

"It is too late!" she whispered sadly. "He for whom that money was destined is no longer living. Here he lies. He died some hours ago. Yesterday you could have saved him—saved us both—but now it is too late, too late."

And she went on murmuring to herself, "Too late, too late!" as if she had fallen into a heart-rending stupor.

Suddenly the poor woman rose slowly from the chair, where she sat by the death-bed, and after getting up and staring at me, gave a hollow cry, which thrilled me to the marrow of my bones.

"It is only right that you should know what you have to answer for," she said.

"That is your work. You can be proud of it; it has been a complete success."

She laughed wildly—it was more a mixture of laughing and crying—and looked at me.

"He was my husband," she went on, after a while. "We lived apart; why and wherefore is nothing to you. For three years I had heard nothing of him. During this time I lived out as a governess, and earned that money which you hold in your hand. May God forgive you for what you have done!"

Here she had a severe fit of coughing, and when she took her handkerchief from her mouth it was wet with fresh blood.

"At last he found me," she continued, "and wrote, begging me to come to him. I came. He lived in this

hole in sickness and poverty. Had I not lost my gold then I would have taken him away and cared well for him. He died of hunger. We have had no food for the last three days, and there is no other fate but for me to follow him. Oh, you have done a manly deed! Look here—your work!"

She drew a cloth from the face of the corpse; it looked almost a skeleton, and the sorrow of the sight overpowered her. She threw herself over it and sobbed violently. This emotion brought on another fit of coughing, with a frightful torrent of blood, during which she expired. Her disease had gone too far for her to survive the shock of her husband's death, and if she could not die in his arms, she died by his side.

The landlady was very indifferent about the fate of the unfortunate pair. She merely said that nothing different had been expected, but she was very much pleased when I asked what they owed, and proceeded to pay her.

I went to an undertaker and arranged with him for a fitting funeral for the couple united in death. I could not, and would not seek for their friends and relatives to draw suspicion upon myself. It was now clear to me why the advertisement for the loss of the money appeared but once. The poor souls had not the money to pay for a repetition.

I followed the coffins to the grave. No stone marks it, but I know it well, and it often follows me in my dreams. The very same day I drove to the hospital for consumptives and put the rest of the bag of gold in the collection box, for I would rather have died of hunger than kept a penny of it.

Commended—Mr. JAMES M. HIBBERT, 19 East View, Preston.

TURNING HOGG INTO BACON.

DID you ever hear the story of Hogg and Lord Bacon? It shows that a judge ought always to have a ready answer if he is asked questions by the prisoner at the bar.

Lord Bacon, on one occasion, was about to pass sentence of death on a man of the name of Hogg, who had just been tried for a long career of crime. The prisoner suddenly claimed to be heard in arrest of judgment, saying, with an expression of arch confidence as he addressed the bench, "I claim indulgence, my Lord, on the plea of relationship, for I am convinced your Lordship will never be unnatural enough to hang one of your own family."

"Indeed," replied the judge, with some amazement, "I was not aware that I had the honour of your alliance; perhaps you will be good enough to name the degree of our mutual affinity."

"I am sorry, my lord," returned the impudent thief, "I cannot trace the links of consanguinity, but the moral evidence is sufficiently pertinent. My name, my Lord, is *Hogg*—your Lordship's is *Bacon*—and all the world will allow that bacon and hog are very closely allied."

"I am sorry," replied his Lordship, "I cannot admit the truth of your instance; hog cannot be bacon till it is hung; and so, before I can admit your plea, or acknowledge the family compact, Hogg must be hanged to-morrow morning."

"Steam is a great thing," remarked a French traveller in a railway carriage to his *vis-à-vis*. "So it is," was the reply; "I owe my fortune to it." "Monsieur is manager of a company?" "No." "An engineer, perhaps?" "No; I have lost a number of rich relatives by railroad accidents."

THE BANQUET OF BLOOD.

A VEGETARIAN LAY.

A cockroach crawled o'er a baker's shelf,
Waving his horns and looking for pelf :
The baker upon his broad board below
Was kneading and rolling about the dough.

The board received such terrible thumps
As the baker's rolling-pin struck the lumps,
The shelf was shaken, the cockroach fell—
Ah, where?—the baker he could not tell.

Into the oven, deep in the dough,
Stern Fate would have the cockroach go—
Dead and buried, his fate unknown,
Perished the cockroach all alone.

A napkin lay where a feast was spread,
In its midst a bit of dainty bread ;
A lovely lady, with hands most fair,
Unravell'd the napkin lying there.

Soups, fish, and birds of many a kind—
A pig with skewers its joints to bind,
A hare with parsley stuck on its nose,
And snipes and pheasants all laid in rows.

Huge limbs of pork, beef, mutton, and veal,
Were sliced by the flourish of sharp-edged steel :
The well-charged plates were borne around
By valets in coats with gilt lace bound.

Many a beggar might live on the steams
That danced in the hall on the wax-light beams ;
But he must have a most delicate smell
Who by its strange odour the fish could tell.

A terrible shriek stirs the steam and air
That circle around the lady fair :
The guests all about the table rise,
Gaze toward her with dread surprise.

"Pray, sit, my good lords," at length quoth she,
"And kindly, I pray, don't question me!"
And glad were they, when the fright was o'er
To turn to the sumptuous feast once more.

In vain did the lady strive to eat
Delicate morsels of richest meat :
A dreadful sight met her constant view—
She had bitten the hateful cockroach through !

Then to her in the steam from a bright tureen
Was the ghost of the luckless cockroach seen,
While confusion in her ears did ring,
The sprite of the cockroach seemed to sing—

"Lady, why gave you that terrible shriek?
Why rolled your eye and paled your cheek?
Why dread to bite a poor worm like me,
But eat sheep and swine most greedily?"

"Oh, delicate lady—oh, sensitive fair—
See the table strewn with carcasses there,
Mangled and torn, all flesh from bone—
Oh, leave such horrible feasts alone !

"The waving corn and the fruitful tree
Bear gracious nourishment for thee ;
Live, fair one, as a lady should,
And, being beautiful, be good !

"Though lions, tigers, vultures prey,
Be thou more merciful than they ;
Thy health will last, thy life be long !"
And thus the cockroach ceased his song.

Commended—Miss CATHERINE E. BAXTER, Telegraphist, Post-Office,
Evercreech, Bath.

A DREADFUL DEATH.

A TRUE STORY.

SOME years ago a man, living in a fishing village on the East Coast of Scotland, went out to catch "partans," as crabs are called in that district. He was, as is usual, provided with an iron "cleek" or hook, with which to pull out the crabs from the clefts of the rocks into which they retire at low tide. Having had poor success, the man was greatly delighted when he saw far back in a deep and narrow crevice in a rock, a very large crab. He prepared to draw it from its lurking place, but found his hook of no avail. Unwilling to let go such a prize, he put in his arm as far up as the shoulder. This entirely blocked up the cleft, and prevented him from seeing the crab. Groping about with his hand he was unable to catch hold of the animal, but was alarmed to feel that the crab had caught him. He tugged and strained, but could not loosen his wrist from the vice-like grip of the animal's claws. His cries now brought others engaged in a like pursuit about him, and the news of his dreadful position spread to the village. Thus a considerable crowd collected, and many were the suggestions offered for his release. Blasting the rock was out of the question, it seemed impossible to pull the man from the rock, and his arm was too far into the cleft to permit of amputation. What was to be done? No one could see the crab, for the arm filled up the whole space, and so the animal could not be goaded into releasing the hand of the unfortunate fisherman. All this time the tide was advancing, and if measures were to be taken, they must be taken at once. The parish minister was now on the spot and, exhorting the man to have courage and patience, held a council of the men of the place. It was proposed even to poison the sufferer to save him from a lingering death, but naturally this was over-ruled. That the rock could not be split by mechanical means was evident, and though the desperation of the case might have justified desperate measures, it was found necessary to leave the man to be submerged by the advancing sea. The minister, going close to the spot, recommended the man to prepare for his death, and in the earnest style so common to Scottish ministers read and prayed with the doomed man. The remorseless tide gently advanced with its small but fatal ripples, singing a requiem for the soul it was about to devour in its hungry jaws. The minister, climbing up on the top of the rocky ledge, underneath which the fisherman stood, continually addressed him with exhortation, and as he sung a psalm with the crowd beyond, the scene was one which will probably never be equalled for fateful pathos. Ere the briny waves had quite covered their victim, he, benumbed with the coldness of the flood, became unconscious, and was finally engulfed in a fainting state. Surely never was a death more terrible, more remorseless, — surely never was a man's life sacrificed through so little !

FOR THE UNPLEGDED.—"Will you take some nose-paint?" is the way they ask persons to drink in some parts of New Jersey.

AN APPALLING CRIME.

SARATOGA was greatly excited last season on the discovery of an appalling and unnatural crime. We give the particulars hastily as they came to us.

As the guests of the United States Hotel were departing for the races, Eli Perkins walked briskly up to the desk and informed Mr. Gage, one of the proprietors of the States, that Governor Jewell of Connecticut had just thrown his son out of the window, and to please—

"What window—where?" interrupted a dozen voices at once.

"Out of a fourth-storey back," said Mr. Perkins, "on to the picket fence——"

"What! threw his own son out of the window?" broke in Mr. Vanderbilt.

"Yes, I suppose it was his own son," said Mr. Perkins, quietly—"a weakly son. You see, I wanted to see——"

"By heavens! what are we coming to?" exclaimed Robert Cutting and John Kelly, wringing their hands. "And what was the provocation? What had the son done?"

"Nothing at all," said Mr. Perkins. "You see, I asked Governor Jewell if his son was there. He said, 'Yes, on the lounge here,' and threw——"

"I know," interrupted Mr. Traver; "the u-u-unnatural f-f-father m-m-made a g-grab and th-th-threw his own son down on the picket fence b-b-below. Oh, th-th-the f-f-fiend!"

"Just so," said Mr. Perkins, lighting a cigar.

By this time there was a general excitement throughout the hotel. Ladies, headed by John Hay, white with excitement, came rushing over from the cottages, wringing their hands, and the strongest men, like Senator Frelinghuysen and Governor Cornell, were ready to lynch the author of this fiendish act. As the local reporter of the *Saratogian* arrived on the spot, Mr. Gage and Mr. Tompkins, accompanied by Leonard Jerome and Colonel Kane, ran round the hotel to see the victim of this dreadful crime. Senator Warner Miller and ex-Mayor Smith Ely accompanied them to take the dying boy from the sharp pickets, and to take the *post-mortem* statement.

Eli Perkins was the only unexcited man about. He sat quietly reading his newspaper.

"Why don't you get excited about this fiendish act, Eli?" exclaimed Mr. Marvin.

"What fiendish act?" asked Mr. Perkins.

"Why, a man throwing his son—his only son—out of a fourth-storey window."

"I don't see anything fiendish about it," said Eli; "it was an only son, and of no use to the Governor, and——"

"No use to the Governor? And do you think, because Governor Jewell had no use for his son, he had a right to throw such a son out of the window?" interrupted Isaac N. Phelps.

"Why, of course he had a right to do as he chose with his own son," said Mr. Perkins. "As I was saying, I told the Governor to just toss it down to me, and he gave it a throw, and——"

"It! What do you mean by calling a boy an it?" interrupted a dozen voices.

"Why, who said it was a boy?" said Mr. Perkins, greatly surprised. "I said Governor Jewell threw his *Sun*—a weekly *Sun*—out of the window to me. It was an old *Sun*; he had read it, and I wanted to read it myself, and——"

In just two minutes by Judge Fitch's old yellow watch the office was cleared, and no one knew how Eli Perkins finished his sentence.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"SIR FREDERICK S. ROBERTS, V.C. : A MEMOIR." By Charles R. Low. (London : W. H. Allan & Co. 1883.)

IT is well known to all, notwithstanding the quips of the press, that we have more than one general. "Fighting Bobby," as Sir Frederick Roberts has been designated, is quite worthy of having his memoir written while he is still on the field, and the story of his great march to Candahar would alone suffice to justify him this honour. Mr. Low's book is full of life and interest, and proves that, should the terrible necessity arise—which no one desires—our little army will not want a capable leader while Sir Frederick survives.

"LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI." By Mark Twain. (London : Chatto & Windus. 1883.)

"THE Mississippi is well worth writing about," says Mark Twain in his opening sentence, and he has produced a volume which tempts us to say that the Mississippi is well worth reading about. The book is crammed full of incident and illustration and, while a perusal of it may lead to the belief that Mark Twain is not just quite up to his old mark in humour, the district described is so full of wonders that even a duller book would be readable. The chapter, "A Thumb Print, and what came of it," is a weird and wild story.

NOT READY, AT ANY OF THE LIBRARIES.

"MAL-DE-MER," by the author of "A Laodicean."

"THE HEIR APPARENT," by the author of "Three Feathers."

"THE CRUSHING OF BUNTHORNE," by the author of the "Wreck of the 'Grosvenor.'"

"IN DURANCE VILE," by the author of "Out of Court."

"A DEADBEAT IN HIS DIGGINGS," by the author of "A French Heiress in her own Chateau."

"THE CONVENER OF THE TRADES," by the author of "Guild Court."

A conceited and egotistical Town Councillor some time ago lost a considerable sum of money through an unlucky business speculation, and it preyed so heavily on his mind that he determined to "shuffle off this mortal coil" by committing suicide. The very next day, therefore, he made his way to a convenient burn, and having taken off his coat—for it was too warm to get drowned with his coat on—he was just about to make the fatal plunge when a brilliant thought struck him, and he stopped short. "O, how selfish I am!" he exclaimed, "for though 'tis a great loss, and such as would drive any man to this rash act, yet when I think how valuable my life is to the people, when I consider how great a loss my death would be, I am resolved to *live* as a martyr for my country." Having given vent to those noble thoughts he donned his coat again, and walking briskly away, whistled cheerily, "Johnnie comes marching home again, hurrah!"

* * *

"I say, landlord, that's a dirty towel for a man to wipe on." Landlord, with a look of amazement: "Well, you're mighty particular. Sixty or seventy of my boarders have wiped on that towel this morning, and you're the first that has found fault with it!"

GRAND SPECIAL COMPETITION.

THE TATLER submits the following scene to his readers :—

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—An old-fashioned house.

Enter HARDCASTLE, followed by two or three awkward servants.

Hardcastle. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places; and can shew that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

All. Ay, ay.

Hardcastle. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead, you. See how Diggory carries his hands; they're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them; I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia; and so being upon drill—

Hardcastle. Diggory, you must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Diggory. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees eating going forwards, ecod! he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hardcastle. Bellyful! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Diggory. Then, ecod! your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room; I can't help laughing at that, he, he, he, he! for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years; ha, ha, ha!

Hardcastle. Ha, ha, ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that.

1. A SPECIAL PREMIUM of ONE GUINEA is offered for the best story of "OULD GROUSE IN THE GUN-ROOM," and "Commendation" for the second best.

2. The story must be told in a humorous, after-dinner style, and must not exceed in length a column and a half of THE TATLER.

3. MSS. for this SPECIAL COMPETITION will be received up till Saturday morning, 1st DECEMBER, and the Premium and Commended stories will be published in THE TATLER of the Christmas week.

4. The copyright of all MSS. sent in shall belong to the Proprietors of THE TATLER, whether published or not.

5. Should stories of sufficiently side-splitting humour be sent in, a special second Premium may be awarded.

"THE TATLER" OFFICE, 22nd September, 1883.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. and Others.—(1) Back numbers only can be sent direct from the office. In all cases order THE TATLER from local booksellers. (2) The Portraits cannot be had separately; see notice as to Monthly Parts.

LINCOLN GREEN.—Give a standing order for THE TATLER to your news-agent or the nearest railway bookstall, who will procure through a wholesale house.

DISAPPOINTED.—Everybody cannot get a premium, and THE TATLER is afraid to say how many thousand pounds would be required adequately to reward the merit of all that is sent in.

FAR AWAY.—THE TATLER, in his awards, has no knowledge of geography. The winners may be at Land's-End, Limerick, or London.

CONDITION 7.—"It is preferred" does not mean that a preference is given to contributors who give their name. The awards are made first, and the names looked at afterwards. Original poetry, unless it is very good (or very, very bad), should be sent elsewhere.

STORY TELLER.—You should remember that "brevity is the soul of wit."

PETER.—Your poem is too commonplace in its rhyme and rhythm. Try again.

Other replies next week.

Questions can only be answered through this Column.

"It is easy enough," said a witty Irish orator, "to repeal the union of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Just transpose two letters and they become untied kingdoms at once."

GRAND PREMIUM CONTRIBUTION ARRANGEMENTS.

"When a man has engaged to keep a Stage Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Passengers or not, to set out. Thus it fares with us weekly Historians; but, indeed, for my Particular, I hope I shall soon have little more to do in this work than to publish what is sent me from such as have Leisure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleased in an elegant Manner."—"THE TATLER," 7th May, 1709.

The Proprietors of THE TATLER offer each week TWO PREMIUMS, namely ONE POUND and TEN SHILLINGS, and COMMENDATIONS, for the best Contributions sent in. The following conditions require to be observed :—

1. The MSS. must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be properly paged and fastened.

2. The Contributor must furnish full name and address at the end of each Contribution.

3. Where the Contribution is not Original, the source, date of publication, and, where possible, the author's name must be given.

4. Preference will as a rule be given to Original matter, which should be marked "Original" on the right hand corner of the first page, and Original Anecdotes or Verses will be acceptable. No prize will be awarded for matter which has appeared in any contemporary, and such should not be sent in.

5. The MSS. must be addressed to "Editor of THE TATLER," 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, and all MSS. received up to Saturday morning's delivery will be in time for that week's competition. The result will be intimated and the premium contributions printed a fortnight thereafter. The words "Premium Competition" should be written on the cover.

6. The copyright of all Original MSS. sent in shall vest in the Proprietors of THE TATLER, and all MSS. may be used, whether gaining a premium or not.

7. The Name and Address of the Contributors obtaining the Premiums will be published each week, unless Contributors object to this publicity. If they object, their initials or *nom de plume* will be published instead, but it is preferred that the full name and address of successful Competitors be given.

To be had at all Railway Bookstalls, and may be ordered from any News-agent throughout the United Kingdom.

* * MONTHLY PARTS now ready, containing five complete numbers, with Portraits inserted separately on toned paper. Part I., price Sixpence; by Post, Sevenpence.

The following Portraits have already appeared :—

1.—THE QUEEN.

2.—RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

3.—HENRY IRVING.

4.—THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, K.G.

The Next Portrait will be

No. 6.—THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Printed for the Proprietors by MACRON & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—September 29, 1883.

ed.
14
1978
1978
1978

ach
EN
ON
1978

1978
1978
1978

1978
1978

1978
1978
1978
1978
1978

1978
1978
1978
1978
1978
1978
1978

1978
1978
1978
1978
1978
1978
1978
1978
1978
1978

1978
1978
1978
1978



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 6.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY

A FRAGMENT.

She hath faded who was here,
Angel from a higher sphere—
She from whom my aching heart
Vowed in rapture ne'er to part :
She, my beautiful, hath fled—
Ah ! my love, my love is dead !

Form and face of fairest mould,
Tongue that never falsehood told,
Sweetest lips of roseate hue,
Heart that aye was warm and true,
Gentle speech and tender care,
Marked her presence everywhere.

All her nobler self awoke
If the voice of envy spoke,
Wiped the sorrow and the shame
Placed upon an honest name ;
Angels' worth to her was wed—
But, ah ! my love, my love is dead !

Morn no fresh'ning joy can bring,
Blithest birds full sadly sing ;
Lives no glory in the rose,
Sad the murmuring brooklet flows ;
Nature's charms are vainly spread
For me, my love, since thou art dead !

Thou did'st shelter me from harm,
None could sting who felt thy charm ;
The bright halo round thee thrown
(From a glory all thy own)
Saved me from the evil said :
Ah ! helpless I since thou art dead !

Here the mocker, there the foe,
Leap to action ere I know ;
All the fancies of the May,
Hollow-hearted, fly away,
Since from me my true love sped—
Ah ! my life, my love is dead !

W. B.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 6.—H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE moralists tell us that a story can only live by means of the truth that is in it; and, in those days when everything gets questioned as to its right to exist, an institution can only live by the amount of good that is in it; and when Royalty and monarchical institutions are called on to give their apology for existence, such a woman as THE TATLER now presents

to his readers will go far to provide the savour with which these shall be salted for preservation.

Twenty years have passed since the "sea king's daughter from over the sea" reached this country; and the Laureate, when he said "welcome her, thundering cheer of the street," was perhaps gifted with prophecy as well as poesy, for there is not a street within those kingdoms where Alexandra would not be to-day received with a thundering cheer; indeed, so little need is there to say a word about the Princess of Wales, that THE TATLER might have presented the space blank for his readers to fill up at will, certain that in no case would anything but praise be written by those sensible people who buy the journal.

The Princess of Wales is none the less beloved because she contents herself with a quiet and uneventful domestic life. She is neither a leader of fashion, nor a professional beauty, nor a strong-minded woman, nor one of those women who court popularity by fads or extravagance. In a moment of weakness (using the word in its physical sense) the royal mother did set the fashion of the "Alexandra limp," and this many women, far short of her in common-sense, were weak enough, morally, to copy. No doubt if the Princess had lost an eye—one of those beautiful eyes which are the charm of her face—blockheads would have followed that example too, and "there you go with your eye out" would have been true of half the fashionable ladies. But *our* Princess is a woman of judgment, and no doubt she had a pitying laugh for the "crutch and toothpick" creatures who copied her accidental lameness. The Scottish advocate who drew the line between being called "the lame man" and "the lame lawyer" suggests itself. Alexandra may be a lame woman—he would be a very extraordinary man who thought her a lame wife, or a lame mother, or a lame Princess.

WHAT IRELAND WANTS.

LET the meaning of those words be clearly understood. It is not of what Ireland *wishes* THE TATLER proposes to speak, but emphatically of what Ireland *requires*. And that may be put into one sentence. What Ireland wants is a little plain speaking, a little common sense.

To begin with, it should be understood in Ireland that there is no good in crying for the moon. Existence as a separate and unified nation she has never

had, and such existence she never will obtain. This fact once clearly recognised—as it is recognised by every industrious Irishman—the country at large need have no hesitation in putting a stop to the mouthings of self-seeking agitators, who inflame ignorant men with the notion that this political moon can be had for the crying. Briefly put, those men who prate in the name of Ireland with malign and envenomed words must be curbed by the strong hand, until their poor dupes have the opportunity of learning how false and how selfish the aims of such men have been. If the justice of our laws, the impartiality of our administration, the self-sacrifice of our Legislature, are not enough to secure Ireland's acquiescence in belonging to the United Kingdom, then there is but one policy for her—Bismarck's policy of "blood and iron."

Those are plain words—a fair and honest challenge to the political harpies who now enrich themselves at the expense of their dupes. The Irish people are all right, if they could be let alone, and the force of public opinion must be used to compel the harpies to let her alone. Then, if public opinion will not do, there is the alternative. What that alternative is, the men referred to very well know, and it is pitiable—pitiable even to tears—to know that they are quite cognisant of it, and strive to reach it, careful all the while that their own cowardly bones are free from all risk should extremities be reached.

THE TATLER hopes in the course of the next few months to touch briefly, but with unflinching pen, upon the condition of Ireland, and the deeds of the men who have brought her to that condition. It is known that Ireland has equal laws, upright judges, capable and sympathetic administrators, and the good wishes of that nation of which she forms an integral part; and the alternative for her people is either quietly to share in the beneficent rule of law and order, or to take the consequences of rejecting it. The agitation cannot be tolerated; the agitators, both open and covert, must be put down; and those things must in the end be recognised by the people. Who and what those agitators are, and the true character of those hidden agitators who are even more deadly and dangerous than the avowed enemies of law and order, will in course of time be laid bare. It is not a pleasant task that is here undertaken; but duty points that way, and no better use can be made of the small space THE TATLER here devotes to current topics, than to unmask the scoundrels who are the enemies to the peace and progress of poor heart-broken Ireland.

A bricklayer is often a mason, but the man who fetches up the bricks is always a hod-fellow.

♦ ♦ ♦
HIGH ART IS INDISPENSABLE.—*Lady*—"But, Professor, how came you to offend Mrs. Smith?" *Professor*—"Ah, I will tell you. Madame Smit she come to me and she say I vant my daughter to sing so high as Mees Brown, and she fly in one rage and say as dere is nosing low in her family, ven I say Mees Smit she haf a low voice!"

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL: A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER VIII.

O DERE that swich is bout as long in a journal's out of it, an' us as had wot the *Stokerville Comet* called in big letters, wich I copid :—

ON THE RAMPAGE!

A BLOODY TRAGEDY!

JOHN CHINAMAN ON THE WAR-PATH!

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK!

There warn't no lock raped that I knos on but only a little bottel, an' some slepy stuff, an' a pare of scissurs. A noospaper aint as good as a little girl's journal. It oughter be agenst the law to print li's an' sell 'em at 2 cents a coppy. The story was mostly out of his hed as cook'd it, an' I wish he wood rede bout Annie Nias and Saffyra. John *wasn't* drunk a-nursing uncle, an' uncle *didn't* fite, as was slepin quatern a lam, an' they *didn't* set at each other with nives an' tommyhawks, an' uncle *wasn't* in the jim-jams. Mr. Spiers sez the *Comet* man shood be tard an' fethurd an' ave the hand cut off as rote the libul, wich I think wood be fun, speshally the fethurin. Mr. Spiers sed he oughter then be made sing a song, "O! wood I wern't a burd."

Anyhow it was mostly li's, an' wot warn't an out an' out li warn't troo. My, wont I get waxed if uncle gets wel agen and redes my jurnal. Wel, it warn't no sin of mine, cos it was all along of that swich. Softy Mellor got his pa an' ma give a party like Mr. Spierses, an' wen I was all fixed as had no swich, an' knod Susie's wood be thare, I got John sum slepy stuff, same as doktor gev uncle, an' I cutted of his swich, wich was bootiful an' black, an' longer'n Susie's, as was rediklus for a man to have anyhow. I think I wood hev let it be ware it growd if I'd knone thare was to be a bloody trajudy bout it. So I fixed it on as lookt rele pretty mong my yaller hare an' most tuchd the flore, an' I was kep late afixin it, an' wen I got to Mellor's evrybuddy was thare, an' wen I went in it swing'd round, an' Mr. Spiers was thare an' asked me soon as he'd dun laffin wy I'd died it, wich I sed I hadn't died. An' he sed I oughter had been an Injun, cos I was the best hand at rasin hare he'd evvur hurd about, an' wanted to kno how I got yaller hare 2 tapur of into black. I gessd it was bout the same as him getting black hare 2 tapur of into white. I nevvur seed sich wuss mannerrd fokeses a laffin so in cumpny sence I was bornd. An' they all thawt it was a take of on Susie, as began to cri like a baby, an' ran away home. An' aftur that we had a hi old time, 'cep Jim lickin' Softy Mellor, wich wasn't nice, 'least-ways not for Softy.

Wen Jim an' me was going to our house there was the awfulest row as ever was. The stretes was ful o'

fokes as sed as how John had murdurd uncle, an' aunt, an' Grace, an' mammie, an' they was shutin like mad. So I ran home, an' the purleesmen was round the hayloft, an' Grace was on the kitchen flore a welturin in gore, an' aunt was having fits in uncle's rume, wich was slepin sound's a hedhog in winter. An' mammie sed as how John had ben a-nappin an' woke up mad an' began a-huntin for suthin, an' caught up a nife, an' yeld an' danded round Grace, an' stabd her and tried to cut off her hare, wich was loose, an' he carrid it away, an' ran throo the house a cryin, "Me scalpee 2; me Melican man; me Injun; me scalpee for scalpee." So mammie went off an' didn't kno no more. An' John went upstares an' ran to uncle's rume, an' he coodn't scalp uncle, wich is that bald, so he stabd uncle thro the bed clos once or twice, an' misssd him evry time. An' Jo brawt the purleesmen, wich chased John, an' shutd him but didn't hurt him, so Jo got at his bak an' grabd him, an' he was tuke away. An' the doktor cumd an' stitched at Grace's stab same as he was a-darnin holes in a stokin, wich was in her nek an' arm. An' Mr. Spiers most fritened me to deth. He sed I awter have knod a Chinees thawt more of his pigtale than ennythin', an' that I shoodn't have steled it, wich I only loned it cos o' that Susie's swich. An' he sed as how John might ha kild evrybuddy, an' me too if he'd seed his pigstale, wich was hid under my shawl. So I sed as how I woodn't love the nasty thing enny more, an' throwd it in the cole bunker, an' Mr. Spiers aint goin to say nothing about it. So aunt got out of the his terriks, wich was a pitchin of hursel bout uncle's rume in her bed gownd. An' Grace was sowed up properly an' put to bed, an' Cesar as was most mad is in his rite mind agen now, the purleesman is away with John; an' Jo cum back a-saying as how he'd as leef hold a eel as that Chinaman, he riggled that way. An' O me, Ise that tired, cos doktor sed as how ther was nobuddy to sit up but me, so Ise marshalin an' fitin an' repentin till Ise most ded.

(To be continued.)

"I say, Paddy, that is the worst looking horse that I have ever seen in harness. Why don't you fatten him up?" "Fat him up, is it? Faix the poor baste can scarcely carry the little mate that's on him now!" replied Paddy.

♦ ♦ ♦
RAILING AGAINST THE SCOTCH.—An American General was in company where some Scotch gentlemen were present. After supper, when the wine was served up, the General rose, and addressed the company in the following words:—"I must inform you, that when I get a little too much to drink, I have an absurd custom of railing against the Scotch. I hope no gentleman in the company will take it amiss." With this he sat down. A Scotch gentleman immediately rose, and without seeming the least displeased, said, "Gentlemen, when I have drunk rather freely, and hear any person railing against the Scotch, I have an absurd custom of kicking him out of the company. I hope no gentleman will take it amiss." It is said that on that occasion, the Scotchman had no opportunity for the display of his talents.

THE SPANISH MARRIAGE STONE.

IF Ireland has its "blarney stone," which assures to any one kissing it uncommon eloquence and persuasiveness—"blarney," in fact, for there is no other equivalent for the mysterious gift—Spain has her "marriage stone," the virtues of which are equally remarkable; for any single person who touches it is absolutely sure to be married within a twelvemonth. The stone forms part of the masonry of the College of Sacra Monte, in Granada. About twelve months ago two young ladies paid a visit to the old Moorish capital, and were shown over the college by one of the resident clergy, who acted as cicerone, and who treated the fair visitors with unusual deference and respect. When they came to the "marriage stone," the padre smilingly explained the peculiar powers with which popular superstition credited it. "Touch it," said one of the ladies to her sister, who laughed incredulously, but followed the advice none the less—touching the stone, not once, but twice or thrice. Now, the two young ladies were the Spanish Infantas Dona Isabella and Dona Piaz, and the latter it was who touched the stone. She did so on the 3rd of April last year, and she was married to Prince Louis of Bavaria on the 2nd April of the present year.

HEALTH MAXIMS FOR WORK OR SPORT.

NEVER go out with quite an empty stomach, particularly in the morning. Should you wish to start before any one is up, you may always have left for you over night a crust of bread or a biscuit, with a glass of milk, which, with a little sugar, nutmeg, ginger, and the yolk of an egg, may be made in a moment, and this is better than what is called a "doctor" (rum and milk), because you then dispense with taking spirits in a morning, the very bad habit of which should always be avoided, except in a country where the chances of ague might justify your taking a little purl. Never sit down with wet feet, or with wet clothes on any part of your body; but if a change is not at hand, keep in motion, or go to bed till one is procured. Or, if you want to start again when refreshed, first wet your feet with spirits, or essence of mustard, and then be as quick as possible in taking your refreshment. Many people prefer applying the spirit to the inside instead. This is not so well, because spirit alone always flies to the head, while strong beer, on the contrary, would warm the body. Never forget the *multum in parvo* advice of old Boerhaave—"Keep the body open, the head cool, and the feet warm, and you will escape most ordinary ailments." The preservation of health depends much upon clothing. Clean linen should always be well aired and dried before put on. And if the person should get wet, he should, as soon as convenient, strip himself, and rub his skin briskly with a coarse dry towel till the skin becomes heated, and then put on dry clothes, but on no account must he remain in his damp garments.

A bachelor and a spinster who had been schoolmates in youth, and were about the same age, met in after years, and the lady chanced to remark that "men live a great deal faster than women." The bachelor returned: "Yes, Maria. The last time we met we were each twenty-four years old. Now I'm over forty, and I hear you haven't reached thirty yet." They never met again.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. V.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

No. 12.—A CONJUROR'S TRICK.

THE "Rambler" was travelling southwards to Manchester—third class, of course, there being, as before explained, no *fourth*—and in the carriage was seated a man who performed the very wonderful feat of getting one ticket to serve for two persons.

At the start, when the tickets were called for, the man duly produced his, and by a clever "pass" he handed it over to his wife before the guard got round to her.

At Carstairs Junction the conjuror showed his ticket as he jumped out, seemingly in a great hurry, before the train came to a complete standstill, and again by a rapid pass he handed back the little bit of pasteboard to his wife, to be duly shown by her.

This went on at every examination of the tickets. It was by the merest chance that the "Rambler" suspected the trick at first, and he was willing to believe that he, rather than the railway official, was deceived. But on the suspicion being aroused, a careful watch convinced him that only one ticket was being shown by the pair.

He concluded, of course, that when the journey was ended, and tickets were demanded, the man would produce two, and that he was only exercising his skill "to keep his hand in," or, on the other hand, that the imposture would be detected.

But the conjuror had a better way out of the difficulty, and neither surmise proved correct.

At the ticket platform the conjuror gave up his, as did the "Rambler," and the remaining occupants of the carriage—all but one, the conjuror's wife.

"Where can my ticket have gone?" she exclaimed, in anxious tones, as she earnestly searched every pocket, package, and receptacle.

"I am sure I had it at last station"—and then a vigorous search was made on the floor of the carriage. It proved fruitless.

The next thing was an appeal to the other passengers.

"You saw me show my ticket at Carlisle!" was asked generally of the other occupants of the carriage, to which all, including the conjuror, gave assent.

"I saw you show a ticket," was the "RAMBLER'S" reply. He felt committed by previous silence to say nothing of his suspicions, and the collector took no notice of the emphasis on the word.

In the end, the whole party was marched up to the superintendent's office, where two of the passengers—not including the "Rambler"—signed a declaration that they had seen the woman showing a ticket at various places, and she was allowed to depart.

Were there two tickets or only one? was a question often since pondered; but as he is satisfied that the conjuror and his wife had done the journey for one fare, the "Rambler" is constrained to say that there are some very ingenious rogues in this world.

No. 13.—"JOHPAY STATION."

This is a remembrance, and not an experience. One of the most comical men who ever adorned Edinburgh society was Peter Fraser; but few of his jests are in print. He it was who called on Thackeray as "Provost of Peterhead"—an encounter of which a highly amusing account has been published.

He was on one occasion travelling northwards, and at Perth he and his companion—a famous artist—were very anxious to retain the compartment to themselves. Putting on his most stupid look—and Peter could look very stupid when he liked—he put his head out of the window, and in an imbecile tone asked every one who appeared, "Is this Johpay Station?"

The friend within humoured the joke by shaking his head solemnly, and significantly tapping his forehead. Of course every one thought this was a patient out of one of the many asylums not many miles from "Joppa Station," and as no one cared to travel with a madman, Fraser and his friend were able to enjoy their journey without intrusion.

At every stoppage the famous *bon vivant* was ready with his vacant look, and his silly question, "Is this Johpay Station?"

No. 14.—FRENCH OF STRATFORD-ATTE-BOWE.

"Spin your yarn in good plain English," says Mr. Boatswain Chucks, when as Count Shucksen, he came back to visit Mr. O'Brien and Peter Simple.

The principle is a good one. On board one of *Les Hirondelles*, the "swallows" which ply on the Seine at Paris, the "Rambler" was seated beside a fellow-traveller who bore evident marks of John Bullism, though he jabbered away in French—of a sort.

"Comment appelle-t-on cette maison la, s'il vous plait Moosyoo?" asked he of the "Rambler" at last, and was rather taken aback when he got for reply, "I think you will get on better if you speak in English."

"How *did* you know I was English?" he asked.

The same day, waiting the start of a tramway car at Versailles, the "Rambler" was accosted by a lady. She was a veritable Mrs. Bull, "buxom, blythe, and debonnaire," and the three or four blooming daughters only too surely told her nationality. But of course she must needs ask in French when the car was to start, to be answered in plain language, "I think it starts in about two minutes." And she, too, while sufficiently grateful, asked, "how *did* you know we were English?"

On one occasion a reverse experience came up. Walking out from Paris a mile or two, the "Rambler" and two friends saw approaching them a nice-looking, old, peasant woman.

"I'll speak to this old woman" said one of the party, and accordingly, by way of getting a laugh, addressed her with, "Weel, my cantie auld wifie, hoo are ye the day?"

"Oo, brawly, thanks to ye for speirin'; hoo are ye yourself?" was the astounding reply!

We had happened upon an old Scots woman who had lived long in France, and who no doubt was as much astonished at being addressed in the "native" Doric as the "Rambler's" jocular friend was at her reply.

SAILORS' LINGO.—During the war in Egypt the forces included a naval brigade composed of sailors, who were sometimes directed by military officers. The orders of the latter were often unintelligible to the Jack Tars, and some ludicrous hitches resulted. On one occasion a staff-officer tried in vain to get a battalion of sailors to manœuvre round the corner of a house. He gave all the orthodox and regulation words of command. "Right wheel," "Bring the left shoulder forward," etc., but Jack remained obstinately fixed. At last a naval officer who was standing by, on being appealed to solved the question. "Get them round that house? Is that all you want? Here, blue-jackets," he cried, "luff, and weather that house." The sailors were round the corner in a twinkling.

LONDON THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

THERE can be no doubt as to Miss Minnie Palmer's success at The Grand with "My Sweetheart." She had evidently been expected to "fetch 'em," and a most enthusiastic audience were ready to welcome her, and show their appreciation by encoring every song and demanding a repetition of all the dances. I never was a good hand at describing female charms, but now I feel my failing in that direction more than ever. If you can imagine all the necessary ingredients that go to make a charming face, a sprightly dancer, a sweet and tuneful voice—in fact, everything an actress might wish for—and roll them all into one, then you would have but a faint idea of what Miss Palmer is like. Seldom have I seen so much talent in so small a woman; she is brimming over with fun, up to any amount of sprightly tricks, and I should imagine the actors and actresses who play with her have a very merry time of it, for some of the little games she plays on them are as amusing to the victims as they are to the audience. It seems hard, after having lavished so much praise, to have to grumble; but still there is one great fault, which I doubt if it ever will be cured. Still she is so delightful in this that I must be content to bear it, for in this case it will do no harm to have to endure what cannot be cured. I refer to her exaggerated humour. This, although it gains favour with The Grand's patrons, is far from artistic, and is the great blot in her most natural (for an American) and fresh performance.

The piece itself has evidently been written to meet the requirements of Miss Palmer's particular line of business, and it serves its purpose well. The support given is well up to the mark, and far above the general average of touring companies. Mr. Charles Arnold plays and sings in good style, and secures plenty of applause for his efforts. The best-played part in the piece is Mr. T. J. Hawkins' *Joe Shottwell*, a broken-down sport. It is the most clever bit of character-acting I have seen for many a day, and is certainly very daring in its eccentricity. His wheeze, "Looisa, remember yer lovin' husband is a-waitin' for yer down stairs," will soon be all over the town. Mr. Philip Ben Greet, as *Dudley Harcourt*, a sort of amateur Sothern-Dundreary character, is amusing. Mr. John S. Wood is at home as the doctor; Miss Jane Grey makes a lot of fun out of *Mrs. Hatsell*; and the remaining characters do not lack good support. Fred W. Broughton's "Runaways" precede the comedy.

"Fate's Decree" has been produced at Astley's. This is an adaptation, from the pen of H. W. Williamson, of Lord Lytton's strikingly dramatic novel, "Paul Clifford." The plot is rather too long to give here, but it may be said Mr. Williamson has put together a very decent work, and has not forgotten those existing incidents in which "the gods" of Astley's taketh delight. Exception must be taken to the last scene, which is most absurd, and should be at once re-arranged and altered. Up to this act the audience received the drama with every sign of approval; but this was too much for them, and they did not even give the author the customary call. Mr. Frank Staunton plays well as *Paul Clifford*, Mr. James Elmore is a good *Long Ned*, Mr. W. D. Gresham a capital *Squire Brandon*, Mrs. J. Elmore a thoroughly artistic *Peggy*, and the acting of Miss Kate Neville as *Nell*, a gipsy girl, is sympathetic and natural.

As the Messrs. Gatti will not produce a pantomime at Christmas, the services of Miss Fannie Leslie have been secured by Mr. John Hollingshead for the Prince's, at Manchester. She will doubtless go a long way to making the pantomime a success. As I stated a week or two ago, Mr. Arthur Williams goes to the same house.

That charming little comedy "A Clerical Error," is to be played in front of "The Silver King" at the Princess'. Mr. Walter Speakman, a hard-working actor, and Mr. Barrett's, under-study, will play the *Clergyman*. The remaining parts are to be filled by Messrs. George Barrett, Neville Doone, and Miss Ellen Vincent.

Rehearsals have already commenced at this theatre of the piece to follow "The King." It is by Wills and Herman, and I believe it will be in three acts and a prologue. The shifting of the scenery at this theatre is a "pattern," over a hundred men being employed at this department alone. I hear, on good authority, that it is likely the piece will be produced at Edinburgh before Londoners see it.

Miss Fortescue was present at the Savoy Theatre on the occasion of the 300th performance of "Iolanthe." All the ladies in the audience were presented with a handsome bouquet, from the aristocracy in the stalls to the "shilling's worths" up above.

The Haymarket opened its doors again on Saturday, when "Fédora" was presented.

"La Vie," the adaptation of Offenbach's "La Vie Parisienne" by Farnie, was produced at Brighton on the 17th September, pending its introduction at the Avenue. According to accounts, it is a very bright work, but I must wait until I have seen it myself, when I hope to give the head of the ancient family of the Whiffleses verdict on the same. The cast is a big one. Messrs. Lionel Brough, Arthur Roberts, H. Standing, Middle Camille D'Arville, and Miss Louisa Henschel undertaking the leading parts.

On Tuesday, 25th September, Mr. William Earl appeared as *Hamlet* at St. George's Hall. Mr. R. C. Lyons (*Laertes*), Mr. Ernest Hendrie (*First Gravedigger*), Mr. J. Hastings Batson (*Ghost*), Mrs. Walter Hill, as the *Queen*, and Miss Adelaide Stonetam, as *Ophelia*, all lent good aid. The audience was a large one.

"The Millionaire" is the title of G. W. Godfrey's new play produced at the Court on Thursday. Something about it next week.

Mr. Harry Paulton is now playing Mr. Lionel Brough's part of *Nick Vedder* at the Comedy. It is needless to say Mr. Paulton's broad humour suits the part admirably, though the gag is really terrible.

"Mankind" at the Surrey, with Mr. George Conquest in his original character of *Daniel Goodge*. "Lady Clare" at the Pavilion. "Proof" at the Brit., with Mr. J. B. Howe as *Pierre*.

I regret to announce the death of Miss Orridge, on Sunday, 16th September. She was only twenty-seven, and possessed a very powerful voice. The cause of death was typhoid fever.

WHIFFLES.

MR. H.

THE matchless intrepidity of an Irishman's face is become proverbial; but I once met a man who, in this regard, out-Heroded all Hibernian Herods. He paid a bill with his face; he positively defeated a dun by the unassisted force of impudence. It was at the sorrowful seaport of Holyhead. Three days had we been detained by such a gale of wind as for steady continuance, if not for violence, I never saw before or since. During three mortal days and nights was the wind howling and tearing through the streets, the sign-boards swinging, the shutters banging, cloaks standing upright held on by the collar, and hats on the way to the mainland. Never for a moment did the rain cease to beat upon the streaming windows, the mist and spray to smoke along the streets, or the sea to pound and roar against the rocks of that iron-bound coast. The place was beset; coaches, carriages, mails kept filling the town fuller and fuller from the landward; while every hour brought some sail-split, mast-broken, nigh-foundered vessel, scudding helplessly before it, with half her crew at the helm, crammng the wide-steering, scarce-manageable craft as near as they could to the middle of the harbour's mouth.

What should we have done without Mr. H.? There was no sinking of spirits near him. I was almost sorry when the gale subsided, and on a pleasant morning we were bidding adieu to the miserable town. There's no place on the earth's surface more hateful to me than Holyhead. Either you have been sick when you came to it, or are going to be sick when you leave; you have no comfort, and the certainty of imposition while you stay. Besides, I dislike the Welsh; they are grasping, stolid, and grossly inquisitive; they have no tact or delicacy; they are dirty, and prone to "do." I was not sorry in this instance to see one of them "done." Mr. H. was an ample-loose, made man, eminently dirty in his person of foul linen, ill-cut clothes, and a shocking hat. He was—yes, I really think he was—the pleasantest fellow I ever met in my life, and his laugh was the most powerful weapon ever I saw used; it foiled everyone, supporting as it did his consummate impudence and wit; he could hold a position against the whole talking world. You could do nothing with him; he was impassive. The most cutting irony, the most searching sarcasm, open abuse, covert innuendo, it was all the same to him, he treated every attack the same way, or nearly so. Talk at him as long as you would, he received the torrent upon his smooth, unwrinkled face; and when it had ceased, when all the ammunition was expended, when the last shot was fired, and the enemy had fairly run himself out, you might see a gentle movement of the lips, it extended to the nose, which acknowledged the receipt by a slight twitch, it went on to the eyes, and fairly contracted the lids; it seemed a telegraphic communication passing from feature to feature. When they were all ready, a smile began to mantle over his broad acre of face, like a catspaw of wind on a summer sea. The smile became a laugh—a hearty laugh—a hoarse laugh—a roar—an indescribable chuckle—a husky hurricane of merriment. The opponent who fancied he had hit him hard, and had all the joke on his side, was astonished, astounded—fancied he had committed himself, especially as all the room involuntarily joined the adversary; he was confused, dumbfounded, and defeated. When the hurricane had passed off, our laughter subsided into a plaintiff whine, ready, however, for another explo-

sion if need be. I once knew a man who's laugh saved his life; but it was of a different nature from that of Mr. H., and may perhaps be noticed some other time.

We paid our bills at the hotel, and were on our way to the steamer, when a man thrust himself forward, and with an air of great insolence presented a paper to Mr. H. He was a priggish, impertinent dun, and executed his office (always an unpleasant one for all parties) in a way which made it doubly offensive. He did not ask for, but demanded the money. Mr. H. looked carefully over the account, and then over the presenter. Letting his hand fall by his side, with the bill extended in it, he turned his face benevolently upon the creditor, and eyed him from head to foot, then carefully from foot to head, finishing with a broad and continuous stare in his face. Whilst this process went on, the creditor was boiling with rage. He became red and white, and yellow, and red again, and blue; he looked the consecrated essence of bad creditors, and nothing seemingly kept him from open abuse but the hope of immediately touching his money.

Mr. H., after an attentive look of some seconds in the Welshman's face, began gradually to open his mouth wider and wider. The man shrank from the portentous cavity, but still the mouth went on in its enlargements till, arriving at its utmost width, there was shot forth such a charge of laughter as positively made the creditor start back agast. This only renewed the volley, and another rattling shower was poured into him like the streaming fire of a steam-gun. The Welshman got frantic; he stamped, he raved, he cursed him by his gods in Welsh; he thrust forward his clenched fists towards the roaring acre of face, he seized his own hat from his head, stamped upon it, spat upon it, and, finally, tossing his arms aloft, ran howling down the street like a demoniac. We slowly went on to the vessel, Mr. H. turning occasionally to fire a storm chase at the place whence he expected the enemy to reappear, but he came not, probably went and hanged himself. It was, however, subsequently whispered in the steamer that the steward was instructed to settle the account on the steamer's return. Mr. H.—rest his soul—is no more, but hundreds (if they see this page) will recognise him in the description, and thank me for raising the ghost of the most jovial companion of their lives.

FIVE CENTS' WORTH OF AMBITION.

A sleepy-looking boy of fifteen entered a drug store the other day and looked around in a dreamy manner.

"Well, sir," said the clerk to him, gazing at him inquiringly.

"Hey?"

"What can I do for you?"

"Oh!" drawled the boy, as if recollecting his errand, "a man sent me to have this prescription filled," and he drew from his pocket a piece of paper which he handed to the clerk.

"Give this boy five cents' worth of ambition," was the request contained in the note.

The druggist thought the boy needed something to stir him up, and administered a dose of salts.

At an hotel in Glasgow, a gentleman, finding that the person who acted as waiter could not give him certain information which he wanted, put the question: "Do you belong to the establishment?" to which James replied; "No, sir; I belong to the Free Kirk."

ABSURDITIES OF ARTISTS.

IN looking over collections of old pictures, it is surprising what extraordinary anachronisms, blunders, and absurdities are discoverable.

In the gallery of the Convent of Jesuits, at Lisbon, there is a picture representing Adam in Paradise, dressed in *blue breeches* with *silver buckles*, and Eve with a striped petticoat. In the distance appears a procession of Capuchin monks bearing the Cross.

In a country church in Holland there is a painting representing the sacrifice of Isaac, in which the painter has depicted Abraham with a *blunderbus* in his hand ready to shoot his son. A similar edifice in Spain has a picture of the same incident, in which the patriarch is armed with a *pistol*.

At Windsor there was seen a painting by Antonio Verrio, in which the artist has introduced the portraits of himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and May, the surveyor of the works of that period, all in long periwigs, as spectators of Christ healing the sick.

A painter of Toledo, having to represent the three wise men of the east coming to worship on the nativity of Christ, depicted three Arabian or Indian kings, two of them *white* and one *black*, and all of them in the posture of kneeling. The position of the legs of each figure not being very distinct, he inadvertently painted *three black feet* for the negro king, and three also between the two white kings; and he did not discover his error until the picture was hung up in the Cathedral.

In another picture of the Adoration of the Magi, which was in the Houghton Hall collection, the painter, Brughel, had introduced a multitude of little figures, finished off with true Dutch exactitude, but one was accoutred in boots and spurs, and another was handing in, as a present, a little model of a Dutch ship.

The same collection contained a painting of the Stoning of Stephen the Martyr, by Le Sœur, in which the saint was attired in the habit of a Roman Catholic priest at high mass.

LIKE A BOMBSHELL TO THE DOG.

One evening while travelling in Spain, I reached a solitary inn. Close to the stove lay a dog, warming itself in comfort.

"What can you give me for dinner?" I asked the landlady.

"Some eggs," was her reply; and the dog looked fixedly at me.

"Eggs!" repeated I. "That's poor sustenance for a man who has come thirty miles on horseback. Have you nothing better?"

"There's a bit of bacon," suggested the landlady; and the dog looked at me more intently than ever.

"I am not passionately fond of bacon," replied I; "what else have you?"

"Santa Anna," cried the landlady, "I can give you a chicken."

At these words the dog jumped up and sprang through the half-open window.

"Good gracious!" said I: "why the word 'chicken' was like a bombshell to him."

"Ah," smiled the hostess, "it's because he turns the spit."

"THE VERY BUTTON."

LET me inform any reader that there is a great deal in a button. I do not mean in a material, sordid way, connected with clothing or trade. I mean in a general, social, historical, ethical kind of a way. In which of his characters does Shakespeare tread so close on the heel of the Tragic Muse herself as to almost gall her kibe (if she has one)? King Lear. And what is the last dying request of this unfortunate old monarch? It is simply and touchingly, "Pray you, undo this button." Now, Shakespeare must have thought there was a great deal in a button, or he would not have introduced it on such an occasion. Again, to descend from high tragedy to low comedy, and yet still to continue in the highest realms of genius, is it not wholly and solely on a button that the ingenious plot which thickens round poor Mr. Winkle hangs when he is challenged to fight a duel? Here Dickens endorsed in one way what Shakespeare proved in another, that there is a great deal in a button. And even from the vigorous phrase "Dash my buttons!" may the same lesson be learned. What a picture of dilapidation does the expression conjure up! "O what a falling off is there!" might anyone exclaim who was to witness it. This peculiar form of commination is, too, as happy an instance of *brutum fulmen* as can be imagined. It is "mouth-filling" enough to have pleased Hotspur, and yet not sufficiently strong to offend a Quaker. As little wanton boys experience in smashing a sheet of ice all the delights of breaking windows without any of the pains and penalties attaching to that pastime, so in the use of the phrase "Dash my buttons!" there is all the excitement and dash and relief of swearing without any of the harm.

A CURIOUS PRAYER.

THERE was once a family who lived in Mysore, whose sustenance depended on the father and two sons. It happened that, when the father and eldest son were out working one day, a rattle-snake bit the son in the hand. He at once ran home at full speed, and it was seen that the teeth of the deadly animal had penetrated the skin. Of course there was no hope for the young man, and they at once sent for a missionary. When the missionary arrived and saw the young man, he knelt down by him and began to pray thus:—

"Oh, Lord, we thank Thee that there are such things as rattle-snakes. Thou knowest that if there had been no rattle-snakes, this young man would not have sought for Thee. Thou also knowest, O Lord, that nothing would turn his heart but a rattle-snake, and if nothing but rattle-snakes will turn the hearts of the whole family, O Lord, send plenty of them, and bite the whole family."

The parents looked at each other with amazement, but could do nothing but thank the missionary for the good service he had done them.

When last the Queen was about to increase her family, the Prince Consort said to one of his little boys: "I think it is very likely, sonny, that the Queen will soon present you with a little brother or sister—which do you prefer?" The child, pausing: "Well, I think, if it is the same to mamma, I should prefer a pony!"

INNER LIFE OF THE GREAT CITY.

I.—THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF MRS. HAZLITT'S HUSBAND—*Concluded.*

ALL the publicity mentioned in last chapter had no good effect; it did not restore Mr. Hazlitt to his home.

"Did you notice any marked change in your husband's manner or appearance when he returned from America?" I asked poor Mrs. Hazlitt the day after my unsatisfactory interview with the chief.

"His voice seemed rough; before it had been musical, but he said he had caught a severe cold on board the *Persia*; and there was the moustache which altered his appearance considerably."

"It was the first time you had seen him with a moustache?"

"Yes; he had never worn one before, and I scarcely knew him. You see he had not written to tell me."

"Do you consider the photograph I sent out a good likeness?"

"No, I do not. He had not been taken recently, and the moustache, painted by hand for your purposes, was not very exact."

"Still there was a general resemblance sufficient for a stranger to recognise him?"

"Certainly."

That same day I learned that two of the notes Mr. Hazlitt received from Drummond's on the 15th of August had been paid into the Bank of England through the London and Westminster. This was not much of a clue, but it gave me the impression that the missing man was still alive and in London. What could possibly be his motive for keeping out of sight?

Next morning, in glancing over the news in the *Daily Telegraph*, I came across an extradition case. The man, Alfred Hardy, was wanted at New York for forging letters of credit, and Mr. Vaughan remanded him for further evidence, which was on its way to this country. Intuition, or curiosity, or suspicion made me go to the House of Detention to have a look at this person. A great surprise was in store for me. The remanded individual was none other than George Hazlitt.

"What are you doing here," I asked.

"I am accused of tampering with letters of credit," he answered.

"But you are George Hazlitt of Chester Terrace?"

"No," he replied, "my name is correctly given; it is Alfred Hardy."

"Impossible! I know you are George Hazlitt, and if you don't own it, I must go for your wife."

"For God's sake don't do that," he entreated; "leave the poor child in ignorance of her fate."

"Then you are George Hazlitt?"

"No; I am Alfred Hardy."

"Who married Miss Poland?"

"I did unfortunately, wretch that I am, but let her suppose that George Hazlitt is dead, as he really is. It is a thousand times better to hide the truth from her."

"That will be a matter for consideration when you cease to mystify me, and condescend to explain what you mean."

"I am quite willing to tell everything, but it will be a most grievous error to expose me to Miss Poland."

"But Miss Poland is your wife, and ought to know the truth, so that everything may be done for your defence. You may get off?"

"I am afraid another woman would object to Miss Poland being called my wife."

"Wretch! you don't mean to say you have gone and destroyed that girl."

"I had a wife living when I married her."

"What an infernal scoundrel," I could not help saying. "I admit it, but listen to my story; it will be for her good. You will know better what plan to pursue when I am taken to America."

"You are sure to be extradited?"

"Certain."

"That is comforting at any rate," I said. "Now for this story, and it will be better for you to speak the truth."

"What would I gain by falsehood? There is a long term of imprisonment before me, and the chances are I will never see England again. It is a cursed pity I ever came back. I must first tell you that George Hazlitt is dead and buried in a New York churchyard, with a stone stating his name and age erected to his memory. He died of fever in my arms, before he had time to write or make any arrangements. He was seized on a Saturday, and died the following Wednesday. We were at school together, and owing to our being the same age, height, and build, and having the same colour of hair, we were always taken for brothers, but there was no relationship. Early in life I was unfortunate, and had to flee to New York, where I met George again, when he visited America on the first occasion. This time we were much together, and I knew all his secrets, everything relating to Miss Poland and his money matters. 'Take all my papers,' he said to me before he died, 'go home and tell what has happened.' Unfortunately, before meeting George this time, I had got into a bad set, and became involved in crime. A journey to England would just suit me. It would throw the human bloodhounds off the scent. When I started I meant simply to do George's bidding, and seek a fresh career in Australia. It was on the voyage the devil tempted me to take the place of my friend, and no actor on the stage could have played the part of George Hazlitt to greater perfection."

"It is the work of a fiend," I exclaimed. "Have you proofs of all this?"

"Ask the New York detective who I am?"

"You will never bring the name of Miss Poland or Mr. Hazlitt into this matter?"

"I never intended to do so; let her think I am dead. I did not intend to go the length of marrying her; I really meant to break off this engagement; but the deception passed off so well, and the young lady was so very beautiful."

"It was a cruel, dastardly act, and hanging would be too good for you."

When I had placed this astounding information before the chief, my mission was finished and my position assured. The evidence of the New York detective corroborated the greater part of Hardy's statement, and the doctor's certificate of Hazlitt's death was obtained.

Miss Poland, unfortunately, employed private inquiry agents, and got to know the whole truth, with the result that she is now confined in a lunatic asylum.

Hardy was extradited, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

"I've lost a patient," said a doctor, sitting down to a dinner-table, with a frown on his face as dark as a gunpowder poulitice. "I'm sorry to hear it. Man or woman?" asked one of the boarders. "Man." "When did he die?" "Die, hang him, he's not dead. He stopped taking my medicine, got well, and ran away without paying the bill."

A DOG THAT DESERVES FIRST PRIZE.

PEOPLE who visited the really great and intellectual show at the Exposition Building recently, may have witnessed a tall, sun-burned stranger, who, like Saul, towered above his fellows, and who had as a constant companion a gigantic Newfoundland dog.

The man evidently came from the Far West; his immense sombrero, the free-and-easy way in which his clothes were worn, and the peculiar air of monarch-of-all-I-survey, which seems to be the natural product of the bracing atmosphere beyond the Rockies, said that much.

He was a splendid specimen of humanity was this stranger, and many feminine eyes were turned admiringly after him in the crowd.

But what attracted the *Herald* man's attention was the close bond of friendship that plainly existed between the dog and his master. Unconsciously, the hand of the stranger would descend and fondle the huge animal's head whenever a brief stop was made before some interesting bit of railroad appliance.

While the band played a lively march from "L'Africaine," the writer took a seat next to the stranger on a bench in the rotunda, and in a few sentences an acquaintance was struck up.

Dr. Harold Hansen—for that was the Western man's name and degree—possessed all the proverbial frankness of the frontiersman, and it did not take long to make him tell his story.

"I am a Dane by birth," said he, "and fled the Prussian military yoke in '66, when the northern portion of Schleswig, where my cradle stood, and everybody speaks the language of King Kanute, was annexed to the Teutonic domains. Well, let that pass; it's an old sore, but it still sometimes burns. I came to this country and finally settled down in Arizona, where everything was new, wild and romantic at that time. I possess some skill as a surgeon, and there was plenty to do for me in that line. C—burg was then in reality only a mining camp, with a few rough hotels, saloons, and gambling hells as the only signs of 'civilisation.' I, however, liked this kind of life. I had scarcely hung out my shingle from a shanty, in which scarcely a pig would have deigned to reside in my native country, when my practice commenced. In a few weeks my fame as a skilful sawbones had spread far and wide, and from the camps thirty miles around they sent for me whenever somebody had been stabbed, shot, or otherwise hurt in one of the frequent affrays which were the favourite pastimes of the miners.

"And that is the way," continued the stranger, "I came by my Pluto—the dog I mean. There had been a Sunday dance in Pepper's Gulch, and it wound up with the usual slashing and shooting. Some ferocious Mexicans, crazy with jealousy and liquor, had been making an assault with their machetes upon a party of Americans, with whom the Mexican maidens liked to trip the gay fantastic better than with their own countrymen. A young fellow from down East had got the blade of one of those murderous weapons up to the hilt in his back—stabbed from behind, you understand. He was weltering in his own blood, while his dog, my friend since that hour, crouched beside him and licked the pale face. The poor chap was doomed; there was no hope for him; but I helped to ease his last hours, and as my fee he bequeathed me the dog.

"Yes," went on the stranger, while his voice quivered a little, "Pluto never has left me, waking or sleeping, since that time. About a year went by. I had earned big

money during that time, and several remittances of considerable sums had been made by me to San Francisco. I carried my money and the gold dust I often received in payment always in a leathern belt securely fastened around my waist.

"One evening a messenger came to call me to a mining camp some fifteen miles away. He made the case very urgent, and I resolved to hastily follow his call. So, after giving the man directions as to how to afford the wounded man temporary relief till my arrival, and seeing him gallop off in haste, I locked Pluto up in my cabin, not wishing to tire him unnecessarily with the long journey back and forth, and then mounted my horse, and set out on my trip.

"My route lay along the railroad track for the distance of about ten miles, and some three miles from town I had to go through a tunnel of considerable length. Everything went all right till I had come to about the middle of the tunnel, when I suddenly heard voices around me, and before I had even time to cry out, I was torn from my horse, shot in several places, and lying prone on the track. The pain and loss of blood made me weak, and I barely realised that the scoundrels went through me and relieved me not only of my money-belt, but also of my watch, chain, and other valuables. Then I lost consciousness. How long I had been lying there I do not know. The first thing I felt when reason began to dawn in me again was the tongue of my faithful Pluto which liked my hand. I was still too bewildered to know what it was all about, and imagined myself at home. But gradually my senses returned, and then I began to realise my dreadful situation. Around me it was pitch dark, the faintest glimmer of light only being perceivable in the distance where the tunnel ended. I tried to rise, but could not. I wanted to put out my hand to feel around me. It was securely tied to my back. The fact was, the thieves, after robbing me of all I had about me, had fastened me with leather straps they had cut from my belt to the rails, pinioning my hands and arms and feet besides, so that the next train would be sure to kill me and destroy the evidence of their crime.

"I made frantic attempts," went on the narrator, "to break my shackles, but I only succeeded in driving the leather straps into my hand and hurting myself. The exertions I had made, besides, occasioned my wounds to break open again and brought on a new flow of blood. Again I swooned. When I awoke once more my power of thinking had become singularly clear. I began to reason. My dog Pluto—who, as you will understand, had broken away from the room in which I had shut him up and followed me—had been meantime at work gnawing away at the leather straps which held me to the rails. But the leather was thick and tough, and he had not yet succeeded in biting it through. I encouraged him with my voice, and he began to redouble his exertions. Just about this time I felt a slight rumbling underneath. It was the train approaching. A few more minutes and I would be mangled into a shapeless mass if I could not extricate myself from my bonds. Pluto, too, seemed to know what was at stake, for he gnawed away furiously, and then barked strangely. But his efforts had told at last; I felt the leather giving way. One tremendous pull, in which I spent all my remaining force, burst one of my shackles, and then I succeeded in getting hold of my case of surgical instruments. With my scalpel I cut the other leather straps through, rolled over off the track, and then lost my senses again. A few moments later I came to. Clouds of stifling smoke filled the tunnel, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive was heard away down near the

entrance. Then the train stopped. Somebody came up with a lantern. He found me lying on the ground. He shouted, and others came. I was carried out of the tunnel and saved. My dog had followed the engine out of the tunnel, and thus given the train men a signal. I was cured of my injuries, and had the satisfaction a few weeks later of learning that the gang who had so successfully planned the attack on me had been promptly despatched by Judge Lynch. And now you'll understand why I am so fond of Pluto."

First Premium (£1) awarded to Mr. J. SMITH, Wandsworth Road, London.

GOING TO TULLIE'S.

THERE are some individuals in this world, who, in matters of business, or anything appertaining thereunto, work themselves up to such a pitch of anxiety and uneasiness, quite unnecessary, over the simplest and most trivial points hardly worth thinking about, that it is quite painful to be in their company.

Men of this stamp, although as convinced as they possibly can be that everything is right, cannot keep themselves calm, and are always in mortal fear that some hitch or other must occur, or that something must be, or will go wrong, unless under their own immediate supervision. Such a man was Richard Drayman, formerly cashier at a large commercial house. He was a Quaker, a middle-aged, well-meaning, intelligent man, but dreadfully fussy.

So far did he carry this trait in his character, that he was to a certain extent disliked by nearly all with whom he became associated. On the slightest pretext he would keep back part of the office of an evening (and it was against his rule invariably to recognise in a remunerative way "overtime," although it was in his power to do so) to go through some hours of work with him, knowing all the time that it was correct, perhaps having been "checked" at least three or four times by his order. But then, "a figure might after all be wrong, and it is best to make quite certain, thou knowest."

Over and over again would he have things repeated and performed by the luckless ones under him, until they grew heartily sick, and his equals even were wearied by his importunities.

Matters had reached a climax, when, one day he was observed to insert a piece of blotting-paper carefully into his ledger, shut the book, get off his chair, run his hands through all his pockets three times (quite a small number), take down his hat, put it on, slap his pockets (more especially his coat-tail ones) all round once more, and nervously start for the door.

"Oh, er—Jackson," as he passed that gentleman, "I'm—er—I'm going to Tullie's, if anyone should call for me."

"Very good, Mr. Drayman," was the sharp, business-like reply.

"Thou perfectly understandest," repeated the Quaker, "that should anyone ask for me, I am gone to Tullie's?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the impatient Jackson, "you're going to Tullie's, Mr. Drayman."

"Yes, I'm—going—to—Tullie's," he murmured, as he dived into his breast pocket 'to make certain' his pocket book was still there. "Thou wilt not forget, Jackson," still unwilling to tear himself away.

"No, Mr. Drayman, I'll not forget; I'll make a note of it."

"Thank thee," and he continued the start he had already

made a few minutes before, stopping twice more on his passage out, however, to whisper the magic words to a couple of juniors, and finally imparting them to the porter as he disappeared out of the doorway patting his coat-tail pockets.

Meanwhile our friend Jackson was busily engaged "making a note of it" with a vengeance upon a sheet of foolscap in big black letters half-an-inch long.

"Thank goodness he has gone to Tullie's," said Brown (Jackson's desk companion), with a sigh of relief.

"Trust him," answered the former worthy, whose experience was a little larger, "not just yet; he'll be back in a minute, or else what do you suppose I'm doing this for?" exhibiting his "note" to Brown, and at the same time whispering mysteriously into that gentleman's ear.

Brown grinned, so did some of the others who also heard the whisper, and so perhaps will you presently.

Sure enough, in flounced Richard, after a lapse of about two minutes, slapping his eternal pockets as he "went" for his desk, lifted up the flap, fretted and fumed with his head therein for fully five minutes, and then made a nervous bustle out of the building again, taking care to give out half a dozen more insufferable reminders of his "going to Tullie's," dinning into the ears of his listeners to their inmost agony of mind.

Let us follow Richard, and note a few extraordinary details that attached to his going to Tullie's on that eventful day. He had not proceeded far, when, strange to say, "I'm agoin' ter Tullie's, yah!" rudely emanated from the lips of some one behind him. Richard looked, and marvelled greatly, for he beheld a grinning street urchin shuffling about on the pavement. Concluding, however, that the lad had overheard him instructing the porter in the doorway, he paid no attention to the boy's impudence, but pursued his course. But he took it as rather a curious coincidence when "I'm going to Tullie's!" said gentleman number one to ditto number two with a titter and laugh, as they went arm-in-arm in front of him.

A little further on, as he passed the cab rank, our hero was startled by a loud roar of laughter proceeding from a select little cluster of hansom charioteers, and looking back was amazed to find their gaze centred upon himself. This was fairly beyond his comprehension, and instinctively throwing a hurried glance over his attire for anything that might be laughter-provoking therein, but without seeing anything to justify the cabmen's mirth, he paid no attention to the "civilised barbarians," and quickened his steps.

To his bewilderment, however, "I'm going to Tullie's," peculiarly ejaculated the butcher's assistant at the bottom of the second street, as Richard glided by. Our hero involuntarily started, and warmed to his work as he went on apace. "Whatever do they all want at Tullie's," he exclaimed to himself; "what do they want there? I shall not be able to see Tullie at all if I do not make haste." Besides being considerably confused, he began to get excited slightly; and then, yet again, as if in mockery of his nervousness—"I'm going to Tullie's" slowly uttered a voice behind him before he had traversed another hundred yards.

Despite all his principles, the Quaker could have sworn when he heard these words again. He turned round as calmly as could be expected of him under the circumstances, but in the speaker this time, to his great relief, recognised a friend.

"Good morning to thee, friend Grayton," he said.

"Good morning to thee, Richard Drayman," was the sedate reply, as they shook hands.

"Thou also art going to Tullie's, then?" continued Richard, "everyone appears to be going to Tullie's; I'm going to Tullie's!"

"So thou seemest to be telling everybody from what I see pinned to thy coat behind. I'm afraid some one has been playing a trick upon thee," solemnly responded the elder Quaker, giving the other a peculiar look over his gold-rimmed spectacles.

Like lightning poor Richard clapped his hands to the rear, what he found there a sheet of foolscap proclaiming to the world that he was on his way to Tullie's quickly accounting for the strange behaviour of the several individuals he had encountered on his walk. Restraining his passion as well as he was able, he thanked his friend and bade him a hurried adieu. The way he "b'out ship," and sailed back to the office, clutching tightly that piece of foolscap, need not be recorded. Picture to yourself any ordinary mortal under similar circumstances, and you will gain an idea of the manner in which he made the voyage. At last he reached his destination, and with a livid face made his way into the partners' room. Presently he emerged therefrom with one of the principals, who quietly demanded, holding the aggressive piece of paper aloft, "Who wrote this?" There was nothing for it but for Jackson, whose dexterous work it of course had been, but who had not, however, quite reckoned on this turn of affairs, to confess that he was the aggressor. He was accordingly requested to step into the private room, and when inside, "What caused you to fasten this to Mr. Drayman's coat, Jackson?" asked the principal, with a curious expression on his face.

"Well, sir," boldly replied Jackson, "it was more for a joke than anything; but I did it to try and cure Mr. Drayman of his irritable and annoying ways."

This explanation was quite enough for the partner, who knew the Quaker's unsociable characteristics, but before that amiable gentleman himself it of course would not do. So Jackson was submitted to a very severe lecture, and had to apologise to the Quaker, which in fact he offered to do, and did, profusely and with great expressions of regret. At first, nothing would satisfy Drayman but the instant dismissal of the aggressor; but he thought better of it, and accepted the above compromise after he had cooled down a little. The "joke," moreover, was not without its good effects. Once or twice after its occurrence he would fain have gone on his same old tactics, but would suddenly recollect himself at a playful "Remember Tullie's!" from one of his equals—to several of whom he related the full details of the affair after a little pressing, when particularly good-tempered one day.

Thus the affair blew over. And this is how a Quaker broke his word, and departed from the truth, for he said he was going to Tullie's, and never went, or rather he went but turned back before he got there, sending a messenger in his stead.

Second Premium (10s.) awarded to Mr. S. R. BEATTIE, 33 Stirling Road, Tottenham, London.

Mr. Parkington says a baby is composed of a bare head and a pair of lungs. One lung takes a rest while the other keeps at work. One of them is on duty all the time.

♦ ♦ ♦

A poor Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. His children gathered around him and inquired why he parted with it. "Ah, my honeys," answered he, "I would not be after parting with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it."

KILL THAT SOW!

THIS story is told of one of the wealthy residents of Weatherfield, and is vouched for as true in every particular. Perhaps it might be a little too personal to give his real name, so for the purpose of our sketch we will call him "doctor."

The doctor is a solid man in more senses than one—he is solid in money and means, and his avoirdupois cannot be surpassed by any one man in town, his weight being close upon three hundred pounds.

He invariably carries a well-stuffed pocket book about with him, and he is blessed with the happy faculty of holding on to what he has got. He never heads a subscription list, though what he might do in this direction will never be known until some man with the requisite pluck can be found to ask him. Almost any cautious man would prefer to let out that job to some stranger by the month.

One day his plethoric calf-skin was missing, and with it £500 in bank notes. If an electric battery had poured a broadside down the doctor's spinal column, he could scarcely have felt a greater shock. His hands flew from pocket to pocket, and his face lengthened and took on a lugubrious and sorrowful air. If he had been a "poor lone widow," and the little all had taken wings, his consternation could not have been greater. He lost his mental equilibrium, and was dancing round on the ragged edge of despair.

Finally he bethought himself of a visit he had paid that morning to Bill Wells on Wolcott Hill.

The doctor reasoned that his pocket book was in the pen against which he leaned. He assumed that it would be an easy matter for it to drop out of his pocket with his body thrown forward in the manner he remembered it had been.

It was think and go with him. He clambered into his old trap, and headed his well-tamed Bucephalus towards Bill Wells's. He only thought of that well-stuffed pocket book at the bottom of the hog pen, and in his mind's eye he saw that big old sow grunting with satisfaction as she poked and rooted his bank notes about. He lashed his horse into a run, and the good people of Weatherfield wondered what the matter was as the old doctor thundered along at a John Gilpin rate.

On reaching his destination he rushed to the pen, expecting to see the wreck of his pocket book scattered around the pen. But he was disappointed. Not a sign was there.

"By Jove!" the doctor exclaimed, "the old sow has swallowed it whole."

Then Mr. Wells appeared on the scene, and in a moment the excited doctor cried out: "What'll you take for that sow?"

"Oh, I don't know," modestly responded the other.

"I don't want any 'don't knows about it,'" roared the doctor. "What'll you take for that sow, I say?"

"I don't know as I want to sell it," replied Mr. Wells, who evidently didn't understand the situation.

"You must sell it. Set your own price, but I must have that sow," pleadingly urged the old doctor.

At this Mr. Wells thought the doctor had gone crazy, and tried to soothe him. But this only made the old fellow more angry and excited, and he almost danced over the quiet manner of Wells.

"Set the price!" he shouted; "set the price, I say."

"But I don't want to sell it —"

"And I say you must. I'll give you any price for it."
 "Well, then, say one hundred pounds!" And Wells's eyes twinkled merrily as he named it, supposing the price would cool the doctor's ardour. But he was fairly astonished at the reply—

"I'll take it. Now, *kill that sow!*"

Mr. Wells now knew he was crazy, and again tried to curb his excitement. But this only added fuel to the flames. The doctor fairly foamed with excitement, and it looked like the froth of a lunatic.

"Kill that sow, I say!" again thundered the doctor. "She'll digest it, if you don't!"

"Oh, come, get into your carriage, and drive home with me," soothingly suggested Wells.

"Great Scott! Bill Wells, do you think I'm crazy? I tell you that sow has swallowed my pocket book with £500 in it, and if you don't hurry up and have her killed, she'll digest it, and I'll lose every shilling."

Mr. Wells still looked on in silent astonishment.

"My Christian friend," he continued, "*will* you kill that sow?" and he rammed his hands down in his overcoat pockets with such force that he discovered a little hole in one of his pockets, and as he dived deeper down his excitement gave place to a feeling of satisfaction. Between the lining and the cloth of his coat he found his lost pocket book with its contents undisturbed. Not a penny had been digested by the innocent old sow. He offered his neighbour Wells a £5 note not to say anything about it, but the offer was declined with thanks. It was too good a story to keep, and the whole town knew the story before sundown.

Commended—Mr. JAMES ST. MATTHEW HIBBERT, 19 East View Street, Preston.

MISS TAKEN.

They get it in the neck sometimes as the following will testify. He was a masher holding up the corner, and as a very pretty girl came along, he spotted her and made a break to mash her.

"Ah," he said, with a greasy smile, tipping his hat, "I beg your pardon, but are you not Miss—?"

But before he could continue, she interrupted him with:

"Not mis-taken in thinking you are a fool! No, I don't think I am," and she sailed past, while he fell up against a lamp post and gasped, as the crowd standing round gave him the laugh till it made him sick in fourteen languages.

GENUINE ECONOMY.

"Nothing is wasted on our road," explained a railroad president, who was under examination the other day as to the condition of his line. "There's not a concern in the country as utilises everything as we do."

"Do you put everything to some use?" inquired an incredulous lawyer.

"We fail in nothing," replied the president; "you can't name a thing that we do not derive some benefit from."

"Ever had a wash-out?" asked the lawyer sarcastically.

"We have."

"To what use did you put that?"

"We watered the stock with it," and the witness was allowed to depart in triumph.

GHOSTS AT STRATHPEFFER:

OR, "COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"

"*Se non è vero, è ben trovato*"—If not true, it is a clever invention. If true, the following story is certainly a very extraordinary one; if fabricated, the reader must allow that it deserves some admiration for its ingenious mechanism. My impression is that I received it at third hand; but I cannot be quite sure through how many intermediary links it passed ere reaching my ears. It strikes me, however, that the facts of which it consists are too peculiar to admit of that variation which attends vague and commonplace descriptions.

Mr. and Mrs. A— (the real name, a rare one, I now forget) were summer residents at Strathpeffer, and occupied a villa in the neighbourhood of the wells. One day, while returning home from a drive, they were approaching a bridge which spans the high road, when Mrs. A— suddenly asked her husband if he did not observe a strange figure standing by the road under the bridge. He replied that he saw nothing; and, in fact, on reaching the spot, Mrs. A— was surprised to find that no one was there. When they arrived at home, the maid-servant who opened the door seemed in a state of great trepidation, the cause of which she quickly explained to her master and mistress. During their absence the servants had been employed drying the clothes in the laundry. They had just hung some sheets upon a screen, when, to their horror and amazement, the wooden frame was seized with a fit of trembling, as though it were a living being. For half-an-hour the screen shivered and shook, and they were unable to hold it at rest.

That night another noteworthy event occurred at Strathpeffer. Two gentlemen, fellow-travellers, had two rooms in the hotel. Thither both had retired for the night, when one of them came into his companion's room, declaring that he could not repose in his bed. He had been seized with an unaccountable horror, and earnestly begged his friend to allow him to share his room.

Here, then, we have three distinct and extraordinary circumstances occurring in the same place on the same day—Mrs. A—'s singular, though illusory, impression; the shaking clothes screen; and the traveller's unaccountable aversion to his bedroom.

Now, mark the connection of each of these with an unfortunate accident which occurred at Strathpeffer on the succeeding day. At or near the spot where Mrs. A— had seen the human figure a coach was overturned, and one of the passengers was killed. Her house being near at hand, Mrs. A— was asked for the loan of a sheet, for the purpose of conveying the body to the hotel, and actually one of the sheets which had hung on the shivering screen was given in compliance with the request. The reader will now scarcely be surprised to learn that the defunct passenger was placed on the very bed which the traveller had felt himself compelled to abandon on the preceding night.

One can only lament that such phenomena did not terminate in the deliverance of the unhappy traveller.

Commended—Mr. W. OGILVY, 21 Baltic Street, Aberdeen.

A philosopher who had married a vulgar girl, used to call her "brown sugar," because, he said, "she was sweet but unrefined."

THE PEEP SHOW.

One night ('twas the hirings) on amusement intent,
To pass a short time to a peep-show I went ;
It was work I on a plan I had ne'er seen before,
By a long row of wires hung close to the door.
I'll tell you (your attention, of course, I desire)
The pictures I saw as he drew down each wire.

Scene 1 was a youth with a girl by his side,
The time fast approaching when he'd make her his bride ;
A young man, on the day before they were wed,
Knocked at the door, dropped a kettle and fled ;
'Twas a good copper kettle, one made to admire :
This picture passed on as he drew down a wire.

Scene 2 was the day the bridal took place,
Happiness beaming on every face ;
A young man—C. P.—who was acting best-man,
Looking as brave as he possibly can,
With the bride and the bridesmaids—I did greatly admire—
This I thought very nice as he drew down the wire.

Scene 3 was a guest whose name was T. B.,
A most timid and bashful young man seemed to be ;
Drest in a black suit, with white gloves and tie,
About half-past ten he was seen to draw nigh ;
In a low-crowned hat Johnny B. did aspire :
This also passed on as he drew down the wire.

Scene 4, round the table they'd all got a seat,
C. P. against ham, and T. B. against meat ;
I saw that T. B., who looked terribly shy,
Would be in a state if for beef they did cry ;
To be a carver I found he did not aspire :
I smiled at this scene as he drew down the wire.

Scene 5, I observed he had found great relief,
For all wanted ham and none wanted beef ;
That the beef now attracted Johnny B.'s eye,
"Please cut me a slice," he politely did cry ;
T. B. glared at B. in confusion dire,
And I heartily laughed as he pulled down the wire.

Scene 6 it was o'er, and the guests now retire
Into the front room, and sit round the fire ;
The gents with cigars enjoy a good smoke,
And merrily laugh at each tale and joke ;
Some singing I hear is now the desire :
I thought they looked well as he drew down the wire.

Scene 7 they'd been waiting, I can't say how long,
Before anyone ventured to start with a song ;
I now saw Miss S. (as all back did hing)
"The Gipsy's Warning" commencing to sing ;
'Twas a very hard song, and high notes did require,
But I saw she got through ere he pulled down the wire.

Scene 8, T. B. thought he would have a try,
And sang with their help "In the Sweet By and By."
This ended the singing, some cards came to view,
Conversation, and then a game that was new ;
Then of the cards I saw them all tire :
I thought it a pity as he drew down the wire.

Scene 9 a youth named H. T. had just come,
That soon for him they made plenty of room ;
I saw that he was well noted for singing,
And ere long the room with his voice was ringing ;
They were all quite delighted as they got their desire :
This picture did please me as he drew down the wire

Scene 10, the party had come to a close,
The guests had gone home to get some repose ;
The bridegroom and bride led a good happy life,
And made all the lodgers wish they had a wife.
I thought this scene good as I now did retire,
For this finished the show as he drew down the wire.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

SAMUEL LOVER, in one of his stories, gives an excellent example of the readiness of the lower order of Irishmen with repartee. The scene is at an election, and the Irishman is being examined by an agent:

"You're a Roman Catholic?"

"Am I?" said the fellow.

"Are you not?" demanded the agent.

"You say I am," was the answer.

"Come, sir, answer—What's your religion?"

"The true religion."

"What religion is that?"

"My religion."

"And what's *your* religion?"

"My mother's religion."

"And what was your mother's religion?"

"*She tuk whisky in her tay.*"

"Come, now, I'll find you out, as cunning as you are," said the agent, piqued into an encounter of wits with this fellow, whose baffling of every question pleased the crowd. "You bless yourself, don't you?"

"When I'm done with you I think I ought."

"What place of worship do you go to?"

"The most convaynant."

"But of what persuasion are you?"

"My persuasion is that you won't find out."

"What is your belief?"

"My belief is that *you're* puzzled."

"Come! now I have you. Who do you send for when you are going to die?"

"Doctor Growlin."

"Not for the priest?"

"I must first get a messenger."

"Confound your quibbling. Tell me, then, what your opinions are—your conscientious opinions, I mean?"

"They are the same as my landlord's."

"And what are your landlord's opinions?"

"Faix, his opinion is that I won't pay him the last half-year's rent; and I am of the same opinion myself."

A roar of laughter followed this answer, and dumb-founded the agent for a time; but angered by the successful quibbling of the sturdy and wily fellow before him, he at last declared, with much severity of manner, that he must have a direct reply.

"I insist, sir, on your answering at once—Are you a Roman Catholic?"

"I am," said the fellow.

"And could you not say so at once?" repeated the officer.

"You never axed me," returned the other.

"I did," said the other.

"Indeed, you didn't. You said I was a great many things, but you never *axed* me—you wor dhruvin' *cras* words and *cruked* questions at me, and I gev answers to match them; for, sure, I thowt it was manners to cut out my *behaviour* on your own pattrern."

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

A CURIOUS woman is like a craving drinker—insatiable. One peculiarity of a woman's curiosity is that she is always looking for something she don't want to find, and rather imagines herself imposed upon because her worst fears are not realised. Now Mr. Guffey who owned a ranche in San Jose, had such a woman for his sister. She was, too, a maiden withal, having never experienced the fatal (?) passion. Mr. Guffey had invited a few friends to an evening party, and his sister Melissa, arriving at an unexpected moment, found no chamber for her reception save the tank tower, at the top of the ranche. Late at night Guffey conducted Melissa to the airy apartment, and, pointing to a huge plug in the ceiling over the bed, from which hung a cord, said—"You see that string, don't you?"

"As I'm not blind, I suppose I do," snapped his sister.

"Very well, don't pull it."

"Why not?"

"Because you will pull the plug out of the bottom of the tank."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, the capacity of that tank is 30,000 gallons. You've read of the Deluge, of course?"

"I should hope so."

"Then, don't pull the string—that's all. Good night."

She might have as well tried to sleep over a powder magazine. Presently she sat up in bed, felt around for the string, just touched it, gave a shriek, and buried her head under the clothes. As she did not grow perceptibly wetter, she ventured to peep. The plug still remained in the hole. Overcoming her nervousness, she got up, lit the candle, opened the windows so as to allow the water to run out before it reached the top, hung her clothes on the highest nail she could find, placed a chair on the table and her trunk on the top, seized the rope with her teeth, closed her eyes, gave a terrific pull, and ———. *The tank had been empty for a month.*

Commended—Mr. T. PIERCE COWLING, Blackburn.

RATHER AWKWARD FOR THE DOCTOR.—Scene. Office of a pompous doctor who knows it all. Enter a tired man, who drops into a seat and says that he wants treatment. The doctor puts on his eye-glasses, looks at the patient's tongue, feels of his pulse, sounds his chest and says: "Same old story, my friend. Men can't live without fresh air—no use trying it. I could make myself a corpse, like you are doing by degrees, if I sat down in my office and didn't stir. You must have fresh air; you must take long walks, and brace up by staying out-of-doors. Now, I could make a chemist's shop of you, and you would think I was a smart man; but my advice to you is to walk, walk, walk." *Patient.*—"But, Doctor—" *Doctor.*—"That's right, argue the question. That's my reward. Of course, you know all about my business. Now, will you take my advice? Take long walks every day—several times a day—and get your blood in circulation." *Patient.*—"I do walk, doctor. I—" *Doctor.*—"Of course you do walk—I know that—but walk more. Walk ten times as much as you do now. That will cure you." *Patient.*—"But my business—" *Doctor.*—"Of course your business prevents it. Change your business so you will have to walk more. What is your business?" *Patient.*—"I am a letter-carrier." *Doctor (paralyzed).*—"My friend, permit me to once more examine your tongue."

A DISAPPOINTED AND DISGUSTED CROWD.

About 8 o'clock of a morning a man smoking plug tobacco in an old clay pipe walked out of a Michigan avenue saloon with a rat in a trap. He looked neither to the right nor to the left until he had reached the middle of the street. Then he placed the trap on the ground and whistled for his dog. If he had a dog the animal did not respond, but the public did. In less than two minutes thirty men were rushing to the spot.

"Hi! there! Don't let him out till I get my dog," shouted one.

"Hold on! Wait for the dogs!" yelled half-a-dozen voices at once.

"Keep cool and form a circle!" commanded a policeman, as he took a firmer grip of his baton.

The man with the trap spread a large handkerchief over it and waited. He was not a bit excited. On the contrary he was as placid as a ship sailing on the wash dish.

"Whar' did you ketch him?" inquired a newsboy.

The placid man did not deign to reply.

"What'll ye take for him?" asked another, but his inquiry was treated with the same silent contempt.

Then four or five men came running up with dogs under their arms, and ten or fifteen dogs on foot following behind. There was a fight between a bull dog and a Newfoundland, and there would have been a row between owners had not a second policeman appeared. Order was finally restored. The dogs were arranged in a circle and held by their collars, and the placid man slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe, looked carefully round, and then raised the trap and shook the rat out. All the dogs made a rush, but in ten seconds each and every canine walked off on his ear and seemed to be hurt in his feelings. A boy stepped forward and held the rat up to view.

"It's a crockery rat!" he yelled as he whirled it around.

"Yes, it has a grocery radt, and he cost me den cents," calmly replied the placid man as he walked off with his trap.

HOW HE CAUGHT A COLD.

"How are you, old man? Got a light? Thanks. You appear to be rather hoarse this morning. You must have caught a severe cold."

The party to whom these words were addressed was a gentleman who is remarkable for being invariably short of funds.

"Hoarse! Yes," was the reply. "I have caught a dreadful cold. The fact is, I am hoarse all over; but you can't guess how I caught such a cold if you should try for a week."

"Perhaps you got caught in a draught."

"Well, you come nearer the mark than I supposed you would. I got myself into a perspiration asking people to indorse my draft, and they all gave me the cold shoulder, and that's what gave me such a cold. I absorbed so much cold from those cold shoulders, that if it hadn't been for the hot weather I would have been down with rheumatic pneumonia."

In pocket-picking, as in almost everything else, a man never succeeds until he gets his hand in.

PUZZLEIANA.

To suit the tastes of the Junior section of its readers, the Proprietors of THE TATLER have arranged to open a column under the above heading to be devoted to the publication of all kinds of poetical and other puzzling problems, and, in order to make these questions of a high-class nature, they have resolved to offer two prizes weekly to be awarded to the senders of the best and second best contributions received; these prizes to be given in books of the value of 6s. and 3s. respectively. Prizes of the same kind will also be given at the end of the quarter, beginning with October, for the best sets of Solutions received to the Puzzles inserted during that period. The following rules to be observed by intending Competitors:—

- 1.—All contributions must be "Original," and so marked; written on one side of the paper only, with the correct solution affixed to each question, along with the author's real name and address.
- 2.—Solutions must be received not later than the second Saturday morning after the publication of the questions.
- 3.—All matter for this column to be enclosed in an envelope addressed to THE TATLER Office, 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, with "Puzzleiana" written on outside of same.

Winners of the weekly prizes will have their names and addresses printed along with their contributions. When those who are successful see this, they are required to write to the Editor, informing him of the name and publisher of the work they may choose to possess of the value of the prize they have gained, when it will be sent to them post free within a fortnight.

No. 1.—DIAGONAL SQUARE.

What never was lost will be hard to find
In our weekly "hide and seek,"
Yet a case you may see if you purchase me,
The TATLER, once a week.

1. Most of us here, the sun beneath,
Have had me oft between their teeth.
2. See, the lark is soaring high
In the cloudless morning sky;
High above life's busy mart,
This, sweet bird, thou surely art.
3. Where now the men that filled the glen,
Who never feared a foe;
The vale is hushed, the clans are crushed,
'Twas this that laid them low.
4. Many brave hearts to seek me have gone
'Mong the bergs in their icy array,
And their places no more will be known,
Away, and for ever away.
5. In olden times it was the rule,
To keep this noisy lady cool,
They placed her on the ducking stool.
6. A's the master, B's the lad,
A's a rascal, B's as bad;
That two rogues may once agree,
This is signed by A and B.
7. This simple word expounded,
Means anything surrounded.
8. A human form is here displayed,
By human arts conceived and made.
9. Rise, Liberty, and strike the blow,
And lay this haughty tyrant low.

No. 2.—CHARADE.

We must wait for a year, love, 'tis all we can do,
Though I wish from my heart it were less;
For the depth of affection I cherish for you,
I can scarcely my third to express.
'Twill be merely a few months' delay at the worst,
And may save in the future some ill,
For you'll then be my second, and I'll be your first,
Let the old beggar rave as he will.
I have tried him and pressed him again and again,
But his purpose I cannot control,
So I'll try him no more; I can see very plain
He's a being who is not my whole.

No. 3.—CHARADE.

A piece of delf from off your shelf,
You for my first may pick;
My next transposed may feel disposed
To answer with a kick.
The two connect, and you'll detect
Me playing you a trick.
Two letters drop, transpose, then stop,
For I'm inclined to stick.

No. 4.—TRANSPOSITION.

To wield my whole proud King's delight,
Perched on ambition's dizzy height,
No very nice position

High on a throne, all jewelled bright,
They bear this emblem of might;
They look around and grasp it tight,
And fancy they are heroes quite,
In every condition.
My total if you change it right,
By aid of transposition,
I saw it coming home one night,
All dimly in the clear moonlight.
Oh, goodness gracious, what a sight!
It gave me such a horrid fright,
And took the senses from me quite,
An awful apparition.
Again transpose to a poor wight,
If you have this, be pleased to write,
Reply with expedition.

No. 5.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

With blossoms gay they strew the way,
On this Old England's holiday,
1. Ah, me! but miracles are rife,
We've lost our jolly friend for life,
He's gone away and took a wife.
2. 'Tis a very fond name, but for me I would rather
Continue the old practice, sticking to father.
3. Time hurries on, time tarries not,
In this dark vale of sorrow;
In this we've got a view of what
To-day will be to-morrow.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"RAMBLES WITH A FISHING ROD." By E. S. Roscoe.
(London and Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons.
1883.)

ANGLERS will be delighted with this book, and persons who are not anglers will read it with interest. Whether in the Tyrol or in the wilds of Connemara, the author is equally at home; and as he wields a picturesque pen, as well as one accustomed to the strictness of scientific angling, he gives a volume of rare attractiveness.

"A YEAR OF LIFE AND OTHER POEMS." By John Cameron Grant. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1883.)

IT is rather a bold thing for one man to write 365 sonnets, seeing that collectors of that dainty form of poetry can with difficulty cull that number from the entire range of our literature. And why not 366 sonnets? Should not the 29th of February have a sonnet—or say a quarter of a sonnet, or 3½ lines? Mr. Grant has not read Pope to advantage, for see how "the open vowels tire" in such an expression as "shakes with the same air waves."

WANTED TO SETTLE.

Among the passengers in a stage coach, stopped one day last spring by road agents in Montana, was a Buffalo man who was out there to look over the ground with a view of establishing a clothing store. He was the last one out of the coach, and as he was ordered to hold up his hands he called out:

"Shentlemen, I like to settle dis case like an honest man."

"Keep your hands up."

"If I can't make an assignment to my brudder Moses, I settle mit you for twenty cents on der dollar."

"You shut up and shell out!" was the stern command.

"Shentlemens," continued the victim, as he wriggled around, "I have made three assignments and failed seex times in peesness, und I nefer was treated like dis before. I shall now offer thirty cents on der dollar, and if you doan' take him I'll go into bankruptcy, und my wife puts all der cash in her pocket."

GRAND SPECIAL COMPETITION.

THE TATLER submits the following scene to his readers :—

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—An old-fashioned house.

Enter **HARDCASTLE**, followed by two or three awkward servants.

Hardcastle. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places; and can shew that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

All. Ay, ay.

Hardcastle. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands; they're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them; I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia; and so being upon drill—

Hardcastle. Diggory, you must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Diggory. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees eating going forwards, ecod! he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hardcastle. Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Diggory. Then, ecod! your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that, he, he, he, he! for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years; ha, ha, ha!

Hardcastle. Ha, ha, ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that.

1. A SPECIAL PREMIUM OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best story of "OULD GROUSE IN THE GUN-ROOM," and "Commendation" for the second best.

2. The story must be told in a humorous, after-dinner style, and must not exceed in length a column and a half of THE TATLER.

3. MSS. for this SPECIAL COMPETITION will be received up till Saturday morning, 1st DECEMBER, and the Premium and Commended stories will be published in THE TATLER of the Christmas week.

4. The copyright of all MSS. sent in shall belong to the Proprietors of THE TATLER, whether published or not.

5. Should stories of sufficiently side-splitting humour be sent in, a special second Premium may be awarded.

"THE TATLER" OFFICE, 22nd September, 1883.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALEXIS SLEEVELAUGHER.—Thanks for good wishes. Condition 6 gives the copyright, although it may never be used. It is not possible to seek out or return rejected MSS.

HEY-DAY.—It was Theodore Hook who said that the Ode to the Rising Sun "must have been written for a lark." Yours is only fit for a town sparrow.

M. M'K.—Poetry is really a drug just now. But thanks for kind endeavours.

J. C.—See first sentence above.

JARROLA.—The story sent is scarcely suitable. Incident, personal adventure, or humour, are essential. The "short-chaptered tale" question depends, of course, on the kind of tale.

AN ADMIRER.—Please give a standing order to your local bookseller.

Other replies next week.

Questions can only be answered through this Column.

The LONDON OFFICE of THE TATLER is at 84 FLEET STREET (next door to PUNCH Office).

To be had at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, London, and in the country, and in Liverpool, Dublin, and Belfast; also Messrs. WILLING & CO. S Bookstalls, London, &c

GRAND PREMIUM CONTRIBUTION ARRANGEMENTS.

"When a man has engaged to keep a Stage Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Passengers or not, to set out. Thus it fares with us weekly Historians; but, indeed, for my Particular, I hope I shall soon have little more to do in this work than to publish what is sent me from such as have Leisure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleased in an elegant Manner."—"The Tatler," 1th May, 1709.

The Proprietors of THE TATLER offer each week TWO PREMIUMS, namely ONE POUND and TEN SHILLINGS, and COMMENDATIONS, for the best Contributions sent in. The following conditions require to be observed:—

1. The MSS. must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be properly paged and fastened.

2. The Contributor must furnish full name and address at the end of each Contribution.

3. Where the Contribution is not Original, the source, date of publication, and, where possible, the author's name must be given.

4. Preference will as a rule be given to Original matter, which should be marked "Original" on the right hand corner of the first page, and Original Anecdotes or Verses will be acceptable. No prize will be awarded for matter which has appeared in any contemporary, and such should not be sent in.

5. The MSS. must be addressed to "Editor of THE TATLER," 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, and all MSS. received up to Saturday morning's delivery will be in time for that week's competition. The result will be intimated and the premium contributions printed a fortnight thereafter. The words "Premium Competition" should be written on the cover.

6. The copyright of all Original MSS. sent in shall vest in the Proprietors of THE TATLER, and all MSS. may be used, whether gaining a premium or not.

7. The Name and Address of the Contributors obtaining the Premiums will be published each week, unless Contributors object to this publicity. If they object, their initials or *nom de plume* will be published instead, but it is preferred that the full name and address of successful Competitors be given.

To be had at all Railway Bookstalls, and may be ordered from any News-agent throughout the United Kingdom.

* * MONTHLY PARTS now ready, containing five complete numbers, with Portraits inserted separately on toned paper. Part I., price Sixpence; by Post, Sevenpence.

The following Portraits have now appeared:—

1.—THE QUEEN.

2.—RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

3.—HENRY IRVING.

4.—THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, K.G.

5.—RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

6.—H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Printed for the Proprietors by MACRON & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—October 6, 1883.



LORD ROSEBERY.

THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 7.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A DAFFODIL RHYME.

Down Primrose Lane, near by yon flowery dell,
I lay and heard the murmuring brook glide on ;
Soft whisperings filled my ear, seeming to tell

A tale of darksome days—days that had flown—
Sighing, "Oh, maid, with gold and yellow hair,
For you Hope's mellow notes have lost the tone
Of Love's sweet tune, changed to the sob of Care,
While the sad chords of memory make moan,
Mingling their measure with the midnight air,
And sad and lonely you are standing there."

Once those grim shadows of a darkened past
Flitted, like dreams, in Love's gay garments drest ;
They came like visions, till they came at last
To rob a heart—a trustful heart—of rest.
Ah! thou Pale Blossom, clinging there unblest !
The love of one fond heart nursed thy weak flame ;
Yon wayworn wanderer lulled thee at her breast,
Though cold misfortune darkened her own name :
Repay her oft by prattling, "Ma-you-best,"
So wake her mouldering love and give it zest. G.C.S.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. 7.—THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.T.

Ask in England, and you will hear that the Earl of Rosebery is a very good judge of a horse. Ask in Scotland, and you will perhaps be told that he is too horsey. But ask anywhere, and you will learn that he is young, wealthy, brilliant, popular, the hope of his party in Scotland, a leader in society, and with the makings of a useful statesman in him.

Of course, Lord Rosebery owes much of his social importance to his wealth, and for that he is indebted to his wife, the daughter of one of the Rothschilds. "The best living I ever gave away," was Lord Beaconsfield's saying, when he acted as parent, and "gave away" Miss Hannah Rothschild, on her marriage to the Earl of Rosebery. Through his wife, the Earl became lord of the princely chateau of Mentmore, in Bucks, a wonderful combination of artistic bric-a-brac and profuse—consequently coarse—wealth. He has a favourite property in The Durdans, his sporting headquarters; and in the handsome Elizabethan mansion of Dalmeny, with its adjoining restoration, the fine old baronial Barnbougle Castle, he is able to

offer very tempting hospitality to the people of Edinburgh.

Lord Rosebery's most memorable public feat was that of "running" Mr. Gladstone for Midlothian against the Buccleuch interest, a race which he "pulled off" in a common canter. In consequence of this success, it was fully expected by the people of Scotland that the popular young lord would have a Cabinet seat; but Lord Rosebery, though ambitious, and not without self-appreciation, knew that it was the splendid qualities of his "mount" and not the jockeyship that won that race. And as he was without experience in official work, he wisely made no demand for office. When it did come, and he acted as Under-Secretary for the Home Department for a brief period, he did well; but he soon tired of it.

In fact, Lord Rosebery is hardly suited for political life. His strong and boyish vitality fits him for outdoor life, and the vivacity of his mind makes him a most acceptable orator, when what is wanted is a good laugh or a finely-worded series of neatly written platitudes. Boyish in look, he is boyish in heart and mind; and while THE TATLER hopes to meet him often in social life, he has very small hope of seeing that odd dream of the Scottish people realised, which looks to Lord Rosebery as a future Prime Minister. But even should he never take first rank, he is a notable man and a noble fellow, and worthy of a place amongst the leaders of the nation.

IRELAND'S CURSE.

It would be a great error to attribute the woes of Ireland to any one cause, or any one set of people. They are of manifold origin, and one by one they should be laid bare.

One of the leading features of Irish life is its religious antagonism. Not only are there Protestants and Catholics, but the former are divided, so that in Belfast care has to be taken that the constabulary there are composed one-third of Episcopalians, one-third of Presbyterians, and one-third of Catholics. Could a more complete travesty of law and order and government be offered than such a fact as that?

THE TATLER has no intention of entering into any religious controversy whatever. The condition of Ireland is in every respect antagonistic to all religion, because it is opposed to common sense; and where no common sense is, there can surely be no religion

worthy of the name. It does not make matters a bit better if the rioter is an Orangeman, and in sober truth, the events at Dungannon deserve the reprobation of all honest men. In what respect are Orangemen better than Catholics, or Home-Rulers, or Land Leaguers, or Molly Maguires, if they commit the same offences against decency and social order? If a fire-brand is to be stopped short in his career in Ireland, let the police do it. But to call in the police to keep peace between two rival factions, is not to promote order but to destroy it. There is as much need of plain speaking against one disturber of peace as against another, and no question between majority or minority, between Protestant and Orangeman and Catholic, can make riot and disorder otherwise than hateful to honest men.

And what is the spectacle that such an event as the scene at Dungannon presents? It is simply the old, old story of Irish folly, so admirably described in memorable lines:—

"Hating each other for the love of God;
Fighting like devils for conciliation."

But in due time the other sources of Ireland's woes will be touched on, and touched with no relenting hand. The shameful scenes at Dungannon, and the evils that have sprung from the "Orange" organisation, are as much to be reprobated as those other evils under which the unhappy country groans.

The plain question is this—Do Irishmen wish to be ranked as civilised men, or as savage and irresponsible brute beasts? The time is not far distant when a definite reply to this will be demanded; and the friends of Ireland—not the harpies who agitate and create murder under that name, but the men who long for quiet and prosperity there—have a strong duty laid on them in the matter. There must be no mealy-mouthed hesitation, no craven fear of results, political or otherwise. Simply this and nothing more, how to remove Ireland's curse, and convert it into a blessing.

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL:

A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER IX.

MR. SPIERS is turn'd out wuss nor John. I'se that full o' famly disgrace an' stelin' an' purleesmen an' offises, that I'se most burstin' with nawtiness. My jurnal won't hold one haf, an' wusser an' wusser, Jim won't speke never no more. Wot did I tel it for, Mr. Spiers an' the pigstale. He went rite away to the stashun an' blabbd, as hadn't no bisness with John, an' wasn't made gory nor cum nere givin' up the gost like uncle. So the purleesman cum, an' I was tuke away, an' he had that pigstale in his hand all down the strete, with the boys a-hollerin' an' the fokes a-laffin like to kil thurselves. An' thare was John in a box as set hisself cryin' over his pigstale, an' lukin

as if he cood eat me with my clos on. An' a man askt me whi I cutted his hare off. An' I sed I ject wanted the lone of John's swich. So he askt me if uncle woodn't by r, as mite have knone he was 2 sik. An' he tole me I was never so bad, an' had cum nere beein' sent 2 prish along with John, wich wood 'ave to be tried for saltin Grace to the fushun of blud; an' the fawlt was reley mine, wich had made him that angri he was most crazy. So by an' by I was sent home, an' I think it was rele mene for John to go mad 'bout a greezy swich wich he had no bisness warin', as is for gurls. I wish he'd cut Mr. Spiers' throte 'sted of Grace's, as forgave me be4 she dies, as doktor sez she aint goin' to do. An' mammie an' Jo is reley gude, only aunt sez I'm a disgrace an' a shame to 'em, cos I got a Chinees cut holes in bed clos as no darnin's goin' to mend. No more ise creme, no more candy, no more swetes nor appel pi, no more partis for me. I wish I was ded. Aunt sez I awt to to ware nothin' but sakkloth an' ashes awl the rest of my life. She mite use the sakkloth for mendin' the shetes.

CHAPTER X.

I THINKS, wot with bloody tragedys an' aunt's prechins, ther's more fun in sins aforehand nor wen they's dun. Aunt sez I'se blakker nor Jo. My sins is bigger'n mountings, an' if I go on I'le have the hull tabul o' comandments nokt into punkins. That's suthin like wot aunt sez. I dunno 'bout the tabel wich I aint broke any, but things nevver goes rite sumhow. I tri hard to be good, but wot's the use wen fokeses won't have fun as I wants 'em to, but goes an' has bloody tragedys insted. Now Jo's down with mangled arms an' lacerated body, an' Cesar's turn'd into a bludthursty brute, with glarin' i's an' gory fangs. That's wot the *Comet's* bin a-sayin', as aint got no bisness pokin' around our house an' lukin at dogs an' niggurs. I only wish it had bin him 'sted o' Jo. I'd let Cesar chaw him up, an' welkum. He's goin' to print my pictur, he sez, on the trak of the slave, as aint no rite nohow a-tellin' of me to evvrybuddy as kepes a jurnal an' mi rekkurd clere. Mr. Spiers, as blabbd 'bout the swich, sez the *Comet* man'll get hisself fethurd into a bird yet, wich I think mite do 'em both good.

An' now it's me as mustn't speke to Jim, nor go nere him, nor have nuthin 2 do with him. He's wuss nor me, aunt sez. Everythin' was luvly till he cum bak, an' we had another celebrashun, wich was this:—We was to take Jo off into the woods a-choppin' fire-wood, an' then Jim an' me was to cum bak an' lay Cesar on his trak, an' we was to have a hi old time, same as Jim red of in books 'bout slave-hunts, wich was Cesar's old bizness. So Jim was a-choppin', an' we loosed Cesar, as was most mad to get away, an' nere dragd us both off our feet, an' broke the strings, an' went for Jo, as hurd him barkin'. An' wen Jim an' me got there, they was fitin' like sixty, an' I most

froze with skeer seein' Jo with his clos tore an' bluddy. An' Jim went at Cesar like a lion, an' I ran in 'tween him an' Jo, an'—an'—slave-huntin's a kind o' busted. Taint no good wen u have to be carrid home in fits same's I was. I aint rite yet, nor Jo, nor ennybuddy 'cep Cesar, as was the only one as liked it all thru, cos evrybuddy was scared to wax him. We wasn't to blame. It was all along o' Cesar thinkin' we was in urnest, wich was only in fun. An' Jo's forgived us both, an' Mr. Spiers sez the *Comet* man wood be better at Bungy Holler with his "Tale of the Dismal Swamp" and "A Darkie at Bay."

(To be continued.)

THE INVENTOR OF GAS-LIGHT.

THE Scottish youngster who made himself a wooden hat, by gearing his turning lathe to an eccentric motion, is known to most people by a single anecdote, telling how that piece of ingenuity almost accidentally brought him into notice and lucrative employment. Few who enjoy the warmth of the steam pipes and radiators in their houses, and the light of the gas-lamps in our streets, or admire the magical working of the pneumatic cash-tubes in the large city warehouses, know that the original inventor of these three wonderful conveniences of civilisation was William Murdoch, the boy who made the wooden hat.

His experiments in chemistry were performed after working hours, and being driven with orders and almost constantly on duty as a machinist, he was a middle-aged man before his examination of different fuel vapours led him to the discovery of the excellent burning properties of coal-gas. He kept on distilling and combining until he had proved his discovery; then he described it in a paper to the Royal Society, and received the large Rumford Gold Medal.

That was all he got for his invention, for he never patented it. Had he done so he might have been immediately rich; for though the common people cried out against the danger of fire-pipes, and members of Parliament scouted the idea of a light without a wick, and Sir Walter Scott had his joke at "illuminating London with smoke," and even Sir Humphry Davy ridiculed the new discovery as impossible, he lived to see gas used everywhere, in streets, shops, factories, and private dwellings.

An anecdote in connection with this invention, showing how ready in expedients Murdoch was, is related of him when he was in Manchester engaged in putting up a steam engine. He was invited, with Mr. William Fairbairn, to dine at Medlock Bank, then at some distance from the lighted part of the town. It was a dark winter night, and how to reach the house over the bad roads was a puzzle to his companion; but Murdoch went, and after a little delay, got a bladder filled with gas, and placing it under his arm like a bagpipe, discharged through the stem of an old tobacco-pipe a stream of gas, which enabled them to walk to their destination in safety.

Murdoch died in 1839, in his eighty-fifth year. He was an honour to his country.

Why is a pig with a twisted tail like the ghost in "Hamlet?"—Because it could a tail unfold.

SAVED BY A DOG.

SOME dogs in their love and affection for their masters have at times equalled human beings in their constancy, and even surpassed them in the marvellous intelligence with which they foresee and avert approaching danger. The following example, related by one of the ladies of the story, may prove interesting.

Two girls, daughters of an English country doctor, were once out for a walk together. It was an autumn afternoon, sunny and pleasant. They were accompanied by their little dog, named Jack, who was a clever little terrier, and more than once had proved his claim to be considered, as indeed he was, their protector while out walking. Their father often said he felt "quite happy when Jack was with them; he was sure no harm could come to them."

The two girls pursued their walk merrily. The fine afternoon tempted them to go further than they ought, however, and by the time they turned the dusk had fallen, and they were afraid they would be late for tea. One of them proposed to take a short cut through a wood with which they were well acquainted, having often gathered blackberries in it on a summer afternoon. The other agreed, and so they arrived at the edge of the wood and prepared to enter it.

"All the same, I am rather afraid," said Dora, the younger of the two; "there have been several robberies in the neighbourhood, and I saw some very odd-looking men pass our door to-day; besides, I am wearing my new watch which papa gave me on my birthday."

"Oh, nonsense!" her sister replied. "It is nearly six o'clock now; and we shall be late. Be sure no one will wish to harm us."

"I wish I were as certain as you are. But what's the matter with Jack?"

Just as she had said this, Jack advanced towards them, and planting himself in the middle of their path, sat down and whined.

"This is odd," said Dora. "I never remember him doing that before."

The other girl derided her fears, and attempted to pass the dog; but he caught her dress in his teeth, and held her so firmly that she scarcely dared to set herself free. One more effort she made, but Jack was resolute; so at last, seeing how determined he was to prevent their further progress, she gave up trying.

"Well, well, you stupid little thing!" she said, angrily, "I suppose we must go all that long way round."

So the two sisters abandoned the idea of taking the short path through the wood, and went home by the safe high-road. When they arrived, how grateful, how unutterably thankful did they feel to their little protector, whose intelligence had been so far superior to theirs, and had saved them despite themselves. A man had been found in the woods shortly after they left it, murdered and robbed. Jack had preserved his mistresses from meeting perhaps a similar fate. Their gratitude, it is needless to add, was profound towards their little four-footed protector, who lived to a good old age.

A good old Scotch divine announced from his pulpit one Sunday, that on the following Wednesday his round of pastoral visits would include the families residing in Sandhills, *embracing* all the servant girls in that district. Mrs. M'Alister says she'll never go and hear the old reprobate again.

LONDON THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

THE Court Theatre re-opened on Thursday, 27th ult., when Mr. Godfrey's adaptation of Yates' novel, "Kissing the Rod," was introduced, under the title of "The Millionaire." I doubt if the suggestive title is to be fully realised by the worthy managers, for I cannot get a glimpse of the bright and fresh work so noticeable in "The Parvenue." The characters are all old friends, and are recognised as such; the dialogue is far from new, and there is a great lack of interest about the story. Space forbids me detailing the plot, but with the alteration of the denouement, the novel is reproduced in the play. Mr. Clayton plays with his usual force, spirit, and energy, and contrives to make something out of a poor part. Mr. Charles Sugden is altogether out of place as the lover *Gordon Frere*, but he is not required after the first act, and his presence is certainly not missed. Mr. Arthur Cecil has a part in which he literally revels, an old *roué*, and it is needless to say he gives a thoroughly artistic rendering of the character, calling back his past efforts very distinctly in this line. Mr. Mackintosh makes what he can out of a Jew money-lender, but it is only natural that little can be obtained from that class of gent. The name of Mrs. John Wood is sufficient to guarantee a lively *Lady Henmarsh*. Miss Marion Terry works hard, and Miss Beerbohm Tree is excellent as *Hester Gould*. The piece was splendidly staged.

What could have induced Mr. "Squire" Bancroft to undertake Mr. Coghlan's original character in "*Fédora*" I cannot understand. His mock love business with *Naomi Tiche* in "School" is very acceptable; but when he goes in for the serious side of the question, it is altogether another thing. He struggled hard to make the part stand out, but it was a failure, and the change is not a good one. Another mistake was the selection of Mr. H. B. Conway as the diplomatist *Jean de Siriex*, and he felt his position keenly, I have no doubt. After all this grumbling, it is a pleasure to find Miss Calhoun, a lady who recently made her first appearance in London at the Imperial, make such a decided hit as the *Countess Olga*. Mrs. Bancroft was the original, and no attempt is made to copy her, but a new and decidedly happy reading is given of the part. I cannot say anything more of Mrs. Bernard Beere's *Fédora*. It is a most admirable and artistic performance, and has greatly been filled out and enlarged upon since the opening night. The other parts have their original representatives.

"Freedom" was taken down from Drury Lane on Monday the 8th, when Robert Buchanan and Augustus Harris's new piece, "A Sailor and his Lass, or Love and Treason," was played for the first time. It was rumoured that "A Sailor and his (g)lass" was to be the title. This, of course, proves to be incorrect, and whoever the person was who put it about, must have been tasting the qualities of the latter portion of the title.

Overheard at—well, no matter. "Well, Gus, old fellow, glad to see you're fetching 'em so well." "Ah!" Gus replies, "I go along with the times, you see. Free Trade is my maxim; but can you tell me why I really am such a wonder?" "No." "Why, because I'm a 'plucked youth' from the 'world o' freedom.' Brandy for this gentleman, quick, waiter."

"In the Ranks," by Sims and Pettitt, was produced at the Adelphi on Saturday, 6th October. The title suggests the drift of the story, of which I hope to say something next week.

Sydney Grundy's little comedietta, "Man Proposes," is now played in front of "The Glass of Fashion" at the Globe. Miss Lottie Venne, as lively and as bright as ever, comes off well.

By-the-by, I have received any number of letters in answer to my "Wanted to know," but they all give it up. My editor tells me I must not ask conundrums unless I am prepared with an answer, for it is my painful duty to inform you I can't tell you myself. However, on receipt of thirteen stamps I shall be pleased to—I can't get a cheap advertisement; he's cut it.

It is not true, as reported in some of the evening papers, that Mr. Irving said at the Edinburgh banquet, "I Ham-let to America, but before I-er-go I will tell you something definite about 'The Cup.'" Now, it is not settled whether Tennyson's "Cup" (I omit the Mr.) is to form part of the luggage, but I should certainly like our cousins to see how we can put up a temporary temple. Those who saw this some two years ago will agree with me that it has never been equalled.

On Saturday, October 13th, a new burlesque, to be called "Giddy Godiva, or the Girl who was sent to Coventry," is to be introduced at Astley's, with Miss Maude Forrester in a "big" part. Flattering this; for, unlike the poor school boys, Miss Forrester seems to have enjoyed her trip immensely.

A grand success of Minnie Palmer at The Grand, and Holt & Wilmot are trying to cancel all her provincial engagements, and keep her up till Christmas. There is much quarrelling over this affair, and I am afraid the worthy managers will have some difficulty in gratifying their wishes.

It is very probable that "Youth" will soon be seen in Paris. The translation is ready, but the terms are not; therefore the delay.

"Falka" will be the next production at the Comedy. Miss Violet Cameron, Messrs. Harry Paulton, Ashley, and the laughing Kellcher are among the cast.

The part of *Mortimer Mumbleford*, in "Confusion," is now being played, and well too, by Mr. Henry Neville.

On October 10th a Strand *matinée* is to be given, when Mr. Hurst's play, entitled "Double Zero," will be aired.

"The Merry Duchess" has been produced at New York with great success. The songs are decidedly "catchy," and our friends across the water are always on the lookout for a good thing. They've got it.

The next new piece at the Surrey is to be called "The Crimes of Paris." Dreadfully suggestive of the horrible this. Mr. George Conquest has been appearing here as *Daniel Groodge*, in "Mankind," with great success. The title of the Pavilion pantomime will be "Sinbad the Sailor." Du Val has had large attendances at his entertainment; he gave a professional *matinée* on Thursday.

WHIFFLES.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. VI.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

No. 15—HOW WE TRAVEL IN SPAIN.

IN August last, the "Rambler" had occasion to visit Spain, to collect the rents of his *chateaux en Espagne*, as it were, and travelled by the night train from Barcelona to Madrid. Spain, of course, was in an unsettled state; for, as *Punch* said long ago, it reminds one of Spain when we read of an engine that makes sixty revolutions a minute. It was not exactly a revolution this time, but the trains were under military guard for a few weeks. At each station two soldiers entered the train, and the other two left it, and this was supposed to give protection.

There had been a good many robberies previously in Spain. As elsewhere on the Continent, the guards go round on the footboard of the train, and look in at each compartment to check the tickets. One man—who proved to be an architect out of work—had been detected. His plan was to provide a cap and blouse like a guard, to "spot" his victim at the station, and then to enter the carriage in the course of the journey and rob him, the disguise being thrown out of the window after he had regained his own compartment. A wealthy old Englishman, travelling alone in a *coupe*, had been robbed by this clever scoundrel a few days before his detection.

The two sentries usually travel in any class of carriage, and on the evening of the "Rambler's" adventure, they had gone into an empty first-class. Here, just at starting, they were joined by four men, who, when a tunnel was reached, sprang on them, disarmed them, and bound them. Then the train was stopped by a danger signal suddenly shown, and a band of about thirty ruffians came up. The engine-driver, who objected, was gagged and bound, and then every carriage was ransacked, and while the passengers were civilly treated, they were one and all relentlessly robbed of every valuable they possessed. The "Rambler" suspected what was going on, and secreted a sum of a thousand francs in his boot, but excepting this, he was robbed of watch, cash, and everything valuable. When the plunder was gathered, the tribe of brigands marched off, warning the guard and engine-driver not to give the alarm for an hour, under pain of death.

This adventure, it may be added, is here for the first time put in print before the public.

No. 16—"NOW'S YOUR CHANCE."

The accident in Spain reminded the "Rambler" of a comical incident that occurred about a quarter of a century before. Travelling between two towns, about forty miles apart, he had been asked by a friend to take charge of a little girl, aged three, who was without other protection. The "Rambler" had a fine talk with the little prattler, and enjoyed some fun at her expense, in suggesting that she must reward him with a kiss for the care he took of her. Little Chatterbox had evidently taken the thing seriously, but with the modesty of her sex, did not like publicity. There was a long tunnel about half-way on the journey, and the "Rambler" had forgotten all about his proposal, but in the dark he felt the little one get up on the seat, and putting her mouth near where she supposed Mr. "Rambler's" would be, she said in a sly whisper—"Now's your chance!"

No. 17—SMOKING, A "TERROR TO EVIL DOERS."

Travelling recently towards a large city, the "Rambler" had for companions in a smoking compartment an elderly gentleman with a wooden box, a young man, and an old fellow, who sat reserved in a corner by himself. In the course of the journey, the old gentleman suddenly opened his box and began to pitch upon one of the vacant seats bags of gold and silver, in a seemingly reckless way.

"You have great faith in your fellow-travellers," remarked the "Rambler," while the young man looked not a little amused at the conduct of the man with the money.

"Oh!" replied the latter, "I always find I get mixed company in a smoking compartment."

The train stopped once or twice, and at the stations the old man was met by messengers, to whom he handed one or more bags, or received others, each carefully checking the address labels. It seemed a common every-day occurrence, and what fixed it on the "Rambler's" mind was the acute observation of the bank messenger, that he was perfectly safe in a smoking compartment, where men of all natures are to be met.

THE "LETTER H."

To illustrate the well-known love of some of our fellow-subjects for the letter "H," as well as the deep aversion others bear to it, we annex two short anecdotes.

Being shown over a small printing establishment in a suburb of London, the foremen pointed out the vowels in their little compartments, naming them thus—"Well, you see, 'ere are the H'A! the H'E! the H'I! the H'O! and the H'U!" This man dearly loved it.

Looking on, one day, at a game of croquet, one player said to the other, in regard to the ball—"it 'ard, and it will 'op over the 'oops!" This man as deeply hated it.

AT AN EX-BAILIE'S SPIRIT BAR.

"WEEL, Bailie, foo are you the nicht?"

"Quite well," was the reply.

"Man, Bailie, I ken you weel!"

"Indeed! but how do you come to ken me, as I never remember of having seen you, and I would like to know when and where you came to know me?"

"Now, Bailie, to be plain and honest wi' you, when you was on the Police Bench at the Court, one day, you gave me thirty days."

"Oh! if that's the case, no wonder that you know me; but as you patronise my present bar, it shows you have no ill-feeling against me, as no doubt you likely should have got *sixty*. Have you ever been at the same bar again?"

"Na, catch me!"

"Well, don't you think I did you a kindly turn, to wean you at once in your criminal career?"

"Quite richt, Bailie."

"When you remind me of what took place with you when I was the presiding magistrate in the Police Court, I have only now to say that I am glad to hear from you that you *never was back*; and although you come before my *present bar*, you will get off for a very small *pecuniary fine*, viz., 1½d. for a glass of beer or 2d. for a nip; and although you may be habit and repute, if you conduct yourself properly, this charge will never be brought against you."

A YANKEE CHANCELLOR IN A FIX.

IN the discharge of their judicial duties the early judges of the Supreme Court of the State of New York were compelled to travel, often on horseback, to the most distant counties. Their route often lay through forests, opened by no thoroughfares except what were known as "bridle-paths."

Among these early judges was the illustrious James Kent, afterward Chancellor of the State, who decided to spend his first vacation, or part of it, with John C. Spencer, afterward so illustrious in the history of the State and nation.

Accordingly, early in July, 1815, accompanied by his wife, he left his home, in the city of New York, in a private carriage, on a tour to the country of the Genesee, as western New York was then called. Though the distance which he was to travel was less than three hundred miles, yet the journey was regarded as far more dangerous and protracted than a journey now to the Rocky Mountains.

On the fifth day of their journey the travellers arrived at that wonder of the age, Cayuga Bridge, erected by the Manhattan Company in 1800. From this bridge the scenery was surpassingly beautiful, excelling, wild as it was, the landscape of the soft Campanian realms. Surrounded by unbroken forests, green with the prodigal richness of June, the Cayuga

"In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay;
While, mild and soft, the summer breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees."

Crossing the bridge, the travellers continued their journey, hoping to reach Canandaigua before night. But, unfortunately, the Chancellor mistook the road—lost his way, and night overtook him while yet many miles from the place of his destination. He was naturally adventurous, and the dark woods around gave him no fears.

No so with Mrs. Kent. Her life had been spent in the city of New York, and until her present journey she had never beheld an extensive forest. Thus far, the woodlands through which she had passed had inspired her with admiration; but she had seen the grand old trees only in the cheerful sunlight, with their branches "moving by the breeze of summer, and vocal with the song of birds." But now night was settling down with indescribable gloom. Wild beasts were in motion; strange chatterings and unearthly hoots and screams made a hideous accompaniment to the howl of the wolf.

The Chancellor urged his weary horse onward with the hope of gaining some place of safety for the night, while his wife clung in terror to his arm. But the darkness soon became so deep that it was impossible to proceed, and the travellers believed themselves doomed to spend the night in the forest, exposed to all its horrors and dangers. But just as Kent brought his horse to a halt, a light suddenly gleamed out of the interstices between the trees, apparently but a short distance beyond them. Pushing onward once more, they soon found themselves in front of a comfortable log house, standing near the roadside.

A woman, apparently thirty years of age, attracted by the rattle of the carriage, came to the door with a lighted candle in her hand.

"My good woman, myself and my wife, the lady with me in the carriage, are on our way to Canandaigua, but we have lost our way; night is upon us; we can go no further. Can you give us shelter for the night, some supper, and something for our horse to eat?" said Kent.

"We are poor folks, and I'm alone. My man is chopping over in the Billings settlement," said the woman, approaching close to the carriage and narrowly scanning its occupants. "But you look like respectable, good people," she continued, "and I guess you can stay here. I can give you something to eat, if it ain't quite so good, and I'll fodder your horse, too. You and your woman had better get out and go into the house, while I lead the horse to the stable."

Mrs. Kent found a seat in the cottage, and the Chancellor assisted the woman in unharnessing the horse. The hostess prepared a frugal but acceptable supper for her guests. When the meal was finished, she said:

"I s'pose you are tired and want to go right to bed, and you can. That's our bed in the corner there, but you can sleep in it to-night. I and my man can sleep up-stairs. He may not come in for some time. I'll just set his supper on the table; when he comes in he'll eat it. But he won't disturb you one bit; and then he'll come right up to bed. So I'll bid you good-night. I'll try and keep watch when my man comes, so he'll understand things."

So saying, she placed her man's evening repast on the table, then ascended a ladder leading to a sort of scuttle-hole, through which she crawled to the attic.

The Chancellor and his wife retired to rest. "Tired nature" was hurrying them on to the land of dreams, when, of a sudden, Kent started up, saying:

"Bessie, that outside door is not fastened. Presently the man of the house will return, and seeing me here in bed with you, he will of course think that you are his wife, and he may not fancy that I have any legal right to be here—that my business is not just the thing; and, being a wood-chopper, he will have his axe with him, and his wife will be asleep; and, before I can explain matters, the Chancellor of this State will be pretty thoroughly chopped up. Not a pleasing thing to think of, is it, Bessie?"

"It is a bad matter. After he has finished chopping you, I fear he will turn his attention to me. What can be done? Perhaps his wife will watch for him. You know she said she would."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Bessie; I'll push that heavy table against the door. When the man comes, it will take him some time to remove it, and while he is doing so I can explain matters to him," said the Chancellor.

Accordingly, he got out of bed, took hold of the table, and had just pushed it against the door, when he heard heavy footsteps approaching. The next instant the door was pushed open, the table nearly overturned, and a man of gigantic size, in his shirt-sleeves, wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat, entered the room. The first object that met his sight was Kent *en déshabillé*. Glancing at the bed he saw, as he supposed, his wife there, and the situation became painfully apparent to him.

"Who the devil are you, and what are you doing in my house this time of night in your shirt-tail? D— you, I've caught you, whoever you are; and I'll—"

"It is all right, my good sir—all right. Let me —"
"All right, is it, hey? You be —. All right? Yes, I see—didn't expect me home. Thought you'd fasten me out, so I couldn't get in when I did come—was going to have things all your way, hey? But I happened around in the nick of time, and I'll let you know a thing or two," thundered the fellow in a voice that resembled a fog-horn.

"Pray be cool a moment—let me explain. Myself and my wife there —"

"Your wife! Your wife! Your—good God! what a bold cuss you are! Just ready to go to bed with my wife—but I know who you are now," said the man, giving the

Chancellor a sharp look. "You are Sam Flickner, that used to court my wife, and I've heard about your hanging around here since we got married. Now, Flickner, I'll end all that kind of business, you cuss, you!" and he gave the axe in his hand an ominous shake.

"Hold on, for heaven's sake, and hear what I have got to say. My name is not Flickner. It is James Kent. I am the Chancellor of the State of New York. That is my wife in bed there. Your wife is up-stairs in bed all right. There is your supper on the table; eat it, for gracious sake!" said Kent, in a hurried, excited manner.

"Chancellor of the State of New York, hey? Sam Flickner, Chancellor of the State of New York! Well, there, chancellor! You used to chancel round my wife when she was a girl, and you mean to keep it up, do you? Started in well to-night; but I'll end it, or else you will end me," said the man, dropping his axe, and advancing towards Kent, with a fist that looked like a sledge-hammer.

At this critical moment the man's wife put her head down the hatchway, exclaiming:

"Hold on, Jim! Don't make a fool of yourself! I'm up here all straight and right. What are you cackling about Sam Flickner for, you dunce? The man is all right, and that's his wife in bed there—I guess. They have lost their way, at any rate, and I've given 'em our bed. Eat your supper and come up to bed here, and let 'em go to sleep. If I hadn't been asleep myself all this fuss wouldn't have happened."

This address brought the fellow to his senses. "Well, all right; sorry I've been so fast. Ought to know wife ain't that kind of woman. But, good gracious, heavens and earth! what could a fellow think to see a man in his house after ten o'clock at night, in his shirt, and nothing else; and his wife, as he thought, in bed, and knowing all the time that Sam Flickner was a cuss?" And there he burst into a horse-laugh that resembled the roar of a bison.

The Chancellor went to bed. The man ate his supper, and retired quietly to his bed up-stairs, and soon all the inmates of the house were wrapped in slumber. The next morning the hostess prepared a comfortable breakfast for her guests, which was eaten with a relish. The appearance of the Chancellor, though unassuming, was impressive under all circumstances. The man, in a deferential manner, apologized to him for his rudeness the night before. "Only think," he said, "I took you for Sam Flickner. Well, things did look a little rusty at first, but it's all right now."

A WELSH WIGGING.—An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, said the Welshman, "There is such noble housekeeping in Wales that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner." "Ay," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man *loasted* his own cheese."

♦ ♦ ♦

CONSIDERABLE LATITUDE.—Sir Richard Jebb being called to see a patient who fancied himself very ill, told him ingeniously what he thought, and declined prescribing for him. "Now you are here," said the patient, "I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live—what I may eat, and what I may not." "My directions as to that point," replied Sir Richard, "will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are *windy*; but eat anything else you please."

LONGFELLOW'S ROMANCE.

ABOUT the year 1837, Longfellow being engaged in making the tour of Europe, selected Heidelberg for a permanent winter residence. There his wife was attacked by an illness which ultimately proved fatal. It so happened, however, that some time afterwards there came to the same romantic place a young lady of considerable personal attractions. The poet's heart was touched—he became attached to her; but the beauty of sixteen did not sympathise with the poet of six-and-thirty; and Longfellow returned to America, having lost his heart as well as his wife. The young lady, also an American, returned home shortly afterwards. Their residences, it turned out, were contiguous; and the poet availed himself of the opportunity of prosecuting his addresses, which he did for a considerable time, with no better success than at first. Thus foiled, he set himself resolutely down, and instead, like Petrarch, of laying siege to the heart of his mistress through the medium of sonnets, he resolved to write a whole book—a book which would achieve the double object of gaining her affections and of establishing his own fame. "Hyperion" was the result. His labour and his constancy were not thrown away—they met their due reward. The lady gave him her hand as well as her heart.

HOW WAS IT DONE?

A RATHER barefaced story is told, in which a Dublin chambermaid is said to have got twelve commercial travellers into eleven bedrooms, and to have given each a separate room. Here we have eleven bedrooms:—

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----

"Now," said she, "if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bedroom, and wait there a few minutes, I'll find a spare room for one of you as soon as I've shown the others to their rooms."

Well, now, having bestowed two gentlemen in No. 1, she put the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, and the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back to No. 1, where you will remember she had left the twelfth gentleman along with the first, and said—

"I've now accommodated all the rest, and have still a room to spare; so, if one of you will please step into No. 11, you will find it empty."

Thus the twelfth man got his bedroom.

AN 'HONEST MOTTO.

PERSONS who retire from trade are generally eager from false shame to conceal the mode by which they acquired their wealth. An honourable exception to this occurred in the case of Mr. Gillespie, a tobacconist in Edinburgh. Having acquired an ample fortune by the sale of snuff, at the end of the American war he set up a carriage, and, lest the public or himself might forget how he had acquired the means of keeping one, to arms of three snuff-boxes rampant he added the following doggerel couplet as a motto:

"Wha would have thoct it,
That noses could have bocht it?"

AN AWFUL DIVE FOR GOLD.

IT will be long ere the recollection of the terrible November gale of seven years since fades from the memories of the inhabitants of the little Welsh village of Tregollen, but upon none did the catastrophe that accompanied it have such a terrible influence as upon me. A full-rigged homeward-bound ship was carried by the storm into our little bay, and, striking there upon a rock, disappeared from our view in the midst of a foaming waste of storm-driven water, carrying down with her nearly the whole of the passengers and crew, and, in addition to a valuable cargo, a large consignment of gold in dust and nuggets. A week afterwards almost all traces of the ill-fated vessel had disappeared, save the row of fresh mounds in the churchyard, or ever and anon timber detached by the currents from the wreck, which lay in some nine fathoms of water a mile from the shore.

In those days I held the post of tutor in the private school of Tregollen, where the duties were by no means so light as the remuneration. Though much engaged, I managed to get time to devote to my favourite study of engineering, and many mechanical contrivances emanated from the small room allotted to me for a study, which I used also as a workshop. In this pursuit I was constantly fettered by the want of money to obtain the necessary materials, as I devoted nearly the whole of my meagre salary to the support of a widowed mother.

Cramped and harassed by the lack of means to develop what I, of course, firmly believed were inventions that would bring me into public notice, I planned mad schemes for getting money surely and quickly, and, on discarding them as impracticable, formed others more outrageous than the former. This futile anxiety told upon my health, and, as scheme after scheme melted away, I grew desperate.

One day a thought struck me that set my brain in a whirl.

The wreck!

There, within a tempting distance from land, lay an immense fortune, waiting for a daring hand to take it. Why should I not be possessed of the gold now lying useless at the bottom of the sea, and which, to my distorted imagination, seemed placed there by Providence to help me in my need? The desperate nature of the undertaking seemed to promise success from its very venture-someness.

First ascertaining all the facts known to the fishermen as to the depth of the water and the position of the wreck, I shut myself up in my study, and, with the scanty means at my disposal, endeavoured to construct a diver's dress, with all the necessary apparatus.

The battered casque of a fourteenth century knight, picked up in an old curiosity shop, served for the rough outline of the required helmet, and much midnight oil was spent by me in rendering it water-tight and in fixing the necessary glass in the front. The purchasing of sufficient lengths of india-rubber tubing and oilskin made a large hole in my finances, and spurred me on to greater exertions. My air pump was brought into requisition, and much ingenuity was required, and many failures ensued, ere I could manage to obtain a constant and unremitting supply of air delivered into the back of the helmet through the aperture I had drilled. To make the oilskin dress was comparatively easy after the helmet was complete; and next fixing a small lamp with two tubes com-

municating with the helmet, I completed the dress by the addition of heavy leaden soles to my boots.

Then another difficulty presented itself. Who was to help me in this undertaking, to manage the boat and supply me with air whilst groping for the submarine treasure? A half-witted lad who habitually lounged about the quays appeared the most promising object, and on sounding Taffy, as he was called, I found sufficient sense in him for my purpose. In the privacy of my room I instructed him for hour after hour in the art of pumping and the mysteries of the simple code of signals I had arranged; and when I donned the dress and walked about, he pumped with the greatest delight and vigour, and showed the keenest interest in the mechanism. He also exhibited considerable ingenuity in constructing a ladder out of some old rope which I obtained cheaply, and in affixing hooks at the top and bottom to keep it steady. All was now in readiness for the expedition, as I could obtain a boat at any time.

At last came a night suitable for my purpose. A murky gloom, undisturbed by a single breath of air, hung over the town, and this, with the absence of a moon, augured such a dark night as I required to conceal my movements. I hired a large boat under the pretence of fishing, and managed to convey all my apparatus into her.

It would be low water a few minutes before midnight. As the church clock chimed the eleventh hour, Taffy and I pushed off silently from the shore upon our hazardous enterprise, and cautiously pulled until we reached the small buoy that floated over the spot where the huge vessel lay sleeping. The sea was smooth as glass, broken only by the long undulation of the Atlantic swell, while the few lights from the town shone like fire-flies in the distance, and formed a marked contrast to the pitchy blackness all around.

I gave final directions to Taffy, and then commenced donning my dress, whilst he dropped the ladder into the depths, and after catching the bottom hooks in the wreck, made fast the upper portion to the boat. Now that the momentous hour had arrived, my brain seemed on fire with nervous excitement, and my hands trembled as I drew on the dress and adjusted the helmet. After seeing that all was in working order, I "screwed my courage to the sticking point," and stepped over the side on to the ladder. It seemed to me in my excited condition to be like taking a step towards the unknown world,—as though the Styx itself were waiting to engulf me in its inky folds. Slowly down, step by step, the water closed over my head, and the lamp affixed to my belt cast a comet-like radiance into the unknown depths; a strange singing came into my ears, and a pressure of blood in the temples, which seemed bursting. Strange fish and monsters of the deep of all shapes and sizes seemed to swim around with great glassy eyes, attracted no doubt by the light. Downwards, downwards I went still, until at last a huge, black, indistinct mass appeared far below; and passing by a tangled network of weed-encrusted rigging and limpet-studded spars, I finally reached the end of the ladder. It had caught in the taffrail, so that one yard more placed me on the quarter-deck. Elated at my success thus far, but half-terrified at my boldness, I looked around. Spars, blocks, tangled cordage, coils of rope, barrels, and all the heterogeneous agglomeration of *matériel* that usually encumbers the decks of a vessel, lay scattered about on all sides; long, green, slimy weeds trailed everywhere, and moved with every motion of the marine currents as though endowed with life. Slowly and cautiously I groped my way down the companion ladder to the main

deck, which was littered with *débris* of every conceivable description, and amongst which dark, black-looking objects like bags appeared to be mixed, which I took for some kind of deck cargo.

In trying to grope my way amidst this lumber, I was compelled to step on one of these bags. A crack, a slight resistance, and then—oh, horror!—my foot went through the object. I started instantly back, for like a flash the horrible thought entered my brain that I had trodden on a body, and by the myriads of small scavengers of the deep that followed the withdrawal of my foot, I knew that my terrible surmise was correct.

Thoroughly terrified and unmanned by the ghastly occurrence, I sank back upon a pile of cordage in an almost fainting condition, and but for the thought of being so near what I sought, I should certainly have returned. Nerving myself for the inevitable, I once more made my way towards the cabin, carefully avoiding those dread, nameless shapes that lay so thickly in that part, and, gaining the door, which stood open, I entered, carefully dragging my air supply tube after me. My light showed me a long table, with part of a service of plate upon it still, and the remainder on the floor. Sudden spectres of what had been velvet and silk-covered lounges and chairs, mirrors and pictures on the sides, and silver bracketed lamps at regular intervals were seen, whilst a tall, closed cupboard and a large chest completed the chief furniture of the cabin. In passing round the table I encountered two more of those dreadful denizens—the larger of the two clasping the smaller in its arms in a last death embrace. But,—the chest,—that was my goal,—the object of my thoughts for so many anxious days. The horrors I had beheld faded from my memory as I hastened towards it, for there was the recompense and guerdon of all my toil. I reached it, and tried to raise the lid. It was locked and double locked, whilst bands of brass strengthened every portion in such a manner as to render breaking it an impossibility for a single pair of hands. Then madly did I curse my shortsightedness in only bringing a sharp knife and a small chisel with me; as well try to move a mountain of brass as to open that chest with such puny weapons. Despairingly I looked around, but saw nothing that would help me.

Stay! the cupboard—that might contain a weapon to force the stubborn locks—perhaps even the keys might be there. Hastily I tried the door; it was not locked, but the wood had swollen so that it refused to move. No matter for that—I was too desperate to stick at trifles. One tremendous wrench with all the strength I possessed—it flew open, and—oh, horror unspeakable!—a ghastly human form, with glassy fixed eyes, bleached skin, and dropped jaw, floated out towards me as though to clasp me in its deadly embrace. A shriek burst from my lips that sounded in the confined space of my helmet like a yell of agony from a lost scull, and, quickly turning, I would have fled, when—jerk, jerk—what is this new horror? My lamp grows dim—I can hardly breathe. Heavens! the air supply is cut off! I dash madly towards the door—my lamp flickers, then dies out—darkness, pitchy blackness, horrors unspeakable on every side—that dreadful shape following me—I beat it wildly off.

Oh, mercy! I am mad. A sudden thought—a ray of hope—and I seize my knife. Filling my lungs with what air still remains in the helmet, I cut myself free from my clogging garments. One wrench, and the helmet is off—I contrived also to drop my lead-shod boots—a mad plunge forwards, and I clear the projecting part of the poop. Upwards, upwards with a frighful rapidity—a

dim, indistinct knowledge of violently striking a spar—still upwards, and I am clear of the rigging. I am choking for air—a last, a final effort—ah! the surface!

Sweeter than a draught of water to a wounded soldier was that first breath of air to me. It seemed to welcome me back to life again, to greet me on my return from the hideous death I had so lately faced in the ocean depths.

Slowly treading water, I looked around for the boat. It was nowhere to be seen! I swam round the spot and discovered an oar floating on the water that had belonged to the boat, but no other trace. Thankful for this additional help, I seized the oar and set off for a one mile swim to the distant shore, guided by a light that still shone, star-like, in the distance. How I reached the coast I cannot remember. My reason, unnerved by the accumulated horrors of the night, gave way, and the coastguardman on his nightly round found me raving on the beach. For a week I lay between life and death, and a month elapsed ere I was well enough to recollect all that had passed. Then they told me how I had been discovered, that the boat had come ashore two days after empty and bottom upwards, and that the half-witted Taffy had been unceasing in his inquiries during my illness. When convalescent, I questioned Taffy upon his experiences, and discovered that the boat had been pulled under water by the rising tide, she being fixed to the wreck by the ladder. Taffy had searched for me, but had finally given up all hope, and swam ashore on the other oar. I found that he had kept a quiet tongue, and everyone thought that fishing was the object of our expedition. A fresh appointment was offered me soon after, which raised my income considerably; but were I as poor as the veriest beggar on earth, nothing in this world would ever induce me to again seek riches in the weird depths of Old Ocean.

First Premium (£1) awarded to Mr. CHARLES HENRY ASHDOWN, Hilton House, Atherstone, Warwickshire.

CHERRICOAT'S LITTLE GAME.

"YES," said the stout man, who had gradually worked himself into a high state of indignation, as he emphatically brought his hand down on his broad fleshy thigh, "that's it. That's Cherricoat's little game. I know it." "But surely," I said, from the opposite side of the third-class compartment in which we were seated, "surely he would never be so mean."

"Mean!" said the stout man, with a prolonged look of astonishment, as if he thought I was a species of lunatic. "Mean! did ye say? Bless yer life, yer don't know Cherricoat. He's mean enough for anythink. Mean, indeed! Why, he'd strip the very lead off his grandmother's coffin if he got the chance. He's about the meanest cuss I know."

As all my remarks seemed only to have the effect of exciting my travelling acquaintance still further, I said nothing on this point, and presently he burst out again.

"It's the way in which he's done it as I objects to, you know. It's so sneakish like. 'Ere I comes down to this little place, Slowcombe, an' finds hout as they're agoing to 'ave a sort of a fair. Well, it seems a likely kind o' place for me to pitch my tent at, and I acts accordin'. Then the day afore yesterday I sees Cherricoat in Burnley, an' I be 'anged if he says a word to me about this 'ere place; and in course I says nothin' either, not being wishful to spile my own bizness. Well, I comes down last night jest to make final harrangements, an' wot do I see?

Why, Cherricoat's show right hopposite my own, as large as life. By Jingo, I was mad! If I'd caught 'old of Cherricoat jest then, I believe I'd ha' strangled him. 'Ere the beggar had bin keeping dark all this time, an' purtending as he knew nothin' about it, jest ter swoop down on me at the last moment like this! But I'll be even with 'im yet, you bet. I've got somethin' 'ere, in this 'ere pocket, as will surprise 'im a bit." And with a species of conspirator-like, Guy Fawkes, double-distilled dynamic smile the stout man tapped his breast pocket significantly.

"Well, it does seem hardly fair," I remarked, more for the purpose of saying something than because I really thought so. To me, indeed, it appeared that the ruffian Cherricoat had as good a cause of complaint against my companion for his secrecy as my companion had against Cherricoat. But how few people after all can steer straight when self-interest is at the wheel. The stout man was evidently no exception to the rest.

"Fair!" he ejaculated, with withering contempt, "It's downright underneath—reg'lar dishonesty I calls it. But then wot could you expect from a fellar like Cherricoat. He'd never the same bringing up as other people; an' now he comes down 'ere an' tries to ruin my bizness at Slowcombe—that's his little game sure enough. Oh, you trust me! I knows 'im. But if I don't settle his 'ash this time, my name's not Sam Slapalby—which it is," he added.

There was again a pause, which this very much injured man with a grievance as before broke.

"If I couldn't find a better fat woman than he's got—one as wur really fat yer understand, an' worth lookin' at—I'd go about with a Punch an' Judy show, aye, s'help me I would! Why, she don't weigh more'n twenty stuns if she weighs an ounce, an' as fer drink—oh, me, 'ow she do pour it down to be sure!"

"May I ask?" I inquired somewhat timidly, "what is your particular form of entertainment, sir?"

"Well, there yer are," he replied, with an air of great pride; "there's a show as you can really be proud on, a scientific novelty as has puzzled an' surprised the most learned men of the age, an' affords instruction as well as pleasure—a real Hottentot Venus wi' four legs. Yer don't meet with a hexibition like that every day; there's nothing common about it. An' wot's more, it's really wot it purtends to be; there's no faking in the job; she is a Hottentot Venus, for I bought her from a fellar as has bin abroad an' knows all about it."

"Most interesting," I murmured, fearing to commit myself to anything more, lest I should break down.

I wondered as I watched him what he could mean. Was it gunpowder that he carried in this mysterious pocket, and did he intend to blow the unfortunate Cherricoat to atoms? or vitriol that he proposed throwing in the fat woman's face, or what? I was gradually becoming interested.

Presently the train began to slacken speed, and my friend prepared to gather his traps together. "You'll be coming to the fair I suppose, sir?" he said, interrogatively, as if it were an affair of the greatest importance, and not a miserable little village saturnalia.

Now when I left Burnley I certainly had no more idea of stopping at Slowcombe than I had of taking a balloon expedition to the moon, my destination being a far-distant town; but somehow the temptation came upon me very strongly now to stay and see what would be the upshot of this quarrel between the two rival showmen. I wanted to know what were the contents of that mysterious pocket,

through which Mr. Slapalby hoped to avenge himself. It would cause me no inconvenience, for I could easily resume my journey by the last train at night.

"Oh, certainly," I said, as if it were the most natural thing in the world that I should be going to the Slowcombe fair.

So when the train drew up we both got out.

Slowcombe did not seem a particularly lively place. The station consisted of two bare wooden sheds, and the railway staff was composed of a weary-looking man in a thread-bare uniform, who eyed us as suspiciously as if we might have been two tramps and he a watch dog.

"Well, 'as the fair commenced yet, young man?" asked Mr. Slapalby, with a jovial attempt at jocularity, as we tendered our tickets to this relict of bygone ages.

"Fair!" he echoed slowly, after an interval passed in reflection. "Aye, the fair." "Wall, I dinna ken. I never go to sick places." And with a look of much contempt he turned away.

"Not a patronizer of hamusements it seems," said Mr. Slapalby to me as we descended the ricketty steps that led from the station. "A poor sort of creature evidently. Not dedicated enough."

"Does it not begin first thing in the morning, and last all day?" I asked.

"Oh no," responded Mr. Slapalby; "the Slowcombe folk don't begin their fair afore midday. As a matter-o'-fact I knew it 'adn't commenced, or I shouldn't ha' bin there; but it pleases these 'umbler folk ter be frank like an' haffable with them, an' then they knows yer agen, an' points yer out ter their friends. Not for a moment as I supposes," said Mr. Slapalby, with a jerk of his head in the direction of the station, "as I shall make anythink hout of that antiquated old lunatic up there."

"It's rather a strange time, the middle of the day, to begin a fair, isn't it?" I said.

"Well, so it is," replied Mr. Slapalby, "but the Slowcombe folk 'ave hideas of their own, sir, an' very onpleasant some on 'em is. Ye see they make a sort o' a 'arf 'oliday of it. It's a funny thing," said Mr. Slapalby, becoming reflective, and cocking his head on one side, "ter find these hideas of justiss in a people as is so hignorant as the Slowcombe lot—very funny—but so it is. An' 'ere," he added, suddenly rousing himself, "'ere we are!"

It was now plain why I had not been able to catch a glimpse of the village from the station. It lay in a complete hollow. This would also account for the vast amount of mud about. It was, without exception, the muddiest village I ever saw. Some few flags were displayed, looking, from their torn and faded condition, very like old clothes hung out to dry; and here and there small groups of merrymakers were gathered together at the corners; but these, so far as I could discern, were the only signs of festivity visible.

"Whereabouts is the fair held?" I asked my companion.

"Oh, right at the other end of the village," he replied. "But we'll jest call in at the Blue Bear, if yer've no objection, an' see wot they're doin'. Cherricoat will be there, sure enough."

So in this tavern, in a little sanded parlour, enjoying a pipe and a pint of beer, we found the great Mr. Cherricoat, who surpassed all for dirt, bad tobacco, and nondescript garments.

With an air of feigned astonishment, Mr. Slapalby greeted his rival. "Hallo, Cherricoat," he said, starting back, "is that you? Who'd ha' thought it. Wot are *you* doin' down in these parts?"

"Oh, I've jest cum down wi' the old 'ooman," he said, quietly.

"Not ter the fair?" said Slapalby.

"Yes, ter the fair," said Cherricoat.

"Why, how did *you* get ter know of it?" asked Slapalby.

"The same way that you did, I s'pose," replied Cherricoat, provokingly.

There was a pause, during which both showmen glared at each other. I hastened to interpose, and thus avert, as I hoped, an open quarrel, by asking Mr. Slapalby what he would take. "Rum," he replied, and accordingly a glass of this stimulant was placed before him. Mr. Cherricoat also, at my solicitation, kindly consented to have his mug replenished. But it was plain that the rival showmen did not intend to leave one another alone.

"The old 'ooman quite well, Cherricoat?" presently inquired Slapalby, with an air of much solicitude.

"Aye, she's all right, thank ye, Slapalby," replied Cherricoat. "How's the 'ottentot a goin' on?"

"Oh, fine."

"Got any more legs yet?"

"Not at present," replied Slapalby, with enforced calmness, though his features worked convulsively. "But we're thinkin' of putting one or two more on. The old 'ooman a keepin' off the drink, Cherricoat?"

It was now the other showman's turn to look disconcerted. But with an effort he controlled himself. "Oh, she's all right," he said.

"Puttin' on fat I reckon," said Mr. Slapalby, pleasantly, while he directed a sly wink at me.

It was so manifest that if this sort of thing went on, the rival managers would, ere long, come to high words, if not to blows, that I at length induced Mr. Slapalby to leave the house.

"Did yer 'ear wot the reptil said?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper. "Did yer 'ear 'im? That about the legs I means. Aint he a cad now? You've seen him now, an' can tell. Look 'ere now, don't ye come ter the fair untill evening, when all the fun commences. Then yer'll see somethin' I reckon. *I go to crush that reptil, sir!*"

And again tapping that mysterious breast pocket significantly, and with his old battered hat well tilted over his left eye, Mr. Slapalby waddled down the street. In what way he intended to crush the obnoxious Mr. Cherricoat I had not the remotest idea, but for myself I could think of no more likely plan than by falling on him. It would have been most effectual.

Just as the shades of evening were coming on, I turned my steps towards the show ground.

Everybody knows what a fair ground is like when one is approaching it; the glare of the lamps, the muffled hum of many voices, with those of the showmen louder than the rest, the dusky forms of the spectators, and the sound of box organs, gongs, and hurdy-gurdies all going together. The fair at Slowcombe, in these particulars, was in no way different to fairs at other towns, except that it was smaller.

I soon distinguished, even at a distance, the show of Mr. Slapalby, with the form of the burly proprietor making himself energetic at the door of it. But when I came to look for the exhibition of Mr. Cherricoat across the way, there, indeed, it was. But no crowd was about its entrance, no excited rustics struggled for admission; everything seemed quiet and deserted. What did it all mean? Had Mr. Slapalby carried out his fearful threat? Was Mr. Cherricoat indeed crushed?

As I came nearer, my attention was directed to a large

placard, posted along the side of Cherricoat's show, efforts to remove which had evidently been made without avail. I noticed also that similar placards were posted elsewhere.

A WARNING!

BEWARE OF CHERRICOAT'S FAT WOMAN!

THE DISEASE IS INFECTIOUS!

Laughing heartily, in spite of a slight feeling of commiseration for the unfortunate Cherricoat, who, it seemed to me, had been somewhat hardly dealt with, I crossed over to Slapalby's show. The indignant Cherricoat was jumping up and down, and shouting out, and a more complete picture of consuming, all-devouring passion it would be impossible to describe. Into such a series of fearful contortions did he twist himself, as he first madly gesticulated in one direction and then in another, that he verily appeared more like a revolving machine consisting of arms and legs, with a red puffy face showing occasionally, than a human being. But Mr. Slapalby took no more notice of him than if he had been a stock or stone, but imperturbably went on with his oration.

"This hexhibition, gen'lmen," he said, striking an easy attitude before the gaping rustics, after the fashion of Mr. Micawber, "as I've the honour of submitting ter yer notiss is a scientific novelty as has delighted hall the crowned 'eds of Europe. Hit is no monstrosity got up by man through a plentiful supply of Bragg's Food for Cattle, but a curiosity fresh from Natur's hown workshop, as has puzzled hall the greatest thinkers of the hage." (Here he recognised me). "Ha! the gen'lman from Lunding," he said, indicating me with his drum stick. "Kindly make way for the gen'lman from Lunding, sir. Hin verification of wot I wos sayin'," he went on, "I may call yer hattention ter this gen'lman on my right 'and." (He had placed me there.) "'E is the celebrated hanti-quarian, who 'as cum hall the way down from Lunding ter hexamine this wonderful marvel. Now walk up ladies and gen'lmen, walk up!" (Here he applied himself vigorously to a gong.) "The charge his only one penny. Walk up, walk up!"

"Don't yer believe 'im," shouted the infuriated Mr. Cherricoat, "don't yer believe 'im! 'E's a vagabond an' a swindler. D'ye know what 'e's done to me? Jest look at them placards up an' down—all his every one on 'em, jest to ruin my bizness. But I'll appeal to the law of the land! I'll trounce 'im as never man wur trounced afore! I'll—"

"This hindividual 'as hevidently bin' drinkin'," said Mr. Slapalby, not in the least ruffled, but with much compassion, as he pointed to the enraged Cherricoat with his gong beater. "Sich is the haffects of drink on the mind. Go 'ome young man, go 'ome ter yer wife and family, and teach 'em to look up to an' respect yer. Yer hunder a hallucination, that's wot it is, yer've got 'em again. Go 'ome and keep quiet."

I could stand it no longer. Half choking with laughter I slipt out of the crowd, and made my way to the station. The last I saw of Mr. Slapalby he was still lecturing the half-exploding Cherricoat; and that gentleman, on his part, was still dancing up and down in front of the show as vehemently as ever.

Second Premium (10s.), awarded to Mr. H. Roscoe Dumville, & Lord Russell Place, Edinburgh.

When are two kings like three miles?—When they make a league.

THE ORIGIN OF WOMEN.

"A long time ago," said an old Kickapoo,
 "Ere the palefaces came in a big canoe
 Over the great salt water,
 To wrest the Indians' land away
 In a rather high-handed kind of way
 By force and fraud and slaughter,
 There wasn't a woman on earth they say,
 Not a single mother's daughter ;
 But men were plentiful, made of clay,
 And dried in the heat of the sun's fierce ray,
 And all was peace and quiet ;
 For, being untrammel'd by mates or wives,
 The Indians led such happy lives,
 Quite free from row and riot.

"Oh, such lives as the Kickapoos led !
 Not a single worry of mind or head,
 Not a care to produce emotion.
 There wasn't a noisy chattering squaw
 To lecture her lord and master—
 To dun him for money, or lay down the law,
 To gloom and sulk o'er the slightest flaw,
 Or criticise all who passed her.

"Now, every man in that blissful age
 Was adorned with a caudal appendage—
 Bushy or curly, tufted or not,
 Each one was proud of the tail he'd got.
 These tails were cover'd with silky hair,
 Which the owners nursed with tender care,
 Plaiting it into tresses ;

Decking it out with beads and paint,
 Shells and oils, and many a scent,
 Till they grew as vain of the ornament
 As a girl is of her dresses.

The heart of each tail-bedeck'd Kickapoo
 Should have grateful been to the Manitou
 For this best of all their blisses.

"But the men, having nothing at all to do,
 Grew proud, and forgot the Manitou,
 Until they enraged the Spirit,
 Who vowed to rob them of what they loved,
 And only too soon this threat was proved,
 For each one's tail was doomed to be dock'd ;
 And, though the poor men's hearts were shock'd,
 They could only grin and bear it.

"Slowly and sadly each Kickapoo came
 To a certain spot (I forget its name),
 And never a word of complaint was spoke,
 As tail after tail was laid on the block,
 And deftly amputated.

Alas ! though the woeful sight would melt
 The heart of a stone, the Manitou felt
 His vengeance yet unsated ;
 For heedless of sobs and tears and wails,
 He took up the bleeding, quivering tails,
 And from these was woman created.

"Doubtless the ducks and jays were vain,
 And daws and pyets chatter'd amain,
 And squirrels and others roamed about,
 Like natural gadabouts, in and out ;
 But fairer than these, and noisier too,
 And a far more thorough gadabout crew,
 Was the Manitou's last creation.

But the Indians, wanting something to please,
 Clung to the women, and lavish'd on these

Their warmest adoration.
 Their paint and beads with them they shared,
 And colour'd ribbons—nothing was spared
 In the way of decoration."

Such was the tale of the Kickapoo,
 And facts are not wanting to prove it true ;
 For example, you've heard of Lord Monboddoo,
 That clever but somewhat eccentric body,
 Who maintained each child was born with a tail,
 Which was dock'd by an operation ;
 Wherever he picked up this old wife's tale,
 He stuck to his affirmation.

Again, there's Darwin's "Descent of Man"—
 How our forbears were apes (believe if you can).
 Then, thirdly, we have the wooden stool
 Which children use at home and in school ;
 What is the use of the hole in the top
 If not for the tail to go through ?

Perhaps the model was made in the shop
 Of some artisan Kickapoo.

Next, we have Moore's verses,
 In which he rehearses
 How woman was made from the tail of man,
 And not from the rib, like the Biblical plan.
 And, last of all, when a person tosses,
 Whether he wins or whether he losses,
 He often calls "woman" instead of a "tail."
 Now, really, these facts can hardly fail
 To prove that the aged Kickapoo
 Repeated a legend strictly true.

Commended—Mr. JOHN F. MILL, Edinburgh.

THE CHILD'S CROSS.

A little lonely maiden,
 Whose life is passed within
 The slums of London city,
 Full of sorrow, vice, and sin ;
 She's only a drunkard's daughter,
 But I never pass her by,
 And view the cross she carries,
 Without a heart-felt sigh.

For she has no one to bless her,
 No parents she can bless ;
 No kind heart to caress her
 Sweet simple childishness.

Her little sad heart misses
 The love that parents give ;
 The sweet good-nights and kisses
 That little ones receive.

No welcome footsteps greet her,
 With loving words each day ;
 No mother comes to meet her,
 To kiss her cares away.

Thrust out of social pleasure,
 A little lonely thing ;
 Without a toy or treasure
 To sooth her suffering.

The grave is ready for her,
 Bury, O earth, with thee
 The burden of her sorrow,
 That her spirit may be free !

"ANGELO:"

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BUSINESS having called me one day, unexpectedly, to the cathedral town of C—, I managed to finish my work towards the afternoon, and, feeling exhausted with the heat and glare of the sun, I entered the Cathedral.

The afternoon service was going on, and instantly I was arrested. Whose voice was that that thrilled my whole being, and made the old Cathedral seem the very abode of angelic song? Where had I heard it before? A child's voice. I knew no children, had never been in the place before, and yet there it was—waking memories in me (now an old matter-of-fact man) of long ago, when the world was fresh and fair, and holy as a mother's love.

The services ended, I left the Cathedral, but only to dream of that voice again and again. Many months passed, and once more I had to return to C—. Amid the whirl and routine of business, the voice had well-nigh been forgotten, but a curious feeling of pleasure stole over me at the prospect of going back. I went, and business over, entered the Cathedral at the same hour as before, and listened eagerly. The music was matchless; but, ah! that voice was gone—that voice that woke memories in my soul! Waiting impatiently till the service was ended, I went to the door.

The choir-boys were dispersing; so, addressing their leader, I said—"Which of these is your best voice?"

Pointing to a little boy, he answered, "This is the best to-day, but he does not come up to Angelo."

"Angelo! Who is Angelo? Did he sing in your choir here last year about this time?"

"Yes; but he is very irregular in his attendance, and a most unsatisfactory boy. Besides, being so poor and badly clothed, the other boys do not care to have him amongst them. It is only for his voice I have him at all."

"Yes, you remember his voice! Ah, well; I do not wonder. Was it not magnificent?"

"His name?"

"Well, I really am not sure of it; we only know him here as Angelo."

"And the address?"

"No, I have not got it. Oh, yes; by the way (going to look at one of his books), here it is; but it will be of little use, I fear, the family move about so continually."

However, with these slender clues to his whereabouts, I went after "the voice." It was a poor locality I was directed to, and when there I could not find the house. Even the neighbours did not seem to know who I was seeking for by the name of Angelo, till all at once it seemed to dawn upon them, and simultaneously they cried out, "Oh, is it 'the Angel' you are wanting?—the little lad with the voice? Ah, well, he and his mother left some weeks ago, and we do not know at all where they have gone to."

Though baffled at every step, I would not give up the search, but determined that, instead of returning to London that night, I would stay at one of the hotels in C—, and resume the chase on the morrow. Late in the evening, while sitting at the window, my whole thoughts engaged with the mysterious power that "voice" had over me, all at once I heard its clear, liquid notes again out there in the darkening street, and, listening, I caught the words of a strangely familiar song, and yet the little singer I had never seen. How could it be? for that song could only be known by one who had opened for me—oh! so long ago—the saddest page in my life's history.

With these thoughts rushing through my mind, I flung the window open, and by the light of a street lamp discerned the figure of a boy, exactly as Angelo's had been described. I went to the door and called him by name, and he showed his identity by running quickly to my side. What was his history? How did the little foreign lad's voice exert such a fascination over me? In answer to my questions, he said that "his mother and he were alone, having come from Italy after his father's death; that she was very ill—dying; that he was eager to go home to her now with the little money he had." So asking him if he would take me with him, we set off.

Was my mystery to be cleared up now? I had difficulty in keeping up with his active footsteps; but as we walked he told me, simply, some things of their past history, which seemed to have been a sad one. His face assumed a look of hope when he asked me "if I was a doctor. Would I help his mother? Oh! was it possible? Would I make her better?" And then looking at me, he asked, "Are you the friend she is always expecting?"

"No," I hoped to be a friend, but could not be that friend, as I had never seen her.

We reached a cottage in the outskirts. Angelo led me into a small room, dark but for the light of a fire burning in the grate. I discerned the outline of a woman's form lying like one asleep on the couch as I drew near. Stooping down I heard faint breathing, then some low-spoken words, then Angelo's name, then some name I did not recognise, then, reader, my own name, wailed forth with a pathos that was heartrending. Was I mad? Could it be—No, it could not be that I had found her—my darling!—she whom I had lost in that "long ago," which the voice of Angelo had recalled!

Opening her eyes, she looked into mine, and said, with the restful, satisfied look of a child just falling asleep, "I knew you would come, and I waited."

Yes, it was she! That voice, those eyes, were only hers, and hers alone—the love of my youth, she who had lived in my heart and sung there all my life, but who had been lost to me in the cruel years of the past! She whispered my name again. I listened eagerly to catch every word. She said, in a few words, interrupted by her laboured breathing, "They—deceived—me. I got no letters. Why—did—I believe. He took—me—away, and, oh! how—long I have—waited! But I knew—you would—come!"

She had said enough now to reveal to me how that cruel separation had taken place in our lives. So with almost her last breath she asked Angelo to sing; and as that angel song was wafted through the room, she gently passed away, resting trustfully in my arms.

And now when, with Angelo by my side, and his footsteps resounding through my once silent home, and above all, that liquid voice singing like a bird through the rooms, those memories come back to me of the "sweet long ago," when his mother was my darling, all the intervening years and agony seem nothing but a troubled dream!

Commended—Miss MINNIE M'KEAN, 1 Inverleith Terrace, Edinburgh.

A suddenly rich and very muscular young man stopped at a hotel the other day for the first time, and had great difficulty in getting anything to eat. A sympathising stranger at his elbow whispered, "You will starve here if you don't tip the waiter." Two minutes afterward the waiter found himself tipped over on the floor. The young man did not starve.

VALUABLE DISCOVERIES.

VALUABLE discoveries have been made and valuable inventions suggested by the veriest accidents. An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earth that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain. The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle glasses between his thumb and finger, he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighbouring church spire.

The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glass-cutter. By accident a few drops of aquafortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the corrosive fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

Mezzotinto owed its invention to the simple accident of the gun-barrel of a sentry becoming rusted with dew. The swaying to and fro of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested the application of the pendulum. The art of lithographing was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon copper. After he had prepared his slab, his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed to send away to be washed. Not having pen, ink, and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to make a copy at leisure. A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aquafortis would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression.

The composition of which printing-rollers are made was discovered by a printer. Not being able to find the pelt-ball, he inked his type with a piece of soft glue which had fallen out of a glue-pot. It was such an excellent substitute that, after mixing molasses with the glue, to give the mass proper consistency, the old peltball was entirely discarded.

The shop of a certain tobacconist was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smouldering ruins he noticed that his poorer neighbours were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tried the snuff for himself, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungent aroma. It was a hint worth profiting by. He built another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years became rich, through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him.

The reason Byron hated a dumpy woman was that he couldn't bear to see a good thing cut short.

◆ ◆ ◆
One day in spring, Sir Walter Scott and Lady Scott strolled forth to enjoy a walk around Abbotsford. In their wanderings they crossed a field where a number of ewes were witnessing the frolics of their lambs. "Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets, from the earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence." "They are, indeed, delightful little animals," returned her ladyship, "especially with mint sauce!"

HELP AND KISS YOUR MOTHER.

A FATHER, talking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in their first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned above your restless pillow have all been on interest these long years. Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face. She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many unnecessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be for ever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late."

IT WAS AUBURN.

"How do you like my new jersey?" said Mrs. Blim to her husband.

"It is quite nice, dear, but when a woman has a head as red as yours—"

"Taint red, you mean thing; it's auburn," interrupted Mrs. B. savagely.

"Well, sweet, when a woman has a head as auburn as yours, she shouldn't get a jersey of the same colour, for if she went out on the roof to hang out clothes the neighbours might see her and turn in an alarm of fire, and—"

Mr. Blim had occasion just at this time to go into another room.

"Drat the newspapers! Why can't they leave such items out?" exclaimed a hard-up undertaker, when he read an article warning people not to indulge too freely in green fruit.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Jack," said an affectionate mother of Stapleton, the other morning, "you really must come home earlier at night. Do you suppose Esmeralda likes to have you stay so late?" "I'll tell you how it was," replied Jack; "you see, she was sitting on my hat, and I felt a little delicate about mentioning the fact." "Very well; I'll give you a bit of advice. The next time don't hold your hat in your lap."

PUZZLEIANA.

To suit the tastes of the Junior section of its readers, the Proprietors of THE TATLER have arranged to open a column under the above heading, to be devoted to the publication of all kinds of poetical and other puzzling problems, and, in order to make these questions of a high-class nature, they have resolved to offer two prizes weekly, to be awarded to the senders of the best and second best contributions received; these prizes to be given in books of the value of 6s. and 3s. respectively. Prizes of the same kind will also be given at the end of the quarter, beginning with October, for the best sets of Solutions received to the Puzzles inserted during that period. The following rules to be observed by intending Competitors:—

- 1.—All contributions must be "Original," and so marked, written on one side of the paper only, with the correct solution affixed to each question, along with the author's real name and address.
- 2.—Solutions must be received not later than the second Saturday morning after the publication of the questions.
- 3.—All matter for this column to be enclosed in an envelope, addressed to THE TATLER Office, 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, with "Puzzleiana" written on outside of same.

Winners of the weekly prizes will have their names and addresses printed along with their contributions. When those who are successful see this, they are required to write to the Editor, informing him of the name and publisher of the work they may choose to possess of the value of the prize they have gained, when it will be sent to them post free within a fortnight.

No. 6—DIAMOND SQUARE.

In silent march each follows each,
Year after year the same;
A few short years and all will reach
The dust from whence we came.

1. One duly sent to represent
The people's mind in Parliament.
2. Eruption and boiling I am, who dare say no?
Though no burning mountain or noisy volcano.
3. Cultivated as food for his pig and his cow
By the jolly old farmer that follows the plough.
4. Investment of office, attracting attention,
The Lord Mayor's Show as a case I might mention.
5. To a meeting of this kind the powers were called in,
When the patched "peace with honour" was made at Berlin.
6. Music and harmony sweet from us flow,
Over the wooden bridge under the bow.
7. From early morn till evening's close, the day wears slowly through,
A weary load is this to those who have no way to do.
8. With a quiet little corner well out of the way,
I care not a fig for your pomp and display.
9. He is one who a railway life enjoys,
With a pound a week and his corduroys.
10. Neglected performance I'm presently telling,
But, mark you, there may be a shift in the spelling.
11. Neither him nor his cash you need care to behold,
If you change him a pound you may find you are sold.
12. Well worthy of their suits of blue,
I would not like their work, would you?
13. I should like to run through some confounded Zulu,
And make tracks with his cattle and forage;
But the thought of the row sets me shaking somehow
It is this—I'm deficient of courage.

No. 7—SQUARE WORDS.

1. I moan when this is turned awry,
A female pame 'tis by-the-by.
2. We've ample proof, I think, to show
This man was living long ago.
3. Above the earth behold me high,
Where stars are twinkling in the sky.
4. Though death has laid him cold and chill,
The songs he sang are living still.
5. The canny Scot in this will ken,
A word that means, "the fairest ben."

No. 8—CHARADE.

A crusty old soul is the Baron, 'tis said,
To his ward who is fair as the blossoms in May,
And he's vowed that to none will she ever be wed,
But his friend, the old Count, who lives over the way.
One day, as the two homeward hied from the hunt,
He was asked by the Baron to taste of his cheer;
But while he got first with all pomp by the front,
Another more welcome got same by the rear.
At the old Baron's board, which was burdened and bent
With the choicest of viands, rich, spicy, and rare,
He did second of third to so great an extent,
That he scarce was my fourth to sit straight in his chair.
It was very well seen he was fast losing strength,
Still as long's he could see he got on very well;
But his eyes became drowsy, and closing at length,
Neath a part of my third joined to fourth part he fell.

Next morn, ere from slumber he lifted his head,
His old servant rushed in, and did quickly declare
That the fair Lady Jane had that morning been wed
To her cousin and dear lover, Gilbert St. Clair.
How the old Baron raged when they told him of this,
How he swore at and cursed them both body and soul;
Such presumption as this from a nephew of his
Was beyond all endurance, and simply my whole.

No. 9—CONUNDRUM.

From the "pub," rather late, to the home of his Kate,
Jones did rather unsteadily hobble,
And the door being shut, he climbed up on the butt,
And went splash to the neck for his trouble.
Now what difference is, 'twixt this ducking of his
And an honour conferred on a noble?

No. 10—ENIGMA.

On the face and the form of the fairest,
Yea, e'en on the face of a queen,
Though glancing with jewels the rarest,
My unwelcome form may be seen.
Again, I am seen on the ocean,
And the billows against me are thrown;
Yet for ages, with strength and devotion,
I've been gallantly keeping my own.
Again, I'm a famed little digger,
Neath the ground my vocation I ply,
Though in colour as black as a nigger,
A neat little fellow am I.

A HARMLESS PRACTICAL JOKE.

JACK PRINGLE is a man who never wasted an opportunity, or puts off for to-morrow the joke that can be done to-day. Going down the street last Wednesday, he was accosted by a little nervous man who had an impediment in his speech.

Said the stranger :

"C-can you t-tell me w-where I can g-get s-s-some t-t-tin t-tacks?"

"With much pleasure, sir," replied Jack, who realized the position at once, and having directed his interlocutor to the shop of a neighbouring ironmonger by a somewhat circuitous route, he himself hurried off to the spot by a short cut.

Now the ironmonger was having his dinner in a little back parlour, but when Jack entered the premises he came forward briskly, bowing and rubbing his hands together in that peculiar manner that is characteristic of the British shopkeeper.

"Do y-you s-sell t-tin t-tacks?" said Jack, assuming a stammer.

"Oh, yes, sir; certainly, sir."

"G-g-good long ones?"

"Yes, sir; all sizes, sir."

"W-with s-sharp points?"

"Yes, sir, very sharp points."

"W-w-well, then, s-s-sit down on 'em, and w-w-wait till I c-call again."

Having "given his order," Jack thought it prudent to retire at once, as there were several heavy articles within easy access of the proprietor's hands.

The old man had scarcely cooled down and returned to his meal, which had also cooled down unpleasantly, when the real "Simon Pure" entered the shop, and again the ironmonger came forth, "washing his hands with invisible soap, in imperceptible water."

"Do y-you s-sell t-tin t-tacks?" said the little man.

Luckily the door was open, so the customer successfully avoided the two flat-irons hurled at him.

As to the remarks made by the dealer in ferruginous goods, the printer says that they "run too much on sorts," and "he is not going to cut up a lot of rule to make dashes."

GRAND SPECIAL COMPETITION.

THE TATLER submits the following scene to his readers :—

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*An old-fashioned house.*

Enter HARDCASTLE, followed by two or three awkward servants.

Hardcastle. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places; and can shew that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

All. Ay, ay.

Hardcastle. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands; they're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them; I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia; and so being upon drill—

Hardcastle. Diggory, you must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Diggory. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees eating going forwards, ecod! he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hardcastle. Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Diggory. Then, ecod! your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room; I can't help laughing at that, he, he, he! for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years; ha, ha, ha!

Hardcastle. Ha, ha, ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that.

1. A SPECIAL PREMIUM OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best story of "OULD GROUSE IN THE GUN-ROOM," and "Commendation" for the second best.

2. The story must be told in a humorous, after-dinner style, and must not exceed in length a column and a half of THE TATLER.

3. MSS. for this SPECIAL COMPETITION will be received up till Saturday morning, 1st DECEMBER, and the Premium and Commended stories will be published in THE TATLER of the Christmas week.

4. The copyright of all MSS. sent in shall belong to the Proprietors of THE TATLER, whether published or not.

5. Should stories of sufficiently side-splitting humour be sent in, a special second Premium may be awarded.

"THE TATLER" OFFICE, 22nd September, 1883.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDEN.—Other revelations may follow.

J. T. (Ireland).—Not at present; thanks.

F. D. (Somerton).—In the meantime other arrangements are in view. Two chapters might be sent, which will be returned.

R. W.—See other column.

P. F. M.—The field being occupied can add nothing to former replies.

A. B. C. and Others.—Copies of No. 5 can still be had.

A. C. (Hackney Downs).—Sorry not at present open to such a proposal, but have noted your address.

Other replies next week.

Questions can only be answered through this Column.

☞ No. II. of "INNER LIFE OF THE GREAT CITY" will be begun next week.

The LONDON OFFICE of THE TATLER is at 84 FLEET STREET (next door to PUNCH Office).

To be had at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, London, and in the country, and in Liverpool, Dublin, and Belfast; also Messrs. WILLING & CO.'S Bookstalls, London, &c.

GRAND PREMIUM CONTRIBUTION ARRANGEMENTS.

"When a man has engaged to keep a Stage Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Passengers or not, to set out. Thus it fares with us weekly Historians; but, indeed, for my Particular, I hope I shall soon have little more to do in this work than to publish what is sent me from such as have Leisure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleased in an elegant Manner."—"The Tatler," 7th May, 1709.

The Proprietors of THE TATLER offer each week TWO PREMIUMS, namely ONE POUND and TEN SHILLINGS, and COMMENDATIONS, for the best Contributions sent in. The following conditions require to be observed :—

1. The MSS. must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be properly paged and fastened.

2. The Contributor must furnish full name and address at the end of each Contribution.

3. Where the Contribution is not Original, the source, date of publication, and, where possible, the author's name must be given.

4. Preference will as a rule be given to Original matter, which should be marked "Original" on the right hand corner of the first page, and Original Anecdotes or Verses will be acceptable. No prize will be awarded for matter which has appeared in any contemporary, and such should not be sent in.

5. The MSS. must be addressed to "Editor of THE TATLER," 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, and all MSS. received up to Saturday morning's delivery will be in time for that week's competition. The result will be intimated and the premium contributions printed a fortnight thereafter. The words "Premium Competition" should be written on the cover.

6. The copyright of all Original MSS. sent in shall vest in the Proprietors of THE TATLER, and all MSS. may be used, whether gaining a premium or not.

7. The Name and Address of the Contributors obtaining the Premiums will be published each week, unless Contributors object to this publicity. If they object, their initials or *nom de plume* will be published instead, but it is preferred that the full name and address of successful Competitors be given.

To be had at all Railway Bookstalls, and may be ordered from any News-agent throughout the United Kingdom.

* MONTHLY PARTS now ready, containing five complete numbers, with Portraits inserted separately on toned paper. Part I., price Sixpence; by Post, Sevenpence.

The following Portraits have now appeared :—

- 1.—THE QUEEN.
- 2.—RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.
- 3.—HENRY IRVING.
- 4.—THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, K.G.
- 5.—RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.
- 6.—H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Printed for the Proprietors by MACRONE & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—October 13, 1883.



LADY BRASSEY.

THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 8.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE SEQUEL TO A DAFFODIL RHYME.

Mary spoke so ere she died,
Mary with the yellow hair,
As I came near the bedside,
"Do not wake the baby;
It was awake some time ago,
Now it sleeps full sound, and so
You must have a care—
Do not wake the baby."

In a darksome, lonely room,
Lay poor Mary and her child;
Lay and muttered, amidst gloom,
"Do not wake the baby.
Hush, wee bud! yon creaking door
May not break your rest once more,
Just one hour ago you smiled,—
You can smile, too, baby."

Tossing too and fro, she said,
"Rest is sweet, poor tiny thing!
Angels hover o'er your head,
Hover o'er my baby.
Would that I could upward soar
With you, through yon yawning door,
Toward eternal spring,—
Do not wake my baby."

Watching in the hour of death,
Wistfully on her I waited;
Earnestly, with bated breath,
I looked at the baby.
I dared not say, "Your babe is gone,"
For oh! her sighing, dying moan
On my ears iterated,—
"Do not wake the baby."

"Do not wake the babe," she sighed,
As I laid it on her breast;
Her own life ebbed like the tide—
"Do not wake my baby."
Sighing thus from out the gloom,
Dying thus in that dark room,
Wayworn Mary sank to rest,—
At rest with her baby

G. C. S.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 8.—LADY BRASSEY.

A CLERGYMAN once wrote a book on "how to make the best of both worlds," and the subject of THE TATLER's portrait may be held as an imitator of that good man, in respect that she typifies the modern endeavour of women, "how to enjoy the benefits of both sexes." Without in any sense abating her womanly charm, or her domestic attractiveness, the

educated woman of the day wishes to share in the physical and intellectual achievements which in an earlier age were given up to the rougher sex.

Lady Brassey is a born sailor, as much as her clever husband is; and when her "Sunbeam" broke upon the darkness of the literary world, it was found that she was also an observant traveller and a very clever master (? mistress) of elegant English. Perhaps she made a mistake in giving the world a second book, for then she took rank just as any other author, and was criticised accordingly. But the "Sunbeam" was in every way delightful, and the issue of many editions, including a popular sixpenny copy, showed how cleverly Lady Brassey had hit the market. It is a charming book, deserving all its popularity, and its authoress will be readily accepted as a worthy member in the National Portrait Gallery.

Lady Brassey is said to be responsible for the new "fad" amongst young people, under which "ambulance drill" in the hands of beautiful young ladies is declared by the youths of the time to be "great fun." But in the hands of a sensible woman like Lady Brassey, the art of the nurse and the "kranken-träger" is not learned for larking purposes, but for a definite and beneficial end; and when one of her guests sprained his ankle lately, it was found that Lady Brassey's skill came in most usefully, giving him all the benefit which a surgeon knows to accrue from prompt attention to any hurt of the kind.

NIGHTMARE IN IRELAND.

ONE of Ireland's special troubles has been exposed, and we now reach the consideration of what may most truly be termed a nightmare to rest upon any people. The sufferer from nightmare has a distorted and exaggerated vision of all that surrounds him, and feels under a dread incubus, from which he in vain tries to free himself. The first half of this description expresses exactly what we find in Ireland, but alas! the second part is not realised; for Irishmen are not yet awakened to a sense of the fearful bondage under which they lie, and hence they make no effort to relieve themselves from it.

The nightmare we refer to is, of course, the priesthood and the confessional. The system is infamous which holds men's souls in thrall, and at the same time conceals from the worldly powers the knowledge of crime reaching it from outside. The case may be

very clearly stated, that no heavenly duty, real or supposed, conferred or assumed, can relieve a man from the duty of suppressing crime by every means in his power. But what is this priestly office, and what are its devilish results? Simply this, that by holding out the prize of absolution to an ignorant and deluded people, the latter think sin no evil, and crimes, such as maiming, arson, and murder, stalk through the country unabashed.

A man goes to his priest with his hands yet blood-red with the life of his victim—a victim slain, perhaps, from no personal animosity, but because of the order of some unseen body of “invincibles,” or other murderous association. But does the priest say, as Joshua did to Achan, “Give God the glory, my son,” and bid stone the murderer with stones? Nay, verily. The awful deed is heard in silence—who knows but it may be heard without a shudder, or perhaps even with secret approval—and for some trifling penance, say a payment to mother Church or the dawdling with a string of beads, the criminal goes away comforted that man knows not of his deed, and that in the sight of God it is forgiven!

If the system were that the priest's counsel took the form of ordering the scoundrel to give himself up at the next police office, under threat of being denounced, then some good would be found to accrue from the confessional. But when a man knows that, however black his crimes, he is still recognised as a good son of the Church if he makes confession in the dark and pays his dues to the priest, the arm of law is paralysed, and the Church is actually the confederate of crime, and equally guilty with the criminal. Thus we find that what in other countries is the hope and comfort of the good, is distorted in Ireland till it becomes the refuge and protector of the bad!

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL:

A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER XI.

I'SE bin playin' housekeeper to-day, but it don't 'mount to much. Aunt was a-tellin' me in the parlur that I oughter luke aftur things wile she's sik, an' strukted me how I was to act wen fokeses call'd, wen all of a suddint Miss Connor, the mishnary wuman, came up through the gate, an' aunt told me wot to say, wich I did, an' sum more, and then she runn'd away. So Miss Connor cum'd in, an' sez—

“How are you, an' how's yer uncle and aunt, an' can I see yer aunt?”

So I told her uncle an' aunt wasn't wel, and coodn't see nobuddy, and she sez—

“O, I thawt I saw yer aunt thru the windy.”

“P'raps,” sez I, “the windy upstares.”

“O no, my dere, this windy. Ime shure I did.”

“P'raps,” sez I, “aunt's wandrin' sum. an' has

histerriks once in a while; but p'raps yu'll see her bime by, wen she gets unfixt.”

“Gets wot?”

“Unfixt,” sez I. “I gess you mostly cums after munny fur them mishnaries, an' for Bibuls an' flannle, an' hukes an' ise, fur the hethens. So aunt, as was fixt up sum, more'n she's bin in a munth, is a-goin' to unfix herself. She's playin' a make bleeve she's purer'n Jobe, so's you won't think she oughter give ennythin' to the hethens. An' we've had trubbul, an' everythin' goin' out an' nothin' cummin' in, 'cep bills, an' ther's doktor's bills, an' pothikarry's bills, an' evry kind o' bills; an' uncle shood travle, an' aunt wants a noo cloke an' a noo bonnit more'n the hethens wants preachins and hims.”

“O,” sez she, quite swete, “is that wot yer aunt thinks, my dere.”

“Yes; an' say, Miss Connor, do you kno wot Mr. Spiers sez? He sez as how the flannle fund's all fudg—that you pays for yer own clos out of it fust, an' uses the Bibuls for bussels, an' the him-buke leeves to curl yer frizzes.”

“He must be a nice man, Mr. Spiers.”

“O yes,” sez I; “he's rele fun wen he's gude, wich ain't offen. He sez you oughter by the hethens a barrel organ an' sum tin whissles. They wood plese 'em far better'n him-bukes an' tunin' forks; they'd take 'bout's much 'ligion out of a big drum as out of a mishnary's hide; an' if you want to make 'em all Krishtuns, you shood send 'em all the church bells in Stokerville, wich, he sez, is only fit for hethens. He's awful down on church bells, Mr. Spiers is.”

“Indede,” she sed; “so is the devil.”

“O my,” I sez, “that's bad wurds. I allus calls him the bad man. I gess you ain't much of a mishnary. Did you ever friten the hethens 'bout him?”

“No; we kepes him to friten nawty gurls and bad men like Mr. Spiers.”

“O,” sez I, “he ain't skerey. Say, Miss Connor, d'ye kno wot he sez 'bout you? He sez yer a natomy parshmunt draw'd over a frame, an' if you wants to make the hethens give up eetin' men and wimmin, you shood go yerself and try to coaks a blind 1 to eet you. He gesses they woodn't want human befe nevvur no more. He thinks as how it wood du 'em more gude than the man as chaw'd tarbakker, as his befe was that strong the cannonballs was all tuke sik. He tels rele funny things, Mr. Spiers does.”

An' she thawt so to, an' that he was 'bout bad enuff to krupt a hull garrysun, let alloan a littel gurl, an' she was to giv him a peece of her mind, as wood be 'bout's tuff as her befe. An' with that aunt cum'd in with an old gownd on, an' a shawl 'bout her hed, a-lukin' that misble that Miss Connor 'gan to laff, an' sed as how she was sorry she'd tuke sech panes to make herself luke pure, wich loked bad enuff at enny time. So with that they at eche uther like cats an' dogs. An' I slid.

(To be continued).

A QUEER IRISH STORY.

If there is anything more disgusting than another, it is that of being caught at the timely hour of rest, and in the easy luxuriance of dressing gown and slippers, when you have, as it were, one foot in the bed, and then are forced into a wildgoose chase over bogs, mountains, &c. But there was no help; it was the head constable who, gently closing the door, informed his victim in an earnest whisper that certain information had reached him that one Timothy Daley, a Whiteboy, a murderer, abductor of females, &c., had been certainly traced into a farm-house some three miles off, where he was unquestionably housed for the night; that there was a reward of one hundred pounds offered by the Government for his capture, and that he (the constable), please God, with the assistance of the troops, would undoubtedly succeed in effecting his capture, provided measures were taken with secrecy and despatch; that the reward would be divided between him and the men, and would be the making of all concerned, &c., &c.

Although devoutly wishing either that Tim Daley had led a virtuous life, or was safely lodged in Limerick Jail, the officer felt bound to afford the constable every assistance. It was a requisition, and he had no choice; so appointing a place of meeting beyond the village, he dismissed the functionary, and prepared to get out his men with as little noise and display as possible. Rousing the party out of bed, and darkly hinting at the prospect of affluence held out to them by the expected capture, he caused them to move, one at a time, through the back door of the house, down the garden, and so into the fields; and by making a small circuit, so as to avoid the village altogether, to meet the constable at the place appointed.

Everything appeared to succeed admirably, they moved with the stealthy pace of cats under the cover of the ditch which bounded the village garden, and in a few minutes were on the high road to the devoted farm where snoozed in happy security the murderous and abductory Tim Daley. Not knowing what kind of customer they might have to deal with, the officer halted his party at such a distance from the house as might prevent the working of the ramrods from being audible, and there caused his men to load; and all being ready, they moved upon the silent premises in perfect confidence that the Whiteboy's career was drawing to its final scene, and no doubt in some sanguine bosoms the shares in the undertaking were already at a handsome premium. Unlike the usual low, single-storeyed, white-washed, small-windowed farm-houses of the country, this was a large rambling edifice of grey stone, having one, if not two, storeys above the ground floor. It had apparently been a place of some note in former times, not only from its size, but from the number of offices and other buildings by which it was surrounded—now, however, in a state of great decay. On one side of the house was an extensive garden enclosed with a high well-built wall; and adjoining the garden, though separated from it by a wall of the same description, was a rocky, half-paved fold, filled with agricultural implements. This division wall between the fold and yard abutting upon the house at one end, and the other running straight out to the road, it was not easy to invest such a place with nine men; but they did their best. The constable, knowing the *locale*, undertook to plant them round the house in such a way that every door and window had its watcher; and having

made his arrangements, the officer, the sergeant, and himself repaired to the door. It was not much to be wondered at that the efforts of fists and feet should for some little time have remained unheeded at such a drowsy hour, and it was not till a long course of pounding and hallooing had been gone through that the head of an elderly man was thrust through one of the upper windows. They, of course, only wanted to call the roll of the inmates. Sorry to disturb them so late, and would not keep them out of their bed five minutes, &c. "Av coorse" was the ready answer. "Hurry, Biddy, slip on your skirt; shure now the Captain's waiting. Bustle now, don't ye be keeping them. Shure it's cowl'd. We'll be wid yer honer diracly." This seemed innocent enough, and they prepared to await with becoming patience till the boys had got into proper clothing, and Miss Walch had slipped on her skirt. As no very elaborate toilet was usual on such occasions, at the end of ten minutes the applicants became impatient, and commenced another gentle application of feet to the door. Mr. Walch was then heard slowly and heavily descending the stairs, like a man in the dark, talking loudly all the time, "We'll be wid yer honer diracly. Whisht, Mike; shure I can't hear the gintleman spaking. Ah, will ye rake up the turf and show me a light. How the divil would I get about at all, let alone to the door, with all the slanes and the things that yez have on the flure. Bad luck to yez, it's a pail I'm afther falling over now. Biddy's as bad; sorra but I know which is the worst. I'll be wid yer honer diracly. Faith I've barked my skin purty well betune yez." Although the attention of the trio was pretty well taken up by all this, it was not so entirely drawn towards the door but that the officer fancied that he heard one of the upper windows gently opened, and looking upwards he saw immediately after a figure in white, apparently a man in his shirt, get hastily out, and hanging by his hands a moment, drop with great precision on the top of the wall which divided the fold in which they were from the garden. Recovering himself in a moment, he ran swiftly along the wall and dropped into the road, and an instant after the white drapery was seen going at a rapid pace up the side of the hill which rose from the road to a considerable height. "The curse of Cromwell upon him," said the constable, "but that's Tim Daley; I'd swear to him among a thousand. Run boys, run! there's a hundred pounds on him." Whilst this was uttered, they were scrambling out of the fold in pursuit, while the men, impounded by the high walls, were even later in clearing the premises. For a body of soldiers with firelocks and other incumbrances to attempt to overtake a naked man, knowing the ground, and running for his life in a dark night, was hopeless; so hastily naming three of the swiftest runners, and desiring them to throw off their accoutrements, and follow up the hill with their side arms only, the officer started after the constable, who was already some way ahead. The officer was in those days an excellent runner, and quickly succeeded in overtaking the constable, a short husky fellow, and blown in the first hundred yards. The pursuers had every disadvantage. The hill was steep and rocky, partially covered with low bushes, the night dark, and they were besides ignorant of the ground, in the knowledge of which no doubt the chase was quite at home. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, they followed manfully up the mountain, and were occasionally awarded with an indistinct glimpse of the white drapery through the gloom. The three soldiers were now well up, and it was encouraging to hear their shouts as they

saw, or fancied they saw, the Whiteboy before them. For some time the officer and his men held on nearly together. The constable was long ago left behind, though they could hear him shouting as well as the shortness of his breath would allow him, "Run—boys, run! there's—a hundred—pound on him."

(To be continued.)

INNER LIFE OF THE GREAT CITY.

II.—THE DEAD DUKE OF THE BOND STREET HOTEL.

"THIS is a very delicate matter Price," said the chief to me at Scotland Yard a week or two after I had found the scoundrel Mrs. Hazlitt married.

I assured the chief he could have perfect confidence in me, and that it was the height of my ambition to be able to give him satisfaction, especially in difficult cases.

"I believe so," he replied; "and I entrust you with these intricate affairs, so that if you possess ability, you may rise quickly. What case are you on at present?"

"I have been assisting Rozoff to trace the Russian rouble note forgers; but the whole of the gang are now well known, and can be arrested at any time."

"That is Rozoff's business. I want you to make a strictly private investigation into the death of a nobleman."

"The Duke of A., chief?"

"Yes, the Duke of A."

"But there was no inquest, and he is buried."

"Oh, we are satisfied that there was no foul play, but a brother of the deceased—no friend of the Duchess, his sister-in law—persists in asking us to furnish him with more particulars. From his manner one would think that we had overlooked something which he wishes discovered and made public, to serve some purpose of his own."

"All attention, chief."

"The result of your inquiry is not likely to end in a criminal prosecution, but we must find some means to quiet the brother. You ought to account to me for every moment of the Duke's time, from his rising in the morning to his going to bed at night; inform me what he had to eat and drink, and endeavour to get the names of all the people with whom he came in contact during the day, and the subject of their conversation. A public scandal must be avoided—if everything were correct—and you can see that the greatest circumspection will require to be used."

"You can rely on that."

"You are acquainted with the kind of life the Duke led, and have read the papers about his death?"

"Yes. The doctor's certificate saved the Coroner trouble. Trust to me, chief, you will soon know the brother's motives. I may have to go to Paris."

"Certainly, go. The Duchess is there; but don't jump to any hasty conclusion; if the death was not natural, it was more likely suicide than murder."

As no notice of his illness had appeared in the papers, the sudden decease of the Duke of A., at a private hotel in Bond Street, took the London world by surprise. He was found by his valet dead in his bed. He was subject to rheumatism ever since a fishing excursion he made to British Columbia, but was not worse than usual. The previous day he walked in Hyde Park, and lunched with an old college friend at the Carlton, and in the evening the two men went to the opera. It was not a question of old age, as the deceased nobleman was only thirty-seven. As already stated, there was no inquest; the Duke's regular doctor had seen him the day before, and was able to give the necessary certificate. The heart was affected, and the doctor never made a more correct statement.

The dead Duke failed to preserve the prestige of an honoured name; his father had been a great statesman. It was admitted, however, by his worst detractors, that a more good-natured being than the Duke never lived. His natural indolence and disinclination to think badly of any one had caused him to become the easy prey of sharpers. A princely fortune awaited him when he attained his majority (in his case at twenty-four), which was soon squandered in three infallible ways of getting rid of money quickly. He kept a stud of horses at Newmarket, and when the chances of winning were none of the best, backed them heavily. One race—the Two Thousand—cost him £15,000. At baccarat of an evening he has lost as much as £25,000. And to please some enterprising young ladies desirous of notoriety, he became the lessee of a theatre, which, when in a non-paying mood, would take into its rapacious maw a ship-load of gold. It was a good thing for his son that most of the estates were entailed, and the Duchess had occasion to be glad that his reverses of fortune could not break her liberal marriage settlement. He married at thirty a young lady of eighteen, of birth equal to his own, and accounted beautiful; but for some years they had ceased to live under one roof, and it was hinted that the Duke's bad example had made the Duchess forget her marriage vows. Be that as it may, there seems but little doubt that he had at one time a sincere affection for his wife; and that he was never the same man after the separation. The Duchess resided chiefly in the French capital, and men used to shrug their shoulders significantly when they met her in the Bois or at the theatre in the company of the young artist who is now her husband.

The late Duke's valet was a very reticent individual, and it was difficult to get him to speak. Somebody had evidently cautioned him to hold his tongue. What I did extract from him was however worth the trouble. The Duke had a lady visitor after the opera, and she stayed about half-an-hour. She was closely veiled, and neither the valet nor any of the hotel servants had seen her face.

"You saw the Duke again that night after the lady left the hotel?" I asked the valet.

"Yes, once."

"He did not go out again?"

"No."

"How did he look—as usual?"

"No, he had a scared look, and appeared much agitated. All he said to me was—'Nothing more to-night, Butler.' At the usual hour in the morning I went to his room and found him dead."

"What became of the letters he wrote?"

"Letters! I never saw any; there were none."

"I understood differently. He was a bad sleeper, I think?"

"He did not sleep well, and sometimes took chloral."

"Did he take any that night?"

"I cannot say; there was always chloral in the room."

"And the lady; what became of her?"

"She never returned, and I know nothing whatever about her."

"You guessed who she was, I suppose?"

"Not the slightest idea."

"Col. S. called for the Duke to accompany him to the opera, but did not return with him."

"No; the Duke came back alone, and he told me a lady would arrive immediately to see him. He was excited, as if under the influence of wine."

(To be continued.)

LONDON THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

"LA VIE," adapted from Offenbach's "La Vie Parisienne" by Farnie, was successfully produced, if applause counts for anything, on Wednesday evening, 3rd inst. It is a very free work, Mr. Farnie having taken very severe liberties with the original. The humour is somewhat forced, the jokes are almost used up, and there is a lack of bright and catchy airs. Still the artistes, one and all, must be congratulated upon their share in the proceedings. The mention of the name of Mr. Lionel Brough is sufficient to ensure a dry representative of the *Baron von Gondremarcke*. His humour is simply side-splitting, whilst his business is hardly less than delightful. Mr. Arthur Roberts met with a hearty reception, but it will be a long time before he loses his dreadful music-hall style. He is a comedian, and no mistake about it, but his funny sayings seem too boisterous. Still he made himself a great favourite with the gallery and pit, and so perhaps Mr. Henderson's "stroke" in engaging him is wise. Mr. Standing sings well as the *Hon. Tom Splinterbarre*, and Mdlle. Camille D'Arville, a lady who made such a hit in "Cymbia," produced at the Strand some few months back, is a charming *Gabrielle*. The dresses are magnificent, and the general attention to detail complete.

It is a long time since I have witnessed such a sound drama as that produced at the Adelphi on Saturday, 6th inst. "In the Ranks" by Sims and Pettitt, in five acts, is a downright good old-fashioned Adelphi draw, and should prove a very lucky move for the Messrs. Gatti. Space forbids me giving the plot, but there is the usual persecuted hero, the long-suffering wife, &c., &c., &c.; and although the scenery is admirable, and the first scene as good as any I have seen, the piece has not been written to suit the requirements of the carpenter, as so many sensational dramas are now-a-days. Mr. Charles Warner is a splendid *Ned Drayton*, playing with much real power and force. Mr. Ryder brings his experience to bear well on the part of an old Colonel, Mr. J. D. Beveridge is a scoundrel of the most polished order, and Mr. C. W. Garden is capital in his part. Miss Isabel Bateman as *Ruth* is excellent throughout, though she is seen at her best in the fourth act, and here she was very fine. Other parts are well looked after. The audience was most enthusiastic, and the authors received a most emphatic "call."

"Passion and Principle," a drama originally produced at the Sadler's Wells, with Mr. E. N. Hallows in the leading part, has been secured by Mr. Frank Fuller, who will take it for a trip round the provinces.

The opening piece for the Olympic will be "The Spider's Web" by Henry Pettitt. I stated some time back that Mrs. Chippendale had leased the theatre. This is a mistake; she is to be the manageress. Good luck to her.

"The Lady of Lyons" will shortly be put on at the Lyceum—Miss Anderson, of course, as the proud beauty, and Mr. J. H. Barnes as the impetuous *Claude*.

Mrs. Langtry has left for America, per s.s. "Oregon."

Kate Vaughan—everybody has dropped the "Miss," so, I suppose, I may do the same—has been engaged for the pantomime at Drury Lane, at the biggest salary ever paid a pantomime artist. Of course this will be, without a doubt, the greatest thing "Gus" has ever done—the pantomime, I mean, of course. Then the next piece is to be the greatest, the next greater even than that, and so on, until we come to Christmas, 1894, when that will, without any humbug, eclipse all his former endeavours. "Gus" is getting quite good. He actually inserts these little letters "D. V." in his advertisements. If you hear that he has joined the Salvation Army, and is producing a new something by Booth and "Augustus Harris," don't believe it.

They cannot keep Minnie Palmer at the Grand, so "New Babylon" is to be revived on the 15th, with Messrs. Holt and Wilmot in their original characters. This ought to prove good goods.

Mr. Harry Hunter, one of the "big" men of the Mohawks, takes a benefit on the 17th inst. The usual monster programme is to be provided, but there will be no supper afterwards (this in confidence), so don't trouble to take your knives and forks.

One of the handiest little books, with a large amount of information, I have seen for some time is the "Musical and Dramatic Directory of the United Kingdom." Almost every town in our island receives attention, and to the "masher" it will prove very useful, for the names of the "stage-door" keepers are given. Capital thing this, you know; quite in a friendly way you—I mean the "collared young men"—can speak to the doorkeeper as Brown, or Jones, or Smith, whatever his name may be. "How do you know my name, sir?" "Oh, your father and my pa, you know, dear boy," &c., &c., &c. Joking apart, it is the very book, and will supply many with information they have long been asking for.

On Saturday, 6th, a new burlesque was produced at the Imperial, called "Prospero, or the King of the Cannibal Islands." Decent affair, though stale and old lines.

I looked in at the Hackney Theatre a few nights back, and saw what was supposed to be a version of "David Copperfield" played. The actors, considering the way in which the "gods" commented, got through their work fairly well. Miss Maud Kennard was a charming and natural *Little Emily*; Mr. R. E. Akerman, who played no less than five parts, proved himself a very competent actor; *Micawber* was well played by Mr. R. W. Hughes, and Mr. Frank Able did well as *Uriah Heep*. It sounded rather funny to hear one of the "gods" shout out when *Uriah* was arrested, "Heep! Heep! Hurrah!"

"Confusion" still goes on well at the Vaudeville. "A Clerical Error" was revived at the Princess on October 10th, and Charles Du Val is doing a good business at St. James's Hall. "Falka" will be the next thing at the Comedy when "Rip" fails to "draw."

WHIFFLES.

A barrister, in replying to his antagonist in court, said "he had a keen rapier with which to pierce all fools and knaves," whereupon his opponent "moved the Court" that the rapier be taken from him, lest he should commit suicide.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. VII.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

No. 18—"BOOTS ON A SUMMER'S DAY."

ENGLISHMEN generally travel in Scotland in summer, when the custom of going barefoot is so general amongst the poorer and younger portion of the people. "Dear me," said an Englishman, in a tone of compassion, which his Scots friends hardly appreciated, "there is not a stocking or shoe amongst the whole dozen of them," pointing to some children at play in Edinburgh.

The "Rambler" went with the engineers and iron men of Middlesbrough on their visit to the unfortunate Tay Bridge—then about half finished, when this incident occurred. It was at Polmont Station, and, as usual, a bevy of barefooted boys were calling the evening newspapers. The unshod natives moved the pity of one of the Yorkshiremen, who said to the vendor of the *Evening Vindicator*—

"Have you no boots to wear?"

The boy proved himself a true Scot, for he answered with a question, most humorously put—

"What's the use o' boots on a simmer's day?"

No. 19—THE PLEDGED TROUSERS.

The "Rambler" knew a man on the road who occasionally got "down in his luck"—his own fault, poor fellow—and when out of employment was often very hard up. But he had a love for the stage which was unconquerable, and he was at Birmingham, in low water, when a favourite and popular tragedian was announced. Mr. Bagman had two pairs of trousers left, and the worst of them was "put up" to provide the wherewithal to visit the sixpenny gallery, and enjoy the play.

But no sooner was this enjoyed than—oh, temptation!—a still more popular actor came on, and it was impossible to miss that. What was to be done? On reflection, the impecunious one remembered that he had pledged the worst pair of unmentionables, and a way out of the trouble suggested itself.

Proceeding to his "uncle," the hard-up wretch, inside the box, divested himself of the good trousers, redeemed the worse ones, and had a balance left on the transaction, which enabled him to enjoy his favourite amusement.

This reminiscence was recalled by the poor fellow who was recently under examination in bankruptcy in Edinburgh, and who appeared in court somewhat the worse of drink. The question was, "How came you so?" as the old phrase goes, and the man answered, quite freely, as if enjoying the joke—

"I poppit my coat before I would be lickit."

No. 20—"KING ARTHUR'S SEAT."

The "Rambler" travelled into Edinburgh with a very comical Irishman, who was great on all that occurred during the journey. Being informed that the leonine hill at Edinburgh was "Arthur's Seat," his remark was, "I hope when King Arthur sat there it wasn't quite so *could* as it is this morning." It is noticeable that no Edinburgh man ever says "King Arthur," though most strangers do.

No. 21—"I DID NOT GO IN DE BOAT."

There are many hairbreadth escapes made, as was the Dutchman's from the terrible fate he described as having come over a boat's crew.

"And how did *you* escape?" was asked with concern by his audience.

"Oh, I did not go in de boat."

The "Rambler" is not, however, to palm off such escapes on his readers. What he has to tell at present is the rescue of some men from the "Bishop of Seven Clerks," on the Welsh coast. It was at the Bishop Rock Lighthouse that the awful scene occurred, when one of the light-keepers died, and his fellow had to keep the body for about a fortnight, till the relieving vessel came, lest he might be accused of foul play to his companion. Since that the rule has been to place three light-keepers on all isolated lighthouses.

Approached from north or south, the rocks are seen separately, but in front they appear to be all in one. One very stormy night, three men, the remainder of the crew of a schooner, were thrown on the smallest island, and found to their dismay that it was a very small rock, and not, as it appeared from seaward, part of a larger island. The sea runs there with a swift current, so that to pass from one rock to another was impossible, and the three men were three days on the rock, their sole food three sea-birds' eggs found in a crevice. Night was coming on for the third time, and the poor fellows, seeing a steamer bearing down, stood up in a row, extending their jackets as far as they could between each other to make as big a show as possible.

The steamer was a Clyde and Severn trader—one of those vessels carrying passengers, and affording, to people who can stand the sea, a most delightful voyage to Belfast and Bristol—and the "Rambler" was on board. In the dusk of the evening he observed, as he thought, some monument on the distant rock.

"Captain," he cried, "what is that fluttering on the outermost rock?"

Glasses were at once brought to bear, and the three men were dimly discerned. What was to be done? There was a heavy sea on, and the great race of water between the rocks made it a matter of great danger to attempt the rescue. But Captain M—— was too humane a man to allow fellow-creatures to perish, and, after a hurried consultation with his chief officer, a course was determined upon. This was to run up a distance and drop down towards the rock, sending out a boat in the race of the tide, which would attempt to lay too and rescue the men.

Poor fellows! They said when brought on board that when the steamer held on its way past the rock they gave up hope, and almost cursed those on board for their inhumanity. But when the vessel stopped, put about, and sent off the boat drifting down the current, their sailor experience explained why the ship had sailed right on, and on their knees they thanked God for deliverance, though as yet it was distant.

Captain M—— could not leave the ship, his chief concern, but Mr. F——, the chief officer, went off with six stout seamen; and when the boat returned with *nine* men on board, there was great joy on the steamer. At once every effort was made to warm and comfort the castaways, and in the saloon the few passengers sat and listened with moist eyes to their recital of that dreadful three days on the Bishop Rocks. The "Rambler" and other passengers subscribed a sum of money to relieve the poor sailors.

No. 22—"NOT AN OUNCE ON BOARD."

The *Daphne* disaster put the "Rambler" in mind of a voyage he once made from Liverpool to Dublin. Driving down to the dock at 11 P.M., he was hurried on board the steamer, and was a little struck by its extreme punctuality.

So as they were hauling out of the dock, he observed to the captain how quickly they must have got the cargo on board.

"Cargo," said the skipper; "we have not an ounce on board."

It was an extra steamer, crossing light, and the regular steamer had to follow. In the trough of a spanking sea the empty ship tossed and rolled most delightfully (?), and it was not till fairly within the Howth Bailey that the "Rambler" could find a moment's rest. It was a most painful experience, and the moral is—"Never go in an empty screw steamer."

ALPHABETICAL LECTURES.

BY PETER LICKRIPROPS.

A. Astronomy.—It will be the object of this lecture to convey in brief but comprehensive language a knowledge of the subject it treats of.

Astronomy is a very interesting science to owners of observatories. The general public not having these advantages, however, view the firmament through the ordinary optic called the eye. If you will cast your eye upward (being careful not to lose it)—both eyes for that matter—you will find that periodically, and generally at night, the sky, when clear, is seen to break out into numerous little eruptions or spots, which are called stars. These luminaries are classified in the following order:—Those that come first are called primary; the ones that follow are secondary. The large stars being bigger than the smaller ones take up more room—than we can spare this week. The moon is also a tenant of those regions, and, like most tenants, pulls a very long face at the end of the first quarter.

The sun, in all his majesty, is a fixture revolving upon his own axis. If any one axis why, a word to the whys (wise) is sufficient. He prefers his own axis, and borrows no other body's, although he has been known to glance on Gladstone's silver one. His habits are independent, however, and he regularly rises early in the morning in the East-end (near Dennistoun), and, after throwing some light on these lectures, he travels all day and sits down in the West-end, where he waits till the public-houses are shut, and returns under cover of the darkness.

A beardless young doctor is presented to Madame Z—. "Ah! monsieur, already a doctor?" she exclaims, in surprise. "Yes, madame; but as I am yet very young, I prescribe only for infants."

♦ ♦ ♦

"Hi, waiter, I say, this is a pasteboard lobster you've brought us." "Pasteboard lobster? Yes, sir. You see, sir, we have to keep lobsters in the window, and in this hot weather they would spoil, sir; so we have show-lobsters made of pasteboard. But I will get you a real lobster, sir, if you prefer it."

♦ ♦ ♦

Sheridan's wit did not even spare the members of his own family. His only son, rather a priggish young man, of whom he was immensely proud, was one day boasting at a dinner party of his superiority to the political prejudices of the time, and of his general mental receptivity. "When I go out into the world," he said, "I bear on my forehead the words 'To let!' " "Quite right, Tom," said his father; "but underneath that you should write 'Unfurnished.' "

A SCOTSMAN'S REPLY TO AN IRISH LADY

ON RECEIVING HER PHOTOGRAPH.

Dear Katie, if I had a thousand,
Instead of a hundred or so,
I would change the name of that photo.
To Mrs. Kathleen Munro.

We'd then take a nice little farm
In your own "little gem of the sea,"
And live as contented as pigeons,
So happy and loving we'd be.

I'd have a nice little phaeton,
For you and the children to go;
And the ladies all round about, love,
Would *envy dear* Mrs. Munro;

And say with a smile on each face, love,
When gossiping over their tea,
"What a charming lady our friend is,
And how proud her husband must be."

And when we walked into town, love,
Oh, how the townfolk would stare
To see us both walking together, love,
Such a *handsome, grand-looking* pair!

I'd dine with the Rector on Sunday,
And the curate *you'd* drive home to tea,
And have lots of young ladies to meet him,
Ah, what a match-maker you'd be!

And, oh! how the children would dote, love,
On their darling ma and papa!
And kiss us each night when they left, love,
As pa used to kiss their mamma.

But when that the girls grew big, love,
Say where would we send them to school?
To Bath or to Kensington West, love,
Where they'd learn to speak by the rule?

Of course I would not interfere, love,
The girls being under their ma;
But the boys—well, the boys I should like, love,
To take after their darling papa.

You see I have sketched our lives, love,
If I'd been the governor's heir;
But being the youngest of four, love,
The sketch is a little unfair.

Yet perhaps it's best after all, love,
To live as a bachelor *here*;
As *there* lives are somewhat at a discount,
Whilst farms are *terribly* dear.

However, when Parnell is gone, love,
And Healy is silent—oh! then,
And Erin *for once* is content, love,
Well—perhaps I will write you again.

Commended—D. M., Glasgow.

A POSER.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

While I was walking, just the other day,
With my boy Tom, a chit of only ten,
He startled me, and took my breath away—
He asks *such funny* questions now and then.

Said my young hopeful, in his way most child-like,
"Is God more mighty than the Prince of Evil?"
And when I said, "Of course!"—a little wild like—
"Then why, if able, don't he kill the devil?"

J. G. M.

THREE OPAL RINGS.

CHAPTER I.—THAT RING.

It is now twelve years since I got my first opal ring. It was on an October afternoon, warm and hazy, when the meadows through which we walked looked—oh! so content and smiling—with their yellow waving expanse of ripened corn. It was autumn in our hearts also; for we had long ago passed through the sweet springtime of love's youth, with its sunny showers of hope and fear, and its opening buds of strange new joys. We had enjoyed a warm summer, too, of fragrance and light in our hearts, assured of each other's best affection. And now it was our full rich autumn of content; for only a week ago we had walked in these same meadows and plighted our troth with perfect trust in each other's life-long love.

We were to have friends to tea that afternoon in the Manse (my brother was minister at that time in a small village a few miles out of Edinburgh), and I had promised to meet my Walter about a mile from our house, at a quiet part of the road where we could talk unobserved—for the last time maybe. It was at four o'clock I was to be there. So I put on my bonnet and cloak in great haste, and said I had a bad headache, and would like a quick run before tea if I could be spared. The headache was quite true, but not as the cause of my walk; for, alas! the one black cloud in our happy autumn was that my mother did not sympathise with our love.

And thus it was that we had to meet secretly, and that I had to bear the burden of little concealments all alone. But Walter and I hoped in time to overcome mother's dislike to our union.

I was a year older than he, and a very "douce," commonplace-looking girl, whereas he was a veritable Apollo in face and figure, and a poet in speech. In short, we were wholly unlike; and all my girl-friends envied me, and wondered how I got his love, and how I managed to keep it. But it was no mystery to me. Was he not my own? and were we not all in all to each other? The rest of the world were but strangers, and how could we help loving each other? I was his "*meine liebe*," his "*Cara mia*," his "*Zoe*." All the sweetest words were lavished on me, the poor, plain, unattractive girl to all others. Ah! no wonder I worshipped my boy-lover, who made me so beautiful with his chivalrous words and thoughts, and filled my whole childhood and youth with brightness and song. My mother thought his nature was far too light for mine, and told me he would weary of me. But I knew that we had each what the other needed; my weight would have kept him on the earth, and his buoyancy would have helped me to soar.

And now he was going away to India, and asked a promise from me, and it had to be given secretly. Instead of coming home to weep out my joy on a mother's breast, I had to wait till I reached my own little room after the day's duties were over, and then laugh and sob by turns. I was so happy, and yet I felt as if I had done wrong, and dreaded the end of my promise unblessed by a mother's approval.

I went away ashamed and angry at myself for deceiving my mother, and determining that when Walter was fairly away, I would be the best of daughters, and make up tenfold for my present failure in love or duty.

I hurried out of the village by a back path, and after walking about half-a-mile on the highway, saw Walter riding quickly toward me. He dismounted when near, and

took my hand reverently in his, with his other one leading his little shaggy brown pony, "Donald." We turned off the highway into a green by-path leading to a farm, and our hands were firmly clasped all the way as we walked, while Donald quietly walked by our side. At last we sat down on a green bank, and let Donald browse by himself. Our hearts were too full to say much.

"You will miss home and friends sorely," said I.

"Oh, when *you* come, you will bring all Scotland to me," said he. "Even brothers and sisters seem strangers compared to *you*, Mary; and in leaving *you*, I am leaving all. Oh, do not forget me, promise that you will not; promise that you will never change. I *cannot* do without you. Oh, Mary! how can I go?"

I soothed and quieted him, and promised that in two years I would be ready to come over the sea and be his wife.

The other day when in a train, I looked out on the fields, and saw that a shepherd's cottage had been built exactly on the green bank where our tears fell. So that now the common acts of existence—eating, working, sleeping—go on in our consecrated ground; just as my life, from being the page of a romance, has come to be the page of a common cookery book.

When we got back to the highway, he took a little box from his pocket and thrust it into my hands, kissed me lingeringly and earnestly, mounted Donald, and rode off swiftly back to the city.

I had no time to look at my gift, and indeed my eyes were too blinded to see it. I stood and stretched my arms to him silently; but he was riding steadfastly on, never looking back, and soon he was out of sight. Then I opened my box. It was a lovely little ring, with five opals gleaming in a row from exquisite setting. I hid it in my bosom, and prepared to go homewards, as I had been much longer out than I intended. Just as I was taking a last look along the road where he had gone, I saw a lady and gentleman approaching—our friends whom we expected.

I went on to meet them, drawing my veil and trying desperately to keep my nerves calm. What if they had met and recognised him? They would naturally tell my mother, and she would then know the reason of my walk.

I shook hands with them, and they said I need not have taken the trouble of coming to meet them, as they knew the way quite well. They said they had enjoyed their walk, and had met no one for the last mile or two except a young man on a remarkably pretty pony. He appeared to be looking out for something across the road, as his face was turned away that they could not see it. How thankful was I. We walked home, and mother had tea ready, and asked if my headache was better. It was worse—greatly worse—and I got much sympathy.

Our friends wished to go to a little private prayer-meeting in one of the leading houses of the village, belonging to a family who went in for fashionable religion, and gave the Scriptures their distinguished patronage whenever they got an evangelist of good social position to visit them. We were ushered into the drawing-room, where the principal ladies of the neighbourhood were comfortably seated on couches and chairs at one side, while at the other were two forms on which the servants uneasily sat, remembering their inferior position, and the condescension of their mistresses in allowing them to sit down at all.

By-and-by the speaker came in, a fashionably attired young man, with sparkling ring and massive albert, to show that he could be religious and yet do his hostess.

credit as a gentleman of taste and means. His name, I think, was Tingling, and I remember thinking that he was indeed a tinkling brass—excuse the miserable pun; I was too miserable either to enjoy puns or prayer-meetings.

We sang the hymn "From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand," but there I had to stop. I could sing no more. India! India! It rang in my ears, it throbbed in my pulse, it beat in my poor aching head. I heard as afar off the sound of Mr. Tingling's voice, dilating on the duties of servants to their masters; I saw as afar off the complaisant satisfied look on the ladies' faces as they glanced at the timid housemaid and cook, who were evidently ill at ease. But loud and constant was the tolling of a bell in my brain—India! gone, gone, gone!

I shut myself in my own little room when we got home, drew out my dear opal ring, and lay with it under my pillow all night. And I dreamt that I had a fearful voyage, and that a wave had washed my ring out of my hand; and that when I arrived at India, Mr. Tingling met me, and said that Walter was married, and that he would now give me a short address on the duty of submission in all things.

So that was how I got my *first* opal ring.

CHAPTER II.—THE FALSE RING.

Three years after.

Three dark, lonely, loveless years, for my mother was unchanged in her opposition, though kind in all else, and I was being slowly wrought upon—circumstances were too strong for me. I wrote regularly for a year. Walter's letters were always bright and cheerful, and often I feared that he did not miss me as I missed him. Mother was always saying that young men tired of wives older than themselves, and so I began to think that it was my duty to give him up for ever. At last I made up my mind to write that we must cease our correspondence, as my friends would not hear of my going abroad. I also wrote that I would send back my ring to his sister, who could forward it to him. Oh, it was a sore, sore time. I sent away the letter—my last—but he was in a measure prepared for it, as I had been writing despondingly for some mails before. Then I looked at my ring—my treasure—that I counted too precious to wear, but kept it laid past, and looked at it every night ere I slept. I rolled it up, but when the string was tied round it, I groaned in spirit. I opened it out again to delight myself with the memories it brought. I gave myself a few days' respite, and laid it again in my workbox.

Next day a thought occurred to me, on which I acted at once, without considering wrong from right—only *determined* not to part with my ring.

I had saved a little money—only a few pounds—and I set out for the city to search for another ring like my own. Of course no ring *at any price* could be the least like *mine*, but another might seem to a stranger to be similar.

I had a weary search, and many a profane shopman handled my gem, and wondered why I was so anxious to have one exactly the same, as "they could show me much handsomer styles, &c." I hardly could restrain my indignation, but my eager hope of success overcame my disgust, and I went in and out till I had been in all the principal shops in town. At last in a side street I *clutched* at one which might have passed for mine. To be sure, the gems were not so rainbow-hued, and even the setting looked more prosaic, but each curve and sweep were the same.

I gladly paid the price asked, and set out for the house

of Walter's sister. She was a dear friend of mine and of my mother's also, and it grieved her to know how matters were going. But she prudently did not advise; although, whenever I met her alone, she spoke to me of Walter and his prospects.

She told me she had foreseen all this for some time, and said no more, but took me in her arms and cried over me a little.

I produced the ring, and told her to send it to him if she thought best. And then I said good-bye, and went wearily away.

I thought I would be so happy to see Walter's ring when I took it into my hands at night, but its glory had departed; it was not now the sign and seal of love, and I only possessed it through deceit, and had no right to touch it again.

So this is the second story of my opal ring.

CHAPTER III.—THAT RING AGAIN.

Two years after.

One of hopelessness and apathy, in which all the youth and freshness in me seemed to have died; the next, one of opening life, but life of a poorer, narrower kind. I began to take a little interest in the world again, and go about my duties calmly and even cheerfully at times. Any familiar tune would make the tears rush hot to my eyes, or a pathetic poem would bring my embodiment of all that was poetic to my mind. So long as I stuck close to "the daily round, the common task," I got on well enough.

At this time a gentleman came asking for my love, as many others had come before when I could only say "No." I said "No" to *him* also, and more than once; but it was no use, for he came to see my mother and brother, and as *their* friend I could not entirely shut myself from him.

My mother urged me to try to love him, and spoke much of the loneliness of unmarried life. She warned me not to go on rejecting every suitor as I had been doing, however suitable, and said I would regret it too late.

I told this lover all my story, and how I never could care for him as I had for Walter; but he asked me just to have *pity* on him, and said that love would follow.

He said it was his last chance of happiness, and implored me not to cast him off. He pursued me; he lay in wait at the church-door on Sundays, and wherever he thought he could meet me on week-days. He wooed me with quiet attentions one day, and another by desperate energy; appealing to me to make life endurable to him, and saying that without me he would sink altogether.

What could I do?

After several ineffectual struggles for freedom, I sailed away down the Forth one day, and stayed with some friends at North Berwick, writing home that I would not come back until I was free. Next day he followed me, and made himself so agreeable to my hostess that I got no more sympathy from her, and came back with him very quietly and humbly, treated as if I were a child who did not know its own mind. I yielded, and allowed myself to be "engaged," envied by all my companions, entertained, "trousseaued," and at last married and honeymooned and brought home.

Brought home! all in a dream.

Everyday-life awakened me up gradually, and I had resolutely locked away all thoughts of the past in my old workbox along with my ring. I grew happier every week, and found that wedded love grows apace if nourished by truth, and trust, and kindness. By-and-by, a little

stranger came and claimed a share of love; and *then* I was indeed grateful for life and all its blessings, and felt that I was no longer dreaming.

One night, when lying with closed eyes thinking of my lately-found joy, I heard a light footfall at the door of my room. Without opening my eyes, I said "Is that you?" and then fell asleep again, thinking it was maybe my husband in the dining-room—off my bed-room—as he liked sometimes to come downstairs during the night to see if baby and I were comfortable.

In a few minutes, as it seemed, I was sharply awakened by a cry of "thieves." I sprang up and found my husband dressed and ready to run for help. But it was too late. There was the drawing-room window out of its place, and there were our fruit-knives and fish-knives scattered on the floor; and—oh, me!—there was my old workbox open—rifled of its treasures. I cared for little at that moment; all was forgotten—husband and child and home—while I sat down in the midst of the wreck and wept for my ring, my ring!

In a short time we had the house filled with officers, policemen and others, to condole and advise and examine everything.

I had to raise baby and attend to him, and in so doing was somewhat soothed. On the window-sill—dropped by the thieves in their haste—lay a silver vinaigrette, a gift from my husband. On looking back on my life, I think it was Providence in the shape of thieves which left my husband's last gift, as a sign that no others were to be dear to me now.

It was some time before we got settled down to our usual ways, and two or three times daily we had a visit from the "guardians of our homes," to tell us that they had found no clue to the depredators.

Gradually hope died away, and we made up our minds to the loss, which was considerable in the way of silver-plate and wearing apparel.

About two months after the robbery, my husband brought home a little box containing a most radiant and rainbow-hued opal ring, saying, "You deserve this, poor wife; and I pray it may bring you a little of the happiness you have lost."

Poor fellow! he looked so pitying and sad when he spoke, that I laid my head on his bosom and told him I was content with my lot, and would be a true loving wife to him for all time coming. On closely examining it, I recognised that it was really my own *original* ring, now doubly dear to me as the gift, first of a lover, and then of a most loving husband.

How it came to be for sale I never knew or cared to know; but if you wish to see how it flashes with joy and gleams with hope and trembles with love, just look at the third finger of my left hand—next to the plain gold one—and you can see all its wonders and beauties for yourself.

First Premium (£1)—awarded to "ZOE."

Who will venture to say that the majority of young wives are not economical? A young bride in a Western suburb, who is very fond of her husband, has concluded that a box of cigars will be a very nice birthday present for him, and accordingly has purchased the gift and concealed it from view in a bottom drawer of the spare-room wardrobe. But she cannot help intimating to her lady-friends what a shrewd bargain she has made. "Why, James always pays £2 a box for them, and I got these for 10s.!" Unhappy James—he little knows what his birthday has in store for him.

PLAYING AT CARDS WITH THE DEVIL!

In the course of last summer, a tourist, sauntering along a street in the city of Carlisle, noticed a large, well-built house standing in the centre of the thoroughfare, and which, strange to say, had not an atom of glass in any of its windows, besides presenting a generally neglected appearance.

Stepping into a cosy-looking public-house close at hand, and ordering some refreshment, the tourist, turning to the proprietor, said:—"Without being inquisitive, but just to satisfy myself about so strange a thing, may I ask how that fine house on the opposite side of the street got into such a condition? It is a handsome house, but it is my belief there is not a whole pane of glass in that house."

"You are right, sir," said the publican, settling himself comfortably behind his counter. "There are sixteen windows in that house, and each of them had four panes. Four times sixteen are sixty-four, and every one of those sixty-four panes is completely smashed, and, what is worse, they were all smashed at the same moment."

"An explosion?" interrogated the tourist.

"No," said Boniface.

"Fire, perhaps?"

"No, sir."

"Destroyed by a mob?"

"No."

"Well, what the deuce was it then?" was the stranger's impatient explanation.

"What the deuce was it, you say?" the publican repeated.

"A gentleman named Mr. Diavolo took the house. He was a very strange-looking gentleman. His hair was thick, long, and jet black; his eyes were black; his figure was tall and supple; and he was invariably dressed in a tight-fitting suit of black clothes. When you looked into his eyes you saw in them, as it were, two red lights burning—not flames, but smouldering coals. My wife said he was most gentlemanly; but I didn't like him at all.

"It was a nice house when he rented it, furnished in first-class style, and he agreed to the rent—a pretty stiff one between ourselves,—without a murmur, and had a lot of nick-nacks brought in, and Turkish rugs and big screens. Then he began to deal with me, and though I had an unaccountable dislike to him, I just put my feelings in my pocket, and looked at him from a purely business point of view. I was polite—he was polite, what more was needed? I gave him good value for his money, and he gave me—at least, he did for some time—good money for my value—he, he, he! And so—you know, how it is, sir—first it was cash, and then it was credit, and the bills ran up, and they were getting a little too long. At last I called with my account, and couldn't see Mr. Diavolo—he was "engaged," called again, and he was out; then I left it, and heard nothing of him; met him in the street and mentioned it, when he told me that in the pressure of business he had overlooked it, and so on—the usual stereotyped excuses, and the regular course of such bills, as shopkeepers know to their cost; more's the pity. There was gambling of some sort in the house, and such swearing! I have heard a good deal of profane language in my time, but never anything to equal what came from that house. At last, as things began to look rather ominous, Mrs. Bunge—that's my wife, sir,—Mrs. Bunge said to me: "Why

don't you go over and see Mr Diavolo about your bill, and have done with it?"

"Finally, as the orders kept coming and money didn't, I thought I would go over and do as she desired.

"It was a Friday evening, I well remember, and over I went with my bill in my pocket. Lights were blazing in every window, and I heard the sounds of laughing and singing, and a fine servant opened the door and bowed as I walked right into the drawing-room, where I'd never been before.

"There was a crowd of young men there, fashionably dressed, glittering with diamond rings and studs, some with two watch-chains across their waistcoats, and all with stiff white collars and eye-glasses, talking and laughing loudly. Some of my champagne was being drunk, and they were playing cards on a table covered with green cloth, at the head of which stood Mr. Diavolo, with a sort of little rake in his hand and a big pile of money before him.

"Red wins!" said he, and began to rake up the cash; and at that moment I quietly stepped up to him.

"Mr Diavolo," I said, 'I know you'll excuse me for bringing my little bill. It is hardly worth while calling your attention to it; but I've got a payment to make to-morrow, and—'

"Hullo!" cried Mr. Diavolo, as if he had just recognized me; why its Bungs! Glad to see you, Bungs, my boy! Sit down! pointing to a place at the green table. 'Now Bungs,' said he, with the reddest coals I had ever seen glowing in his eyes,—'if you want your money, win it. Play!'

"If you'll kindly excuse me," I said, 'I don't know how.'

"There was a roar that shook the room. They were all laughing at me together, except Mr. Diavolo, who regarded me with saturnine gravity.

"We'll soon teach you how," he said; 'fill his glass, quick.'

"A servant—there were lots of them about—came up and gave me some of my own champagne; and a slim boy, with the same kind of eyes that Mr Diavolo had, leaned over my chair and said: 'Do as I tell you;' and I don't remember any more about it, only that I did play, and they filled my glass over and over again, and that every now and then they gave me a lot of sovereigns, and that I heard somebody frequently calling out—'Black!' 'Red!' 'Red!' 'Black!' as if that had something to do with it.

"Well, I heard ten strike—I heard eleven strike—I heard twelve strike. I thought of Mrs. Bungs.

"One o'clock struck; then two. Mrs. Bungs had once said that if a husband of hers stayed anywhere until two o'clock, she would come and fetch him. I wished now that she would carry out that threat. Afterwards I found that she had gone into hysterics on account of her coming to a conclusion from a dream she had had the previous night, that I had been murdered exactly at midnight.

"Two! Well, living or dead, I must get out of this," I said to myself. The room seemed to be sailing round and round; the men appeared to be dancing wildly and making strange grimaces; while Mr Diavolo looked curious—he appeared to be double.

"I can't stand this," said I; and I got to my legs and tried to look at my watch. 'I'm enjoying myself very much gentlemen!' said I, 'but I must go.'

"Sit down," said Mr. Diavolo, looking fiercely at me.

"Oh, I can't!" said I. 'Why, God bless me—' I

was going to say, 'it's past two,' but I didn't finish the sentence.

"Just as I got those holy words past my lips, there was an awful shriek, the recollection of which even makes my blood curdle.

"The lights suddenly went out; the moon shone full in at the windows; and I saw each of those men, their eyes flashing fire and their teeth gnashing savagely, float up towards the windows, and go smashing through the glass, until they were lost to my sight, leaving in their wake a rain of phosphorescent sparks.

"There must have been sixty-four of them, for each man went through a separate pane. In the dark—for the moon disappeared as suddenly as it had come—I clutched the money that lay on the table, and groped my way towards the door.

"A policeman took me home, I'm told. Mrs. Bungs and I didn't talk much that night, but next morning I told her the story, which she listened to somewhat incredulously.

"I've got my money anyhow," said I triumphantly; and went to look in my pockets.

"They were full—crammed full—but not with money; only a lot of little, round, yellow-coloured bits of pasteboard. It was devil's money, and you know devil's money always changes that way.

"The landlord's version was that he had warned them out that evening, and that they smashed his glass in revenge; and my wife says I was tipsy, and allowed them to palm the bits of pasteboard off upon me instead of the money; but I know that the men were an unearthly crew, and the house since then has come to be known as 'The House the Devil lived in;' and as the owner cannot induce anyone to live there, even rent-free, it has been allowed to fall gradually out of repair."

Second Premium, (10s) awarded to Mr. EDWARD HEINS, 22 South Coburg Street, Glasgow.

"Pat, won't you buy a trunk?" "What for?" "To put your clothes in." "What? An' go naked?"

♦ ♦ ♦

A Georgia young man asked his sweetheart whether she had ever read "Romeo and Juliet." She replied that she had read Romeo, but she did not think she had ever read Juliet.

♦ ♦ ♦

She had quarrelled with her old bald-headed lover, and, in dismissing him, said: "What is delightful about you, my friend, is, that I have not the trouble of sending you back any locks of your hair." His reply was: "Had you given me a lock of your own, you would not have known whose hair you were sending."

♦ ♦ ♦

A railroad man, who was instructed to inform a lady that her husband had been killed by an accident, and was cautioned to break the news gently, is credited with writing the following letter:—"Dear madam, I write to say that your husband is unavoidably detained. An undertaker will call on you to-morrow with full particulars."

♦ ♦ ♦

A "bullet-proof" vest was offered by a speculator to the Duke of Wellington, who got rid of him in a very characteristic fashion. Bidding the man put it on, he called to the sentry outside to load with ball-cartridge and come up at once. But the visitor's confidence in his invention did not apparently extend to the testing of it on his own person, for he took to his heels at once.

THE RECONSIDERED VERDICT.

SOME sixty autumns ago, a case was tried at Chester before a judge of great ability and eminence, whose intelligence—but you shall hear.

In the preceding spring—April, I think, was the month—there had been a bad case of burglary at a farm-house in Cheshire. Three men had tied down and gagged the farmer and his two maid-servants, and had rifled the house at their leisure. The police were told of the matter, and pretty accurate descriptions of the men were given. There were two other clues. In the struggle one of the men had lost a button from his coat. Also the same man had had his face so severely scratched by one of the maids that the girl said she was sure she had left her mark upon him.

Weeks passed and folks began to forget about the burglary, until one day a man was arrested at Liverpool on suspicion. He had with him a bundle containing some of the plunder of the farm-house. More of the plunder was found at his lodgings; his face bore traces of scratches; and to clinch the matter, his coat wanted a button, and the buttons on it corresponded exactly with the one picked up at the scene of the burglary. His defence was very flimsy. He knew nothing about the burglary, and had bought the coat and things very cheap from a man in the street.

"Do you know the man?"

"No; never saw him before or since."

"How about the scratches?"

"Well, I am a sailor, and too much accustomed to big hurts to take any notice of scratches."

Of course, he was committed to trial, and the trial came on at Chester.

It excited a great deal of interest, and the court was crowded—an invalid staying at the principal hotel sending his card to the judge to ask for a place behind the bar. And yet, after all, there was very little to be said. The circumstantial evidence was overwhelming, and, in addition to that, farmer and servants swore to the identity of the prisoner with the burglar. There was no defence; the jury found a verdict of "Guilty" without leaving the box; and as burglary was a hanging matter in those days, it merely remained to pass sentence of death. Only a formula between him and judgment.

"Prisoner at the bar, you have heard the verdict of the jury. Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?" was asked.

Then the prisoner spoke for the first time. Just brushing his eyes with the cuff of his coat, he began:

"Well, cap'n, it's hard to be hung for nothing; but I can see this is a yard-arm bizness. I know no more of this burglary nor a babby. But these witnesses have told no lies, I s'pose. And what can I say agin 'em? When this thing came off I was fighting the slavers on the Gold Coast. But you won't believe that, so there's an end of it."

There was something in the man's manner that impressed the judge, so he said kindly, "But surely, prisoner, if your story is true, you must have friends with whom you could have communicated. If you had thought they could have done you good, you would have done this. It is too late now."

"You're right, cap'n; it's too late. But it's all very well to say, 'let 'em know,' when a man's locked up in gaol, and can't read nor write, and don't know where his friends are. They may be in America, or at the Cape, and how

could I let 'em know—leastways not in time. No, it's no use, and you'd better order me to be 'yard-armed' at once."

"But," urged the judge, "the Court has no wish to hang a man who may be innocent. Is there no one who will speak for you?"

The prisoner looked in a hopeless sort of way round the crowd.

"No," he began; but just then his eye lighted on the stranger from the inn. "Yes," he cried, pointing to him, "there is a gentleman who might speak for me if he would."

The judge turned round. "Do you know the prisoner?" he asked.

"No, my lord," was the reply, "I never saw him before in my life."

"Well, Captain Sharpe," said the prisoner, "if you put the rope round my neck I give in. Go on, my lord."

"Stay," said the judge, "is your name Captain Sharpe?"

"Yes, my lord." And "Captain Sharpe, R.N.," was on the card he had sent in.

"Well, the prisoner seems to recognize you; so I will ask you to step into the witness-box and be sworn, that he may ask you questions."

The captain went into the box, and the following dialogue ensued.

"Are you Captain Sharpe of His Majesty's ship *Vulture*?"

"Yes, I am."

"Were you in command of her on the Slave Coast this spring?"

"I was."

"And wasn't I one of the crew?"

"You! Most certainly not."

"But, cap'n, don't you remember the big slaver that gave you all the trouble you had on board?"

"Yes; of course, I do."

"And you yourself led the boarders."

"Oh, yes; but all this is nothing. You may easily have heard or read about that."

"Well, but, cap'n, once more. Don't you remember the big nigger that was almost cutting you down? Don't you remember the man who stood between you and death, and what he got for it? Don't you remember that?" and brushing back his hair, the prisoner showed a great scar down one side of his head.

The whole court looked on breathless as the captain stared at the scar, and at the man, till his eyes seemed starting from his head. At length, as if in a dream, the captain muttered to himself, "Good God, is it possible?"

Then slowly and deliberately he got out of the witness-box, and clambered into the dock, where he seized the prisoner's hand, and, turning to the judge, said, "My Lord, this was the best man in my crew, and he saved my life. He is so changed by sickness and imprisonment that I could not recognize him. But there is no mistake now. If you hang the old bo'sun of the *Vulture*, you must hang the captain with him."

Then followed a scene rarely witnessed in a court of justice. Amid cheers and sobs that no one cared to suppress, the judge briefly directed the jury to reconsider their verdict, which they at once did, finding a unanimous "Not guilty." The prisoner was discharged, and left the dock arm-in-arm with the captain. They were hurried into a chaise, and drawn to the inn in a triumphal procession; and, after a sumptuous lunch, they posted off together to London.

As they cleared the ancient town, Captain Sharpe might have been heard addressing his companion somewhat as follows:—"Well, old pal, we've pulled through that business pretty well, I think. But it was a near go. That was a good notion of Willy Bob's to wait for the verdict before moving. We could never have touched that evidence."

"Yes," replied the innocent and long-suffering boat-swain of the *Vulture*, "and if you had cottoned to me a minute too soon, the old beak would have been fly to the trick. Lord! I was fit to bust when the old boy began to cry."

From which brief dialogue we gather that Captain Sharpe might have known more of the burglary than of the *Vulture*.

Nothing more was ever heard of either of them. Such is the story of "The Reconsidered Verdict."

THE BEAR UNCHAINED.

A FELLOW who kept a tavern in the country, went to a painter and inquired for what sum he would paint a bear for a signboard. It was to be a real good one, that would attract customers.

"Five pounds," replied the painter.

"That's too much," said the innkeeper; "Tom Larkin will do it for three."

"Is it to be wild or tame?" inquired the painter, not wishing to be underbid by his rival.

"A wild one, to be sure."

"With a chain or without one?" asked the painter.

"Without a chain."

"Well, I will paint you a wild bear without a chain, for three pounds."

The bargain was struck; the painter set to work, and in due time sent home the signboard, on which he had painted a huge brown bear of a most ferocious aspect. It was the admiration of all the neighbours, and drew plenty of customers to the inn.

One night there arose a violent storm of wind and rain, which led the innkeeper to look anxiously after the sign in the morning.

There it was, sure enough, swinging to and fro, but the bear had disappeared.

He immediately hurried to the painter, and related what had happened.

"Was it a wild bear or a tame one?" inquired the painter coolly.

"A wild bear."

"Was it chained or not?"

"I think not."

"Then," said the painter, triumphantly, "how could you expect a wild bear to remain in such a storm as that of last night without a chain? No bear would have done it."

The innkeeper had nothing to say against so conclusive an argument, and finally agreed to give the painter five pounds to paint him a wild bear with a chain, that would not take to the woods in the next storm.

It is only necessary to add, that the first bear was a water-colour drawing, which the violent rain washed away, while the second one was painted in oil.

A man who had failed in everything—he hadn't tried literature or art, so he couldn't become a critic—said despondingly to a friend, "I believe if I was to become an undertaker nobody would die till I starved to death."

FAT WIVES.

THE people in portions of Africa have many curious customs and superstitions. Among the former may be mentioned the fashion of having fat wives. Being introduced to a great chief's wife, Speke, the celebrated African traveller, thus describes her:

I was struck with the extraordinary dimensions, yet pleasing beauty, of the immoderately fat fair one. She could not rise, and so large were her arms that the flesh between the joints hung down like large, loose, stuffed puddings.

The chief, pointing to his wife, said: "This is the product of our milk-pots; from early youth upward we keep these pots to their mouths, as it is the fashion at court to have very fat wives."

A sister-in-law of the king was a perfect wonder of hypertrophy. She was unable to stand except on all-fours. Speke unblushingly requested permission to measure her. The following is the result:

Round the arm, twenty-three inches; chest, fifty-two inches; thigh, thirty-one inches; calf, twenty inches; height, five feet eight inches. All of these are exact except the height, and I believe I could obtain this more accurately if I could have laid her on the floor. Not knowing what difficulties I should have to contend with in such a piece of engineering, I tried to get her height by raising her up. This, after infinite exertions on the part of us both, was accomplished, when she sank down again fainting, for her blood had rushed into her head. Meanwhile, the daughter had sat down before us sucking a milk-pot, on which the father kept her at work by holding the rod in his hand; for, as fattening is the first duty of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced by the rod, if necessary.

SOME MORE NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

AN Edinburgh paper is responsible for this story:—"Mr. Whitebread, M.P., has met with a serious accident while out shooting on the moors. He unfortunately got in the line of fire just as his son pulled the trigger of his gun, with the result that several pellets of the charge were lodged in his father's eye. How it should be a serious accident to Mr Whitebread that pellets should lodge in his father's eye no fellow can understand.

From a different quarter we read an affecting story of a young woman who lost her way on the hill of Whiteash. It is told that some time ago, "two Fochabers gentlemen accidentally discovered the poor creature, after spending a whole week without food or shelter." They carried her to the nearest farm-house. As the poor gentlemen spent a whole week without food or shelter, it is a wonder they had strength enough to carry the woman to the nearest farm-house.

The same journal has the following:—"To Correspondents.—'J. R.'—'Never Despise the Poor' contains very good sentiment, but the poetry is poor." If never to despise the poor is a very good sentiment, how could the editor despise the poetry because it was poor? Precept and example should go together.

"It is very difficult to live, said a widow, with seven girls, all in genteel poverty. "You must husband your time," said a sage friend. "I'd rather husband some of my daughters," answered the poor lady.

PUZZLEIANA.

To suit the tastes of the Junior section of its readers, the Proprietors of THE TATLER have arranged to open a column under the above heading, to be devoted to the publication of all kinds of poetical and other puzzling problems, and, in order to make these questions of a high-class nature, they have resolved to offer two prizes weekly, to be awarded to the senders of the best and second best contributions received; these prizes to be given in books of the value of 6s. and 3s. respectively. Prizes of the same kind will also be given at the end of the quarter, beginning with October, for the best sets of Solutions received to the Puzzles inserted during that period. The following rules to be observed by intending Competitors:—

- 1.—All contributions must be "Original," and so marked, written on one side of the paper only, with the correct solution affixed to each question, along with the author's real name and address.
- 2.—Solutions must be received not later than the second Saturday morning after the publication of the questions.
- 3.—All matter for this column to be enclosed in an envelope, addressed to THE TATLER Office, 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, with "Puzzleiana" written on outside of same.

Winners of the weekly prizes will have their names and addresses printed along with their contributions. When those who are successful see this, they are required to write to the Editor, informing him of the name and publisher of the work they may choose to possess of the value of the prize they have gained, when it will be sent to them post free within a fortnight.

No. 11—HOUR GLASS PUZZLE.

Seek my first, read downward, when
Sol's first beams are shed on all;
Next read up, when hill and glen
Hide themselves in night's dark pall.

1. Came the tidings of the battle, eagerly the news were read,
Every little line was conn'd with anxious care;
But he was not 'mong the wounded, no, nor yet among the dead,
Oh, he must be this, or else his name were there.
2. Oh, Matilda! dear Matilda! what on earth can all this mean?
There's that awful thing to torture me again.
Oh, it is not any dentist, with his forceps strong and keen,
That can make this grinder cease to give me pain.
3. Upon your mind in fancy draw
A sketch of what you never saw;
Transpose it rightly, twill appear
Exactly what is wanted here.
4. Live as you will, do all you can,
This must be still the end of man.
5. When you a falsehood disarrange,
This is the outcome of the change.
6. I am sure you for one would not envy the life
Of the man who has got such a one for a wife.
7. I'm costly, and pretty, and prized by the young.
Alas! what is beauty? I'm made to be hung.

No. 12—CHARADE.

We sat down to my first, the old Squire and I,
Resolving to show what we could of our might;
He's a jolly old buffer, both crafty and sly,
But I'm on a plan that would settle him quite.
Though he played just as well as the best of us could,
I could first him each time, which him sorely perplexed.
I'd have caught it; I know, had he but understood,
I could see by my total when he had my next.
Then he called in my final, as he styled the maid,
Never saw I the Squire so sore put about;
Till the last coin he had on the table was laid,
How the old fellow swore when the joke was let out.

No. 13—ENIGMA.

We're human beings here on earth, we've suffered many pains,
Full many an effort have we made to cast away our chains;
We tried to keep our honour up, but numbers trod us down,
Behold, by the road and rail, and all throughout the town.
When dressed in flags and bunting we can show a grand display,
To all who choose we bear the news from cities far away;
We top the strongholds of the world, and bear across the seas
"The flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze."

Some spend long years in search of us, till losing every hope,
They homeward come to find us o'er a certain tradesman's shop.
On our existence some, I know, have dared to cast a doubt,
I cannot, therefore, blame you though you fail to find me out.

No. 14—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Among men, whate'er rank or condition,
My firsts have the lowest position;
As for finals, you cannot mistake it—
It takes three times my primals to make it.

1. Give it no consideration,
It is all imagination.

2. At this last night I met Miss Price,
Who always is so spiteful,
She said the singing was not nice,
When really 'twas delightful.
3. A runner in Time's speedy race,
He comes and takes his wonted place;
He comes to gather in the sheaves,
And strew the earth with withered leaves.
4. Swift from the covert this one goes,
With all the hunt behind it;
Some refuge far away he knows,
I wonder will he find it.

No. 15—DECAPITATION.

Swiftly dashing, leaping, splashing,
Onward to the sea;
Ever rushing, singing, gushing,
Running rapidly.
From yon valley forth I sally,
Murmuring along;
Of head bereave me, you'll perceive me
'Mong the feathered throng.

TO CHLOE.

(AFTER HORACE.)

Like some young deer on pathless hills,
That mourns her absent mother's care,
That every gust with terror fills,
And shadows of the forest scare;

So, Chloe, dost thou shun my gaze;
My voice and footsteps give thee fear,
As leaves that vernal zephyr stirs,
And harmless lizards fright the deer.

Not I by tigerish hate impelled
To crush thee, since thou'rt made to please;
Or, with the lion's raving fired,
Like dainty food, on thee to seize.

No, Chloe, to your lovely ear
I but would steal and say to you,
"Forget somewhat mamma, my dear!
Full time you loved a husband too."

C. O.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"MR. WASHINGTON ADAMS IN ENGLAND;" "THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE." 2 vols. (Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.)

THREE valued additions to the bijou library of American literature. The first tells of how an educated American convinced a British peer that the Yankees are, as Lord Rosebery said of Lord Beaconsfield, "more English than the English," and then it introduces us to Mr. Washington Adams himself, who is a Yankee of the true Asa Trenchard type. The picture is altogether most amusing. The "Autocrat" of Oliver Wendell Holmes needs no introduction. Every admirer of wit, philosophy, and poetry should have the volumes.

"HISTORIC NOTICES OF FLINT." By Henry Taylor. (London: Elliot Stock. 1883.)

A GLASSMAKER bought this book, thinking it was in his line, and an eminent archæologist also ordered a copy, his mind full of finds in the drift. But in reality it is a pleasant, gossip, and withal learned work on the county town of Flintshire—one of those local monographs which are always welcome, if, like this, they are well and attractively done. The vellum binding is very handsome.

THAT AWFUL LABEL.

LITTLE Miffkins has the true artistic appearance ; large black eyes, and long moustaches and whiskers of the same sable hue ; the crowning touch being given by a broad, soft blue hat, worn bent down very much on one side. But his heart is as soft as butter in the dog days.

On the Friday morning following the explosion at the Home Office, Miffkins was going to town to obtain some paints, etc., and a neighbour who dabbles in electricity asked him if he would bring him back some nitric acid.

Miffkins consented, and, having received his directions, wended his way to the modern Babylon.

His commissions executed, and a pint bottle of strong nitric acid carefully stowed away in the tail pocket of his frock coat, his evil genius tempted him to walk over to Parliament Street to have a look at the wreck. No sooner thought of than put into execution.

Many were the suspicious glances directed at Miffkins by constables, plain-clothes men, and members of the C. I. D., who, on the principle of locking the stable door when the horse is stolen, were on duty in that neighbourhood in great numbers.

Miffkins was pleased and proud at the attention he attracted, and possibly made himself look a little more fierce and suspicious on purpose.

"They take me for a Fenian head centre, or a Nihilist leader," chuckled the little man to himself. And great was the swagger thereof.

But the pride and pleasure lasted but a short time. The old proverb was verified—pride *had* a fall.

Miffkins had scarcely arrived at the scene of the disaster, when he felt a sense of dampness behind.

For a moment he was puzzled, and then it struck him that the stopper in the bottle had become loosened and the nitric acid was leaking.

He was about to extract the bottle in order to fix it in more tightly, when, oh, horror ! he recollected the terrible label he had seen the salesman fix upon it :

POISON!

"If these wretched policemen once behold that," he groaned, "they will have proof positive that I am an anarchist, or something dreadful. They will think that it is nitro-glycerine, and will drag me away to the Tower, or Bow Street, or some awful place. Oh ! what shall I do ? If I leave it in my pocket, it will ruin my clothes, and burn me into the bargain. If I attempt to move it I shall be arrested as a Fenian."

A stalwart sergeant looked at him very searchingly just then, and the miserable man hurried on.

No mortal can describe the torture of the next five minutes. The torment of the mind, combined with the pain caused by the nitric acid, which was slowly but surely soaking through and burning him, would have been too much for a strong-minded man, and it overthrew poor little Miffkins altogether.

The tears were in his eyes as he hailed a cab, in the recesses of which he was enabled to arrange the stopper in the bottle once more.

But he could not counteract the corrosive action of the acid, and the following day, as he in vain endeavoured to seat himself in comfort on a very soft cushion, he remarked to his friend :

"Never again, Frank, will I pose for a Nihilist with a bottle of nitric acid in my pocket."

TATLER'S TATTLE.

Why is an interesting book like a toper's nose ? Because it is read to the very end.

The height of Atheism—To drink nothing but water, because there is a Providence for drunken men.

The language of the rose in June is, "Well I'm blowed ;" of the asparagus in July, "Cut and come again ;" of peas in August, "Shell out ;" of the apple in September, "Go it, my pippins."

"Papa," said a little boy to his papa the other day, "are not sailors *very, very* small men ?"—"No my dear," answered the father ; "what leads you to suppose that they are so small ?" "Because," replied the young idea, smartly, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

A PARISIAN *bon vivant* has narrowly escaped the credit of being a great and original discoverer, for the simple reason that Galileo lived some time ago. The said Parisian was walking home one night after dining, and was much inconvenienced by collisions with lamp-posts and even with the pavement. After an especially severe tumble he remarked, "Yes, Galileo was right ; the earth does move."

A well-known citizen of a midland town had a great aversion to publicity. When he fell ill he impressed upon his household the necessity of keeping the fact quiet, as he was afraid it would get into the newspapers. At last he died ; but his servants had been so imbued with his sentiments, that when one was asked, "How is Mr W—?" he replied, "He is dead, but he doesn't wish it mentioned."

LATEST IRISH BULL.—A Scotchman was arguing with an Irishman the other day on the absurd demands made by the recognised leaders of the Land League. "You Irish," said the Scotchman, "are never without a grievance. There scarcely passes a single night during the session that an Irish obstructionist doesn't make a noise in the House of Commons." "That's thrue enough," said the Irishman ; "but, we're obliged to kick up a dust, for whin we remain *silent*, Parliament won't *listen* to us."

A writer says that it is a sure test of love when a woman tells a man who is smoking in her presence that she "adores tobacco smoke." Let a man attempt to blow a cloud in the company of a woman who don't care a fig for him, and then let him look in her countenance for approbation. If he don't find considerable of what Byron calls "silent thunder," then he will prove a very lucky man, and the lady will be more than an angel.

Old Parson M— was a queer sort of a man. One time, when his congregation had most of them disposed themselves for their afternoon nap, he startled them, as well as their ideas of propriety, by asking, in his loudest tone : "What's the price of butter ?" At another time, some strangers coming to church with him, the congregation paid more attention to them than they did to him. Losing all patience, he stopped in his sermon, and said : "Those folks in my pew are my cousins from H—, so you needn't stare at them any more !"

GRAND SPECIAL COMPETITION.

THE TATLER submits the following scene to his readers :—

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—An old-fashioned house.

Enter HARDCASTLE, followed by two or three awkward servants.

Hardcastle. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places; and can shew that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

All. Ay, ay.

Hardcastle. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands; they're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them; I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia; and so being upon drill—

Hardcastle. Diggory, you must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Diggory. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees eating going forwards, ecod! he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hardcastle. Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Diggory. Then, ecod! your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room; I can't help laughing at that, he, he, he, he! for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years; ha, ha, ha!

Hardcastle. Ha, ha, ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that.

1. A SPECIAL PREMIUM OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best story of "OULD GROUSE IN THE GUN-ROOM," and "Commendation" for the second best.

2. The story must be told in a humorous, after-dinner style, and must not exceed in length a column and a half of THE TATLER.

3. MSS. for this SPECIAL COMPETITION will be received up till Saturday morning, 1st DECEMBER, and the Premium and Commended stories will be published in THE TATLER of the Christmas week.

4. The copyright of all MSS. sent in shall belong to the Proprietors of THE TATLER, whether published or not.

5. Should stories of sufficiently side-splitting humour be sent in, a special second Premium may be awarded.

"THE TATLER" OFFICE, 22nd September, 1833.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. J. (Uddingston).—Contributions in Prize Competition cannot be returned. See conditions. Yours was returned unread.

J. D. R. (Hull).—Sorry you have any difficulty. It should be obtainable at all railway stations. W. H. Smith & Son supply it to all.

CONSTANCE.—Yes. The public generally appreciate good work in its behalf, and THE TATLER ought not to be any exception.

FREDDY, J. (Liverpool).—Imitation is the sincerest flattery.

NAPOLÉON.—The portraits have been much admired. A. C. Mackenzie, the famous composer, will follow soon.

SELINA, and others.—Back numbers can still be got. Your good opinion is generally shared.

G. C. S.—Diary extracts not quite suitable, and too late, from necessary date of going to press.

P. F. M. (London).—Your letters contain no address, and former replies (in this column) give all that can meantime be said. Please send address.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.—Anonymous communications are generally a treat, and are generally treated to the waste paper basket.

M. & C.—We do not give "puffs."

PRINCESS.—Too late.

J. T. (Skipton).—Certainly.

Other replies next week.

Questions can only be answered through this Column.

The LONDON OFFICE of THE TATLER is at 84 FLEET STREET (next door to PUNCH Office).

To be had at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, London, and in the country, and in Liverpool, Dublin, and Belfast; also Messrs. WILLING & CO.'S Bookstalls, London, &c.

GRAND PREMIUM CONTRIBUTION ARRANGEMENTS.

"When a man has engaged to keep a Stage Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Passengers or not, to set out. Thus it falls with us weekly Historians; but, indeed, for my Particular, I hope I shall soon have little more to do in this work than to publish what is sent me from such as have Leisure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleased in an elegant Manner."—"THE TATLER," 7th May, 1709.

The Proprietors of THE TATLER offer each week TWO PREMIUMS, namely ONE POUND and TEN SHILLINGS, and COMMENDATIONS, for the best Contributions sent in. The following conditions require to be observed :—

1. The MSS. must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be properly paged and fastened.

2. The Contributor must furnish full name and address at the end of each Contribution.

3. Where the Contribution is not Original, the source, date of publication, and, where possible, the author's name must be given.

4. Preference will as a rule be given to Original matter, which should be marked "Original" on the right hand corner of the first page, and Original Anecdotes or Verses will be acceptable. No prize will be awarded for matter which has appeared in any contemporary, and such should not be sent in.

5. The MSS. must be addressed to "Editor of THE TATLER," 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, and all MSS. received up to Saturday morning's delivery will be in time for that week's competition. The result will be intimated and the premium contributions printed a fortnight thereafter. The words "Premium Competition" should be written on the cover.

6. The copyright of all Original MSS. sent in shall vest in the Proprietors of THE TATLER, and all MSS. may be used, whether gaining a premium or not.

7. The Name and Address of the Contributors obtaining the Premiums will be published each week, unless Contributors object to this publicity. If they object, their initials or *nom de plume* will be published instead, but it is preferred that the full name and address of successful Competitors be given.

To be had at all Railway Bookstalls, and may be ordered from any News-agent throughout the United Kingdom.

* MONTHLY PARTS now ready, containing five complete numbers, with Portraits inserted separately on toned paper. Part I., price Sixpence; by Post, Sevenpence.

The following Portraits have now appeared :—

1.—THE QUEEN.

2.—RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

3.—HENRY IRVING.

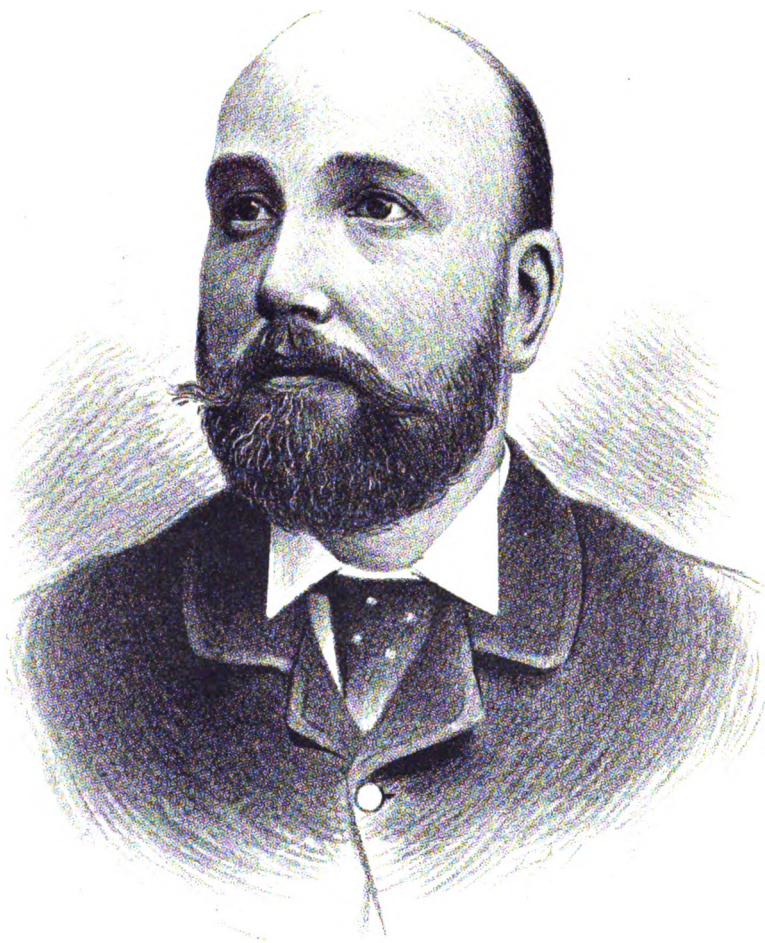
4.—THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, K.G.

5.—RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

6.—H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

7.—THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.T.

Printed for the Proprietors by MACRONE & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—October 20, 1833.



MR. A. C. MACKENZIE.

THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 9.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE TENDER PASSION.

He loved—no high-born, brilliant belle,
With golden hair,
Proud owner of a vast estate,
And beauty rare.

He loved—no peerless Queen of Song,
Whose rising name
Was lauded loudly by the world,
And dear to fame.

He loved—but not a gifted maid
Of great renown,
Nor one on whose poetic brow
Shone wisdom's crown.

He loved—ye gods! he madly loved
The wanton elf;

His passion was all too intense;
He loved—*himself!*

J. D. R.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 9.—MR. A. C. MACKENZIE, COMPOSER.

THE gentleman whose portrait is here presented comes, musically, of a good stock. His father, "Alec" Mackenzie, was long the conductor of the orchestra in the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, in those palmy days of that house when Mr. W. H. Murray was manager, and he was well known as a violinist both in and beyond that city. Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, who is yet some years on the right side of forty, went at an early age to Germany, then he won a scholarship at the R.A.M., and afterwards settled in his native town as a teacher, performer, and composer, in all which capacities he obtained much local renown. Partly from considerations of health, and partly moved by a desire to cultivate the faculty which he felt stirring within him, the young musician threw up his lucrative practice in Edinburgh, and proceeded to Italy, where he determined to devote his attention to the highest branch of his profession.

Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's first public success was in the orchestral arrangement of some of the magnificent lyric music of his native country; and through the success of his opera "Colomba," the scene of which is laid in Corsica, he has suddenly leaped into a foremost place amongst living composers.

The production of "Colomba" only proved to the better-informed in musical circles that the early promise of this accomplished musician was about to be fulfilled, but to the great body of the public it came as a kind of revelation. Germany was as high in admiration as Scotland was in enthusiasm; and at once such a stream of "commissions" flowed in on Mr. Mackenzie, that he was compelled to ask some of his patrons to "call again to-morrow." Being yet young, the possibilities of a great career are before him, and THE TATLER welcomes him into the list of the notables of the time. Without being a physiognomist, one may judge that there is a considerable reserve of talent in that brain. There is but one caution which a man in his position requires, namely, not to overtask his strength, or to ride too roughly on the wave of popularity which has borne him upwards. The best poets are those who are "understood" of the common people. And so, amidst the grandeur of harmonies in which a musician delights to dwell, the soul of melody must be there, or the fame earned will only be academic.

IRELAND'S INCUBUS.

In Protestant countries, Roman Catholics are, as a rule, politically Liberals. In Catholic countries, on the contrary, they are generally Conservatives, and the reason is easily understood.

But in Ireland the situation is peculiar, and standing as an alien body to that which governs it—for our monarchy is essentially Protestant—the Roman Catholic is there neither Liberal nor Tory. So much is this so, that it might be looked upon as nothing less than a natural phenomenon if a priest in Ireland were otherwise than a danger to the commonwealth. He dwells amongst a people where his word is law. He carries with him a power of life and death to which the old feudal power of "pit and gallows" was as nothing, for our old barons were only of "those who kill the body." The priest in Ireland is Conservative only as regards Mother Church, and Liberal only as regards his dealings with criminals. His terror of death may be bought off with a few muttered prayers and the priestly dues, and his absolution enables the murderer and the maimer to begin crime anew with a clear record. Hence it is that in Ireland the priesthood forms a deadly incubus on the country, paralysing the hands of human law without satisfying even its own standard as to the divine.

Unless this peculiarity of the relation of the priest to the record of crime in Ireland is fully grasped, men will strive in vain to learn what will pacify that country. Out of Ireland the priest and his flock may be, and generally are, loyal and on the side of order—at least those not of Irish birth or connection have proved themselves to be so. It might be just as wise to seek for thistles in a vine as to expect lawlessness and crime in those remote parts of Scotland which are still under the old faith, for the simple reason, that the Reformation never reached their secluded glens. But, again, we are only seeking grapes from thorns if, in the peculiar circumstances of the priesthood in Ireland, we expect to find them loyal or law upholding. So desperate does the problem look, that one is almost tempted to return to that old, old suggestion for the cure of Ireland's woes, that the island should be submerged for twenty-four hours. Then, indeed, the statesman would have a virgin page on which to write his laws, and the people who settled there would have a new country in which the former evils would be forgotten. But is there not a less drastic method? We should hope so, even should it be only a hoping against hope. What is wanted is, that the priests should take a higher view of their duty, and, while granting all the ghostly consolation their religionists may demand, should impress on their flock the duty of peaceful conduct and obedience, and that no possible political advantage is worth the shedding of a single drop of blood, or the commission of even the least of those crimes that have in our day blackened the page of Irish history.

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL:

A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER XII.

A NOO man's cum'd to our house. Unkle sez he's a bore, and aunt wishes he was bak in Noo York. I'se got to luke after him, wich he nedes it bad. Wot does he do fust day he was here but chuk Gracie's chin, an' up an' hug an' kiss me. I told Jim all 'bout it, so he's laying for him, as has a beard like the scrubbin' brush in the kitchen. Fust nite he was here ther was an awful row. We was all slepin', wen you wood think ther was thunder, an' litenin', an' halestones. The noo man, as is my cuzzin, wich his name is Conly, kep a-hollering like mad, an' flingin' things around. So Grace went up to see if he was tuke with jaw-jaws, an' wen she opened his dore, she banged it 2 agen, and ran down a-screemin', and a-sayin' as how the room was full of rattulsnakes. So Jo got a hikkery, an' kil'd it ded as a dore nale, wich was only a blak snake as Jim and me had in our najjery. Who'd a-thawt a man with a beard was goin' to 'sturb a 'spectable family at ded of nite, cos Jim an' me put a snake in his bed, as was harmless as a

baby, an' jes for cumpany in the dark. So nex nite he was wussern ever. Jo cum nere dying wen the row was over. He sed as how wen he went up Mr. Conly was settin' on the bed a-howlin' like sixty, cos a lobster was a-hanging from his toe. So he told Jo he put his fete down under the clos, an' the dodrochted thing grab'd him in 2 places at onst. He was wundrin' for a hole day how they got there, an's awful spishus like, goin' a-peekin' round like a cat wen its a-mousin'. I nevvver seen enny grow'd fokes as know'd so littel, 'cep his dog as he tuke for a possum hunt were ther aint no possums. So bimeby it began a-barkin' an' runnin' like mad, an' we all after it, and it was dansin' round a tree a-tryin' to clime it. So Mr. Conly up with his gun, sayin', 's how he seen the possum, and shuted and misst it, an' shuted agen, and down came Miss Conly's tortyshell cat. He was awful mad cos Jim was rollin' on the ground, most bustin' hisself laffin'. So went a-gatherin' ivy and things, and he kep a-pullin' at everything he seen as was grene, and he wanted to put sum pison ivy round my hed, wich Jim, as was wikkider than me, sed loked pritty. So he tore all his hands, and swelled them up bigger 2 with the pison, wich mammie had too doktor for him, and sed Jim an' me oughter told him it was pison. So wen his hans was wel agen he went ridin' in long butes and spurs, wich he didn't nede mind. He'd bin a-blowin' 'bout that hoss till Jo was most sik. It was most everything a hoss oughter to be, and a gude dele more. It was a puffick angel of a hoss, quyet as a lam, sound as nuts, and fast as a stroke o' litenin', wich it was, speshally fast. Sune's he got up it began to danse around lively, and kikk'd, and jump'd, and bukk't, and stude up on end, and akted kantankrus as a Kentukky mule, and then it away like wildfire, same's it wanted 2 catch a car. An' down the strete he went like as the bad man was after him, Jo sed. We didn't here nothing 'bout him for nevvver so long, and gess'd he'd gone to Dixie, til it was dark, and then the hors cum'd bak with a purleesman, and Mr. Conly cum'd all soak'd and muddy, same's he'd bin drag'd thru a field, and then dipt in the kanawl. He lookt that funny with his face streked, an' his hat smasht, an' his blazin' beerd hangin' with dirty wedes, an' dripin' durty water. He feles took down sum, an' told aunt he rekkund the bad man was in the hoss, wich nevvver played no triks o' that kind before. An' the purleesman sed he'd be fined ten dollars for furyus ridin', nokkin' down an' ole wuman, an' kikkin' a coffy an' cake stand into flinders. An' Jo aint goin' to peche as tuke the taks off the saddle. He mite 'ave had his nek broke, Jo sed, so Jim and me aint goin' to cum nere killin' him enny more. He's 'bout sik of Stokerville, anyhow, he sez. Wot with unkle sik, an' aunt sik, his hoss gone krazy, an' blak snakes an' lobsters, he's 'bout tired of livin' to our house. So he went upstares 2 change his clos, an' I thawt it 'bout time to go an' play a spell. I nevvur seed such a man for hollerin'.

her promised note came together. The note only contained this line:—"You are an intimate friend; see him at once. He frightened me. I am *en route* to Paris."

"And that lady, Colonel, was—?"

"The Duchess. It was a last effort to rescue his wife, to get back the mother of his children to begin a better career, and when he failed, he did not care to live."

In handing my report to the chief, I ventured to remark that doctors' certificates seemed about as accurate as coroners' verdicts. Chlora has a good deal to answer for.

ALPHABETICAL LECTURES.

BY PETER LICKRIPROPS.

B.—Business.—"My son, make money, honestly if you can; but by all means make money.—*Lord Chesterfield*."

This is perhaps the worst advice that ever was given, and it is therefore no surprise to us, after reading through "*Chesterfield's Letters*," that he completely failed to "lick into shape the ungainly cub" to whom it was written. But it was reserved for a later generation to follow it out in its entirety, and from the frequency with which we hear the quotation by business men during business hours, I have not unnaturally come to the conclusion that it holds the foremost place in business maxims.

It has been truly said, "the roads to wealth are many, and most of them foul;" and as *Chesterfield* failed in educating his son into "his road," I will give a few short cuts to wealth, so that my readers may avoid "our road," which, after spending a life of hard work, leads the traveller only to a "happy release" from turmoil and muddle, the possessor of but a clear conscience. And what's that?—*Pouff!*

ROAD NO. 1.

If a miller and a merchant arrange to make up a flour, and brand it say "Bad Society," knowing well that they are doing so in imitation of an American flour of the same name, for which there may be a recognised agent on this side; and if the merchant buys it from the miller at a much lower price than he can buy the American flour from the agent; and if he then sells it to the bakers (reaping a large profit) at the full current price obtainable for the genuine brand—the bakers understanding that they have bought the American flour—*this* is first-class business, and all the better if the miller and merchant are both outwardly religious men, and talk to their customers on Church matters.

ROAD NO. 2.

If a miller boulds a hundred sacks of rice flour into every thousand sacks of grist-flour, and sells the product to the bakers without a label describing it "Mixture of Rice and Wheat Flour," it is because the buyer is a fool or the public analyst a myth. But still it is good business.

ROAD NO. 3.

If a merchant sells a boll of meal, peas, Indian corn, or anything sold by the boll, and, knowing that 280 lbs. is the recognised weight of the boll, should, notwithstanding, deliver only 240 lbs., trusting that his customer has not a set of scales to weigh the goods, or perhaps is ignorant of the weight of a boll—that is very good business.

ROAD NO. 4.

If a merchant, by reason of bad book-keeping, should omit to invoice goods sent out, and having no record of the transaction, fails to get payment of them—that is very bad business. But if the merchant who gets the goods does not voluntarily pay them, on the ground of a Christian (?) maxim "that it is time enough to pay an account when it is demanded"—and if it is never demanded, and, therefore, never paid—that is really celestial business.

ROAD NO. 5.

If a miller or a merchant procures a quantity of empty American bags, branded say "Nob Nob," and he put flour into them resembling the original flour contained in the bags, and sell it to the bakers as the real American "Nob Nob," that is the best of all business, and I recommend it to my readers as the most difficult of detection. Why should we not steal a march on the ingenious Yankee, who as yet has failed to protect his interest by inventing a seal or bag-tie that could not be tampered with without discovery? If the merchant should fill the bag by mistake with better flour than the original, that is very bad business, and it is to be hoped is never done; but if, like all imitations, it should be inferior, and the baker complains, it is very good business to make a reduction of sixpence per bag, and say you are losing money by the transaction, notwithstanding you may be netting 20 per cent.

ROAD NO. 6.

If a merchant named Muggins, who has newly started business, should endeavour to get a footing in Brighton, and takes a very moderate profit to make an impression; and if the field has been occupied for years previously by the pompous Dubbins, who has monopolised handsome profits—it is "fair and honourable" business for Dubbins to sell for a while at less than cost price, and boast to his customers that he is prepared to spend a thousand pounds to put Muggins off the ground.

These are not paltry tricks of trade; they are "high-toned business principles," and I have only referred to the possibilities of wealth in *one* branch of industry, because I have not space to deal with others here. Why, then, need we seek our fortunes in a foreign land? Why remain poor? Too many of us cling superstitiously to that silly adage, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." Cast it aside! It hinders your progress, and is but an empty poetical idea. There is now only one Solomon for the people—his name is *Chesterfield*; follow him, and you will have well earned a right of burial—in a *Penitentiary*.

A missionary among the freed-men in Tennessee, after relating to some little coloured children the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them why God does not strike everybody dead who tells a lie, when one of the least in the room quickly answered, "Because there wouldn't be anybody left."

♦ ♦ ♦

Lately, while an Edinburgh auctioneer was holding forth upon the merits of a piece of cloth, one of the company expressed a desire to have the goods measured, and to this request he of the hammer replied, "Ladies and gentlemen, I trust you will excuse me in this matter, as my yard-stick has been mislaid to-night." At this point, however, an elderly matron was heard to remark to a friend, "Loosh me, the man might use his tongue instead."

THE FATHER OF MISCHIEF:

OR, THE DEVIL FEARS A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

SOMEWHERE or other there once lived an ugly old widow, thin as asparagus, and yellow as the fever, with such a shockingly bad temper that Lot himself would not have endured her. She was called Aunt Holofernes; and whenever she put her head out of the window, all the young people scampered away. Nevertheless, Aunt Holofernes was tidy and industrious, for which reason she had trouble enough with her daughter, Pamphila, who was so indolent that it would take an earthquake to shake her into motion. The quarrelling between the two began at sunrise.

"You are as dull as Dutch tobacco," said the mother to the daughter, "and one wants a team of oxen to draw you out of bed. When you are up, it is nothing but sweethearting and looking out of the window. But I'll make you leap about, I will."

Pamphila, while her mother scolded, gaped and yawned, and slipping behind her, passed out of the house door.

Aunt Holofernes then began to sweep with all her might, and accompanying the wish, swish, with such a monologue as this:

"In my young days girls worked as hard as mules."

Wish, swish, wish went the broom.

"They lived as close as nuns"—wish, swish. "Now they are a pack of fools"—wish, swish; "lazy"—wish, swish; "dresy"—wish swish; "flighty."

But while the mother swept, the daughter had beckoned to a swain, of whose back the old woman caught sight through the open door, and instantly down came the broomstick with a thwack upon it. When she had beaten the youth off, she beat her daughter.

"What's the matter?" said Pamphila; "am I never to marry?"

"Marry, indeed! How dare you think of such a thing?"

"But you were married, and so was my grandmother."

"Yes; and for that reason," said the old woman, "I know better than that any child of mine should ever do such a thing?"

But Pamphila went her old way, till one day, when Aunt Holofernes had a "wash," there was a great kettle of water boiling on the fire that Pamphila was to pour over the clothes; but just then there was a young man singing at the window, and so she slipped out. Hard-working Aunt Holofernes lifted the kettle herself; but, as she was too old to carry it, the water was spilt, and her foot was burned. Then, while she was scolding at the pain, she looked out the window, and, seeing her daughter again with the swain, began to scold at her, and prayed that, if she was to be married, the Father of Mischief himself might be her husband.

Some time afterward there came a suitor to Pamphila, so soft-spoken that not Aunt Holofernes herself knew how to say him nay. So he was accepted; but, as the wedding-day drew near, there were odd things said about the village. The new-comer had a strange, familiar manner with the scamps of the district, and shook hands with them in a fatherly way that puzzled men. Aunt Holofernes had her suspicions, and she did not at all like two little bumps on the top of his head that pushed up his hair in an odd manner. She remembered what she had wished when she had burnt herself, and was not sure that she had not got more of her wish than she wanted.

But the wedding-day came. Aunt Holofernes had

ready her sweet cakes and her bitter reflections. She had a great olla-podrida for dinner, and a tun of wine ready that was very generous, as well as a plan that was very mean. When the married couple were about to enter the bridal-chamber, the old woman, calling her daughter aside, said: "When you are first in your chamber, shut both door and window carefully, stop every crank and cranny, and be sure that there is no hole anywhere open, except the keyhole. Then take this olive-branch, that has been blessed in church, to strike your husband on the back. That is a custom observed in all marriages, which signifies that indoors the wife has rule, and its intention is to consecrate and confirm her authority."

Pamphila, for the first time in her life, obedient to her mother, did all that she was told to do; and when the newly-married husband saw the consecrated olive branch in his wife's hand, he was in a hurry to escape. But, as every hole and cranny was stopped up, except the key-hole, he was obliged to squeeze himself through that; for the suspicion of the old woman was correct, this was the Father of Mischief himself, who may be very clever, but who had now got into the hands of a stepmother more than his match. For when he had wriggled himself through to the other side of the key-hole, he was in a bottle that had been fixed there to receive him; and when he was in the bottle the old woman corked and sealed it up. The son-in-law, with the humblest and politest expressions, begged her to set him free. But Aunt Holofernes, who was not to be cheated even by him, took the bottle and marched with it up to the top of a mountain, without resting, till she got to its steep, rocky, deserted peak; on that she left the bottle, and came down again, shaking her fists at her son-in-law as she departed.

There his highness was enthroned for the next ten years. And what years they were!—peace all over the world; everybody minding his own business without meddling with other folks' affairs; nobody wanted to wear anybody else's shoes; swords grew rusty, prisons were empty. It was a golden time, with only one misery in it—the lawyers all died of hunger and holding their tongues.

But every good thing in the world comes to an end. The soldier Boldwit, having leave to return for a short time to his own home, which was the village in which Aunt Holofernes dwelt, was not a man to lengthen his way by going round about a mountain. If it lay in his way, he marched straight over it, and so he came to the peak where Aunt Holofernes had left her bottled son-in-law expecting his release. The soldier was surprised to find a bottle there with a live thing jumping about in it, for the poor devil, with long fasting and drying in the sun, looked like a dry, wrinkled prune. "What queer sort of beetle can this be?" said Boldwit.

"I am a respectable and well-deserving father," said the prisoner: "Father of Mischief and son-in-law to Aunt Holofernes, the most treacherous of mothers-in-law. Valiant soldier, let me out, and I will give you the first thing you wish."

"The first thing I wish for is a discharge from the army," replied Boldwit, instantly.

"You shall have it. Now uncork me."

Boldwit raised the cork a little, and up came a mephitic smell that made him sneeze. So he screwed down the cork again, and set it further in with a stout thump of his fist, whereat the prisoner twisted and screamed:

"What are you doing, wretched worm, more faithless and cruel than my mother-in-law?"

"It has come to my mind," said Boldwit, "that I have a right to make one other condition if I do you this great

Jim an' me hurd him 'way down the strete, so we ran home an kep quyat in the stabel-yard, an' ther was Jo a-carryin' out Mr. Conly's clos with a hayfork. He told us we'd best kepe cleer o' our house. The noo man was a-swarin' like fits, an' shiverin' in his wet clos as hadn't a cleen thing to put on. Sumbuddy had tuke a skunk as was in a trap, an' put it out of a sak in Mr. Conly's rume, an' throw'd all his Noo York clos at it. An' they smelled so, an' Mr. Conly smell'd so, as went in in the dark, that Jo thawt they'd all had to be burn'd 2gether. So he went in an' told unkel he wouldn't stay anuther nite under his rufe, as up an' told him to get out an' not smell all his rume. So he went away to the hotel as woodn't let him cum in, an' fokes on the strete held their noses wen he was around. So he went an' bawt noo clos, an' Jim an' me didn't kno ware he went to put 'em on. He didn't cum bak to our house. I gess he won't kiss enny more littel gurls 'fore askin' 'em if they want to.

(To be continued).

A TERRIBLE COMBAT.

A SPORTSMAN, who a few days ago penetrated into the jungle lying between Buddoh and Sirangoon, came upon a log hut, in a district called Campoing Botta, upon the roof of which the skin of an enormous boa or python—whichever may be the correct name—was spread out. The hut was occupied by a Malay and his wife, from whom our informant gathered the following extraordinary account of it:—One night, about a week previous, the Malay was awakened by the cries of his wife for assistance. Being in perfect darkness, and supposing the alarm to be on account of thieves, he seized his sharp parang and groped his way to her sleeping-place, when his hand fell upon a slimy reptile. It was fully a minute before he could comprehend the entire situation, and when he did he discovered that the whole of his wife's arm had been drawn down the monster's throat, whither the upper part of her body was slowly but surely following. Not daring to attack the monster at once, for fear of causing his wife's death, the husband, with great presence of mind, seized two bags within reach, and commenced stuffing them into the corners of the snake's jaws, by means of which he succeeded in forcing them wider open, and releasing his wife's arm.

No sooner had the boa lost his prey than he attacked the husband, whom he began encircling in his fatal coils; but, holding out both arms and watching his opportunity, he attacked the monster so vigorously with his parang that it suddenly loosed itself, and vanished through an opening beneath the attap sides of the hut. His clothes were covered with blood, as was also the floor of the hut, and his wife's arm was blue with the squeezing it received between the boa's jaws. At daylight, the husband discovered his patch of plantain-trees nearly ruined, where the boa, writhing in agony, had broken off the trees at the roots, and in the midst of the debris lay the monster, dead.

The Malay assured our informant that he had realised no less than sixty dollars from Chinese, who came long distances to purchase pieces of the flesh on account of its supposed medicinal properties, and that he had refused six dollars for the skin, which he preferred to retain as a trophy. It was greatly decomposed, having been some days exposed in the open air, and useless for curing.

A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve, because when she appeared man's day of happiness was drawing to a close

AN AMERICAN VIEW.

F. MARION CRAWFORD writes:—"Alas! the generation of ruddy English boys and girls is growing rarer day by day, and a mealy-faced, over-cerebrated people are springing up, who, with their children again—in trying to rival the brain-work of foreigners with larger skulls and more in them—forget that their English forefathers have always done everything by sheer strength and bloodshed, and can as easily hope to accomplish anything by skill as a whale can expect to dance upon the tight rope. They would do better to give it up; to abandon the struggle for intellectual superiority of that kind. They have produced greater minds when the mass of their countrymen were steeped in brutality, and Elizabethan surfeit of beef and ale, than they will ever produce with a two-penny half-penny universal education. What is the use? Progress! What is progress? Merely the adequate arrangement of inequalities, in the words of one of their own thinkers who knows most about it, and troubles himself least about theories. What is the use of your universal education, to which nine-tenths of the population submit as to a hopeless evil, which takes bread out of their mouths, and puts bran into their heads; for might they not be at work in the fields instead of scratching pot-hooks on a slate?"

SAE MONY CAWMILS.

AN honest and pious native of the West Highlands was, by what he considered the injustice and oppression of his landlord, whose name was Campbell, obliged to abandon his native district, and seek the means of earning a subsistence for himself and his family in Glasgow. He had never been taught to read. On one occasion a little girl, one of his daughters, was reading to him a portion of the Bible—the passage was the first chapter of the book of Job—which gives an account of the great wealth of the ancient Oriental Patriarch in flocks and herds. Among other items there are enumerated "seven thousand sheep and three thousand camels," which last name, being a stranger to the reader, she pronounced "Campbells." "Stop, Mary," interrupted her father, "what's tat you'll said? tree sousand Cawmills!—you'll surely pe wrang, Mary." No, father, I'm no wrang, its just Campbells." "Weel, Mary, I'll no kent shust gang on; but I'll thoct that man will no pe wantin to thrive when he'll keep so mony Cawmills about him."

Mary read on, and her father listened in silent astonishment to the account of that singular chain of misfortunes by which Job was all at once stript of his great wealth. The oxes and asses were all at once taken away by the Sabeans—the sheep were burnt up with fire from heaven—and the Chaldeans, in three bands, carried off the camels; and in the sublime language of the narrative, Job was left "naked as he came from his mother's womb." When the chapter was concluded, the old man finished his comments upon it with—"I'll told you tat noo, Mary, no man need think to thrive who will keep so many Cawmills about him; but what you'll call'd the clan who tuik away ta scoundrels?" "Chaldeans," said Mary. "Weel, I'll declare I ne'er heard tell o' sic a clan in a' te Hiellands before: but at any rate they'll no be a very sensible clan when they'll tak awa sae mony Cawmills, for it will be a lang time before they'll mak their bawbee a penny out o' sic a black bargain."

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. VIII.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

NO. 23.—CAPTURED BY RIFF PIRATES.

NO, it was not riff-raff. It was genuine Riff pirates, and happened to "the Rambler" nearly thirty years ago. We were sailing through the Straits of Gibraltar, in May, 1856, bound for Ancona, in and upon the brig *Hymen*—master and owner, Captain James Smith. Light, variable winds baffled our skipper, and we were driven away down to the Barbary coast, when one day we were boarded by a band of men, eleven boats, containing from twenty to thirty men each, having come out from the coast to capture us.

Of course, there was no use in resisting such a force, though it was not exactly like British seamen to give in without a struggle. But the captain, a Dundee man, told us that before long our position would become known, and that relief would no doubt come. "The Rambler" showed a little fight for his own hand, but his reward was a terrible smash on the nose with a pistol handle from one of the Riff chiefs, of which more afterwards.

The boats being loaded with plunder, the crew were shipped on board one, and the whole were taken on shore, and the men were thrust into a house full of donkeys, goats, and cows. The pirates seemed very anxious to get everything of iron from the ship, and we all had a good laugh at their efforts to secure the anchor. They got a rope attached to the ring, and all hauled at it, many donkeys as well as the men being pressed into the service. But, of course, the more they pulled the faster did the fluke of the anchor hold to the ground, and we were not going to tell them that by pulling on the crown instead of the ring, the grip would be lost, and the anchor would come in at once. In the same way, next day we saw them load the chain cable on mules and donkeys, laying it along the back of a great string of the animals, and again we did not tell them how to take it into short lengths!

Retaining the carpenter and three men to help in stripping the ship, which had been towed close in shore, the Riffs next day set off inland, marching us about thirty miles that day. Nearly all our clothes were taken from us, and we were footsore and weary, with blistered and bleeding feet, and terribly punished with thirst. Here we were retained for a month, and it happened that "the Rambler," despite the incident of his broken nose, got into favour with the chief by some little skill he displayed in surgical and medical knowledge. He cured this chief of ophthalmia by very simple means, and as, when benefits were showered on him, he would have nothing unless he got enough to serve round to his brethren in misfortune, the condition of the captives was somewhat bettered.

Meanwhile, down at the shore the Spanish *guarda costa* had seen the vessel, and signalled to Gibraltar that a British ship had been seized by the pirates. Without delay the *Ariel*, Captain Maxse, came down, but finding the ruffians in great strength, and unwilling to attempt a rescue by force, he returned in a day or two with the *Retribution* frigate, with Sir John Hay on board, and soon a demand was made on the Emperor of Morocco for the release of the men and compensation to the owners of ship and cargo. This was speedily arranged, and just a day before we who had been taken inland were to have been sold as slaves to the Bedouins, the welcome news

came that we had been released, and we were taken back to the coast with somewhat more care and kindness than we experienced on the way from the shore.

When we were got on board, the men of the *Ariel* and the *Retribution* proposed to subscribe two days' pay for our benefit, but to this Sir William Codrington, who was in command at Gibraltar, would not consent, saying he would claim full indemnity for each man, which he eventually did.

But how was "the Rambler" to get indemnity for his broken nose? The surgeons on board the frigate got silver tubes and a plaster of Paris mould, and laying out the skin as well as possible, made it as like the original nose as they could, and few persons who do not know the story observe the cicatrices to this day. But this was not all "the Rambler" wished, and seeing the Riff chief on board the frigate, he "went for him," and gave him a "feeler" with closed fist in a way that marked that pirate's nose to his dying day!

Such a row there was! What?—assail a man on board Her Majesty's frigate under a flag of truce! Of course "the Rambler" knew he would catch it, but not being "in the service," the only thing the officers who sat on him could do was to give him a severe reprimand for the offence on board. So up to the quarter deck he was marched, where the gallant captain stood, surrounded by his officers and midshipmites. And a right good lecture and rebuke the offender got.

"But, look here, sir," he had the courage (or was it impertinence?) to rejoin to Sir John, "do you see this?" and he pointed to his broken and patched-up nose.

The boldness of the words tickled the middies amazingly, and "the Rambler" proceeded, as he saw no very great expression of anger on the gallant captain's face:—

"Don't you think, if a man had marked *you* that way, sir, that you would have had it out of him too, flag or no flag?"

And with that the reprimand closed, and no doubt the gallant captain, now Admiral Sir John Dalrymple Hay, M.P., thought "the Rambler" had some reason for his revenge. At all events, he had had it out with the Riff ruffian.

"KILL A FIDDLER WITH HIM."

THE distiction of having been the noisiest theatre in the world will be readily accorded to the old Theatre-Royal, Dublin, by those who remember the opera nights in that building. On those occasions the top gallery, familiarly known as "the circle of the gods," was wont to be filled with undergraduates from the university, who made it a point of honour to go to no other part of the house when the lyric drama was presented. On one memorable occasion, a time-honoured Dublin practical joke received a new commentary; they stuffed a dummy straw man, and smuggled it past the ticket-taker. Between the acts a furious mock struggle was got up around the dummy, with sticks brandished and yells of "Throw him over," till the pit began to grow seriously alarmed. When the struggle was at its height, and the straw man about to be launched on his airy flight, one of the boys, or "men," as they insisted on being called, yelled, "Don't waste him! Kill a fiddler with him!" Amid a deafening roar from the whole house, the flimsy fabric was thrown over; but it resolved itself into a shower of straw and cast-off clothes in the fall, and nobody was hurt.

LONDON THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

THE long looked-for burlesque on "The Tempest" was produced on Monday, 8th inst., Mr. Burnand choosing to dub his work with the name of "Ariel." The mighty fuss made by the enthusiasts of the immortal bard was, after all, for nothing. They can go and see the piece, and yet feel their pet has not been fooled upon. Mr. Burnand is always witty, but somehow the wit here is forced. Whether he was funky of the critics, or whether he dreaded the Shakespeare-loving public, I do not know; but his work is very poor, and decidedly inferior to his previous writings in this line. Of course the mashers were there in good force, and applauded all their favourites, Miss Gilchrist coming in for an enormous reception; but that portion of the audience who like something for their money were doomed to disappointment.

Of course, Miss Farren was Miss Farren all over, but she could do nothing with her part. True, she danced, sang, and played as she only can, whilst the electric light helped to make her look more charming than ever, but she could not get on at all. Miss Gilchrist as *Miranda* looks pretty, and that is all, for she cannot act a little bit; Miss Phyllis Broughton as the youthful *Ferdinand* is pleasing; and Miss Pedley as *Seconda* sings splendidly. Mr. Elton as *Caliban* has all the fat, and he is simply side-splitting. His appearance in the last act as a masher—a very exaggerated one—was greeted with roars of laughter, and I was not the only one who went home minus a button or two. Mr. Harry Monkhouse, a capital comedian, has no part in *Prospero*, merely having to appear through traps occasionally. Mention should be made of Miss Taylor, who shows a well-trained and sweet voice.

The staging is excellent, the Gaiety management having woke up, and "put on" some scenery worthy of a West-end house. The dresses are very gorgeous, and pretty in design.

And yet another burlesque, and this time in the legend of "Lady Godiva," produced at Astley's on Saturday, 13th. It calls for but little attention here, for it was little better than a dress rehearsal on Saturday, and so Mr. Newton's points, if there were any, were not visible. With a careful re-writing, however, something very decent should be the result. Miss Maude Forrester dwarfed all the other actors and actresses, not on account of her acting, but her "big" appearance. Act she cannot, yet somehow she gained a lot of applause. Perhaps it was for her return from Coventry. Amongst the cast are to be found Messrs. F. Evans, H. C. Vernon, A. Balfour, and Mrs. Brian.

It is rumoured that a new opera, composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, will probably be produced next year.

The next piece in which Miss Lingard is to make an effort will be a new five-act play called "Agnes of Bavaria." It will be aired on the 31st inst. at a Gaiety *matinée*. I hope she may be a little more lucky than in the unfortunate Adelphi "show."

The new comedy by Mr. J. P. Hurst, "Double Zero," produced at the Strand Theatre on Wednesday, 10th, proved to be a very milk-and-watery affair. I'm afraid we shall not hear of it again.

Minnie Palmer is now at Brighton. Her business at the Grand has been wonderful. Her morning "do's" at the Gaiety have also brought together good audiences. She has a very pretty King Charles spaniel, which is most affectionately carried about by—well, I don't know his name.

It is said that the long wigs worn by the extra ladies in "Ariel" at the Gaiety cost as much as £5 each. They are composed of real hair, and were made by Mr. C. H. Fox.

Mr. Edward Righton's new and original comic drama, "Hard Up," was produced on Saturday, 20th.

After several break downs, &c., &c., "A Sailor and his Lass" was shown at old Drury on Monday, 15th. I hope to be able to say something of this next week.

"La Vie," at the Avenue, is a great success, and, I should say, is destined to keep the boards here for a long time to come. Mr. Lionel Brough is as lively and humorous as ever, and Mr. Arthur Roberts is even more funny than on the opening night.

"Denounced," a tale of the Nihilist conspiracy, by Messrs. Jefferson & Gascoigne, is to be revived at Sadler's Wells on November 3rd. It was originally produced at the Elephant, and struck me as being a very good work.

Mrs. S. Lane has for the last fortnight been playing in "The Marriage Certificate," with Mr. G. H. Macdermott.

I hear that Mr. J. B. Howe, a gentleman who has for many years been connected with the Britannia, is going on to the music hall stage.

"The Golden Ring" is the new spectacular opera by Messrs. Sims & Clay, with which the Alhambra will open.

WHIFFLES.

HE'LL RUIN THEM ALL.

DURING the reign of James II., when the King was much disliked for his oppression and the number of taxes imposed on the people, His Majesty, in the progress of a tour, stopped at Sunbury, in Suffolk, when the Corporation resolved to address him; but as the Mayor did not possess much literature, it was settled that the Town Clerk should be his prompter. Being introduced to the presence, the Town Clerk whispered to the trembling Mayor, "Hold up your head, and look like a man." His Worship, mistaking this for the beginning of his speech, repeated aloud to the King, "Hold up your head, and look like a man." The Town Clerk, in amaze, again whispered to him, "What do you mean by this, sir?" The Mayor, in the same manner, repeated, "What do you mean by this, sir?" The Town Clerk, alarmed, whispered, still more earnestly, "I tell you, sir, you'll ruin us all." The Mayor, still imagining this to be part of his speech, concluded his matchless performance with, "I tell you, sir, you'll ruin us all."

INNER LIFE OF THE GREAT CITY.

II.—THE DEAD DUKE OF THE BOND STREET HOTEL.

(Concluded.)

I SAW at once the importance of the information related in the last chapter. The name of the Duke's midnight visitor must be obtained. Directly or indirectly, she may have been the cause of his death. It was a meeting about which he was anxious, and which had greatly disappointed him. As the valet could not assist me further, I called on Col. S., who was not over-pleased at being questioned.

"Outrageous," he remarked in his bluff manner, when I told him the cause of my visit; "you cannot bring back the Duke to life again, and there is no earthly use in raking up the past."

I explained that the Office was satisfied, and that it was the Duke's brother who would not let the matter rest. The Colonel and the chief were of one mind about the brother; he was evidently a bad lot.

"His brother!" Col. S. exclaimed; "I see his drift. The blackguard has made a discovery, and is determined to bring disgrace on a lady."

You can imagine I was all attention when a lady was mentioned.

"That is exactly our opinion," I said. "Of course you know, Colonel, that the Duke had a lady visitor after he returned from the opera."

"Had he?"

"Yes; and she stayed about half-an-hour; she was expected. By the way, Colonel (this innocently), who was she?"

"Some fair friend, I suppose."

"I don't know that it matters," I remarked; "but I expect the chief will want to know her name."

"The deuce he will."

"Then the enquiry will be finished; it is only a question of form. Perhaps you can save me further trouble, and tell me in confidence who she was."

"Supposing I knew, and decline to divulge the name?"

"Then I must get the information elsewhere, and we may not be able to keep the investigation private; it may even become a police-court business."

"That must be prevented, at any rate. I know the lady, but I cannot give you her name without her sanction; I will consult her. Return to-morrow."

On the following day I waited on the Colonel, who was in a somewhat better temper.

"The answer has come," he said, lifting a telegram from the table; "I am at liberty to tell you the name, on the condition that it will not be made public."

"There will not be the slightest necessity for that," I replied.

"The sole reason why she wishes to hide her visit to the Duke is this—she had solemnly promised an intimate friend that she would never speak to the Duke again."

"I understand."

"You will understand better immediately when you hear what I have got to say, and you cannot listen too attentively, as I really believe that that lady and I managed to kill the Duke between us—not intentionally, of course. The dead man was one of my oldest friends."

"It is a miserable story," he said, after a short pause; "but I must explain how it all came about, to clear the lady. The Duke was looking so disconsolate when I met him in the Park on that fatal Tuesday, I decided to spend the day with him. He wanted rousing. I took him to my

club, where we had lunch. The Madeira cheered him up a bit; but when we adjourned to the smoking-room, the talk—fight as I would against it—got into a melancholy strain. The recollections of joys departed did not do him any good. I long knew that the separation from his wife was preying on his mind, and I was very sorry when he brought up the subject. It is difficult to know how to console a man under such circumstances. He spoke very kindly of her, and said that he was the only one to blame. He may have neglected her and made her jealous, but I am certain he really cared for her. She was badly advised. He asked me if I knew where she was, and I told him that I had heard she was in Paris. A minute or two elapsed before the next question. Was there not some reports afloat affecting her good name? I replied with all the carelessness I could muster that such a thing was not unlikely—no one was safe. But had I heard it? If I had I said it must have escaped my recollection—I did not make a collection of lying scandal. I was not the editor of a society journal. Does this tire you?" the Colonel asked, turning to me.

"I am deeply interested," was my answer.

"You will see why I mention these details presently. The poor Duke was not going to be deceived. He said quietly, putting his hand on my arm:—'No use old fellow; don't try to humbug me. Who is he? An artist or something of that kind, is he not?' Assuming a cheerful tone, I replied he was not to bother his head about such scandalous reports, with not a grain of truth in them very likely. We will dine together I added, and go to the opera; it is the *Huguenots*. To this he agreed, and he became quite lively at dinner-time, more like himself. When we got to the theatre, I never saw the place so crowded, and I congratulated myself on having secured two stalls. That visit to the opera was a most unfortunate suggestion of mine. Between the third and fourth acts of the *Huguenots*, we were both standing up with our backs to the orchestra, looking round the house, when all at once he clutched my arm convulsively. 'Clarence,' he whispered, 'who is that lady in pink in the third box from the end of the second tier?' I turned my glasses in that direction, and shut them up directly. Let us go out, I said. He was terribly excited, and we walked up and down in the street for some time. Nothing would satisfy him but that I must arrange for him an interview with the lady in pink. No persuasion would turn him from his purpose; he would see her. A few words of explanation might alter the course of two lives. I thought it was too late for explanations; but seeing him so thoroughly determined, I promised to do what I could. That fellow was in her box along with some other friends, but I managed to slip a note into her hands, imploring her to see the Duke for a few minutes, and I said that it might be the last favour he would ever ask of her. She took my arm, and we went out into the corridor. 'I have sworn never to speak to him again,' she said, with feeling; 'how can I break my oath?' There was a previous oath, I hinted. At last she said she would go for five minutes, if I took her to the hotel and stopped in the carriage till she came out. When she returned to the carriage from her interview, she was so dreadfully agitated she could scarcely speak. It must have been a trying scene, and served no good purpose; it killed the poor Duke and made her wretched. The time for reconciliation, if that was his idea, was gone. When we stopped at her house, she said she had been very weak and wicked, and that she would write to me before she went to sleep. Next morning the dreadful news of the Duke's death and

"Another misfortune!" I said, in horror.

"Only a tram-car; three ribs and arm broken—that's all, sir."

"Have you any more relations?"

"Lots, sir—plenty more."

I gave him leave, and then began thinking. Clearly a lad with so many relations, and they having such a genius for getting into trouble, was not a desirable assistant. Perhaps it might be my own death-bed or funeral he would be turning up at next. Just as I had reached this dismal stage in my thoughts, a shadow darkened the doorway, and the next instant I stood pale and trembling before the exact counterpart of his mother. I don't believe in ghosts or such like, but I got a shock, and truly believe I would have fainted had it not been daylight.

"Good day, sir. Don't you really know me? I'm Tom's mother."

"I really thought, ma—that is—"

"Certainly, sir—that I'd call to thank you for your kindness to Tom, and say how glad I am you and he are getting on so well. His father and I are delighted, and we thought you might give him a little encouragement by raising his wages a little, seeing he has turned out such a nice good boy."

"But, ma'am, you weren't ill lately!"

"Pshaw! I'm never ill. I'm too good-natured for that, and am a poor hard-working woman, sir, and can't afford it."

"And your husband, he hasn't got a broken leg?"

"A broken leg! Well, that's good. A hard-working letter-carrier with a broken leg! Tom did say there was a bee in your bonnet, and now I really believe you're daft. Why didn't you let him home to his dinner to-day?"

"He's gone to the Infirmary."

"Pretty place to send a child like that. What's he doing there?"

"Seeing his aunt."

"Oh, dear! seeing his aunt, and he hasn't an uncle nor an aunt in the world. Well, I do love a liar, but I hate an awkward one."

"You will love your son, then, madam?"

"I do. Are you going to raise his wages?"

"I think not, madam. He had better stay at home, and mind his little brothers and sisters."

"He hasn't got any brothers or sisters. What put that into your head?"

"Oh, nothing. But the fact is, he won't suit me. You see, in business one must tell a lie now and again, and your son can't do that."

"No, sir; Tom couldn't do that. He's too truthful a boy to push himself forward by telling lies. Good-day, sir!"

Commended—Mr. JOHN ROBERTSON, 58 Morrison Street, Edinburgh.

Why is Niagara like the star (*) used in printing? Because it is a nasty risk (an asterisk).

♦ ♦ ♦

On the day of the unveiling of Burns' statue at Dumfries, two young fellows from Glasgow went into a restaurant for the purpose of renewing the inner man. On sitting down, a young girl appeared before them for the purpose of receiving their orders. "Have you a bill of fare?" one of them asked. The girl looked surprised, and queried "What?" "Have you a bill of fare?" The girl still looked perplexed, but brightening up, she answered in the twang peculiar to the district, "Na, we've nane the noo, but we've lots o' beef and tatties."

"NO VERRA ROTTEN AVA."

A STORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following incident happened an hundred years ago, while Sir Walter Scott and a friend were travelling in the Highlands. Sir Walter says:

My friend and I were among the thickly strewn mountains and ragged rocks of the wildest branch of the Highlands, where there is a remarkable natural ravine, which we visited and explored. It is, rather than a ravine, a fearful pit or dungeon, descending deep among the yawning rocks. It is as if a volcano had boiled there, but in course of time spouted out all its lava, forming strange adjacent peaks all around, thus leaving the furnace or crater dry and empty. It is a terrific throat wide open, on the edge of which one may stand and look down to the very bottom. There is a mode of descent into its depths which visitors may command; this is by means of a rope and windlass, as it were into a coal-pit, which are fixed and worked from a prominent brow of the highest frowning peak. To the main rope is attached a machine, called a cradle, by four shorter cords, that tie to the distinct corners. He that descends takes his seat in the cradle, within the stretch of the four diverging cords that meet above his head.

A rough old Highlander presided at the windlass, who appointed my friend to go down first. Ere the cradle came up for me again, a presentiment of some horrid accident about to happen to one of us began to take hold of my nature, and I could not resist asking if all was right with my friend below.

"Hoot, aye," was the answer, "an' the creddle 'ull be up for you in a minute; ye're as heavy as twa o' him."

"Is the rope frail?"

"No verra rotten ava; the last ane wis rottener afore it brak and let a man fa'," was the alarming reply.

"Was he killed, say you?"

"Kilt! tho' he had had a hunner lives he wud hae been kilt; he was smashed to pieces doon on yon jaggit rock," quoth the hard-hearted Celt.

I now examined the rope, and it appeared to be much worn and old.

"How old is it?" inquired I.

"Jist five years auld; the last ane was a month aulder afore it brak," wis his next piece of tantalizing information.

With some irritation of manner, I put it to him why a new one had not been provided before any risk could attend the descent; and to make things worse, he provokingly announced:

"We are to get a new ane the morn; ye'll likely be the last to try the auld."

But already the cradle awaited for me to step into it. I could not disappoint my companion by not doing as he did; and ashamed to hesitate before the hardy Highlander, I at once took my seat. It was perhaps to encourage me that he said as he let me off—

"A far heavier man than you gaed doon yesterday."

"Then he strained the rope," cried I; but it was too late to return, and after all I got safe down.

The sun shone brightly, and made every intricacy in the deep crater clear and open to the eye. The floor might allow a hundred and fifty people to stand on it at once, and consists of a fine sand that sparkles with pebbles, which have dropped from the surrounding and impending rocks. The face of these rocks is also gemmed by thousands of the same sort, that glitter beautifully in

the sunbeams ; all which has naturally suggested the idea of a work of enchantment, for it is called the "Fair's Palace." But, I must confess, though a palace, it had few attractions for me ; for, besides the disheartenings the Highlander filled me with ere my descent, my friend, now that I was down, though without any mischievous intent, crowned my fears, by giving the following narrative with startling effect :—

"A young man once ascended from this, but when he came to the top he incautiously stood bolt upright in the cradle, and the moment ere it was landed, being impatient to get out of it, he took an adventurous leap for the breast of the rocks ; but, the cradle being still pendant in the air, without a stay, fled back on the impulse of his spring, and, fearful to think, let him fall between it and the landing place."

"Horrible !' most horrible !'" was my natural exclamation.

"But," continued my friend, 'keep ye your seat in the cradle till it be firmly landed on the rock, and all will be safe.'"

He ascended, and I prepared to follow.

I thought of the young man's leap and fall ; I figured to myself the spot where he alighted, and the rebound he made when he met the ground, never more to rise. And as I took my seat, my limbs smote one another and my teeth chattered with terror. When I had descended, I kept my eyes bent downwards, and was encouraged the nearer I got to the bottom. But on my ascent, though I looked all the while upwards, I was tremblingly alive to the fact that I was ever getting into higher danger. I held the spread cords as with the grip of death, never moving my eye from the blackened main rope.

"There ! there it goes !" I gasped ; for did I not see first one ply of the triple twisted line snap asunder, as it had happened to touch a pointed piece of granite ? And when once cut and liberated, did the ply not entwine and curl away from the coils ?

Did I not see another ply immediately follow in the same manner, leaving my life to the last brittle thread, which also began to grow attenuated, and to draw so fine, that it could not much longer have borne its own weight ?

I was speechless ; the world whirled round. I became sightless, and when within one short foot of being landed, I fell !—I fell into the grasp of my friend, who, seeing me about to tumble out of the cradle from stupor, opportunely snatched and swung me, cradle and all, upon the rock. When strength returned, I ran from the edge of the precipice, shaking fearfully, and giving utterance to the agony of my awe-struck soul. And if my hair did not undergo an immediate change of colour, I was not without such an apprehension ; for, certainly, it stood on end during my ascent from the floor of the Fair's Palace.

Commended—Mr. WM. FORREST, 30 Glasgow Road, Wishaw.

IMPOSSIBLE.—A young man, now yachting round the Isle of Wight, says he gets his mutton from Cowes.

Once Mrs. Siddons, in announcing Macbeth's approach, which is as follows :

"A drum ! a drum ! Macbeth doth come !"

found it necessary to change the words on account of a mistake in the orchestra—a trumpet being sounded instead of a drum—so the lady said :

"A trumpet ! a trumpet !—"

hesitating to finish the line. A voice in the gallery added :

"Macbeth doth stump it."

AN APE TO THE RESCUE.

BARNUM relates the following most remarkable incident witnessed in one of his menageries. The majority of the spectators had been suddenly attracted away from the cages filled with ferocious beasts to the opposite side of the tent, at which some small trained elephants were performing, when a woman's terrified scream caused every head to turn, and every glance to be directed back across the arena toward the recently deserted cages. The scream was from a nurse-girl in the midst of the crowd. Paralyzed with horror, and with two frightened children clinging to her skirts, she was pointing to another and neglected charge, a chubby little three-year-old toddler, who had been left to himself on the opposite side of the tent. The fellow, unconscious of peril, was exercising his infantine gymnastics upon the rope railing directly in front of the Bengal tiger's cage, the terrible occupant of which was just unsheathing his claws through the bars, preparatory to reaching out his cruel paw for the tempting tit-bit presented by the cherub's body.

An indescribable thrill of horror ran through every one present, and none of the keepers being near at hand at the moment, there was no one with sufficient presence of mind to institute an immediate attempt to rescue the child.

But a rescuer of another species than human was at hand.

It was a moment of awful suspense. And then, just as the tiger's outstretched paw was about to fall upon the unconscious child, there was suddenly heard a great chatter, and Bobo, a very tame Brazilian ape that was permitted to range freely about the tent, was observed speeding over the tops of the cages. Arriving over that of the tiger, he suddenly dropped upon the outstretched paw with such a hideous screech as not only to cause it to be quickly withdrawn, but to occasion the child to reel out beyond the rail, and out of danger, with a cry of alarm.

Then appeared the keepers on the scene, and the little one was restored to its negligent nurse's arms. Sad to relate, the heroic little monkey did not escape without receiving a cruel blow from the claws, and it died of its wounds.

The pleasantest part of the incident lies in the fact that the child had been frequently carried to the menagerie, and had as often manifested a fondness for the monkey by presents of nuts and fruits, which explains the self-sacrificing conduct of the latter as having been inspired by an almost human sentiment of gratitude and love.

STARTLING RESULT OF MEDICAL ADVICE.

SHE was telling at a neighbour's how her husband had been troubled for several days with a severe pain in his head, and that she had done everything to relieve it, and that the doctor's medicine did not seem to do any good, and that she was tired out fussing and fretting. Thereupon a new neighbour, who had just been introduced to her, kindly asked if she had tried soaking his feet in mustard and hot water. "Insult me in my affliction, will you, you shameful hussey !" gasped the wife of the sick man, her fingers working convulsively, her blood rising to boiling heat, and her voice getting higher and higher. The hostess interposed in defence of the new neighbour, and quiet was finally restored. It appeared that, some years before, the sick husband had been deprived of both of his legs by the breaking of a piece of machinery, and there had been a story that his present wife had married him for his money.

A contemporary recording the fall of a person into the river, says, "It is a wonder that he escaped with his life." Wouldn't it have been a still greater wonder if he had escaped without it ?

A QUEER IRISH STORY.

(Concluded.)

PRESENTLY the soldiers, encumbered with their belts and pouches, of which they had neglected to rid themselves, began to drop behind, and eventually the officer was ahead of his party, and decidedly gaining upon Tim Daley, whose conspicuous drapery fluttered but a few yards in front of him. It would be a glorious triumph to take him, the outlawed ruffian, who set magistrates, military, constables, and all at defiance; who walked abroad with impunity at fairs and markets, and knew that none dare lift a hand, or give evidence against him; who existed through the criminal sympathy of his wretched countrymen, ready at any time to take part with any malefactor against their common enemy, the law.

"Please God," said the officer, as he sensibly gained on his prey, "I shall have him soon! he's beginning to show the white feather!" And making a desperate rush forward, he caught the fugitive Daley by the tail of his shirt; but the faithless dowlas gave way at the waist, and he lost some yards by the failure. But the very touch of the treacherous garment infused new vigour into the pursuer, and in a few strides more he was fairly up with, and had tightly clasped him in his arms.

Expecting a vigorous and ferocious defence, he at first dealt rather roughly with his prize, and was in the act of hurling to the ground, there to kneel upon and disable the truculent villain till assistance came up, when he suddenly became aware of the astounding fact, that instead of embracing in mortal conflict the body of the murderous and fire-raising Tim Daley, he held in his arms the particularly plump figure of a fine young woman, in her chemise only, and that considerably damaged in the rear by the first abortive attempt at the capture!

"Ah! what's this?" cried the lady; "where am I at all? Sure it's a drama!" And gently disengaging herself, she proceeded to speculate upon the curious fact of having walked in her sleep—ran, she might have said, at the rate of ten miles an hour—and had no notion where she was—not the least in the world! "Is it near Ballyfagle I am? Where's Ballyfagle at all? Sure it's Walsh's daughter of Ballyfagle I am—behave yourself. Ah! can't ye stop? Indeed I believe it's on the hill of Mogher we are, and that's Ballyfagle below. Well, faith, I'll be killt for this!"

The soldiers now came up, and eventually the constable, who, far too short of breath for utterance, was fain to give vent to his triumph in the expressive pantomime of slapping his breeches' pockets, rubbing his hands, and the still more personal jest of putting his thumb under his ear with a hoisting motion of the head, intended as a pleasant rallying of our victim upon his ultimate fate.

Had there been sufficient light, it would have been no doubt highly ridiculous to note their expression of incredulous wonder when informed of the upshot of the adventure. They felt that they were sold. It was an incontestable and undoubted bargain. The swift-footed Biddy had led them up the hill upon a fool's errand, while no doubt the real Simon Pure had quietly walked away in the other direction. And then to put on the somnambulist, and recognise with difficulty the hill of Mogher, and the paternal roof of Ballyfagle! To render the constable's confusion complete, it was only necessary to repeat, "Run, boys, run! there's a hundred pounds on him!"

So extremely absurd did the whole adventure appear to the officer, that he sat down upon a rock and gave vent to his feelings in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. In this he was joined by the whole party, even Miss Walsh herself, who stood a little distance apart holding up the skirt of her damaged drapery. Fortunately the night was dark.

But there might yet be time to intercept the Whiteboy, if the sergeant had kept up a watch upon the premises; so leaving the fair fugitive to find her way down to Ballyfagle as she might, the party hastened back to the farmhouse.

Mr. Walsh affected to be greatly surprised at the sudden abandonment of his premises without calling over the roll of the inmates, and put some innocent questions touching the chase up the hill. These were answered by informing him of the grave charge of harbouring the notorious Tim Daley, and requested that every facility might be given to search the house; to which reasonable request not the slightest difficulty was shown.

"Search then the rooms; Alphonso said, I will."

But no Tim Daley was to be found. Every closet and cupboard was examined, nor did they forget the pregnant advice of looking *in* the beds as well as under. All in vain! Tim Daley, if ever there at all, had taken advantage of the diversion in his favour and effectually secured his retreat.

While the search was proceeding, Miss Walsh had come in unperceived, and having taken her father's advice to slip on her skirt, presented herself with an air of arch simplicity, her good looks much improved by the exercise she had taken, not to mention the triumph of success.

Though baffled and defeated in their attempt at the capture of Tim Daley, which must have succeeded but for the readiness and address of this young woman, they could not help entering into the spirit of the old farmer's banter, which, truth to say, was not sparingly applied.

"Well, well! that was a fine start!" said the old fellow, shaking his sides. "Divil a chance would Tim Daley have wid ye up hill, anyhow! Murder! to think o' Biddy cutting aff in her sleep with th' army after her, and the polis (indeed, Mr. Maher, I'm afraid ye've hardly got yer wind again)! Faith, I wouldn't have missed that for five pound, if I'd seen it! Och! blood and ouns; what a screeching ye made! Sure I never heered more at a hoot! Ah, it's a shame for ye, Biddy!—ye see the state ye put Mr. Maher in, and never so much as offer him a sup of buttermilk or a drink o' wather! Hurry, now, and give the captain a sate: sure it's the laste ye can do for him! Did ye go to bed in yer brogues, ye rap, or was it in yer sleep ye put 'em on? Faith, I'm much obliged to yer honour for catching Biddy: it's drowned she might be now! Sure there's a lough at the top of Mogher. It's very careless I hear they are that aways—it's not much they mind where they're goan, divil a bit! Well, indeed, it's a mercy ye didn't put yer sword into Biddy: it's an orphan she is, barring meself and Mike. By the blessing o' God, it'll be the last run she'll take up the Mogher at night anyways: sure, we'll spance her!"

Finding there was nothing better than such disjointed talk as this to be got out of Mr. Walsh, the party prepared to evacuate Ballyfagle and return to the village. They looked, perhaps, a little foolish, the constable in particular, who could have sworn to Tim among a thousand—a fact of which he is probably reminded to this day.

TATLER'S TATTLE.

When a good shot fires at a lot of partridges, he makes them all *quail*.

A baby in Ohio that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in one week. It was the baby elephant.

A person having asked how many "dog days" there were in a year, received for an answer, that it was impossible to number them, as "every dog has his own day."

If the man who parsnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a parsnip than his father.

—Dr. Johnson.

"It is very hard, my lord," said a convicted felon at the bar to Judge Burnet, "to hang a poor man for stealing a horse." "You are not to be hanged, sir," answered the judge, "for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen."

"Let me look at a revolver," said a man who walked into a store, and a weapon was shown him. "Show me the cartridge," he added, and carelessly loaded one of the chambers. "Excuse me for using this a minute," he further remarked, and shot himself through the brain. Some people have a great deal of cheek.

On a recent trip of one of the Illinois river packets—a light draught one, as there were only two feet deep of water in the channel—the passengers were startled by the cry of "Man overboard!" The steamer was stopped, and preparations were made to save him, when he was heard exclaiming, "Go ahead with your darned old steamboat! I'll walk behind you."

A gentleman asked a lady, known to be utterly ignorant of languages, "How did you get along when abroad to make yourself understood?" "Oh, my dear sir," replied she, with quite a French air, "we had an interrupter with us." The same lady having arranged some statues in an adjoining room, requested the same gentleman to "step into the next impartment and see her antics" (antiques).

A gentleman who used to live close to the residence of Tom Moore, says:—Once, driving home to Chippenham from Devizes, I gave an old lady a lift in the trap; and in conversation I asked her if she saw much of Tom Moore in her village when he was alive. "Tom Moore, sir?—Tom Moore?" said she. "Oh, you mean Mr. Moore. Mrs. Moore was a very kind lady, but Mr. Moore used to write all sorts of varses (verses) about the moon, and such like things. He were no account!"

In a town out West there had been a very exciting election for the office of a sheriff. The successful candidate of course was very much elated, and was at night a long time in talking it over with his wife, as they sat before the fire previous to retiring. Meanwhile the youngsters in the trundle-bed were "all ears;" and at length one tow-head popped up under the inspiration of the query, "Ma, are we all sheriffs, or only you and pa?" "Lie down, you little scamp!" cried the mother; "only your pa and me."

HE DIED FOR HER!

They wander slow and lovingly
Along the murmur'ing water's side,
Past shady bower and verdant dell,
He asks her if she'll be his bride,
And clasps her willing hand in his—
She sighs, and turns her head away,
Returns the pressure of his hand,
And coy and soft to him doth say:

"I will, my love! but are you sure
That you will love me aye like this?"
He answers gives—a fond embrace,
And stops her question with a kiss.
"How can you doubt my love?" he said.
"I'll love though thou say'st nay to me;
Though thou should'st scorn me, turn away,
I'd die, if need should be, for thee."

A year had fled on lightning wing,
The two were wedded man and wife;
A matter, 'twas but trivial,
Had brought about domestic strife.
She wept, and wished she ne'er had wed,
That once again she single were;
Was this his love? Had not he said
He'd die, if need should be, for her?

"Of course, my love, I've kept my word,"
He answers her. "I once did say
That I would gladly die for you;
And so I do, for every day
Don't I go forth to work for you,
In Pullar's, Perth? Is it not true?
Of course it is! 'Twas thus I meant
That I, my dear, should *aye* for you."

KEN.

THE BLOOMING SHOVEL.

WHILE staying in a hotel in Lime Street, Liverpool, some time ago, a quiet little man told me the following anecdote, and vouched for the fact that the commercial room in which we were then sitting was the scene of the story:—

A big bluff Yorkshireman entered the room in a hurry, and, after violently ringing the bell, cried in a loud and imperious voice, "Waiter, bring me some tea and a steak, and look 'blooming' sharp." But on turning round, after giving this polite order, he saw a clergyman (who turned out to be a popular bishop) quietly reading in an easy chair. "Oh, excuse me, parson," said the Yorkshireman, "I didn't know as there was anyone in the room. You see I am but a plain man; I allus calls a spade a spade."

"Indeed," said the Bishop, mildly, "I thought you might have called it a 'blooming shovel.'"

"Am I tired of life?" said a cheerful old man the other day, in reply to the question. "Not a bit of it. I remember landing in this town with a chip hat and a hickory shirt and a pair of breeches. I've been way up, and I've been flat on my back, yet I'd like to begin and go it all over again—chip hat, shirt, breeches, and all. Why? Well, you see, when you come to the end you don't know what's beyond. I'm dead sure of this other thing; and, on the whole, this world just tickles me to death."

service. You must pay me for your release four dollars a day."

"Miser! I have no money."

"Then stay in the bottle," said the soldier, and began to march down hill. But the prisoner cried after him:

"Wait, wait! If I can not give you money I can put you in the way of getting it. But let me out—let me out!"

"Easy!" the soldier answered. "Nobody is here to hurry us; nobody in the world wants you. If you come out, you must also understand that I hold you fast by the tail till you have kept your promise. If not, you stop where you are."

"Tail or nose, dear friend, tail or nose!" shouted the prisoner. But he whispered to himself, "I'll pay you out, my friend."

So the bottle was uncorked, and the step-son of Dame Holofernes crept out slowly, as a chick from the shell, head first, then arms, then body. But when the tail came out, Boldwit seized it, however much the imp tried to tuck it in between his legs.

When the freed bit of mischief had stretched himself and rubbed his joints a little, they set forth, he hopping before like a frog, and Boldwit, who marched stoutly after him, holding tight by his tail. So they came to the king's court; and then the Father of Mischief said to his liberator: "I will get inside the Princess's body; and when the king, her father, who loves her beyond measure, sees what mischief is going on inside her, so that no doctor can do her any good, you shall come and cure her for a pension of four dollars a day. So we shall be quits."

All happened so. But, when all was done, Mischief was wrong in thinking he could go his ways. Boldwit held him fast by the tail again, and said: "On full consideration, sir, four dollars a day is a beggarly reward for what I have done to serve you. Find a way of being more liberal, and so get yourself a little credit in the world."

The tail being in firm grip, there was only one way of getting free. But "I will play you a trick, young soldier," said Mischief to himself. "Come along, then," he said aloud. "There is another being, daughter at the court of Naples; we will go through the same business with her, and you shall ask her hand and half the throne for curing her."

So it was done. But when the soldier made his condition, the King of Naples made also his, namely, that the adventurer should be hanged if at the end of three days he had not made a complete cure. Now Mischief heard that, and behaved accordingly. He jumped for joy at his prospects, and every jump inside her made the Princess twist in her bed. She was very bad on the first day, worse on the second day, and so bad that she shrieked for the doctor to be sent for on the third day. Boldwit saw what his friend proposed to himself, but was not a man to lose his head over a difficulty. Directly opposite the palace gate his majesty had already built the gallows. When, on the third day, Boldwit entered the Princess's chamber, she screamed: "Throw the quack out of the window!" But he said to the king, with professional gravity: "All my resources are not yet exhausted. Will your majesty have patience with me for a few more minutes!" Upon that he left the chamber, and, in the Princess's name, ordered all the bells in the town to be set ringing.

When he returned to the Princess's chamber, the Mischief, who is a hater of bell-ringing, and besides, is at all times very much plagued with curiosity, asked what saint they were ringing for.

"They ring," replied the soldier, "a welcome to your stepmother, whom I have had fetched."

But the Father of Mischief no sooner heard that his stepmother was arrived, than he made off with such expedition that a sun-beam would not have overtaken him. Thus he was forced to leave the soldier to his reward, and to the glory of having been as much too clever for him as his stepmother himself.

First Premium (£1),—"A BASHFUL CONTRIBUTOR," Edinburgh.

A DREADFUL GHOST.

ABOUT this time last year I received a very pressing invitation from my friend Captain Harrold, to have a few days shooting at his pretty little box in Devonshire, and being particularly fond of sport, most gladly accepted it, thinking of the hospitable entertainments he gave, as well as his well-stocked preserves, and the merry evenings I have so often enjoyed.

I was not disappointed; the weather was delightful, the sport excellent, and after a long day's shooting, we had a very jolly evening, telling hunting stories, and fighting our battles o'er again.

Among the guests was Squire Fenton, of Bilton Abbey, whose estate joined my friends'. His eldest son would be twenty-one the following day, and all Captain Harrold's guests were invited to join in the festivities on the morrow. Those of my readers who have been present at a coming of age in the country will know the hearty manner in which they enjoy such occasions, and this was no exception to the general rule. Everyone was happy; everyone drank to the young Squire, and we kept up the fun to a very late hour, forgetting all about getting home. When we were thinking of making a move, we discovered that it was a terrible night; the rain poured in torrents, and the darkness was intense.

As matters stood, there was only one thing left for us, and that was to stay at the Abbey all night.

The Squire made arrangements, and said he had room for all, if one of us would occupy the "haunted room;" explaining that an ancestor of the family had been murdered and robbed in this room, and since that time it was rumoured that a ghost had appeared at intervals, but he had never seen it.

I do not believe in ghosts, and proposed that I should occupy this strange room, which I did.

Now, whether you believe in ghosts or not, after talking about them so much, it is impossible to dismiss the idea instantly from your thoughts. So I lay awake a considerable time thinking, when I fancied there were strange sounds in the Abbey. I heard rumbling of chains, and keys turning in rusty locks. Again I listened, and distinctly heard a key turned, and a nearer one still, then more rumbling of chains, and then a key turned in the door of my own apartment. The door opened slowly, and a figure entered with a haggard face and long white garments, dragging those terrible chains that sounded so hollow in the old Abbey. It beckoned me to follow it: I could not move—I was spellbound. With a terrible voice it urged me to follow. "I am," said the figure, "the ghost of Squire Fenton, who was murdered and robbed in this very room 90 years ago to-day. It was my custom to keep my money-bags and valuables under the pillow; and the butler—one Jack Barnes—knowing this, robbed and murdered me, and hid the treasure some distance from here. Follow me, and I will lead you thither. Follow! follow! follow!"

I did follow, through halls, passages, and courtyards, through ploughed fields and stubble, to a large meadow; the poor ghost led me to the centre of it and halted, saying—"Mark this spot, here lies the treasure; restore it to the present Squire, and you shall reap your reward." So saying, the ghost disappeared.

And I, to mark the spot, began to pull up large tufts of grass until I was almost exhausted. I pulled again and slipped; my head had struck something hard—it was the bed post! I had been dreaming, and had pulled nearly the whole of the *horse-hair out of the mattress*.

Second Premium (10s.)—Awarded to Mr. W. GROVES, 17 King William Street, London, W.C.

THE BOY WHO NEVER TOLD A LIE.

SHE was a stout, red-faced person, with a commanding voice and a firm step. She held a fine little fellow by the hand, her exact picture, and the very image of truth and innocence.

"This is my wee laddie, sir," she said, stepping into my shop, and indicating the little chap by a loving pat on the head.

"Nice boy, ma'am," I, smiling, replied, wondering what she was going to treat him to; for I keep a nice well-stocked toy shop.

"Yes, sir; and as I see you want a smart, honest message boy, I thought he would suit you. He is a good, beautiful scholar."

"Ah! Been in business before?"

"Never, sir."

"Strictly honest, doesn't loiter on his errands, and tells no lies?"

"Honest as the sun, swift as the telegraph, and never told a lie in his life."

"Very good; we'll give him a trial. What's your name, my little man?"

"Hold up your head, Tom, and answer the gentleman," commanded the mother kindly, for Tom had transferred his gaze from a wooden horse to the toe of his boot. "You see, he is a shy little fellow," she said in way of apology.

"So much the better, ma'am. I don't like your forward boys; they're always up to mischief."

So it was settled that I was to give Tom Backard a trial. For the first week he was all that could be desired, and I congratulated myself in having at last, after so many failures, got quite a model message boy.

The second week, however, I was not so satisfied, and had even to check him for delaying on his errands. But his excuses were always ready and good, so as a truthful boy he was hardened. His shyness wore off him with wonderful quickness, and he became quite communicative and social. He had a lot of little brothers and sisters, and they liked toys; so, to encourage him, I sent them some, and now I have reason to think he took them some I never sent. The longer he was with me the more careless and lazy he grew. One day at the dinner hour he came in two hours late.

"Hillo, my fine fellow, how is this?" I thundered out in a voice that was intended to make him quake.

"I was at a funeral, sir!" he replied, quietly writing his name on the floor the while with the toe of his boot.

"A funeral!" I repeated, fully assured that for once in his life he was not telling the truth. "Look here, I'll have no more of your excuses. Whose funeral were you at?" I asked, triumphantly.

"My mother's!" was the tremulous answer, as he squeezed a tear out of his eye with his knuckles.

I never was so taken down in my life, and did my best to make amends for my roughness. I gave him the choice of his toys to take home to his little brothers and sisters, poor things! He bore up under his loss with great courage and resignation; but then he was too young to realise his terrible misfortune.

For a time after this he had much of his own way. One doesn't like to be hard on an orphan, but even orphans may tire out one's patience. I had to caution him often, and I must say he listened to me attentively and respectfully, admitting all his faults, but never mending them. One morning he was much later than usual. I was mad, but tried to look as calm as possible.

"Well, sir, what excuse this morning?" I asked with a sneer, assured he had none, though, to tell the truth of him, he displayed a fertility in framing them truly marvellous.

"Please, sir, I was minding my father," he said, quite unabashed.

"What the dickens is wrong with your father that he needs minding?" I asked, thoroughly disgusted.

"Broken leg, sir; fell down the stair this morning while going to his work."

"The mischief he did. Well, you are an unfortunate family, I must say. Couldn't your brothers and sisters attend to him?"

"I'm the oldest, sir."

"And the head of the house now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You went for the doctor, and got his leg set, I hope?"

"Yes, sir; fetched the doctor in a cab."

"Who is with him now?"

"My aunt, sir."

"That'll do. You're a good clever boy, Tom."

And I really thought so as I saw him turn away with a smile. For more than a week I asked about that unlucky father. One day he was well, the next ill, and the day he was very bad Tom was sure to be late. What did I say? Nothing. I couldn't be a brute. At last my patience was fairly exhausted.

"How is your father this morning?" I asked savagely, hoping he was well, so that the son might get a bit of my mind.

"Dead sir! Died at a quarter to six this morning!" was the astounding reply.

I looked blankly at that boy. I could not utter a word. He looked at me compassionately, and smiled a sickly smile, as he said—

"He'll be buried to-morrow, sir; and I was going to ask if I might get away for the afternoon?"

"Certainly."

Poor fellow! I felt for his double bereavement. I forgot all his faults and excuses, and only thought of his little brothers and sisters.

"What will you do now, Tom? You'll give up the house, and go and live with your friends, I suppose?" I said, cheerily.

"No, sir; my uncle and aunt are going to stay with us. Uncle'll pay the rent and taxes and keep us in food; aunt'll keep house and look after the children; and I'll do my best to look after them all."

Not long after this he wanted away for an afternoon.

"What do you want away for?"

"To see my aunt, sir."

"Where is she?"

"In the Infirmary."

PUZZLEIANA.

To suit the tastes of the Junior section of its readers, the Proprietors of THE TATLER have arranged to open a column under the above heading, to be devoted to the publication of all kinds of poetical and other puzzling problems, and, in order to make these questions of a high-class nature, they have resolved to offer two prizes weekly, to be awarded to the senders of the best and second best contributions received; these prizes to be given in books of the value of 6s. and 3s. respectively. Prizes of the same kind will also be given at the end of the quarter, beginning with October, for the best sets of Solutions received to the Puzzles inserted during that period. The following rules to be observed by intending Competitors:—

- 1.—All contributions must be "Original," and so marked, written on one side of the paper only, with the correct solution affixed to each question, along with the author's real name and address.
- 2.—Solutions must be received not later than the second Saturday morning after the publication of the questions.
- 3.—All matter for this column to be enclosed in an envelope, addressed to THE TATLER Office, 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, with "Puzzleiana" written on outside of same.

Winners of the weekly prizes will have their names and addresses printed along with their contributions. When those who are successful see this, they are required to write to the Editor, informing him of the name and publisher of the work they may choose to possess of the value of the prize they have gained, when it will be sent to them post free within a fortnight.

No. 17.—DECAPITATION.
(First Premium, 6s. Vol.)

'Tis night—a sentry walks his solitary round
In thoughtful mood; anon he lifts his eyes,
And gazes on the starlit dome; no stir, no sound
Breaks on the stillness of the earth and skies.
A queenly moon adorns the glorious, spangled arch,
But calmly each and all in silence roll;
Impressed he stands, then once again resumes his march,
And meditates, now grand, now vast my *whole*.
And, as along the silent street resounds his tread,
Decapitate, and open wide your ears;
My next, in measured time re-echoes overhead,
And interrupts the music of the spheres.
Behold again, now light streams from a casement near;
His step he quickens, and his watchful eyes
Between the parted curtains slowly, quietly peer—
A game goes on; ah! see! the players rise.
As one displays to view a single, blood-red heart,
My next has vict'ry won, and now they go;
The hall door creaks, the guests shake hands, and then depart,
And all again is still, above, below.

117 Ardgowan Street, Shields Road.

MARGUERITE J. MACOWIE.

No. 16.—CHARADE.
(Second Premium, 3s. Vol.)

1. I am old and wicked and weary;
The world is wretched and dreary;
Yet I cling to it close, as long as I can,
For I know I will die; and that every man
Speaks evil things about me,
Yet cannot do without me.
2. I am a little sprite of many,
As busy and useful as any;
I dwell with virtue, yet share in evil,
I'm partly angel and partly devil;
And men think naught about me,
Yet cannot do without me.
3. I am young and happy and smiling,
Yet old as the first beguiling—
Wherever a want, or longing, or tear—
Oh, look! look up! I am near! I am here.
If men but thought about me,
They need not do without me.
4. Whole I am false and cruel and hollow,
Unworthy of men to follow,
Let honest work have its due reward,
And the idler meet with little regard.
If men thought right about me,
They'd always do without me.

258 Bath Street, Glasgow.

MARION BUCHANAN.

No. 18.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Primals, read down, give a writer's name,
Finals, read up, give a book of the same.

1. A child of nature now you see,
A rude barbarian is he;
2. This one, in the days of old,
Reigned as Norway's king, we're told;

3. If standing near a deep abyss,
Be careful lest you should go this;
4. A smart and rather pretty name,
A flower bears one almost the same;
5. Don't look this, you might love your beau,
You would not wish to have it so;
6. If you take this when you can get,
With it you may get into debt;
7. A title borne by nobility,
Soars above mere gentility;
8. With this she trudged along the way,
Though it was heavy she was gay;
9. Some take water cooled like this,
Some prefer it as it is;
10. An evil sire of evil son,
A king of Israel was this one;
11. A space of time in this is seen;
Short or long it may have been.

Glasgow.

JANET H. G.

No. 19.—CHARADE.

How firm and stern my *first* appears,
There's no escape from this;
Unmovable, though pressed with tears,
Its aim it cannot miss.
And if my *next* you've never felt,
Then happy you should be;
For at the doctor's feet have knelt
Millions possessed by me.
My *whole* is trained with tender care,
And possesses many charms;
As such as have it not are rare,
Its absence oft alarms.

Glasgow.

W. MILLER.

No. 20.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. My first the head of a turnip you'll see,
2. Rather backward my second will be,
3. This is oftentimes put as news in the papers;
4. On the top of the roof they cut their capers.
5. Get my next and you won't regret,
6. The money you pay; on that I'll bet.
7. A bird now see without a doubt,
8. A flower now you will soon make out.
9. A place of rest I now will show,
10. And my last is standing in a row.

Carlisle.

"ROBIN HOOD."

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES IN No. 6.

No. 1.—THE TATLER, ONCE A WEEK; thus—

T	O	O	T	M	P	I	C	K
C	H	O	R	I	S	T	E	R
T	R	E	A	C	H	E	R	Y
N	O	R	T	H	W	E	S	T
T	E	R	M	A	G	A	N	T
I	N	D	E	N	T	U	R	E
E	N	C	I	R	C	L	E	D
A	M	D	R	O	I	D	E	S
O	P	P	R	E	S	S	O	E

No. 2.—MAN-AGE-ABLE.

No. 3.—JUG-GLER-LEG-GLUE.

No. 4.—SPECTRE, SCEPTRE, RESPECT.

No. 5.—MAY-DAY; thus—M arrie D

A bb A
Yesterday

Answered by the following:—H. Cooper, Edinburgh; "Robin Hood," Carlisle; J. C. Miller, Glasgow; T. A., Catrine. Janet H. G. (received); R. Simpson, J. Chalmers, H. B. Thornton, G. Adamson, G. Hill, G. P. Hacking, Jun., Over Darwen.

A baker advertising that his bread was "hard to beat," was disgusted when the printer made it "hard to eat."

♦ ♦ ♦

I love men, not because they are *men*, but because they are not women.—*Queen Christine of Sweden.*

*. We direct the attention of our local readers to the Advertisement of facilities for Railway Excursions issued by the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, a copy of which appears on second page of Cover.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW SERIAL STORY—

THE UNCOMMITTED CRIME,

BY THEODORE ALFRED CROFT.

THE Opening Chapter of this interesting Story will be given with No. 10 of THE TATLER, beginning Part III., and the Tale will extend over several months.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS." Twelfth edition. (Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1883.)

AN esteemed friend of THE TATLER, now deceased, was wont to say that if he had power to decree three books to be read in every school in Britain, they would be the Bible, Shakespeare, and the memoir of William and Robert Chambers. The last-named work is a most striking memorial of two self-made men, and full of honest pride in the lowly efforts of their years of struggle and poverty. It should be read by everybody, either in school or out of school.

"PHANTOM FORTUNE." By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." (London: J. & R. Maxwell. 1883.)

A SPIRITED story, full of dramatic vigour and fine characterpainting. The stern fortitude of Lady Mauleverer is a very bold conception, and the disclosure of her husband's long concealment is cleverly brought about. Those who like humour will admire Lady Kirkbank, fast, false, and frivolous as she is.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B. T. (Buxton).—Puzzle received. Your view of our efforts is getting general recognition.

J. V. H.—The Irish matter requires delicate but firm handling.

J. T.—Certainly. But they must be very good, and not from current publications.

O. P. Q.—THE TATLER cannot act as "blackfoot." Seek an introduction through a common friend.

MARY MINN.—Send us cake when it comes off. Such "cuttings" are always welcome.

JONATHAN SWIFT.—Your Stella is very unkind. But try again.

G. H. M. (Leamington).—Thanks for suggestion. It is being considered.

Other replies next week.

Questions can only be answered through this Column.

The LONDON OFFICE of THE TATLER is at 84 FLEET STREET (next door to PUNCH Office).

To be had at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, London, and in the country, and in Liverpool, Dublin, and Belfast; also Messrs. WILLING & CO. S Bookstalls, London, &c.

GRAND PREMIUM CONTRIBUTION ARRANGEMENTS.

"When a man has engaged to keep a Stage Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Passengers or not, to set out. Thus it fares with us weekly Historians; but, indeed, for my Particular, I hope I shall soon have little more to do in this work than to publish what is sent me from such as have Leisure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleased in an elegant Manner."—"The Tatler," 7th May, 1709.

The Proprietors of THE TATLER offer each week TWO PREMIUMS, namely ONE POUND and TEN SHILLINGS, and COMMENDATIONS, for the best Contributions sent in. The following conditions require to be observed:—

1. The MSS. must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be properly paged and fastened.
2. The Contributor must furnish full name and address at the end of each Contribution.
3. Where the Contribution is not Original, the source, date of publication, and, where possible, the author's name must be given.
4. Preference will as a rule be given to Original matter, which should be marked "Original" on the right hand corner of the first page, and Original Anecdotes or Verses will be acceptable. No prize will be awarded for matter which has appeared in any contemporary, and such should not be sent in.
5. The MSS. must be addressed to "Editor of THE TATLER," 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, and all MSS. received up to Saturday morning's delivery will be in time for that week's competition. The result will be intimated and the premium contributions printed a fortnight thereafter. The words "Premium Competition" should be written on the cover.
6. The copyright of all Original MSS. sent in shall vest in the Proprietors of THE TATLER, and all MSS. may be used, whether gaining a premium or not.
7. The Name and Address of the Contributors obtaining the Premiums will be published each week, unless Contributors object to this publicity. If they object, their initials or *nom de plume* will be published instead, but it is preferred that the full name and address of successful Competitors be given.

To be had at all Railway Bookstalls, and may be ordered from any News-agent throughout the United Kingdom.

* * Parts I. and II. now ready, containing portraits of—

The Queen.	H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.
Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.	The Earl of Rosebery, K.T.
Henry Irving.	Lady Brassey.
The Duke of Buccleuch, K.G.	Mr. A. C. Mackenzie.
Rt. Hon. Jos. Chamberlain, M.P.	

Printed separately on toned paper. 6d. each; by Post, 7d.

Printed for the Proprietors by MACRONE & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—October 27, 1883.

liged,
th u
son
from
leand

each
TEN
Con-
quire

the
ned.
and

the
the

inal
the
inal
rize
any

HE
all
will
sult
ons
um

all
all
ot
ors
k,
ey
ed
d

d
=
f

MITCHELL'S

FAMED OLD IRISH WHISKY
OBTAINED HIGHEST AWARD AT MELBOURNE EXHIBITION
Principal Agent for Scotland—D. MITCHELL, 167 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

BELFAST

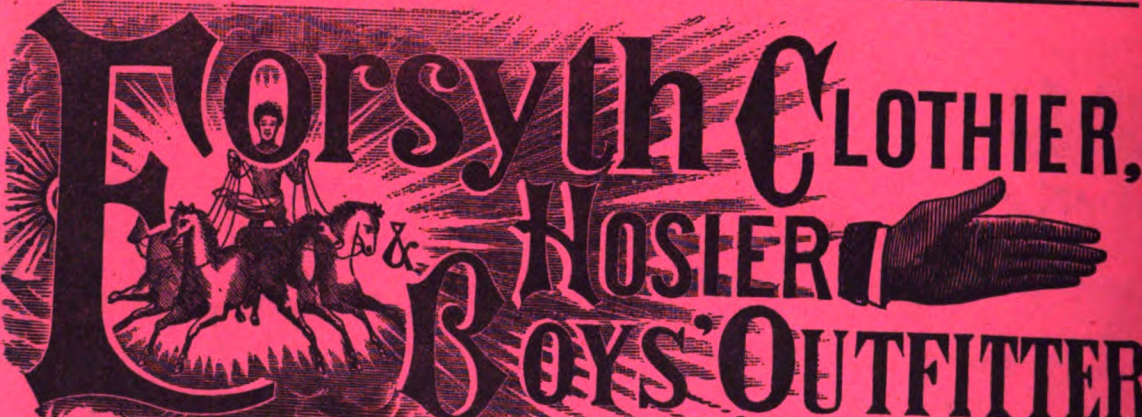
POSSESSING ALL THE PROPERTIES OF THE FINEST ARROWROOT.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

Makes Delicious Puddings, Custards, Blanc-Mange, &c.

The First Manufactured in this Country, and of world-wide reputation for uniformly superior quality

RENFIELD ST., GLASGOW.



**Forsyth & Co. CLOTHIER,
HOSIERS &
BOYS' OUTFITTER**

THOMPSON'S CONCENTRATED NERVE TONIC

A very Powerful Brain Feeder. A Nerve and Muscle Strengtheners. A Stomach Reviver. It is the great cure for Nervous Exhaustion, Lassitude, Weakness, Loss of Appetite, and General Debility; also, for all Nerve pains, Neuralgia, Gout, Rheumatism, &c. Phials, 1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; by Post, One Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

TOOTHACHE OR NEURALGIA

In the Gums instantly cured with Thompson's Toothache Specific. Phials, 1s. each; by Post, One Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

The above Preparations GENUINE ONLY at

**M. F. THOMPSON'S, Central Homœopathic Pharmacy,
17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.**

CAREFULLY NOTE THE ONLY ADDRESS.

THOMPSON'S ESSENCE OF PODOPHYLLUM

The most effectual remedy for Sluggishness of the Liver, Billiousness, Glandular Disease and Jaundice, which is indicated by a Sallow Complexion, Furred Tongue, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Sickness and Giddiness, Bitter Taste in the Mouth, Offensive Breath, Tendency to Bilious Vomiting and Purging; Dull Heavy-pressing Pains on the forehead, temples, and vertex, relieved by pressure. It has been successfully used by many Physicians of eminence, and is confidently recommended as a safe and efficient remedy in the above cases. Phials, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. each; by Post, One Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

Inflamed Toe Joints, Enlarged Toe Joints, CORNS, BUNIONS, &c.,

Effectually Cured with Thompson's New American Solvent. It relieves the pain instantly, and in a few days removes Corns, Swellings, &c. Bottles, 1s. 1½d. each, Post free for 15 Stamps.

THE TATLER

Monthly.

PART III.—DECEMBER, 1883.

CONTENTS.

Portrait Gallery Sketches, - 145, 161, 177, 193
 Journal of a Yankee Girl, - 146, 162, 178, 194
 Theatrical Tattle, - - 148, 164, 180, 196
 Inner Life of the Great City, - - 150, 165
 Travellers' Tales, - - 151, 165, 183, 197
 The Benefits of Advertising, - - - 167
 "Papa! I Have Found Him," - - - 170

Another Woe of Ireland, 145	"Don't be Afraid," - 167
Alphabetical Lectures, - 151	Tatters and Rags, - - 169
A Ghostly Wife, - - 152	Laissez-Faire, - - 177
The Demon of Drink, - 152	"Tay Without Crame," - 181
Six Times Drowned, - 153	A Fight for Life, - - 184
Love or Duty, - - - 154	A Night's Terror, - - 185
A Terrible Adventure, - 155	What is the Franchise? 194
"It isn't me, Parson," - 158	Got Him There, - - 197
Puzzleiana, 159, 174, 190, 205	How He Got a Quiet Wife, 199
Reviews, - 159, 174, 189, 205	Slayer and Saviour, - 200
"Outcast London," - 161	A Medical Examination, 204
"A Time to Work and a Time to Pray," - 163	
A Murderer in Spite of Himself, - - 168	
Insurance and Assurance, - - - 188, 203	
A Sadder and a Wiser—Something! - - 201	

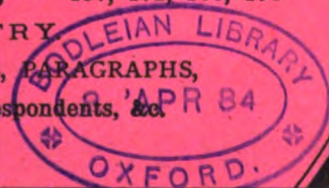
NEW SERIAL STORY—

The Uncommitted Crime, - 157, 172, 186, 198

POETRY.

SHORT ARTICLES, PARAGRAPHS,

Answers to Correspondents, &c.



PRICE SIXPENCE.

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME 34
PART 1
1904



RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES W. PILKE, BART., M.P.

THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 10.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

KEEP NOTHING FROM MOTHER.

- They sat at the spinning together,
And they spun the fine white thread;
One face was old and the other young—
A golden and a silver head.
- At times the young voice broke to song
That was wonderfully sweet;
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm,
For her joy was most complete.
- There was many a holy lesson,
Interwoven with silent prayer,
Taught to her gentle, listening child,
As they two sat spinning there.
- “And of all that I speak, my darling,
From my older head and heart,
God giveth me one last thing to say,
And with it thou shalt not part.
- “Thou wilt listen to many voices,
And ah! woe that this must be!
The voice of praise and the voice of love
And the voice of flattery.
- “But listen to me, my little one,
There's one thing that thou shalt fear—
Let never a word to my love be said
Which her mother may not hear.
- “No matter how true, my darling one,
The words may seem to thee,
They are not fit for my child to hear
If they cannot be told to me.
- “If thou'lt ever keep thy young heart pure
And thy mother's heart from fear,
Bring all that is said to thee by day
At night to thy mother's ear.”

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 10.—RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES W. DILKE, M.P.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, the hope of the progressive party in this country, is the most statesmanlike of the younger members of the Ministry. In his salad days he no doubt said some things which he would hardly care to repeat now; and the rhyme about “Dilke,

Dilke, Dilver, grudged the Queen her silver,” was the outcome of a kind of reaction from the excessive courtliness of the atmosphere in which he was trained.

In “Greater Britain,” Sir Charles Dilke has shown that he is a keen observer of men, and a man not disposed to view with indifference the splendid empire of freedom which has been built up by British pluck and energy. His studies and travels had eminently fitted him for the Foreign Office, to which he went as Under-Secretary when the present Ministry came into office. Nobody understood then, and nobody understands now, why he did not at once get Cabinet rank; and it is also one of the mysteries of “Cabinet-making” that he should now be so very decidedly a round man in a square hole. In culture and mode of thought, Sir Charles Dilke has in him the making of a statesman of the first order, and only time and opportunity are wanted to give him that position. In Parliament, he got a high name while he represented the Foreign Office in the House of Commons; and even his political foes always speak of Sir Charles with the respect which force of character and good intellectual powers ever command. Some of his admirers are at a loss to know why he should be looked upon as less “dangerous” than some other members of the advanced school; but such is the fact, and students of the world's history may not be indisposed to see in such a training as Sir Charles Dilke gave himself, the surest guarantee that he, at least, will not lightly play with the great empire which he has been called upon to assist in ruling.

ANOTHER WOE OF IRELAND.

POOR unhappy country! Ignorance unrebuked by knowledge, and evil passions stirred up by professional agitators, who fatten and grow rich on the ruin of the country they profess to serve! It says much for the vitality of good in the world that in the hands of the “patriots” Ireland should have such a large proportion of law-abiding people. As nothing can live but by the amount of truth that is in it, so we must

believe that some truth remains in Ireland, or surely an indignant Providence would long ago have swept the country and its people from the face of the earth.

It is not the fault of the firebrands of Ireland that things have not come to this pass. We have cold-blooded miscreants, whose speeches are couched in the terms of friendship for the country, but whose advice leads it deeper and deeper into misery. But what care they! Their pockets are replenished, and the coat they boast of having taken off for the work is replaced by one of finer cloth. It is possible to point to men who have, on the waves of the recent agitation, risen from obscure clerkships to seats in the Legislature, and who are owners of enormous factories, to which the finger of reproach points, saying, "this has been built with the blood of Ireland and the peace of the poor dupes who listen to the advice of unscrupulous and foul-mouthed agitators." There are others of the ghoul fraternity who, from the safe distance of Paris and New York, stir up the flames of discord, which they are too cowardly to face, and grow rich on the money sweated out of their ignorant victims.

Is there no cure for all this? To appeal to the consciences of the agitators is futile, for they have none. Under the guise of leading the Irish, they are simply bent on enriching themselves; and of all human passions selfishness is the least open to the influence of noble suggestions. But the people themselves? Surely the day will come when the people of Ireland will recognise in just laws and well-preserved order better elements of life than could be attained in any other way. The justice and the order could be guaranteed if only the men of Ireland would cast off their self-seeking guides, and range themselves on the side of law and order. But it is a task of no little magnitude to teach the Irish people. Blinded by generations of evil teaching, and nursing the memories of undoubted injustice long since passed away, they listen to those malicious praters who grow rich upon their ignorance, and actually compel the Executive to use suppressive measures which every ruler would fain do without.

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL:

A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER XIII.

It's bin the fust of April, the burthday of April fules. 'Taint bin my burthday, much. It's mebbe why Jim's ma's got a noo baby, the quereest thing I ever seen, 'thout 1 bit of hare, most as bald 's uncle, an' red all over, same's it was raw and wanted bilin'. Its got a face like a munkey, an' i's as can't see nuthin', an' a little squeke it its throte as its tryin' to speke with. So I askt Jim ware his ma got it, an' he sed the doktor

bawt it, an' that it was awful dere, an' cost piles an' piles o' dollars.

"An' 'taint wurth it," he sed, "I aint had nuthin' to eat ever since it cum'd. You woud think ther was nobuddy around but that baby. I wish doktor had bawt a noo wife, or a littel dog."

Jim was in the sulks cos he was hungri, so I askt the doktor ware he got the baby, cos I wanted 1 2, an' he sed in a tree stump. An' wen I got home the cow had got a caff, as had sum bigger a squeke nor Jim's ma's baby, an' wen I askt mammie where the cow got it, she sed it was in a tree stump too. So I went an' hunted all over a-lukin' for caffs and baby's, till Jim cum an' told me I was a April fule. Nothin's gone rite sinse, an' O I'se that tired fulin' fokes, that I'se most noddin' slepy. Uncle's gettin' well agen, an' got a noo kind of hen, an' nest, an' eggs, an' all, and was waitin' for chikkens. So I askt Grace where the chikkens was, an' she sed as how they was inside the eggs. Wen I lukt for 'em ther wasn't one. Uncle's that mad since the eggs broke, as I told him it must be rats. An' Jo went an' bawt a rat-trap as is 2 littel for me, so uncle got his hand snapt a-settin' it. Grace an' I had no bizness tryin' to luke inside the eggs, wich I thawt was 2 littel houses for chikkens to live in. An' she told me as how the eggs must be set upon an' kep warm 'fore the chikkens woud cum out. So I got sum more eggs, wich was all the same as them as was broke, an' O my! uncle's in an awful mesa. I put 'em in his easy-chare for him to sit on 'em, an' kepe 'em warm, an' bring out the chikkens, wich all ran down his dressin-gownd like jelly, Grace sez. So I aint a-goin' to see uncle for a spell. Jim an' me was goin to be gude, an' help mammie an' Grace get the dinner reddy. An' everything was luvly till Jim went home. We was all a-workin', cos it was the fust dinner as uncle had sat up 2, an' all of a suddint ther was an awful rakkit, an' suttthin' cum'd a-skreechin' down'd the chimly, an' on 2 the ranje, an' danded around like a gutty-purky jes bawl made o' suite. Its bak was round like a bo-an'-aro', an' its tale thikker nor a rolin' pin, an' the way it jump't, an' hisst, an' puffed, an' rased the sute an' dust, an' jump'd thro' the winder, was enuff to make you think all the April fules in Stokerville was in aunt's tabby. So wen Grace an' mammie cum bak, as thawt it was the bad man, everything was messed, an' we began agen. An' ther was supe, an' fish, an' a stake pie, an' a rost, an' pastery, an' Grace an' mammie was runnin' out an' in bizzyer than Bes. So I tasted the rost wich Jim, as cum'd back, helpt me; an' Grace told us how too put the paste on the pie, an' wen she cum'd bak it was dun luvly, an' put in the winder. So we helpt set the tabel, an' uncle an' aunt was both up, an' uncle had cleened hissself as askt me if I thawt he was a pattunt inkybatur. An' Grace was ther, but Jim was out in the yard as mist all the fun. Uncle likes mushrume ketchup in his supe, an' wen he tasted it, he askt Grace—

"Wot's this?"

"Ox-tale supe, sir."

"But this in the bottle. Wot d'ye put ink in the ketchup bottle for?"

"O, please, I've very sorry if I fil'd the cruitt out of the rong bottel."

So uncle tuke sum more supe as wasn't inkt. An' wen he 'gan to pepper his fish, aunt 'gan to sneeze, so's I was most bustin'. So he went on pepperin', an' aunt went on sneezin'—a-tehee, a-tehee, a-tehee!

"Taint pepper—a-tehee, a-tehee. Its snu—a-tehee, snuff—a-tehee—tehee."

I gess uncle thawt she was crazy, till he tasted the fish, an' rung the bell in a fury for Grace, as had run away laffin' at aunt.

"Wot does this mene, Grace? Is the hole house drunk? Wot with snuff in the pepper castur, an' ink in the ketchup bottel, I spose there'll be arsenik in the salt cellar?"

An' Grace was that tuke she coodn't speke, so sez I,

"No, uncle, ther aint no arsenik in the salt cellar, cos I filled it myself, an' know jes zackly wots in it."

So uncle took more fish as wasn't snuff, an' wen he cum'd to salt his befe, he turn'd that purpul I thawt his nose was goin' to fly in peeces. I think he used cuss words, leastways they was like wot Mr. Conly sed wen he was mad. So he tuke his befe without sugar, and then he wanted sum pie. I felt sum skary 'bout that pia. So he sed—

"There's a curius smell 'bout this pie, Grace. Pijjins, is it? Do you call that pijjins? I calls it kitten."

A littel hary thing with a long tail, as he held it up on his fork. I gess he was pooty nere rite, an' Grace was dun, an' 'gan to blubber an' say as how there must be a majishun lyin' sumwares around the house, cos she put in the pijjins an' sesnin' with her own hana. An' uncle was in a proper temper, cos there wasn't no rele pie, an' he throw'd it out the windy, and sed more cuss wurd, an'

"I'll get to the botum of this, Grace," wich he didn't mene the pie.

So he 'gan to make hisself sum sallid, an' furgot all 'bout the snuff an' sugar, an' put in vinnygar as was kerryseen, an' ile as was castur. It was 'bout the nisist sallid, I gess, as ever was. I wated for the sploshun. I gess uncle had sum nitry-glisserin in his inside. He got sum sallid in his mowth, an', oh mi! wot a funny face he put on. It most all drawd to his mowth, 'cep his nose, wich ain't much gude enny way. Then he got on his fete, an' held his hed out til his mowth got wide agen, an' pusht all the stuff out on the carpet with his tung, an' kerryseen an' castur ile was arunnin' down his chin. He cum 'bouts nere choekin' as he cood, an' then it cum'd—the splosion. I nevvur kno'd uncle was so nawty. He cussed for 'bout 5 minnits 'thout a breth, an' sent evvrybuddy whare fokes sez it's pritty warm. "An' if ther's ennybuddy around wants to try slite o' hand, or to be

a pressty-dig-a-tater, they'll have to find sumbuddy els to praktis on. Bring in the koffy."

So as soon's Grace brawt it in, uncle tuke stum, an' 'gan to sputter and fuff, jes like the cat wen it cum down the chimly, and sez:—

"Ugh! wot die-a-bollik bru is this!"

An' he up with the water an' throwd it, cups an' ern and all, into the fire, an' stamp't 'bout the rume like mad.

"Things is goin' to the bad man. Mi own survents is bandid togethur agenst me. Ware in all the wide wurd was a man, as has bin ni to deth's dore, evvur brawt bak to life to be so insulted in his own house. Shugar fur salt, an' salt fur shugar; snuff fur peppur; ink fur ketchup; kittins fur pijjins; kerryseen an' castur ile—who ever hurd of sich devvlsh injunooiti? Bring up evvrybuddy as was in the kitching 2-day." So Grace brawt up mammie and Jo, but Jim staid in the yard. An' uncle told 'em to clere out evvry wan, 'cos they was ingrates, an' was playin' jokes with the mursys as cum'd from abuv. Praps he ment the tabby as Grace told him about. So sez I:

"Mebbe, uncle, things ain't agoin' rite cos it's April fule's day."

It was 'bout time for me to go. So I went, an' Jim tuke me to his house, ware they didn't hev kerryseen nor castur ile in the dinnur, an' there wasn't no cat pi.

(To be continued).

THE LOVE THAT LASTS.—The love of money.

A YOUNG man called his sweetheart "rare opportunity," because she is worthy of being embraced.

THE young lady who made 700 words out "conservatory" last fall has run away from home. Her mother wanted her to make three loaves of bread out of "flour."

THE poet who wrote "the child is father to the man," was somewhat disconcerted when a practical friend asked him how the case would be in the event of the child being a girl.

WHEN travelling on a railroad it is said that lying with the head toward the engine will often cure a headache. A more effective remedy is to lie with the head on the railroad track in front of the engine. The latter receipt is warranted, or the money returned.

AT a recent wedding in Canton, Mo., the parson closed the ceremony with the sentence, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," when an aged woman exclaimed with great earnestness, "Or no woman either, for they're just as bad as the men."

"DAD, were you ever a fish?" The individual thus addressed lowered his chin and gazed over his spectacles at the boy in speechless astonishment. "Oh, don't get mad at me, dad, for asking you," continued his inquisitive offspring. "Mrs. Cooly came in after you were gone yesterday, and asked ma what she would do if you were dead, and ma laughed and said she guessed there was just as good salmon in the sea as you are."

LONDON THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

Mr. "Gus" Harris evidently believes in giving his patrons plenty for their money, but there are times when too much of a good thing begins to be disagreeable. This was the case on Monday, 15th October, when the drama, in five acts, by Robert Buchanan, and, of course, Augustus Harris, was presented, christened "A Sailor and his Lass." The curtain fell about 12.15, Tuesday morning, miserably wet outside; and having changed my unmentionables previous to going to the theatre, found myself with no money, so I had a nice trot home. Like the generality of Drury Lane Augustus Harris' dramas, there is but little literary merit in the piece, and it has, without a doubt, been manufactured so as to give the stage-carpenters, scenic artists, machinists, &c., &c., a "big" chance. This they have taken full advantage of; and although, perhaps, the "pictures" presented are not equal to those seen in "Freedom," yet there is sufficient to fill the little house for many nights to come. I do not wonder at the critics being "down" on the scene representing the execution of Harry Hastings. It was most revolting, and Mr. Harris has wisely cut it out. No stage manager knows how to carry realism to such a height as Mr. Harris, but this time he has rather overstepped the mark.

Mr. Harris has all the fat, and he seems very popular with the audience. Who would not, after undergoing the many trials he goes through as *Harry Hastings*? Certainly such an individual as this character has seldom been equalled. *Dick Turpin* is out of it, whilst *Jack Sheppard* would not be tolerated, after seeing the sufferings and hardships of *Harry*. Still there is much energy and fervour in "Gus's" acting, and if no art can be seen, he must be credited with working very hard.

Mr. James Fernandez is splendid as the old farmer. This gentleman's acting in the last act was grand, and a hurricane of applause greeted and acknowledged his efforts. Mr. Henry George was a good villain, and Mr. William Morgan a reliable *Walter Carruthers*. Mr. Harry Jackson as a caddy, blessed with the name of *Bob Downsey*, tickled me immensely, whilst his description of the horse he possessed, which he would back to win the Derby, if the said Derby was run in "growlers," was most amusing. Mr. Harry Nicholls, too, made a comic part very funny. Miss Sophia Eyre, as *Esther*, played with much true art, investing the part with much sympathy, feeling, and pathos. Miss Harriet Jay showed considerable talent as *Mary Morton*. Miss Clara Jecks was also good, and the numerous characters have very decent representatives.

"Hard up," by Edward Righton, was produced at the Strand on the Saturday afternoon of the 20th inst., and proved a very merry work. There are few people perhaps who can so thoroughly appreciate those little words composing the title as "Whiffles," and so the piece had a peculiar fascination for me, and I found it impossible to keep away from the cosy little theatre. Of course, the title almost tells us on what lines the plot runs. There were people "hard up" on the stage, and (I can speak for myself here) people "hard up" in the audience, and yet, not one of them was "hard up" for applause, and they let the actors know it. Mr. Righton does not forget

himself, (who does now-a-days in their own pieces?) and as the pawnbroker (to me, my own and best friend) was very funny. He always is funny; but he showed, at times, a good appreciation of the pathetic. Mr. Philip Beck played *Captain Courdor* tolerably well; and Mr. George Barret was also acceptable. Miss Mary Rorke, as *Margaret Tolswell*, was simply charming. Miss Emma Ritta also did good service as *Malle. Ellisdea*, and Miss Lydia Cowell was energetic as the "slavey."

A very interesting play is "Young Folks' Ways," in four acts, written by Mrs. Burnett and W. H. Gillette, produced at the St. James's Theatre on Saturday, 20th inst. The characters are strikingly drawn, and the dialogue fresh and bright. Most "Tatlerites" have read Mrs. Burnett's "Esmeralda," and the story is produced to a nicety in the drama. Pressure of space forbids me giving the plot, but it is homely and simple. The acting is well looked after, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal coming in for plenty of the good things. Their style is so well known, so easy, natural, and refined, that it requires nothing more to be said by the gent. who signs this "tattle." Mr. Hare is well at home as the old farmer *Rogers*, and the valuable services of Mr. John Maclean are well employed. Mrs. Hermann Vezin, as *Mrs. Rogers*, is thoroughly artistic, and Miss Webster—a grand-daughter of the late Mr. Benjamin Webster—made her first appearance as the heroine, and showed a good aptitude for the stage. The piece was admirably "put on."

When the "Silver King" begins to wane, the new drama by Messrs. Wills and Herman is being got ready to fill its place. It will probably be produced about the 24th November.

The "row" between Mr. Clement Scott and Mr. S. Grundy has formed an important topic in theatrical circles the past week or so. However, I am inclined to think one of the gentlemen will get off "Scott free."

I learn from that well-informed paper, *The Stage*, that there is every probability of Minnie Palmer becoming a member of the Gaiety Company next year. She will soon make herself a favourite with the "mashers," who, although they do like a pretty face and shapely limbs, enjoy, as a sort of refresher, a bit of talent.

When Mr. Toole returns to town, he will still continue to play his original character in "Stage Dora." The alterations at the Haymarket will not necessitate Mr. Toole's resigning the part. Fancy "Johnny" burlesquing Bancroft.

Mr. F. B. Chatterton gave a recital of "Bardell v. Pickwick" at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday.

"Gillette de Narbonne" will succeed "The Merry Duchess" at the Royalty soon. Wherever the "Duchess" has been, she has enjoyed herself immensely, and has proved a source of enjoyment to those who have seen her as well.

"Ours," was revised at Toole's on Tuesday, 23rd. Mr. F. H. Macklin and Miss Amy Roselle are the latest additions to this compact little company now located here.

"New Babylon" is filling the Grand. Messrs. Holt and Wilmot will produce a pantomime here, and already have made some important engagements.

I am late in informing the readers of THE TATLER that Irving has arrived in America. Miss Terry, I regret to say, found it necessary to speak a few of *Shylock's* lines, and remark, "I am not well."

"Confusion" has reached its 100th night at the Vaudeville, and it seems to go down as well as ever. Those who have not seen it had better make haste, and lose no time in enjoying the fun.

The latest whim of Sarah Bernhardt is to appear in a drama illustrating the principal incidents of her career. Whether it is to be a tragedy, melodrama, or burlesque, I am at present unable to state. Certainly, some of her games and fancies would look well in the latter.

"Falka" was presented at the Comedy on Monday, 29th. In the cast are the names of Messrs. Henry Ashley, Louie Kelleher, Harry Paulton, Miss Wadman (of Gaiety fame), and the sweet-voiced Miss Cameron.

"Ingomar" has been withdrawn, and the "Lady of Lyons" reigns in its stead. I hope to refer to this more fully in my next, but I give you the cast—*Claude Melnotte*, Mr. J. H. Barnes; *Col. Damas*, Mr. William Farren; *Beauseant*, Mr. Frank Archer; *Glavis*, Mr. Jas. Rosier; *M. Deschappelles*, Mr. W. H. Stevens; *Landlord*, Mr. Fred. Irish; *Madame Deschappelles*, Mrs. Arthur Stirling; *Widow Melnotte*, Mrs. Billington; and *Pauline*, Miss Mary Anderson.

"Fedora" has been received in New York with immense enthusiasm, Miss Fanny Davenport playing the title rôle. I am pleased to note the success of Mr. R. B. Mantell as *Loris Ipanoff*. This gentleman, if memory serves me right, played the leading juvenile parts, some few months back, with Miss Wallis, *en tour*.

Some of the critics have been going into ecstasies over the "rain" in a scene in "A Sailor and his Lass." I hear the clever effect is produced by the means of some finely-ground rice and spangles.

"Louis XI." is now the attraction at the Imperial, with Mr. Mathews Monck (big query) in the titular part. This house is simply crowded—with paper.

On Monday, 22nd, "The Crimes of Paris" was introduced to the patrons of the Surrey. I am *surrey* to say I have been unable to run over to see it yet, but will not forget something for next week.

Mr. Terry returns to the Gaiety at Christmas, so good-bye to *Ariel*. The business at the Adelphi has never been equalled (as the management say, and they ought to know). Certainly there is some real merit to be found "In the Ranks," and it deserves good patronage. A new programme at the German Reeds' Entertainment, "A Water Cure," by Arnold Felix and George Gear, and a new musical sketch, by Corney Grain, called "On the Thames."

WHIFFLES.

"You ought to be in our room now," said Amy; "we have a teacher that rules the roost." "Well," replied the High School girl, "I'd be ashamed of myself. You should say, 'Governs the horizontal perch on which the fowl reposes,' not 'rules the roost.'"

RECONCILIATION.

"The time has arrived when politicians of all castes and colours should unite, and endeavour to encourage the prosperity of Ireland."—*Summary of Earl Spencer's Speech.*

AIR, "GRIFFITH'S VALUATION."

Brothers, one and all,
Listen to my story,
Hear your country's call,
Lift her up to glory;
Old feuds cast aside,
Avoid recrimination,
Join men far and wide
In "Reconciliation."

CHORUS.

That's the word to say,
No red-hot declamation,
From every isle an' bay
Shout "Reconciliation!"

E'er since I was young,
Visions bright an' golden
O'er my pathway flung
Pictures worth beholdin';
When Erin's lovely isle
Should take a lofty station,
An' England sweetly smile
In "Reconciliation."

Come, men, brothers be,
Avoid vituperation;
Found from sea to sea
Lov'd "Reconciliation."

When Britain gives her hand,
For God-sake don't refuse it;
Why should you churlish stand,
And friendship thus abuse it?
Forgive, then, an' forget,
Cease idle lamentation,
And misery's star shall set
In "Reconciliation."

Grasp the proffer'd hand,
No more vacillation,
Loud throughout the land
Shout "Reconciliation!"

From pearl star-studded Throne
The dove of peace descendeth
Upon the Green Isle—lone;
Thus her trouble endeth.
Form one loving ring,
'Mid angel's jubilation,
Till smiles from Heaven's King
Spreads "Reconciliation."

Then brothers true and gay
Will join in recreation;
God hasten soon the day
Of "Reconciliation."

J. V. H.

MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS was a capital shot, and whilst enjoying the sport upon some gentleman's preserves, and knocking over the birds right and left, the gamekeeper whispered confidentially to his comrade, "They tell me this 'ere gent. is a judge. I'll take my Bible oath he's been a poacher."

INNER LIFE OF THE GREAT CITY.

III.—THE CRUEL WORK OF AN INTIMATE FRIEND.

PUBLIC sympathy was entirely with the accused, yet the verdict pronounced—that of guilty—was generally expected. The evidence put forward by the prosecutor was so conclusive. There was not much chance for the prisoner when two witnesses swore that he (Edward Fraser) had said in their hearing that he would do the deceased (Sydney Marshall) some deadly harm, and when three more individuals were placed in the box to prove that they beheld the struggle between the two men, and saw the person in custody push his opponent over the cliffs into the water. Much disappointment was, however, felt throughout the country when the grand jury scheduled the crime as murder instead of manslaughter. But this decision was quite of a piece with Fraser's other misfortunes. Marshall's body had not been recovered, notwithstanding a very diligent search, and the local fishermen thought that it had been carried out to sea by the under current. Still no one doubted that the man had perished. Although he richly deserved his fate, that was no justification of the deed in the eye of the law. Provocation beyond human endurance does not, as poor Fraser found out, permit a man to be a law unto himself. The husband may have his home broken up, his future career destroyed, his wife dishonoured—as in the case of this man—but he is prohibited from laying violent hands on the seducer.

The judge, in sentencing the prisoner to be hanged, said that the recommendation of the jury (to mercy) would be forwarded to the proper quarter, but that he could not hold out much hope of a reprieve. It so happened that a number of capital sentences had been commuted about this time, and the Government deemed it necessary, as murders were on the increase, to make an example. Whichever way it turned, fortune was decidedly adverse to Fraser. He was not only unlucky in having a treacherous friend and an unchaste wife, but he must needs seek his revenge at an inopportune moment.

The jury's message of mercy was duly sent to the Home Office, and there soon followed it a great many petitions to the same effect, signed by thousands of all grades of society, from the bishop to the bricklayer. The prisoner was no hardened criminal, and the fatal blow, or push, or whatever it was, was given in defence of his household gods. Before deciding on the question of life or death, the Home Secretary consulted the judge, and communicated, as usual, with Scotland Yard. He required full particulars of the antecedents of the two men, and wished to know whether it was within the range of possibility for Sydney Marshall to have escaped with his life.

"The press has not left us much to discover," remarked the chief, as he handed me the letter from the Home Office. "This is Tuesday; the answer must go on Friday. See if you can throw any new light on the subject."

It may be as well to state here that every care is taken that these revelations will not injure living individuals. When it is considered desirable, names of persons and places are more or less changed, but otherwise the eventful episodes are real (and the author only writes about matters in which he was personally concerned in his official capacity).

In search of information for the Home Secretary, I had an interview with the prisoner at Lewes Gaol (the murder

was committed near Brighton), and saw all the relatives and acquaintances of the two men in London, and the following is what I learned:

Edward Fraser and Sydney Marshall had been intimate friends. They first got to know each other through Miss Evans, who became the wife of Fraser, and afterwards ran away with Marshall. This frail but pretty young woman was the daughter of a rich draper at Kensington. "More beauty than wit" was how an old lady described her. She was, however, wise enough to give her hand to the more eligible of her two suitors. Marshall was a clerk in a city bank, and had only his salary to depend on, whereas Fraser had been indentured to his father, a solicitor in Gray's Inn, and was at the time he married a junior partner. It was Marshall who proposed first to the young lady, but his indifferent position was a fatal objection. Although he met with a refusal, he still remained one of Miss Evans' particular friends.

Except in their affection for the same young lady, no two individuals could have been more dissimilar in their tastes and habits than Fraser and Marshall. It was an instance of extremes meeting. Marshall read much, and was a thinker, persuasive, and subtle. He effectually hid his wicked designs underneath a placid exterior. Not easily got out of temper, and when there was a purpose in view he was never impatient. In appearance he was rather handsome, of the medium height, slightly built, and very dark; eyes closely set together (a bad sign), small, and bright.

On the other hand, Fraser was a tall fair-haired, blue-eyed Saxon—an athlete, not unknown at certain running grounds and at the Oval—a young man not over fond of book-learning, but full of life, and a capital companion. His father had given him a year on the Continent before taking him into partnership, and in his travels he had managed to perfect his knowledge of the French and German languages. It was his ability to speak French which suggested the idea of his going to the Mauritius, and it was while on this voyage his friend betrayed him.

His marriage to Miss Evans was not popular with his parents; they saw what a silly frivolous girl she was; but they could not make him listen to reason. He was in love, I suppose, and consequently a little insane. At the wedding Marshall acted as best-man, and a sister of his was one of the bridesmaids. The short honeymoon was spent in Paris, and on their return the happy pair found the villa they had taken at Maida Vale ready for occupation. Enjoying excellent health, and with a good position, no two young people could have commenced their married life with finer prospects; but vessels sometimes founder in summer seas. Their happiness was fated to be but short-lived; their intimate friend was biding his opportunity to destroy it.

Marshall had not long to wait for the desired chance. One of the oldest clients of Mr. Fraser, sen., was a Mr. Hampton, who had a sugar plantation in the island of Mauritius, managed by Frederic Lefevre, a Frenchman. The Governor, Sir George Bowen, had, through a friend, apprised Mr. Hampton that rumours to the discredit of Lefevre were current at Port Louis, and that the affairs of the estate wanted looking into. Mr. Hampton was old and half an invalid, and, therefore, not inclined to undertake the long journey, and he asked his legal adviser whether he knew a suitable person. The remuneration was to be something handsome. The lawyer thought that this would be a splendid opportunity for his son; but the young man would not hear of it unless he could take his wife with him, which was out of the question. He had

only been married six months, and was, it is presumed, still surrounded by the glamour of love. Great pressure was brought to bear upon him to accept the mission. Even his wife's relatives agreed that it was too tempting a proposal to be rejected. When Sydney Marshall was consulted, he said there should be no hesitation whatever about it, that offers of that kind did not drop from the clouds every day. Such opportunities never came in his way. There was no occasion to trouble about Mrs. Fraser; he and his sister would look after her. They would do what they could to prevent the young wife being too miserable in her husband's absence. Finding every one, not excepting his wife, in favour of his going, Fraser sailed for the Mauritius.

(To be continued.)

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. IX.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

NO. 24.—"PRIMUS" OR "PRIMATE."

ONCE the "Rambler" visited the Cuchullin Hills and Loch Coruisk in Skye, and, of course, after giving up his pony at Sligachan Inn, he dined there. There was an unusually large party, so much so, that in the morning, when the ponies were in request, the "Rambler" and his friend had to take one beast, and to travel in the old fashion of "ride and tie." At the dinner table the talk turned on churches and sermons, as is usual in Scotland, and there was one English matron and her daughters who had been sermon-hunting, as is the wont north of the Border. Amongst other things they had gone to the Cathedral in Inverness the previous Sunday, having heard that the Archbishop of Canterbury was to preach. They were much disappointed in the man, and it turned out that it was that fine genial old man Bishop Eden, Bishop of Moray and Ross, and "Primus" of the Scottish Episcopal Church, who had preached, and the good ladies had not been quick enough to distinguish between "Primus" and "Pimate."

NO. 25.—HOW WAS IT DONE?

The "Rambler" rather enjoyed this his first visit to Inverness and Skye, but there was one thing that sorely puzzled him. He, too, had been at the Cathedral on that occasion when Bishop Eden preached, and at his friend's house, where he stayed, the celery served had been, owing to the failure in the home crop, borrowed from "the Garden of Eden!" What puzzled him was the card hung at the door of the Cathedral, showing the value of the offertory on the previous Sunday. On this card was this entry:

GOLD, - - - - - £11 15 6

So far as the "Rambler's" experience with sovereigns and half-sovereigns goes, it couldn't be done!

NO. 26.—"HE IS A FOOL."

At the Sligachan Inn dinner table there was a great deal of talk, as already mentioned, about sermons and preachers, and one dapper young parson, evidently an expectant or "probationer," waxed eloquent on the principal men in his time. At length the talk turned on one man of considerable polemic renown, and the "Rambler," from his corner of the table, interjected the remark:

"I think Dr. — is a fool!"

The consternation of the young divine was a sight to

see. Such profanity he had never heard, and, after gasping inarticulately for a minute or two, he contrived to ejaculate—

"Well, the man who says Dr. — is a fool—I *don't* know what he is!"—with great emphasis.

The "Rambler" felt crushed.

What were the facts? Within a few years the man referred to had given up his degree of D.D., his divinity professorship, his parochial charge, and taken to a secular employment. In that employment he made some little sensation by being dragged out of the gallery of the House of Commons for an untimely interruption of the proceedings. After some short experience, he lost the position for which he made such sacrifices, and the last the "Rambler" saw of him was in Fleet Street in a very seedy condition. Which was the fool?

ALPHABETICAL LECTURES.

BY PETER LICKRIPROPS.

C. China.—China is a very large country lying north of the Equator. It is divided into two portions, called China Proper and China Improper—of course, with the latter we have nothing whatever to do. China Proper is denominated the centre of the earth, and the inhabitants consider themselves the *centre* of intelligence. The population exceeds three hundred millions, or a trifle over fifty persons to every square mile. As the trifle is the fraction of a human being, Mr. Barnum's agent has been making active inquiries about the marvel.

The proper Chinese of China Proper are very industrious. Their principal employment is making tea—their chief enjoyment, drinking it.

The women are a very interesting portion of the community, but a shocking custom amongst them is that of compressing their naturally small feet into smaller slippers. These slippers must be very durable, as they are never *worn out*. The Chinese are very fond of the mushroom, as from the crowded state of the country there is not "much room" in it.

In the year 215 B.C., the great wall of China was built. It was erected to keep out the Tartars, and the cost was so enormous that the Chinese never got over it; but the Tartars did. In the war with Britain in 1846, the whole "China service" got smashed; but this is not the true reason why foreigners who reside there speak "broken China." The Chinese were then using "Gunpowder Tea" for ammunition; but they have now a formidable navy, and, moreover, quite understand the value of that latest sweet success in warfare—dynamite—

"Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain."

On the whole, China is a nice field for emigration, and foreigners get on very well. A young man who left London (because he couldn't take it with him), and booked for Peking, where he arrived with only a fourpenny piece in his pocket, after years of hard work, patience, and perseverance in business, left the flowery land of the Mandarin for the showery land of his forefathers thirty thousand pounds in debt.

"No," said Mr. Littleman, "I didn't get the nomination for Governor. In fact, I wasn't named for any office, but I had the satisfaction of hearing the President cry out amidst the assembled thousands, 'I have a telegram for Mr. Small Littleman, of Squashville. It cost me twenty-five cents, but, by gosh! it was worth it.'"

A GHOSTLY WIFE.

ONCE on a time there lived a Brahmin who had married a wife, and who lived in the same house with his mother. Near his house was a tank, on the embankment of which stood a tree, on the boughs of which lived a ghost of the kind that are termed female ghosts—having white complexions. One night the Brahmin's wife had occasion to go to the tank, and as she went she brushed by a female ghost who stood near; on which the she-ghost got very angry with the woman, seized her by the throat, climbed into her tree, and thrust her into a hole in the trunk. There the woman lay almost dead with fear. The ghost put on the clothes of the woman and went into the house of the Brahmin. Neither the Brahmin nor his mother had any inkling of the change. The Brahmin thought his wife returned from the tank, and the mother thought that it was her daughter-in-law. Next morning the mother-in-law discovered some change in her daughter-in-law. Her daughter-in-law, she knew, was constitutionally weak and languid, and took a long time to do the work of the house. But she had apparently become quite a different person. All of a sudden she had become very active. She now did the work of the house in an incredibly short time. Suspecting nothing, the old woman said nothing either to her son or to her daughter-in-law; on the contrary, she only rejoiced that her daughter-in-law had turned over a new leaf. But her surprise became every day greater and greater. The cooking of the household was done in much less time than before. When the mother-in-law wanted the daughter-in-law to bring anything from the next room, it was brought in much less time than was required in walking from one room to the other. The ghost, instead of going inside the next room, would stretch a long arm—for ghosts can lengthen or shorten any limb of their bodies—from the door and get the thing. One day the old woman observed the ghost doing this. She ordered her to bring a vessel from some distance, and the ghost unconsciously stretched her hand to several yards' distance, and brought it in a trice. The old woman was struck with wonder at the sight. She said nothing to her, but spoke to her son. Both mother and son began to watch the ghost more narrowly. One day the old woman knew that there was no fire in the house, and she knew also that her daughter-in-law had not gone out of doors to get it; and yet, strange to say, the hearth in the kitchen-room was quite in a blaze. She went in, and, to her infinite surprise, found that the daughter-in-law was not using any fuel for cooking, but had thrust into the oven her foot, which was blazing brightly. The old mother told her son what she had seen, and they both concluded that the young woman in the house was not his real wife but a she-ghost. The son witnessed these very acts which the mother had seen. An exorcist was therefore sent for. The exorcist came, and wanted, in the first instance, to ascertain whether the woman was a real woman or a ghost. For this purpose he lighted a piece of turmeric. The moment the turmeric was taken near her she screamed aloud and ran from the room (this is an infallible test, as no ghost, either male or female, can put up with the smell of burnt turmeric). It was now plain that she was a ghost or a woman possessed by a ghost. The woman was caught hold of by man force and asked who she was. At first she refused to make any disclosures, on which the exorcist took up his slippers and began belabouring her with them. Then the ghost said, with a strong nasal accent—for all ghosts speak through

the nose—that she was a Sankchimi, that she lived on a tree by the side of the tank, that she had seized the young Brahmini and put her in the hollow of the tree, because one night she had touched her, and that if any person went to the hole the woman would be found. The woman was brought down from the hole almost dead. The ghost was again shoe-beaten, after which process, on her declaring solemnly that she would not again do any harm to the Brahmin and his family, she was released from the spell of the exorcist and sent away; and the wife of the Brahmin recovered slowly. After which the Brahmin and his wife lived many years happily together, and begat many sons and daughters.

First Premium (£1), awarded to Mr. JOHN THOMSON, Crossford.

THE DEMON OF DRINK.

A TRUE TALE.

"WHERE is your mother, Netty?"

"Upstairs, father; one of her bad headaches. Hush, baby! hush—hush—hush! If you'd hold her a minute, I would put your tea on the table. I sent Bess with the children for a walk, so that the house might be quiet."

He threw himself into a chair and held out his arms for baby, giving the little girl an absent kiss as he did so. He was very pale, with an almost awful sternness in his face, such as only is seen on the naturally gentle one, which an overwhelming sorrow changes to a dreadful gravity. The child hurried over her preparations for tea. She had a very tired look, and she also had an overstrained and weary expression unusual at ten years old.

"Never mind the egg, Netty; hand me the tea, and cut a little bread and butter. I will relieve you of baby for a bit. She will be asleep directly. She likes father's strong arms—don't you?" But he did not smile, though his tone was kind; his face seemed carved in marble.

"When did your mother go upstairs?"

"Not long after you left, father."

He drank his tea silently, and his eye wandered round the room.

"Where is my watch, Netty?"

"Your watch? Oh, mother said it lost time, and she took it to be mended; then she came back, feeling so poorly."

Another long silence.

"Bess need not come in; pay her at the door. Is much owing?"

"Only sixpence, I think, father."

"She need not come in the morning; we will save expense, Netty. I will be up early."

"No money?" said Netty, timidly.

"Yes, dear, here is the sixpence, but I wish to be careful just now. A clerk's salary is not a fortune, you know."

"So many little mouths!" said Netty, soberly.

"Dear little mouths!" said the father, quietly.

Netty rose and kissed his forehead.

A look of terrible anguish swept over his face, but the child, resting her cheek on his, saw it not.

"I will lay baby down on the couch now, and you can put on your hat and see where the others are, dear."

Then he went and tried the room-door where his wife was. It was locked.

"Open, Letitia!" tapping firmly. "Come, open the door."

"Ill!" was at last whined in answer.

"But open the door. Come! I must have it opened. I want baby's night-dress."

The one shred of human feeling left hung on that word; the animal instinct for the young had not quite died out. A stumbling, shuffling sound—a cupboard closed—the man patiently waiting outside, as he had many a time before—and the bolt slowly drawn. He pushed the door open, entered, and closed it again, bolting it, too.

An imbecile, drunken face simpered a silly smile at him, groping again for the bed, rolling on which the large, once handsome woman, with dark hair and florid complexion, lisped affectedly—

"Mad! distracted!"

"Very likely. Now, tell me where the bottle is. Come!"

"How cruel! and so—so ill!" with a maudlin whimper.

"Come! I shan't go until you give it me. I insist!"

"Oh, you insist! Find it!"

Then the wretched man, with a wonderful restraint on himself, began his doleful search. It was no new pastime, and he sought in all the well-known corners without success. Then he turned up the mattress.

"If you touch the bed, Godfrey, I'll shriek."

He knew too well that she would keep her word, and he desisted, intending to return when she was asleep and get it from her. She laughed aggravatingly as he quietly took up the little night-dress and lifted the cot out of the room, arranging it near Netty's bed; and closing windows, putting water in the rooms, and boiling the children's milk, busied himself until little voices announced their return.

Bob and Dick were overdone and cross, and Netty earnestly tried to soothe them, and prevent them disturbing poor mother. The father picked up Dora, his little pet girl, unfastened her cloak, gave her her supper on his knee, speaking quietly and kindly all the while, but still with that serious face, so pale as to be almost ghastly. Dora, refreshed by her bread and milk, began to talk. She was the happy little chatterbox of the family, very soft and winning, and full of happy life.

"Where is poor mother? Won't she have no supper?"

"Oh, yes, Dora. Don't you know father always takes mother's supper up when she is ill like this?"

He looked up. Surely, surely the child did not understand anything.

"No, it's all right yet," he thought, "but it can't be so long; she is getting too old." And again he yearned to send her away to a good school, away from this terrible fiend that was rendering his life one long torture; yet how to do without her—so intelligent—so thoughtful—so affectionate.

"Oh, she shall not grow up amongst it!"

And as his face told the stern involuntary resolve, he stamped with his foot.

"What is it, father? You are not angry with Dora?" Dora got the kiss she expected, and stroked his face. "You tired; office tire you, father."

"Now go to bed, dear; don't wake poor baby. I put her cot beside you, Netty; you will take charge of her, my dear, now mother is not well."

She gave him a pleased smile; a little womanly love of caring for something dear sprang up in her heart. He carried Dora up, and, bidding them be silent, left them in their little beds. Finding by the loud snoring within that his wife was asleep, he carried some rugs to the sofa, and made his bed there.

Then he sat down and thought, and thought. For years this had been going on—now better, now worse;

promises of amendment she had broken over and over again, and, as usual in such cases, all that was womanly and right-minded in her character had gradually become obliterated, and she was now recklessly selfish. Naturally of a determined and yet indolent nature, she had indulged secretly in a habit of helping herself to a glass at odd times; and a doctor having been consulted for a certain "lassitude," had declared her system needed the restorative of wine or spirits daily. This advice chimed in too well with her inclination, and on her husband remonstrating, she had declared that his "cruel parsimony" would be the death of her. The doctor, sad to say, abetted her, and the present state of things was gradually reached. Morbidly anxious to conceal these terrible trials, Godfrey had perhaps indulged her too much. Certainly the threat of exposure, which she had discovered was horrible to him, she now employed; and few weeks passed by that the wretched man did not return to his home to find some article or other gone, that his wife might purchase the accursed drink for which she madly craved.

All being silent, he now sank into a chair, rested his elbows on the table and his head on his hands, and in that position he sat for an hour. The attitude was hopelessness personified. At length, rousing with an effort, he stretched himself on the couch in his rugs, and laid his stern white face on the pillow. In a few moments blessed sleep claimed his overtaxed, overworn frame; and if the drink demons watch the slumbers of their victims, they must have had a fine time of it gloating over his utterly dejected face.

Second Premium (10s.) awarded to Mr. ROBERT MARRIOTT, 8 Monsall Street, Queen's Road, Manchester.

SIX TIMES DROWNED.

THE BURIED MINER'S STORY.

THE cold gray dawn was breaking, and the streaks of daylight, which crept in through the chinks and crevices of the rough ill-fitted doors and windows in the primitive log-hut, already began to overpower the glimmer of the one candle, which, from its socket, in the neck of an empty and tallow-draped black bottle, had struggled to illuminate the gloom. It flickered, spluttered, blazed up, sank lower, and went out; and as if to celebrate the victory of day, the sun sent its first golden beams through a wide crack in the wall, straight across the haggard face of the resurrected man. The hardy miners, who stood or leaned in picturesque attitudes, half hidden in the gloom of the cabin, looked with glad and eager eyes on their companion, who had come through death to share again their hard work, rough living, and few rewards.

"I tell you, boys, it was a close shave," and he drew a long breath as he raised himself up in his bunk and threw off the worn blanket which covered him. "The first warning of the danger was the shout from Tom there—'Run for your life! She's caving.'"

"I dropped my pick, and started, but the warning had come too late. The first giving way was at the mouth of the drift, and the weight of the earth kept falling toward me. I could hear the timbers creaking, cracking, splitting like straws under the weight upon them, and I drew back away from the coming pressure. I felt the space growing smaller, and crouched low, almost imagining I could keep below the terrible crushing weight, and yet knowing that in an instant it would be upon me. The uprights trembled, then crashed, and I fell. I don't know how long I lay there, for I must have been stunned by the

fall, or else I fainted from fear. Presently I awoke and tried to move, but could not. I was pinned fast by the great timbers, which had fallen in such a way as to shield my head and body, while holding me immovable. I opened my eyes, and was confronted with a darkness so intense it could be felt. My first thoughts were as to the chances of escape from this frightful burial. I knew the law of humanity that holds in all camps, of 'every one to the rescue of a miner in distress'; and I knew that in less than an hour every one of the two hundred men in the diggings would be taking his turn at the work of digging for me. I calculated the time it would take them—twenty-five feet from the surface, about the same distance from the shaft, working in either direction through the coarse gravel. I thought they would reach me in ten hours. I could do nothing but wait. I strained my ears for a sound to break the terrible stillness, and in my eagerness I almost fancied I heard the click of picks and shovels in the efforts to unearth me. But, boys, there was a new horror not one of you thought of in your most dreadful imaginings of my situation. While I lay there, counting the beats of my heart, I felt myself growing cold. First my back, then it crept up my sides, then my arms, over my hand—higher, higher—colder, closer—what could it be? Great heavens! the pumps had stopped, and the water was rising in the shaft—nearer it crawled like the stealthy approach of some intangible monster. I could feel it like an added weight on my breast. Higher it crawled till it reached my lips. I screamed in my agony! To be saved from the crushing of the earth upon me, only to die by a more torturing and terrible means—to die alone here in the earth in cold and darkness. It was horrible! The water came on slowly, over my mouth, up to my nostrils. Like a flash, all my past life came to my memory. They were hard, rough sketches, most of them. Death stared me in the face, and I could do nothing but die bravely here alone in the gloom.

I said a last prayer, brief but fervent. I thought of all my good old friends, and knew that there would be many a moist eye among you when you saw me dead. I closed my eyes to shut out the horrible gloom; the water crept over my nostrils, and I was gone. But sensation did not die. Could I believe it?—the water was going down; lower, lower, below my chin—sinking, sinking. Was I dreaming, or was this only a new torture of drowning? No, it was not an illusion. I felt the chill leave me. The pumps had started again. Hope revived within me. It was only a temporary stoppage after all. I could hear the dull thud of the iron coming faintly through the gravel. Again the water rose higher, slowly but surely, up to my nostrils, I died again and again. I awoke, only to find myself in that awful prison, but could hear the noise of your work above me. It came again. Six times I died, with succour only a few feet away—died, alone and helpless. When I awoke, and saw all the old familiar faces bending over me, I thought my spirit had come back to my living haunts. But it is real—it is myself. Ah, boys, but it was a narrow shave!"

Commended—Mr. E. KEITH, 209 Junction Street, Leith.

LOVE OR DUTY.

AN EPISODE IN MY LIFE.

I AM growing old now, and my life is fast ebbing to its close, and as I often sit on a winter's evening musing before the fire, it seems to me that it has not been an uneventful one. But one period of my life seems to come

vividly before my eyes, whenever I fall thus a-thinking, and with your leave, in a few words, I will tell it. I have been a business man, and a detective; and whilst I served in the latter vocation, the events I am going to relate happened.

In a small village in Suffolk there lived a retired business man, named Mr. C—, a widower, his sole companion and helper being his daughter, who was a pet of twenty-six. When I first knew her, chance led me to this village on business; and though I was far from young, and a determined bachelor, still when I left the place her form haunted me. I was always thinking of her, and, in a word, I was in love with her; and I prided myself with reason that my love was returned. I retired from business, and settled in the same village, and my visits became more and more frequent.

About this time the neighbourhood was startled and disturbed by a dreadful murder, and for a long time the murderer or murderers eluded the vigilance both of the London and county police, and, to all appearance, had escaped. In time the affair blew over. Day after day I followed the accounts in the newspaper, and, to my mind, the actions of the detectives were very faulty.

An idea at last seized me, and one day I presented myself at Scotland Yard, and promised, if they would employ me, that within a given time I would bring in the murderer. Such a time had elapsed since the affair, that it was a rash promise; but still you see I prided myself I could carry out my promise, and the end proved I was right. They employed me. I worked hard, and followed each clue, and at last I was successful; and having brought the murderer to justice, I was offered, and I accepted, a permanent situation in the detective force.

I returned to the village, but a change had come over Mr C—, for I found him morose and quiet; and when he heard of my employment, he seemed to shun me; but the love existed still, and ripened betwixt the daughter and myself.

I was surprised one morning to learn in the office that Mr C— was "wanted" on suspicion of having been concerned in some recent frauds, and my first thought, on recovering from my astonishment, was to go and warn Mr C—. I lingered 'twixt "Love and Duty," but I remembered his daughter and "Love" won—and I warned Mr C— in time for him to sail for America, and to my care, in his hurry, he confided his daughter. My sole fear was lest my former success should lead the office to employ me; and my ruin seemed inevitable, for I had been overheard warning Mr C— by a servant, then under notice to leave; and, should she betray me, the consequences would be serious. I tried to conciliate her, and her conduct proved in the end that my surmise was right; but I determined at all costs not to betray my friend. I received a letter from head quarters ordering me to trace up the case. To refuse was ruin; to plead excuses was folly; and, with reluctance, I set out to obey orders. Of course, I failed, and, as time wore on, I hoped all was safe, but one morning I was arrested on a charge of having helped a fugitive to escape from justice. The servant had betrayed me. My own inactivity had seemed to confirm her evidence, and I had to take my trial.

It seemed strange that I, a hunter of fugitives and the like, should myself be brought up as a prisoner, on a charge of aiding one.

I gave myself up for lost when a report came that Mr. C— was dead, and it caused a sensation; but I had to be dealt with, and my trial came on. It dragged wearily along, and at the end, when the jury came into court, I waited

breathlessly for their verdict. I was saved. Want of evidence had saved me. They had given a verdict of "not guilty."

I returned to the village, perhaps a "sadder and a wiser man;" and Mary's question, "How can I reward you for what you have suffered?" still rings in my ears.

The reader knows, as well as I do, my answer; and now, as I think, I do not regret the trial I went through to win my bride, such a one as few men possess.

Commended—Mr. ERNEST PARTINGTON, The Hornbeam, Rusholme, Manchester.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

BEING lately in Greenock on business—I may mention, in passing, that I am a shipbroker, and that my name and face are well known at the Broomielaw—I put up during my stay at the Royal Hotel. One evening, after dinner, the coffee-room being empty, I went into the adjoining room, from which issued inviting sounds of laughter and applause.

On entering I found some half-dozen smokers of undoubted nautical proclivities, who were exhaling from their pipes a sufficient quantity of tobacco fumes to render it difficult at first to distinguish objects clearly.

As I entered, a gruff voice exclaimed: "Well, as I was saying, we lost our propeller, got into the trough of the sea, had our steering-gear carried away, and —"

"Hold hard, Captain Lindsay! We've heard that old yarn before. We all know how your fires were put out, and you were towed into Lamlash Bay by the *Flying Scud*. Now, perhaps, the gentleman in the corner, who looks as if he knew something of the sea, wouldn't mind spinning a yarn, and letting us hear something new."

The first of these two speakers was a rough salt of the old school, who, after crossing and re-crossing the ocean for nearly half-a-century, had at last laid up his weather-beaten bark "in ordinary," and whose chief delight was to repeat interminable stories of his battles with the wind and waves.

The interruption proceeded from a fine, bluff, hearty-looking man, who appeared as though all the storms of the boundless deep and the rocks and quicksands of the land combined could not take away the contented look and ruddy glow of health which brightened his honest face.

Thus called upon, the gentleman addressed turned to his interlocutor, and replied: "I fear I have no such tales of storm and shipwreck to narrate as would interest you veterans of the sea; but I have only just reached home from America, and a somewhat strange circumstance occurred to me during that voyage, which may interest you if you like to hear it." The company approving this, he began:—

"I am a medical man. Six months ago I took my full degree at Edinburgh (I had previously passed as Bachelor in Surgery) and a wife at the same time, intending to settle down and practice my profession in Ilkley, where I had taken and furnished a small house.

"On my return from our wedding-trip I found to my dismay that the friend in whose business I had invested the small sum of money left me by my father had failed, and bolted, no one knew whither. Under the circumstances, my settling down, as intended, became impossible, at any rate, for the present; so I sold my belongings, placed my wife in lodgings, and accepted an appointment as doctor to one of the Anchor Liners trading between Glasgow and New York.

"We carried with us some thirty first-class and about two hundred and sixty steerage passengers, chiefly German peasants and Russian Jews, emigrating to escape from military duty and the abominable persecutions inflicted on them by an ignorant and semi-barbarous people, unrestrained, if not even encouraged, by a despotic and corrupt Government.

"Amongst the officers of the ship was a capital young fellow named Askew, the second engineer. This young man was full of anecdote and information, and we soon became very good friends.

"Well, we reached New York, with its magnificent harbour, and discharged our cargo. Whilst this was being done, one of the sailors engaged in the duty lost his footing, and but for the timely aid of a rope swinging close by, would have fallen into the hold.

"That would have been an awkward fall," I remarked to Askew, who was standing by; "he would have gone right down to the bottom of the ship."

"On," replied he, "that is not the bottom. We have tanks running fore and aft the whole length of the vessel, which we fill by pumping in water whenever we are lightly laden and require more ballast to steady the ship. You must come down with me some day and have a look at them; they are worth seeing."

"Of course, I got leave from our captain to go ashore whilst in harbour; took a run up to Niagara, and saw that marvellous specimen of Nature's handiwork; went up the Hudson river, and hurried back to rejoin my ship, which was intended to sail on the Tuesday for Glasgow; and I need hardly say that I was anxious to get back to my bride, from whom circumstances had so early parted me. When I got on board I found that we should start on the following afternoon, nearly all the cargo being on board.

"The next day, about eleven in the morning, hearing my friend Askew say that water was to be pumped into the tanks at four in the afternoon, as we had not received our full complement of cargo, and, seeing the round man-hole leading down into them open, I thought that I would take advantage of the opportunity and examine them. I looked down. All was dark as midnight, and, having on my uniform coat, I took it off and laid it on the deck. I lit a candle in one of the large ship's lanterns hanging hard by, and was about to descend, when I was suddenly stopped by a voice behind me calling out, 'Hullo, mate, don't take my lantern!' Turning round I saw the carpenter's mate, who was working close at hand. He scarcely recognised me at first without my uniform; and after a little chat with him, I said that I was going to look at the tanks, and would bring back his lantern. I descended by the man hole, and found myself in a place about four feet high, one long division running down the centre all the length of the ship, crossed at intervals by transverse partitions, leading into one another by means of manholes just sufficiently large to pass through, while here and there similar openings gave access from one side to the other through the central longitudinal partition. Here were massive side-beams and iron cross-girders, dividing this, the actual bottom of the vessel, practically into partitions some twenty-eight feet below the water-line. It was quite novel, and to me, as a landsman, something stupendous, this wondrous work of man's ingenuity. It interested as well as astonished me; and on I went exploring the port side of the ship, now stooping low to avoid the cross-girders, passing here and there through a small opening, weird shadows cast around me by the flickering light of my lamp, until I reached the fore part

of the vessel. Crossing then through an opening on my right, I retraced my way in a similar manner on the star-board side. On I went, until it appeared that I was taking a much longer time to get back than I had to come the length of the ship. I could find no opening above me. However, there *must* be the opening somewhere, and, of course, I should find it. But no; I became convinced I had gone round the ship twice. Becoming nervous at this idea, I stumbled and fell, dropped my lantern, and the light went out! Pulling myself together, I began to reflect on my position. As I had kept steadily to the left, I must have missed the compartment; so I commenced working diagonally through the openings in the central partition, and came once more to the end of the ship. Working back again in a similar manner—now striking my head violently against girders above, now my knees against those below, groping my way through the manholes—I arrived again at the other end of the vessel. No ray of light—no opening. Horrible, appalling as the conviction was, the conclusion was irresistible. The opening by which I had descended had been covered! the hatch had been closed! Nevertheless, a *hatch there was*, and I must find it; so, commencing again, feeling my way with one hand stretched out before me, and with the other feeling the roof above me, it was not long before I came to a circular rim. Yes, this was unmistakably an opening, but closed. I endeavoured to push upwards the central portion, but in vain. In doing so I felt some soft substance, and the odour left no room for doubt. The odour of red lead was unmistakable. The cover had been placed on and closed with red lead, and I was hermetically sealed down, imprisoned twenty-eight feet beneath the water's level in the ship's tanks!

"The perspiration, which in my exertions had been streaming from me, now turned to a cold sweat, chilling every pore. Bruised, bleeding, and half-exhausted, I commenced calling for help at the highest pitch of my voice. But all in vain. No sound broke the stillness but the mocking echo of my own cries. My tongue became dry and my throat parched. What was my voice at that depth in a vessel of nearly four thousand tons, whilst cargo, cattle, passengers, and baggage were being brought on board, and all the numerous preparations for steaming out of dock that evening going on?

"I tried to find my lantern, hoping to be able to make use of it to strike the cover of my prison, and found a short iron bar instead. Hope revived! I should be able to make myself heard now. At it I went—bang, bang, bang! with might and main. Surely I never struck so hard or so long before or since as in those blows for liberty and life! But useless all my efforts—fruitless all my cries and blows. I gave myself up as lost. I should perish slowly here of hunger and thirst, whilst food, drink, and friends were within a few feet of me.

"Suddenly I fancied I heard sounds, and, carefully noting the position of the hatch, I groped my way towards the centre of the vessel. Here I distinctly heard voices, interrupted at intervals by a heavy fall and crash. I was near the coal-bunkers, and again endeavoured to make myself heard, with no better result than before. So I went back to the point of my entrance into what now seemed my living tomb, and sank exhausted below it. Then I remembered Askew having said they would pump in water at four that afternoon. I should not starve to death then; I should drown—drown miserably, like a rat in a hole. Tears fell from me, and I became almost maddened at the thought. I had never, I think,

felt fear before. I had seen service in the field in the Zulu and Egyptian campaigns; and looked upon death in various forms. I had been where bullets laid my comrades dead around me, and felt no tremor.

"Death had never appeared to me so dreadful as some believe it. But to die like this! It was too fearful. I began now, in my utter despair, to try and think how long I had to live. I must have been below some hours. I reflected that as the water was pumped in the air would become compressed, and I should be suffocated before the water got high enough. Suffocation or drowning, which was the easier death of the two? I wondered. I felt myself losing my reason; midst all my horror the thought of my young, loving wife haunted me—that she should be left so ill-provided for to struggle on through the world alone. Oh, she would never even know what had become of me! Would not even have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing when and where I died! Might think that I was still living, and had heartlessly forsaken her; I saw her tender glances, her gentle, loving, trusting look; her soft and musical voice seemed to sound in my ears. Oh, no, she would never think that of me! She knew that I loved her too well to abandon her voluntarily.

"Thus reflecting, in a half-maddened state, I felt something creeping over me, and, raising my hand, brushed from my hair the cockroaches, which were already swarming about me; the movement at the same time scattering a legion of rats hovering in close proximity. Roused by a sense of loathing from my temporary stupor of despair and exhaustion, I commenced striking the iron roof, and shrieking for help again. What was that dull sound that suddenly struck upon my ears? A gurgling noise, a dull, muffled thud, followed by a rush of water. Again it came, and again, faster and faster still. Oh, merciful Heaven! all hope is extinguished. Lost! lost! I am lost! The sound I hear is that of falling water; they are filling the tanks. I knew no more; I became unconscious.

"A sensation of fresh and cooling air, a sense of gentle hands about me, a returning idea of voices, light, existence, life! I open my eyes, to find myself on the deck of the vessel, surrounded by kind and anxious faces. I am saved! Yes; I had been rescued from an inevitable and dreadful death by an accident, or should I not rather say by the interposition of a merciful Providence? One of the seamen injuring his leg in getting in a large chest, the doctor was inquired for, and as I was known to have come on board, everybody was asking if I had been seen, and wondering where I could be, as I was not in my cabin, nor in any part of the ship where they had looked for me. By great good luck the carpenter's mate heard me inquired for, and said he had not seen me since eleven in the morning, when I went down to look at the tanks.

"Then," said Askew, promptly, "that's where he is still, and we have just commenced pumping in."

"Of course, the order was at once given to pump out the water, the top hatch was forced off, and I was brought up in a state of insensibility, and not a minute too soon. It was four o'clock, and I had been five hours in the tanks; and it was some days before I recovered from the effects of the shock. That, gentlemen, is the story of an experience I am not likely to forget while life lasts.

Commended—Mr. EDWARD HEINS, 22 South Coburg Street, Glasgow.

A VERMONT editor, in publishing one of Byron's poems, changed the words "Oh, gods!" to "Oh, gosh!" because the former was too profane for his readers.

THE UNCOMMITTED CRIME.

BY THEODORE ALFRED CROFT.

L'ENVOI.

MINE is, in the main, a sad story, although ending brightly; and my object in telling it is, that people may see how pleasantly and placidly the greater part of a humble life may be spent, even if disturbed by years of unhappiness and gloom; and how untrue to nature is the idea, so sedulously put forth by all our leading novelists, that to be poor (that is, not to be rich) is to be vulgar and miserable. "Surely poor folk maun be wretches," says Burns' genteel dog Cæsar, and everywhere throughout the pages of fiction the same suggestion is made. True, Dickens has painted Ruth and Tom Pinch, and a few other gentlemen and gentlewomen, and we of the working middle-class, who have eaten to live, and have not lived to eat, have to thank him for the pictures; yet even here there may be found the suggestion, that mean thoughts are the necessary complement of petty cares. Life *can* be endured without a conservatory, although Lord Beaconsfield in the best love story of our age, "Henrietta Temple," suggests a negative to the idea. Albeit grandeur may "hear with a disdainful smile" not alone the "the short and simple annals of the poor," but the struggles of manly independence amongst the lower middle-class, "we daur be poor for a' that," though we can enjoy plenty when it comes; and we place at arm's length the degrading suggestion that the "cares of this life" are one whit more opposed to truth and gentleness than are those riches whose deceitfulness is coupled in the same condemnation.

CHAPTER I.

MY BIRTH AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Yet an awful darkness resteth
On the path they both begin.
Who thus meet upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in,
Going out into the triumph,
Coming in unto the fight,
Coming in unto the darkness,
Going out into the light.—*Ira Craig Knox.*

MY father sat, gloomily and anxiously, by the kitchen fire.

At the same instant when the door of the cottage was opened by Hugh Chisholm, his wife appeared from the inner room of the house.

"John," said Hugh, who was a blunt man, and of few words, "our poor mistress is dead."

"John," said Mrs. Chisholm, who was from Forfarshire, and used strong words to express simple ideas, "it's a terrible fine boy—you'll be proud o' him when you see him."

I was the boy, Stephen Gilmore, son of John Gilmore, a woodland labourer.

The lady was Lady Lucy Cairnburgh, wife of the baronet on whose estate my father laboured.

When Mr. Fergus, the parish surgeon, gladly escaped from his ill-requited duty (ill-requited in money at least, though not in gratitude) of attending on my mother, he met on the road the fashionable physicians who had attended Lady Lucy's deathbed, and whose patient had quitted life at the moment I entered it.

During the vicissitudes of my life I have often pondered on the story of this concurrence of events, related to me many times by my mother. It has seemed to me that nowhere is there so well taught as in our birth and in our death that law of equality which men seek after in other things, and so often seek after in vain. In these events there is real equality, and this consideration might give birth to much charity and humility if this oft-preached sermon, this lesson of every hour of our lives, were pondered or acted upon as it should be. How indifferent to Lady Lucy, leaving this life as she did, "in hope of a glorious resurrection!" Of how very little import it was to her that her sick bed was hung with the richest silken tapestry; that her room was one of many hundreds in an ancient and palatial mansion! Would it have made her death bed easier to tell her of the well-wooded lands enveloped in their winding sheet of snow which owned her sway; to tell her that her favourite riding pony was the purest and swiftest of its race; to tell her of her familiar hound, lying without in piteous impatience for admittance to lick her hand? Would Sir Hugh's impassioned farewell, and fervid kiss have been less consoling to her; would the soreness of his trial have been less, had their possessions been smaller; or would he have parted with her in less grief had their places been changed with the actors in the humbler sphere of my father's cottage?

So with me were the circumstances of birth immaterial. The barely-recompensed yet ungrudged services of Mr. Fergus, and the priceless attention of Mrs. Chisholm (attention the pricelessness of which is known and valued only by the poor), these as little affected the fact of my birth, and as little concerned me, "little stranger" as I was to the inequalities of the world, as would have done the highest esteemed and most fashionable physician—the presence of the nearest and dearest relations—or the daintiest services of the highest-priced Mrs. Toosiemps, the monthly nurse.

How great soever the dwelling, how humble soever the scene of our life, there is a dreadful equality on the threshold of birth and of death, on which we all meet, and which should teach us and guide us throughout life to "live and let live," and to "love our neighbours as ourselves."

"John," said Hugh Chisholm, "the mistress of Hollowglen is dead to-night."

"I am grieved to hear it, Hugh," replied my father. "This may be the beginning of sad news to me."

"Well, well, let us not speak of them till they come—time enough then. Your bairn is a boy, I hear Marion say. You will be proud of that, as she says."

"We'll be proud, indeed, if Providence spare him to be a pride to us. But I am grieved to hear of my lady's death. Mrs. Chisholm, how does Annie get on?"

"Oh! she's wonderful," replied Mrs. Chisholm, "and the boy's brave and strong. If we can get her round in good time, no fear but the boy will be spared. He'll be a terrible comfort to her when he grows up."

Though Chisholm spoke the better philosophy, there was much room for my father's desponding feeling. My mother has often repeated their words to me, and when trials or dangers came upon us, would recall my father's fears, and give to them almost prophetic import. I have so often heard the words in childhood, when Lady Lucy's death has been spoken of, that I have retained the impression then made, and have come to look on the words as words of dark foreboding, though they proved to have a light beyond.

Sir Hugh Cairnburgh, of Hollowglen and Tormilly,

whose wife had thus died concurrently with my birth, was the seventh of the line of baronets, and had inherited the title and possessions at the age of twenty-two. Of high accomplishments, both literary and artistic, of fine figure, and possessed of much grace and marvellous *bon-homie*, he had, nevertheless, chosen to reside upon his estates, and to eschew politics and the fashionable life of London. Few men were so highly gifted with the art of hospitality, and he rejoiced to live at home, and to exercise his superiority in this respect. It was the only grace of which he made any ostentation, and that ostentation had its rise in the simple fact that so much was his company enjoyed, and so fully was his mansion opened to all, that his skill grew with its exercise, and the exercise necessarily led to the art being displayed. In or out of the "season," Sir Hugh Cairnburgh had always numerous and willing visitors. The mansion was of great extent, and as many as a hundred guests, with their servants, had at times been lodged within it, as when the great cattle show came to the neighbourhood, or on the more memorable occasion when royalty had visited the northern metropolis. A fair trouting stream murmured through the woods, the lochs were well stocked, and while at their proper times every kind of low-country game, and nearly every description of out-door sport was to be found on his estate, there was no time when enjoyments, physical or intellectual, might not be obtained within the walls of the mansion. Sir Hugh's greatest enjoyments were fencing and botany, and all who came his way, if they could handle a foil or could tell the classification of one flower, or the varieties of another, had to undergo an assault either of the short swords of the one hobby, or of the long words of the other; while his ancient armour, or his fine flowers and greenhouses, afforded amusement to the laity in those arts. In furtherance of his taste for the accomplishment of fence, he had caused a large hall to be fitted up as a *salle d'armes*, and this hall was admitted to be a model of its kind, from the appropriateness and historic interest of its decorations, and from the completeness of its appliances for the practice of the art in all its features. His garden was also justly celebrated for its extent and beauty. In flowers, in fruit, and in landscape gardening it was complete; while in greenhouses, vineries, and forcing houses he had sunk enormous sums of money. Besides this he had, with capable assistants, collected and classified a very large museum of botany, which was arranged in a suite of halls three in number, similar in size and elegance to the *salle d'armes* already described.

Lady Lucy, whose decease is here recorded, was of untitled parentage, but of a good and wealthy stock. Of her virtues I can only speak from hearsay, but the fears expressed by my father seemed to be founded on the belief that without the unbounded charity and gentle kindness of the Lady of Hollowglen, the small earnings of himself and of Hugh Chisholm would yield but poor sustenance for their families. How far his fear had foundation may be guessed from the fact that the housekeeper who came into her place at her death seemed to look upon charity as extravagance, and upon brotherly love and sympathy for the poor as humbug; and would, as Burns' dog says, "gang as saucy by poor folk, as I wad by a stinkin' brock." It does not appear that Sir Hugh approved of those sentiments—indeed from the liberal purse of the undowered Lady Lucy it seemed she must have had his countenance—but he was too much engrossed with his pursuits and his guests to know that such a change had taken place.

Another cause of John Gilmore's doubts lay in the unfledged character of the heir and only child of the baronet, Henry William, who was in his fifteenth year at his mother's death. Although brought up at home, and educated and trained under the eye of his mother, and influenced for good by her example and her precepts, he had shown curious and startling signs of a waywardness and wilfulness of disposition, accompanied by extreme facility in being led by others than his proper guides, so that many besides my father had already entertained the fear that under him the dignity and character of the family would hardly be sustained. Whether or not all this was realised, and to whom Hollowglen eventually fell, it is the purpose of my story to show. And many changes took place, and trials in my life and that of others, before the present destination of that fine property was brought about.

(To be continued.)

"IT ISN'T ME, PARSON."

MANY years ago there was in the eastern part of Massachusetts a worthy old D.D., and although he was an eminently beloved man and a good Christian, yet it must be confessed that he loved a joke much better than even the most inveterate jokers. It was before church organs were much in use, it so happened that the choir of this church had recently purchased a double bass viol. Not far from the church was a large town pasture, and in it a huge town bull. One hot Sabbath, in the summer, he got out of the pasture and came bellowing up the street. About the church there was plenty of untrodden grass, green and good, and Mr. Bull stopped to try its quality, perhaps to ascertain if its location had improved its flavour; at any rate, the reverend doctor was in the midst of his sermon, when—

"Boo-woo-woo," went the bull.

The doctor paused, looked up at the singing seats and, with a grave face, said:—

"I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during service time, it annoys me very much."

The people stared, and the minister went on.

"Boo-woo-woo," went the bull again as he passed to another green spot.

The parson paused again and addressed the choir:

"I really wish the singers would not tune their instruments while I am preaching; as I remarked before, it annoys me very much."

The people tittered, for they knew what the real state of the case was. The minister went on again with his discourse, but he had not proceeded far before another "Boo-woo-woo" came from Mr. Bull.

The parson paused once more and exclaimed:

"I have twice already requested the musicians in the gallery not to tune their instruments during the sermon time. I now particularly request Mr. Lafavor that he will not tune his double bass viol while I am preaching."

This was too much. Lafavor got up, too much agitated at the thought of speaking out in church, and stammered out:

"It isn't me, parson; it's that dam bull!"

"Is that about the right length, sir?" asked the skilful barber as he finished cutting his customer's hair. "I like the sides and back," was the response, "but I wish you would make it a little longer on the top."

PUZZLEIANA.

To suit the tastes of the Junior section of its readers, the Proprietors of THE TATLER have arranged to open a column under the above heading, to be devoted to the publication of all kinds of poetical and other puzzling problems, and, in order to make these questions of a high-class nature, they have resolved to offer two prizes weekly, to be awarded to the senders of the best and second best contributions received; these prizes to be given in books of the value of 6s. and 3s. respectively. Prizes of the same kind will also be given at the end of the quarter, beginning with October, for the best sets of Solutions received to the Puzzles inserted during that period. The following rules to be observed by intending Competitors:—

- 1.—All contributions must be "Original," and so marked, written on one side of the paper only, with the correct solution affixed to each question, along with the author's real name and address.
- 2.—Solutions must be received not later than the second Saturday morning after the publication of the questions.

Winners of the weekly prizes will have their names and addresses printed along with their contributions. When those who are successful see this, they are required to write to the Editor, informing him of the name and publisher of the work they may choose to possess of the value of the prize they have gained, when it will be sent to them post free within a fortnight.

No. 21—DIAMOND SQUARE. (First Premium, 6s. Vol.)

Find this my simple square you ought,
Without a further clue
Than this; if you the "T" have bought,
You must have got me too.

1. You never, I'm sure, heard such counterfeit stuff,
His arguments truly were shallow enough.
2. How the thunder throbs and thrills,
Rolling 'mong the mighty hills.
3. Perfection's not in any man that ever woman bore,
The very best we do, or can, is this and nothing more.
4. By a law which old Time never alters,
We collect these from jury defaulters.
5. Yes, let the old man mate again, what need have I to care;
The land's entailed, and I remain his first-born and his heir.
6. In yon garret lone and cold,
See me gloating o'er my gold.
7. This is Tommy again, I can see it all plain,
To the dog's tail he's tied the tin kettle;
Boys will always be this, then my earnest wish is,
That my boy would grow wiser and settle.
8. Though filled we are with straw or ether down,
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
9. These, our times, are bad times for the modest and meek,
The favours of fortune 'twere folly to seek,
Unless you have this, and a good stock of cheek.
10. In those plague-stricken places this word, if you please,
Would but widen the trouble and spread the disease.
11. Only in dreams he sees again
Those happy days of yore,
Ere slavery bound him with her chain
To tug the weary oar.

Greenock.

W. W.

Extra Prize—A 6s. volume will be awarded to the sender of the best solution of this Square.

No. 22—ENIGMA. (Second Premium, 3s. Vol.)

Far back in the past I may be found,
Ere Adam had been made;
And yet it was from him I came—
With his my lot was laid.
I'm found amongst the lawless thieves,
'Mongst unbelievers too,
With everything that tends to grieve
The heart that's pure and true.
Yet no achievement for the good,
Without me can there be;
And I to everlasting truth,
With reverence bow the knee.
Where the burning fevers rage,
Where thirst is most severe,
I come with the cooling beverage,
The drooping heart to cheer.
At great events my power is felt,
With cleverness I act;
I aid the public revenue,
Not one denies the fact.
If you have thought on everything,
Yet fail to find my name,
Then, lo! I come with sweet revenge,
For on you lies the blame.

3 Clydeview Terrace.

W. MILLER.

No. 23—CHARADE.

In every garment that we wear,
My first has always got a share;
A pronoun you will see my second;
What is not you but / when reckoned;
The earth my last on which we dwell,
My whole one-half my last will tell.

Glasgow.

J. C.

No. 24—CHARADE.

My first on man and boy you'll find,
On maid and matron too;
Perchance, my clever riddling friend,
'Tis even now on you.
Transpose my next, and though 'tis ne'er
On man or woman found,
'Mong most of other animals
You'll find it doth abound.

My whole is first in every land,
'Tis seen on every page;
No business can without it stand,
In which you can engage.

Leith.

J. C. M'N.

No. 25—CHARADE.

First is a tree,
As you may see,
And fortune is my second;
Now if you do
Connect the two,
A measure I am reckon'd.

Carlisle.

"ROBIN HOOD."

No. 26—VERBAL CHARADE.

My first is in wood, but not in glen,
My next is in four, but not in ten;
My third is in brook, but not in dale,
My next is in shoe but not in nail;
My fifth is in corn, but not in wheat,
My next is in food, but not in meat;
My next is in work, but not in play,
My next is in shore, but not in bay;
My ninth is in black, but not in white,
My next is in tail, but not in kite;
My next is in wind, but not in storm,
My next is in line, but not in form;
My next is in gun, but not in sword,
My next is in stream, but not in ford;
My next is in road, but not in street,
My last is in hand, but not in feet.
In this Puzzle you'll see when it is done,
A man who for his country fought and won.

Rutherglen.

GEORGE HILL.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

KRILOFF'S ORIGINAL FABLES, in English verse. By I. H. Harrison. (London: Remington & Co., 1883.)
THE originality and force of the Fables of Kriloff have long recommended those writings to the literary world. Living in a corrupt court, Kriloff seemed to be privileged to speak the truth in parables. But besides those fables pointing to the miserable system of government, there are many which are of world-wide application, setting off human nature in many weak and grotesque aspects. Mr. Harrison's version is very well done.

ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY. By James Clyde, LL.D. 22nd edition. (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd, 1883.)

A BOOK which has gone through twenty-one editions barely requires notice. In this new addition, Dr. Clyde says, that to bring it up to date, and harmonise many alterations made since the first, he has re-written the whole. It is an admirable school book.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HONESTY and other Correspondents are informed that our attention has been drawn to the matter they refer to. The Premium was awarded by the Editor on the faith of the story being original; but the Contributor may find it to be "Devil's Money" after all.

J. C., London, *Nom de plume*, and others.—The scheme is working very well.

F. SIMPSON.—Part I. is still to be had. Part II. is now ready, and the Portraits are very fine.

NOVELIST.—The Competition in the next column is the only plan.

AN ADMIRER.—Thanks for your good wishes.

L. L.—Letter received.

GRAND SPECIAL COMPETITION.

THE TATLER submits the following scene to his readers :—
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—An old-fashioned house.

Enter **HARDCASTLE**, followed by two or three awkward servants.

Hardcastle. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places; and can shew that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

All. Ay, ay.

Hardcastle. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with you're hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands; they're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them; I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia; and so being upon drill—

Hardcastle. Diggory, you must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Diggory. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees eating going forwards, ecod! he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hardcastle. Blockhead! is not a belfilly in the kitchen as good as a belfilly in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Diggory. Then, ecod! your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room; I can't help laughing at that, ha, he, he, he! for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years; ha, ha, ha!

Hardcastle. Ha, ha, ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that.

1. A SPECIAL PREMIUM of ONE GUINEA is offered for the best story of "OULD GROUSE IN THE GUN-ROOM," and "Commendation" for the second best.

2. The story must be told in a humorous, after-dinner style, and must not exceed in length a column and a half of THE TATLER.

3. MSS. for this SPECIAL COMPETITION will be received up till Saturday morning, 1st DECEMBER, and the Premium and Commended stories will be published in THE TATLER of the Christmas week.

4. The copyright of all MSS. sent in shall belong to the Proprietors of THE TATLER, whether published or not.

5. Should stories of sufficiently side-splitting humour be sent in, a special second Premium may be awarded.

"THE TATLER" OFFICE, 22nd September, 1883.

The LONDON OFFICE of THE TATLER is at 84 FLEET STREET (next door to PUNCH Office).

To be had at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, London, and in the country, and in Liverpool, Dublin, and Belfast; also Messrs. WILLING & CO. S. Bookstalls, London, &c.

OARSMEN should wear their hair in rowlocks.

PERSONS who can take a man down.—Reporters.

WANTED.—An artist to paint the very picture of health.

WHAT is a house without a baby? Well, comparatively quiet.

A BALTIMORE woman is so fond of her children, that whenever they have to be spanked she gets the woman next door to do it.

MATRIMONY is said to be a lottery, but up to the hour of going to press no law has been enacted prohibiting the use of the males.

GRAND PREMIUM CONTRIBUTION ARRANGEMENTS.

"When a man has engaged to keep a Stage Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Passengers or not, to set out. Thus it fares with us weekly Historians; but, indeed, for my Particular, I hope I shall soon have little more to do in this work than to publish what is sent me from such as have Leisure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleased in an elegant Manner."—"The Tatler," 7th May, 1709.

The Proprietors of THE TATLER offer each week TWO PREMIUMS, namely ONE POUND and TEN SHILLINGS, and COMMENDATIONS, for the best Contributions sent in. The following conditions require to be observed:—

1. The MSS. must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be properly paged and fastened.

2. The Contributor must furnish full name and address at the end of each Contribution.

3. Where the Contribution is not Original, the source, date of publication, and, where possible, the author's name must be given.

4. Preference will as a rule be given to Original matter, which should be marked "Original" on the right hand corner of the first page, and Original Anecdotes or Verses will be acceptable. No prize will be awarded for matter which has appeared in any contemporary, and such should not be sent in.

5. The MSS. must be addressed to "Editor of THE TATLER," 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, and all MSS. received up to Saturday morning's delivery will be in time for that week's competition. The result will be intimated and the premium contributions printed a fortnight thereafter. The words "Premium Competition" should be written on the cover.

6. The copyright of all Original MSS. sent in shall vest in the Proprietors of THE TATLER, and all MSS. may be used, whether gaining a premium or not.

7. The Name and Address of the Contributors obtaining the Premiums will be published each week, unless Contributors object to this publicity. If they object, their initials or *nom de plume* will be published instead, but it is preferred that the full name and address of successful Competitors be given.

To be had at all Railway Bookstalls, and may be ordered from any News-agent throughout the United Kingdom.

•• Parts I. and II. now ready, containing portraits of—

The Queen.
Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.
Henry Irving.
The Duke of Buccleuch, K.G.
Rt. Hon. Jos. Chamberlain, M.P.

H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.
The Earl of Rosebery, K.T.
Lady Brassey.
Mr. A. C. Mackenzie.

Printed separately on toned paper. Price, 6d. per copy; by Post, 7d.

Printed for the Proprietors by MACRONE & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—November 3, 1883.

ined.
th u
from
from
and
ach
Ten
Con-
quire
the
ted.
and
the
the
inal
the
inal
rize
any
the
all
will
will
ons
am
all
all
of
ors
t
er
d
d
e
e



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, M.P.

THE TATLER:

A *ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.*

NO. 11.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE PAST.

Only a faded moss-rose

To you it may seem to be,
But still it is fair and fragrant,
And hath a great charm for me;
For when my mind is away,
And with troubles overcast,
I gaze on this withered flower—
A relic of the past.

Only a faded moss-rose!

What thoughts it brings to me!
Soft thoughts of her who plucked it
Fresh from the flow'ring tree;
Thoughts of her youth and beauty;
Like the rose she faded fast,
And left me this simple flower—
A relic of the past.

Only a faded moss-rose!

A bunch of withered leaves;
Ah! how I love to ponder
The memory sweet it weaves.
Oft in the stilly ev'n-tide
It sweet consolation brings,
When thoughts of love in its spring-time
Come on their zephyr wings.

G. EDWARD SIMS.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 11.—LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, M.P.

THE Liberals say he is notorious; the Conservatives say he is famous. In our opinion, he is a man who has made his mark, and who has sufficient natural ability to make his mark deeper. Personally, Lord Randolph is not of imposing appearance, but his features suggest that character of self-reliance and bull-dog perseverance which he has so often displayed. Seen in the lobby of the House of Commons, with his hat—never a very good one—cocked to a side, with his hands in "Paisley gloves," he goes in and out of the House in a restless way, seemingly absorbed in his own thoughts, for he speaks to but few of the crowd.

With characteristic boldness this young politician conceived the idea of forming a new party; and although only gaining three adherents, with a doubtful fourth, this Fourth Party, while rather too aggressive to be coherent, achieved for itself a great mark in the days when it did work together.

Our people "dearly love a lord," and money is an important factor in society and in politics. Lord Randolph married a wealthy American, and his political career may be said to have begun after his marriage. Is Lady Randolph desirous of emulating the politico-social fame of Lady Palmerston, and becoming a leader in the world of London? A wife's ambition has, before now, stimulated a man to push himself to the front. By the will of the late Duke of Marlborough, Lord Randolph Churchill will, in time, gain a considerable addition to his fortune, and this will become even a more potent influence in "society." It is the regret of his friends—we will not insinuate that it is the hope of his political enemies—that Lord Randolph Churchill is not robust, and thus lacks the physique required to make a perfect political career. Political enemies, we say, for personal enemies he has none amongst those who really know the man; and between Mr. Gladstone and his youthful assailant there exists intimate and friendly social relationship. The member for Woodstock will yet be heard of in politics. Rich, ambitious, and clever, he should become a valuable man, so long as his abilities are directed into good channels. A person who, to talk out a bill, could talk potato for some hours—the history, varieties, culture, and vicissitudes of the potato—as Lord Randolph Churchill once did, can hardly fail to become a power; and Mr. Gladstone has paid Lord Randolph the singular compliment of personally replying to his every speech.

"OUTCAST LONDON."

In a very early stage of the world's history, the question was asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and to this day the human race is disposed to put the same question in the hope of a negative response. But the consequences of hoping for a negative response are ever and anon showing themselves in a startling manner, and the revelations as to "Outcast London" form one of the acute stages of that awakening to our duty which now and then occurs. It cannot be said that much really new has been brought out, the only result of the issue of such a dismal catalogue of facts being to re-state what has often been stated. In "Past and Present," Carlyle forty years ago endeavoured to make a similar awakening, and what did he say? "We have sumptuous garnitures for our life, but have forgotten to live in the middle of them;" and

again, "foolish men imagine that because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice, . . . but it is as sure as life, it is as sure as death!" There are other and more desperate pictures now than even what Carlyle had in his eye; but there is one typical case that may be put forward, for it touches self-interest; and when that and worldly wisdom are aroused, who knows what an amount of moral good may be unwittingly set in motion. Carlyle refers to the poor Irishwoman who, seeking aid in all quarters and finding none, sank down in typhus fever, and proved her denied "sisterhood." "Seventeen of you lying dead will not deny such proof that she *was* flesh of your flesh, and perhaps some of the living may lay it to heart." And, again, "they were actually her brothers, though denying it—had human creature ever to go lower for a proof?"

If looked at in this light, the disclosures as to "outcast London" would seem to show that well-to-do people in the metropolis are living in a fool's paradise, in so far as they do not take steps—earnest, immediate, and effectual—to root out such troubles from their midst. The deeper social picture is, further, of awful import; for what can exceed the depth of immoral existence pictured in the awful "hugger-mugger" of those dwellings, with its culminating and suggestive words, that marriage is almost unknown?

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL:

A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER XIV.

UNCLE'S bin tuke down agen, an' aunt's tuke to prechin. She's that weke she can't dres hursel' proper, nor put on her frizes an' things, an' she aint got 1 tuth left. I gess dokter's 'bout rite, that her leece is 'bout run out, an' she aint goin' to be wel enny more, for she's ded an' berrid. I don't think fokeses can liv long wen ther tethe gets down ther insides; an' she spekes awful quere now she aint got enny—a kinder mummla. I aint got eers cute enuff as can know what she means. She was prechin an' prechin, an' I sez:

"Aunt, wen did yer swaller yer tethe?"

So she went upstares, an' I gess she was tuke sik, cos wen she cumd bak she'd throw'd 'em into her mouth agen. An' she went for me, but warn't abel to lik wuth a cent, an' called me a imperent thing as was allus askin queshtuns. An' she tuke to prechin wusser nor ever, an' told me as how bein' a gurl I oughter do things as gurls does, an' play with gurls, an' leve Jim Casey aloan, as was only fit company fur butebblaks. Aunt was hard on Jim, but I don't think she's got a dispishun wuth a cent. So I sez:

"Aunt, was you evver an orphing gurl?"

"Yes, for menny a day."

"An' say, aunt, was you evver a littel gurl?"

"Of course I was. Evry growd pusson's bin littel sum time."

"Say, aunt, 'bout how long sinse?"

"Now yer imperent agen," she sed. "I aint nere so old as yer uncle."

"No, but tel me, aunt, is it a hunderd yeres, an' did yer kno Jorge Washintun an' Laffyyet, an' fite agenst the Britishurs, an' help wop 'em at Bunker Hill; an' say, aunt, did they nevvur want for to burn you fur a wich down to Salem, an' wich was the biggest nose, uncle's or Generul Gage's?"

I gess I was pritty solum like, cos I wanted to kno, til aunt ketched hold o' me, an' waxed me, an' kep asayin' 'tween whaks as didn't hurt more'n the flaps of a muskitter's tale:—

"I'll teche you manners—you littel imperent playg—you'd tri the pashunse o' Jobe—Ile let ye kno suthin 'bout wiches—an' I'll make you wish you'd liv'd a hunderd yeres sinse—you iggerent little savidge."

An' her tethe fel on the flore, an' I coodn't here no more, so I askt her:—

"Did yer swaller yer tethe an' thro 'em up agen like that wen you was littel, aunt; an' why didn't yer swaller papur bawls an' sords, like the wunder o' the yuniverse, the grate majishun, an' swaller all the Britishurs' sords; an' did yer ride a brume stik wen you was a wich, aunt; an' ete the te granes an' butter 'em, an' thro the te away; an' did uncle get jim-jams at Brandewine; an' —"

I was most bustin to kno, an' aunt jest dropt me, an' 'gan to cri, and tuke his terriks. The dokter told me wen she went off bad 2 hold smellin' sawlts 2 her nose. But I coodn't get 'em out the littel bottel; so I broke the bottel, an' pusht the stuff up her nose, an' she cum rownd quik, an' skremed til I had to hold mi eres. An' Grace cum an' tuke it out. Wen aunt was wel agen, she was stil's a mouse an' quyat, an' tuke to prechin agen, an' told me nevvur to ask imperent questshuns, but to play at gurl's play, an' git out my dol as I aint sene for nevvur so long, an' she was to giv me clos to dres it, an' I was to have a cradel for it rele nice, if Ide only be a gude gurl. Then she went to li down, wich she does most all the time.

CHAPTER XV.

I DUNNO how 'tis, but wot's rite's allus rong, an' wot's rong brings a waxin. I was a rele gude gurl all day, an' wated more'n a ower for aunt 'bout the cradel an' the doll's clos. But she nevvur stoit lyin' down all day, so I went an' got my doll, an' wen I saw it cold an' 'thout 1 stich to cuvver it, I 'gan to fele bad an' to luke for clos. So I went to aunt's buro an' found lots o' stuff, an' got sizzurs an' cutted things an' sowd 'em togethur. Grace helpt me shape 'em wen I tuke her stuff, as can do ennything with a pare uv sizzurs an' a needul. So we cutted Dolly a frok as was blu silk, with pletes an' sleeves an' all, and 'fore you cood say Jak, Grace had it on her soin masheen an' sticht

it all over cris-cros like that X. Then we cutted a lase burthy an' a blak silk cloke an' furr linin', an' made a bonit of lase an' blue silk, an' butes up 2 dolly's nees, only they hadn't no soles an' heles. An' wen it was all drest up it was jest luvly. So wen it was 'bout time for dolly to go to bed, Jim an' me tuke a box with velvit linin' as had cum to aunt from the jewler's store, an' nokt out sum o' the fixins cep a round thing as was to be dolly's sete wen she went out ridin'. An' Grace made a piller case an' a nite gownd with lase trimins, an' I got sum hare for the piller an' stuff it, an' we put Dolly to bed. So nex day we tuke dolly out for a ride, but she got nokt around a gude dele cos her carriage hadn't no weles, an' Jim as was playin' hoss ran 2 fast, an' turned dolly out agenst a stone, an' dragg'd her carriage thro a mud puddel. I gess she got her clos sum spiled, so we hanged her up in the hayloft 2 dri, an' put her carriage in the koach-house.

Wen I cumd in ther was an awful to do. Aunt was most in his terriks, a hollerin "theves, murdururs, roburs, an' bugglars;" an' ther was wepin an' walin, but ther warn't no nashin o' tethe, wich aunt hadn't put on. An' Grace sed if she'd kno'd ware I got them things, she'd ha' seed dolly far nuff 'fore she'd techd her clos. An' aunt was on her nees on the flore, a holdin up her dres as had lost a pritty big peece, and a hollerin every minnit, "Theves an' bugglars, theves an' robbers;" and "Who's bin a hakkin at my luvly silk, an' who's cuttid my best gluks an' my seleskin sak as cost a hunder an' twenti dollars, an' ware's my lase as was rele Valunsheens, an' my hankchef as I pade 10 dollars for, an' O! my noo joolery case as I hadn't used a day! Theves an' bugglars, murdururs an' robbers!"

"Aunt," sez I, "hadn't yer better 'ave sum smellin' salts an' li down?"

So she went upstares agen, an' left all her things on the flore, an' I ran an' undrest dolly, the nasty thing, an' throwd the silk an' lace an' stuff with the rest. How was I to kno that 1 ooman cood carri sech a pile o' silk? Seemed to me wen I cuttid it ther was enuff for 20 dresses. An' how was I to kno that the lase for dolly's burthy was rele Valunsheens? An' 'em gluks, if they wasn't a cawshun! They was long enuff to reche up to aunt's sholedura. I only cuttid out the thums for dolly's fete anyway. I brawt bak dolly's koche 2, but it's that durty an' broke that I gess it's a kin' o' bustid for joolery, Ise kinder sory 'bout the fur linin', cos it was cuttid rite out the midel of aunt's seleskin, an' made her luke wen she put it on as if she'd a winder in her bak. Wen she cumd bak she sed as the durty blue silk was a doll's dress, an' the hankchef a nite dress, but she nevvur kno'd 'bout her friz bein' dolly's piller til nex day wen she wanted 2 put it on. So she went for me agen, but she's that weke her waxins don't 'mount to nuthin. So I gess Ise theves an' bugglars an' robbers all roled into 1 littel gurl as can't play like uther

gurls 'thout evrythin's gettin' in a muss. It semes to me it's gettin' a pritty long time 'fore I has anythin' gude 2 rite in my jurnal. It's mostly wikkidness an' waxins wen there's ennybuddy to wax me, an' fitin' an' marshulin' an' rippentin' in sakkloth an' ashes.

(To be continued).

"A TIME TO WORK AND A TIME TO PRAY."

A RICH farmer in Forfarshire, the possessor of some fine fields of grain ready for the sickle, met his grieve one fine Sunday morning lately, and thus addressed him:

"William, we hear a good deal about a special Providence being over the harvest. Now, this is a very fine morning. Do you not think you could get this field cut down to-day?"

"Sir," replied the grieve, "I don't think the men would work."

"I have seldom known men refuse to work if you gave them plenty to eat and drink," returned the farmer; "and I have as seldom known women refuse if you gave them plenty of money. Try them."

William did try them, and soon the field in question was alive with busy hands, and the grain was cut down, the farmer himself carrying supplies of meat and drink from time to time during the day.

Next day the weather was very wet, and the grieve came to his employer to inquire what was to be done to-day.

"Well, William," replied the prudent farmer, "you should just make this a day of prayer and thanksgiving for the good day's harvest work we got yesterday."

"Ay," said William, "I think, sir, ye are in the right—there is a time for everything, if ye tak' the right time."

A NEWLY-MARRIED man in Devonshire says if he had an inch more of happiness he could not possibly live. His wife is obliged to roll him on the floor and pat him with a brickbat every day to keep him from being too happy.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I wanted that patient as a tramp wants rum, but I sent him over to Dr. Tombs just to make Tombs think I had more business than I could handle."

A MINISTER hearing a boy saying, "Bother these mosquitoes," reproved him, saying that, like all other creatures, they were doubtless made for some good end. "That may be," said the boy, "but I don't like the end I feel, at any rate."

RECENTLY, when a handsome young woman went to a shop to get one of those wooden contrivances that are used for mashing potatoes, and said "I want a masher," every man in the shop, from the cashier to the manager, started to wait on her.

At a recent pigeon-shooting at Houston, a gentleman who had claimed to be a crack shot missed six successive birds, and his disgusted friends, who had been betting on him, were mad enough to drown him. "What kind of shooting is that?" inquired one of them, indignantly. "I know it's my fault. I am too sober. No sober man can expect to hit birds that fly so crooked. If I'd had three more beers I'd have scattered feathers, and don't you forget it."

LONDON THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

THE success made by Miss Mary Anderson as *Parthenia*, and the many good points then noticed in her method of acting, naturally led me to expect that her future efforts would be full of merit. The most expectant has been satisfied, for her *Pauline* in the "Lady of Lyons," revived at the Lyceum on Saturday, 27th Oct., must be spoken of as a most fresh, natural, and delightful performance. There are opportunities in this play which seem to force themselves upon the player without straining for effect—they seem to work themselves out—and Miss Anderson was certainly in no way behind. There was all the dignity of the proud beauty. The scorn with which she viewed her lover for fooling her, her passion in the last act, when *Beausant* presses his suit, were all admirably depicted. Miss Anderson possesses a peculiarly expressive face, and this greatly heightens her efforts. From almost every point of view her *Pauline* was successful.

Mr. J. H. Barnes as *Claude* was of great value, and did some excellent work. Robust and vigorous, his acting was that of a thorough artiste. Mr W. Farren was a good *Colonel Damas*, but Mr. Frank Archer was somewhat weak and tame as *Beausant*. *Madame Deschappelles* was admirably played by Mrs. Arthur Stirling, and the *Widow* received due prominence from Mrs. Billington. Amongst the audience on the first night were the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

I have seen Messrs Merritt and George Conquest's drama, "The Crimes of Paris," now playing at the Surrey, and must chronicle it as a very satisfactory production. What do Surrey audiences want with literary merit in a piece? You may pile up the murders and such like, and they will like the piece all the more. Certainly there is enough of the horrible in this to satisfy the most ardent lover of sensationalism. The main feature of the plot is the bringing to justice of a gang of notorious thieves, who infest the saloons, streets, churches, in fact wherever they can gain access, of that charming retreat—Paris. The work of bringing their many sins to light is undertaken by one *Pepin Cerdel*, and the way in which he performs his work, under some half-dozen disguises, is very creditable. It is needless to say, the good people are all rewarded, whilst the "bold, bad man" and his "pals" are not forgotten.

The acting, all round, is very good. Most of the business falls upon the shoulders of Mr Julian Cross, as the detective, and his rendering of the character is splendid. Mr. T. F. Nye, as the "willin' villain of the piece," is most polished in his scoundrelism, and is certainly up to all the "tricks of the trade." Mr. Edward Sass, as *Jules Martel*, the long-suffering husband, secured the sympathies of the house. To see this gentleman undergoing any amount of persecution on the stage, and to hear him laugh and see him enjoy himself in the stalls of a West-End house the other morning, is not so bad. Mr. C. Cruickshanks was a very fair *Pierre Pelpost*, and Mr Percy Bell, as a Cockney who has lost his wife in Paris, provided plenty of fun. Miss Sophie Fane was a thoroughly good *Hélène*, Miss Alice Raynor deserves commendation for her *Angèle*, and Miss Harriet Claremont is very nice as *Lizette*. The piece is splendidly staged, and I predict for it a good run.

On Saturday afternoon, 27th October, a new drama, by Mr. George Roy, entitled "Bonnie Prince Charlie," was introduced at the Imperial. It is a poor work, and was very poorly played, Mr. R. C. Lyons undertaking the leading part. Perhaps Mr. Currans can tell me where Mr. Gladstone and all the other notabilities who were advertised to be present got to. Did they object to leave their sticks (sixpence), hats (sixpence), and buy a programme (sixpence) of the harpy (sixpence), and so were refused admission? If they did, I don't blame them.

"Fedora" is beginning to grow slack, and the new comedy from the pen of A. W. Pinero is in rehearsal at the Haymarket.

Colonel Tom Ochiltree is an American, and no mistake, still I think he is rather far-fetched in his opinions. This is his estimation of Mr. Irving:—"Irving is, in my estimation, a consummate fraud. I do not mean to say he is not painstaking and honest in his endeavours, but he is not a great actor like Edwin Booth, or Barrett, or even M'Cullough. I have seen him in all his plays, and I never saw one touch of genius in anything he did. He brings out his pieces in wonderful style in the way of properties, but that is all. He will, I am certain, fail to take here, save as a fashion."

Another bit here. "Ellen Terry is a good actress, but she is not equal to Rose Coghlan. Mary Anderson is making a steady success in London. She is a dear little girl, and better looking than either Langtry or Cornwallis West." "Everyone for his own," is evidently the motto of this gentleman. I admire it, but he should "simmer down" a bit, and not allow his admiration of his countrymen and women to rule his common sense.

Mr. Henry Pettitt wants £25 per week during the run of "The Spider's Web" at the Olympic. This piece, if my memory fails me not, was originally produced in Glasgow.

I looked in at a *matinée* of "The Glass of Fashion" at the Globe, and found a well-filled house, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy Mr. Sydney Grundy's comedy. Whatever its faults may be, it certainly bristles with capital points and ready wit. I noticed that a "property" glass is now used, and it serves its purpose well.

Somebody wants to know if Mr. Beerbohm Tree intends coming out as a "lightning cartoonist," after his splendid efforts at sketching Miss Lingard. He has succeeded in producing a very good likeness of that lady, in the space of a minute or so, for the last fifty nights, so his hand is well up to the game.

"Ours," at Toole's, is doing good business, and "Ariel" seems to fill the Gaiety very fairly.

Colonel Mapleson is reported to have said that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh have taken £30,000 worth of shares in the New Italian Opera House on the Thames embankment. There is no truth in the rumour that all shareholders will be required to take an active part in the proceedings, as it was found to be somewhat difficult to suit T.R.H.'s. Fancy the Prince of Wales playing a trombone solo, and the Duke of Edinburgh working the big drum, cymbals, and triangle, all at the same time. Warm work for the Duke.

The clever author of "Confusion" has finished another piece for the Vaudeville, which is to be called "The Twins."

♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Charles Collette, a clever and original comedian, appeared at the Gaiety on Thursday, Oct. 1, in "My Awful Dad," as the ever green and lively *Adonis*. This part originally belonged to the late Charles Mathews.

♦ ♦ ♦

It is rumoured that the Salvation Army are going to try their hand with the unfortunate "Folies Dramatiques."

♦ ♦ ♦

There was a private trial of the acoustic properties of the new Alhambra Theatre on Saturday afternoon, 27th ulto., and it proved in every way satisfactory. The whole of the chorus, some sixty voices, sang "God save the Queen," Miss Constance Loseby giving the solo.

WHIFFLES.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. X.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

No. 27.—"MY SARATOGA."

It was rather a curious trio that came on board a steamer bound for Rotterdam one day when "The Rambler" happened to be going that way. There was a young lady, an older, or, shall it be said, middle-aged lady, and a delicate young man. That they were Yankees was at once apparent—Yankees somewhat near the type of Mr. Washington Adams, as recently described in Mr. White's charming little satire. The trio were evidently travelling in company, but not travelling together. Chance acquaintances, but fraternising in rational friendliness: and the young man, who sought for ease to a weakened physique, was all the better for the kindly interest manifested in him by his fellow-countrywomen. At first "The Rambler" took them for mother, son, and daughter; but in the course of the voyage it came out that they were a mere fortuitous concourse of atoms.

The elderly woman was the most interesting of the trio. She could and did talk, her language full of "guesses" and "that's so's." But she had travelled much. After telling that in the past twelve months she had travelled more than ten thousand miles, she said: "I have no home now; my home is where my Saratoga is." Print will not convey the expressive twang in which she thus referred to the huge American travelling trunk so named, in which our "kin beyond sea" of the female persuasion carry their attire.

No. 28.—RAPID TRAVELLING.

Another Yankee party "The Rambler" met was at a hotel in Melrose, where they, a gentleman and lady, arrived by a late train one dark October night. In this case also the woman was the talker—and how she did talk!

The rapidity of their progress was amazing. That day they had arrived in Stirling early in the afternoon, had "done" that ancient castle and burgh, with the adjoining Wallace Monument, and then came on to Edinburgh. Two hours of a wet afternoon, in the shortening days of October, had been devoted to that city, and here, by super-time, they had got forward to Melrose.

"Oh, I guess I was so much disappointed not to see Edinburgh well," she said. "I had read so much about it, and spoken so much about it to my children, that it

was almost too much to find the weather there so bad. And when I saw that old town dim and dark, with lights in so many of the tall houses, I should have so much liked to see all that I *knew* must be to be seen."

But the pressure of time was too much for her, and she consoled herself with the determination to get afterwards the largest and best photographs of the city, and not to let on to her young people that she had seen so little of it!

The talkative lady stated that they never carried very much luggage with them, just two or three small bags. Early next morning this couple of "lightning" travellers were astir betimes, and "did" Melrose Abbey before breakfast. Then, at 9.30, a cab came to the door to take them off to Abbotsford, and in less than two hours thereafter they were back at the station, and off by the Midland express, their next station being York. Dryburgh Abbey—ah, yes, they would like to do that too, but there was no time.

The lady was right about their luggage. Besides wraps, each of the two had three or four small hand-bags—the number is no exaggeration—and it seemed as if one moderately-sized portmanteau would have been more handy after all than travelling thus with "the thirty-nine articles."

INNER LIFE OF THE GREAT CITY.

III.—THE CRUEL WORK OF AN INTIMATE FRIEND— (Concluded.)

MRS FRASER, junr., did not appear to take the temporary loss of her husband very much to heart. She did not go to the theatre or visit her friends seldomer than before, and her constant companions were Marshall and his sister. Her mother-in-law hinted that she saw a little too much of the Marshalls, but the young wife replied that the close intimacy was the wish of her husband. At parting had not Edward put her hand in Marshall's and said: "Sydney, here is your other sister, remember you are her guardian?"

Husbands who object to disagreeable surprises should always inform their wives of the hour of their return, so that their fair partners may be in waiting to receive them with open arms. At least that is the opinion of your humble servant, an unmarried man. Edward Fraser was foolish enough to neglect this precaution, and the result was quite the reverse of what he anticipated. In his mind's eye he no doubt often pictured the disconsolate wife gazing on his photograph, and kissing it, and seeking consolation from his love letters. And as the ship neared Southampton, on the return journey, he frequently heard, in imagination, her joyful cry of welcome as he stepped across the threshold of his home.

Leaving his luggage to be forwarded, he hurried up from Southampton and reached the vicinity of his villa one night about eleven o'clock. He sent no telegram announcing his arrival in England, and the *Ajax*, having had a good passage, reached port twenty-four hours before she was due. Everything favoured the pleasant surprise in store for his wife. He, like a lover who had a clandestine appointment, stopped the cab a few doors from the house and jumped out with only a small bag in his hand, containing presents for the treasure of his heart (that is the correct phrase, I think.) Stealthily opening the garden gate, the fond husband, dying to embrace his wife, hastened through the shrubbery and trees which bordered the approach to the front door and made the

place pitch dark. All his precautions had been useless. Before he had gone many steps a lady rushed into his arms and kissed him.

"My darling," she whispered "you have come at last."

It was his wife; she had been on the watch for him. So overjoyed was he at this mark of affection, all he could say was :

"Beloved one."

"There is no letter or telegram, dearest Sydney," she whispered in his ear, putting her arms round his neck; "a few more hours of bliss."

"Woman," he exclaimed horrified, "what do I hear? I am your husband."

She uttered a startled cry, jumped apart from him, and fled.

At this moment the gate clicked and a footstep approached.

"He has returned, run for your life," called out the wife from the shrubbery.

Sydney Marshall, for it was that trustworthy gentleman, did not require a second warning. He was out of the gate and round the corner in a second.

The dazed and maddened husband quickly followed, but Marshall was not to be seen, and he did not return to his apartments that night.

Fraser would not trust himself to go near his wife again, and he went to his father's. When father and son reached the villa next morning, the servants told them that Mrs. Fraser packed up a couple of boxes and left at six o'clock, as she said to meet her husband.

The guilty pair had no doubt left London. It was ascertained that, on the plea of urgent private affairs, Marshall had received a fortnight's leave of absence from business. "Let me know where they are and your task is finished," Fraser said to the detectives employed to trace them; and at the end of two days—an eternity to him—he got the address, a farm-house in the neighbourhood of Brighton. "That is enough," remarked Fraser; "I will now make sure that the scoundrel will not corrupt another man's wife." It was this remark which told so much against him at the trial.

In the darkening light of an October afternoon the quondam friends met face to face on the cliffs, and the deadly struggle began. It did not last long. Fraser, being the stronger of the two, soon had the advantage, and he hurled the destroyer of his life into the sea. The deed accomplished, the betrayed husband did not attempt to fly. He gave himself up to the first policeman he met; and all that he said to the inspector was, that as the law did not meet his case, he had been obliged to be his own judge and executioner.

Not the slightest trace of Sydney Marshall, dead or alive, had been discovered.

The official report to the Home Secretary was based on these details, which I have curtailed as much as possible.

Whether they came at a wrong time or not, the petitions in favour of a commutation of the sentence were unsuccessful.

The execution took place within the precincts of Lewes Gaol, and as the case interested me, and I had business at Brighton, I was present. It was quite true, Fraser owned, that he had sought the man's life, and as he had broken the law, he must pay the penalty. He prepared to meet his ignominious end with quiet firmness. An incident occurred at the last moment to destroy his fortitude, and which riveted my attention. It was immediately before Marwood pulled the cap over the condemned man's face. Fraser was taking his last look on earth,

when his eyes met those of one of the reporters. Sudden as a flash of lightning his face underwent the most extraordinary change; before it wore a resigned expression, now it had all the malignity of a fiend. The governor and every one could see that the man was terribly agitated; his body swayed violently and he attempted to speak, but, as fortune would have it, the clock was sounding the last beat of eight, and the hangman made haste to finish his horrible work.

When all was over the reporter who had so greatly disturbed Fraser's dying moments sneaked quickly out of the prison, but I did not mean to lose sight of him. An explanation was necessary. Detectives see so many phases of crime they are not usually astonished at anything; but I must own to being dumfounded when I discovered, under all his disguise, that reporter to be Sydney Marshall.

A good swimmer, and terrified for his life, he had, when pitched into the water, struck out to sea in the hope that he might fall in with a passing vessel, and he was eventually picked up by a French fishing-boat and landed at Portrail.

"Why were you there?" I demanded, pointing to the gaol.

"As I was never safe until he was dead, I wished to see the last of him."

"But how did you obtain an entrance?" I asked.

"Easily enough. I induced a Brighton reporter to let me take his place."

"Do you think Fraser recognised you?"

"I am sure he did."

"Hanging would be too good for you!" I said.

The villain was tired of my examination. What could have been done with him if I had detained him?

Several years have passed since then, but, directly or indirectly, I have heard nothing more of Sydney Marshall.

It was some consolation for Fraser's heart-broken parents to know that their son was guiltless of taking a man's life.

The notoriety was too much for the Evans' family, and, along with their frail daughter, they emigrated to Buenos Ayres.

"My darling husband," said an appreciative wife to the hero of her choice, "how I so wish I were you." This seemed nothing more than natural to the "darling" husband, still he said: "And why do you wish you were me, my pet?" Then, with silver eloquence, she replied: "Because then I would order my little wife such a love of a bonnet for the summer."

◆ ◆ ◆

THERE is an enthusiastic undertaker who always identifies himself with his business in a personal way. When he is called in a hurry, and his coffin happens to be a little short, "We will settle," he cries, "during the night, so as to fit the coffin. It is astonishing how we settle sometimes. We have been known to settle three inches in a single night!" The same man is given to dallying lovingly with his subjects, and is proud when they look well. Once he said: "Don't we look natural? This neckcloth needs a little fixing, and then we'll do." And another time: "Will our friends be kind enough to take a last look at us?" And on still another occasion, on receiving a body from a distance, he said: "Here we are, eleven days from Cyprus, and sweet as a nut!"

THE BENEFITS OF ADVERTISING.

MILLAUD, the banker and newspaper speculator, who died a little while back in Paris, and who founded the *Paris Petit Journal*, which at one time had a daily circulation of nearly half a million copies, was an enthusiastic believer in the advantages of liberal advertising. One day he had at his table nearly all the proprietors of the leading Paris dailies. They conversed about advertising. Millaud asserted that the most worthless articles could be sold in vast quantities if liberally advertised. Emile de Girardin, of *La Presse*, who was present, took issue with him on the subject. "What will you bet," exclaimed Millaud, "that I cannot sell in one week one hundred thousand francs' worth of the most common cabbage seed under the pretext that it will produce mammoth cabbage heads? All I have to do is to advertise it once in a whole-page insertion of the daily papers of this city." Girardin replied that he would give him a page in his paper for nothing if he should win his wager. The other newspaper publishers agreed to do the same thing. At the expiration of the week they enquired of Millaud how the cabbage seed had flourished. He showed them his books triumphantly, and satisfied them that he had sold nearly twice as much as he had promised, while orders were still pouring in; but he said the joke must stop there, and no further orders would be fulfilled.

MARJORY MAY.

Marjory May came tripping from town,
Fresh as a pink in her trim white gown.
A picture was Marjory, slim and fair,
With her large sun-hat and her sunlit hair;
And down the green lane where I chanced to stray
I met, by accident, Marjory May.

Marjory May had come out for a stroll,
Past the gray church and round by the toll,
Perhaps by the wood and the wishing-stone,
There was sweet Marjory tripping alone.
"May I come too? now don't say me nay."
"Just as you please," laughed Marjory May.

So it fell out that we went all alone,
Round by the wood and the wishing-stone;
And there I whispered the wish of my life—
Wished that sweet Marjory May were my wife,
"For I love you so dear. Is it ay or nay?
Come, answer me quickly, sweet Marjory May!"

Marjory stood; not a word did she speak,
Only the red blood flushed in her cheek;
Then she looked up with a grave sweet smile
(The flush dying out of her face the while),
"I like you so much, but not in that way,
And then there is John," said Marjory May.

Years have rolled on since that fair summer's day,
Still I'm a bachelor, old and grey.
Whenever I take my lonely stroll
Round by the wood, and back by the toll,
I pass by the house where her children play,
For John has married sweet Marjory May.

THERE is a man in Yorkshire who is so tall that he does not pay poll-tax—his head being considered out of the county.

A LADY WHO WANTED MOTTOES.

A GENTLEMAN whose wife had instructed him to purchase a few nice, appropriate mottoes, became inebriated, and forgot just what she wanted of him. He had a confused notion that his wife's request was in some way relative to his purchase of something in the way of sign cards, so he called upon a dealer, and purchased quite a variety.

"I've got 'em—hic—my dear. He-he-here's a whole lot of nice 'uns," he said, as he triumphantly produced his package.

With a sigh over his maudlin condition, she found the following:—"Hands off," "Your Choice for Five Cents," "Look out for the Locomotive," "Keep off the Grass," "No Dogs Admitted," "Ham Sandwiches, ten cents each," "Tom and Jerry," "For Rent," "Oysters in All Styles."

Then the lady went down town and made her own selections, and when her husband woke up in the morning after a spree that cost him four hundred dollars, a placard stared him in the face from the bedroom wall, "Rum did it," and when he turned over with a groan, he noticed the warning, "Shun the Bowl." Shifting uneasily to the other side, he caught sight of "Death in the Cup."

He hasn't been drunk since.

"DON'T BE AFRAID."

"I'M not in the habit of travelling, and I want to know that things is perfectly safe," said a brawny woman, as she stood at the door of the car and glared around.

"Take a seat, ma'am," suggested the conductor. "Don't be afraid."

"Oh, I ain't afraid," shouted the woman, waving her umbrella. "What I want to see is the three men who want me for a fourth hand at euchre, and then would like to bet on a little poker! Just point out that trio!" and she marched into the car and stamped her foot.

"They got off at the last station," whispered the conductor.

"Where's the man with the three-card game, who lets me win at first, and then gobbles my pile?" she bawled, turning on the conductors fiercely. "Let him commence now while I am at home and within reach of my friends."

"He never travels on this road," replied the conductor in great distress.

"Sit down like a good woman."

"Not till I see the man who wants me to cash his cheque. Which car does he travel in?"

"He is in jail," moaned the conductor. "Sit down here beside this gentleman."

She sat down and turned upon her fellow passenger vindictively.

"You haven't been winning any prize in a lottery which you want me to help you collect, have you?" she demanded. "You don't want to borrow my trunk check to open a seat with, and then substitute another, I reckon? Look here, your hand's in it, and if you breathe between now and the time I get out, I'll poke this umbrella down your throat and turn it inside out? I've read about you sharpers, but you can't green-horn me without wishing you died with Ananias and Sapphira!"

THE editor of the *Mudshire Vindicator*, describing an opponent whose person was extremely slim, says, "I will tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic; add him up, and there's nothing to carry."

A MURDERER IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

A STARTLING CONFESSION.

A few days ago, whilst hurrying to catch my train at Aldgate Street Station, my attention was attracted to a small paper packet, lying on the side walk just before me. I naturally picked it up; and, as I hastened onward, I examined my find, curious as to its contents. It was wrapped in white foolscap, open at the ends; but there was no writing or mark upon the cover to give any clue to its owner. Pressing it open at the end I could see sufficient to assure me that it contained a closely-written manuscript; but as I had by this time reached the station, and my train was on the point of starting, I thrust it into my pocket, until such time as I had more leisure to examine it. An enjoyable tea, an easy chair, and the evening paper, banished for a time all thought of my "find" from my thoughts, and it was not until late in the evening that I recollected the packet.

On removing the cover, I found that the manuscript it contained possessed neither address, date, nor signature, and with my curiosity not a little aroused by the opening sentence, I lit my pipe, drew my chair up to the fire, and did not stir until I had read it carefully through. What its effect has been upon me I do not care to say. Who its author may be, let us trust will never be known, if the knowledge of him has to come by such means as he solemnly avers it will. The thought that such a man is moving about amongst us, following his occupation, perhaps, at our own doors; waiting until such time as the fearful temptation which besets him shall utterly master him and compel him to yield to its strengthening attacks, is horrible to contemplate.

I give a verbatim copy of the strange document, and leave the public to judge for themselves of the danger they run should the terrible, yet unknown, author be still at large, and still impelled to carry out his deadly purpose.

The Manuscript.

"I am a barber. What my name may be does not signify now. It will be known soon enough, from one end of the country to the other. It will be on thousands of tongues before long. Not that I have any wish for notoriety—I haven't. Rather the contrary, but I cannot help myself in the matter. It is for the latter reason that I have decided to write this. I want to show, that in the crime I shall sooner or later commit, I am *morally* not a free agent, but *legally* I maintain I am in every way responsible for my actions. I will explain in my own way.

To begin with, as I have before stated, I am a barber. Not a very high calling, but a useful one any way. Barbers, as a rule, are steady men. It is with them, to a great extent, a business necessity. I am a steady man. I never lost an hour through drink in my life. I never smoke. My shop-mates call me unsociable—I may be from their point of view.

As for my early life, that does not come within the limit of this paper. It is not necessary it should. The police and the newspapers can be trusted to ferret out enough to satisfy the public on this head, when occasion arises for them to do so.

I have had, for a man in my position, a good education. I have read a great deal, and thought about what I have read. I am a bad sleeper, and, therefore, I have turned to a book as a relief. Want of rest excites instead of depressing me. I may mention this character to my course

of reading—that light literature has no interest for me, to show that the crime I shall commit is not attributable to an ignorant or brutally depraved nature. Cruelty is abhorrent to me—suffering of any kind distressing. I can, and do appreciate the difference between right and wrong as perfectly and with as fine a sense, I believe, as any man. Nevertheless, I shall as surely commit murder, and that before long, as that I now write these lines. It is to prove that I am accountable, in every legal sense, for my actions, and thereby knowingly incur the full penalty attached to such crime as I may commit, that I make the foregoing statement. It is my desire and my intention to put myself beyond all hope of escape from the penalty of death, which I shall incur by my crime.

When once I have accomplished my destiny I shall have no desire for life. To be confined as a lunatic for the remainder of my days, to exist from year to year a prisoner, would be, to one of my temperament, a living death—a mental hell more awful than a thousand deaths. From a child my dread of confinement, in any shape, has been so acute as to amount almost to a disease. To me the word signifies, in a greater or less degree, suffocation.

When a child the pouring of water over my head whilst being bathed, or the accidental slipping of my head beneath the bed clothes when asleep, thrust me into an agony of fear, nay, almost into convulsions; and those who scolded and beat me for what they termed my naughtiness little knew the acute mental suffering I felt, and which caused my hysterical screams.

The same dread, to a great degree, affects me yet. Year in, year out, I must have my bedroom window open. I had rather walk than ride in a railway carriage with the doors locked. The cabin of a ship is a horror to me. Here then is the reason for my desire to prove myself sound in mind. Death I do not dread. Imprisonment for life means forced insanity, for it would drive me mad. Who can tell, who can calculate the awful suffering of a mind diseased?

Now, however, sane though I am, and as I trust this paper proves, I am before long going to commit an atrocious, cold-blooded, unprovoked murder. Who my victim will be, I no more know than he knows of my purpose. I may rub elbows with him as I pass along the street to-morrow morning. I may travel in the same bus with him, or get my dinner at the same table—when I have time and money to visit an eating-house—and still be as ignorant of the fact that there is the doomed man as he that I am his destined murderer.

Of the thousands who each day place themselves in a barber's chair to be shaved, to how many, I wonder, has come the thought, as the keen razor has played lightly over their stubby chins—"How easily this man could cut my throat from ear to ear." Not to many. Not, perhaps, to one per cent. of them. It is easy to see this from their indifference to the business in hand. Now and then a customer may look suspiciously at the operator as though a glimmering notion of such a possibility had entered his head, but very seldom. But to the barber the idea must often be present of how completely the customer is in his power. For myself I can say that for years now the thought has always been present. The first time it came to me, with anything like force, was when reading an account in an American paper of the murder of a detective in a Western town by a criminal whom he had been tracking for months from state to state. It appears that the officer of justice had reason to believe that his man was employed as a barber in a well-known saloon, and to make sure of the fact, and effect his capture, he walked

quietly in one morning, and, seating himself, asked for a shave. As soon as the lathering part of the operation commenced he saw his suspicions were correct, but, unfortunately for him, he was recognised too. He could not have been aware of this, or, knowing the desperate character of the man he had to deal with, he dare not have sat it out. With a steady hand and unmoved features the barber went on with his task, and, not until the very last, when he had given the unsuspecting detective a thoroughly artistic shave, did he draw the razor across his throat, almost severing his head from his body. The murderer was subsequently taken, and after confessing his crimes, and describing his feelings whilst shaving his last victim, was lynched by the mob.

Since reading this story—now some years ago—the feeling has come upon me that I should sooner or later commit such a murder as this American desperado, but without his excuse.

To escape from myself I have tried to commit suicide by taking laudanum, but the doctor, by great exertions, brought me round. He saved me, and to what end? That I might become a murderer. Oh! the irony of fate. For my attempt on my life I was imprisoned, and the confinement maddened me. In the solitude of my cell I determined that, when I was released, I would struggle no longer against my destiny. It was my destiny, and I would fulfil it. The time for its accomplishment ripens fast. Only the other week, the feeling was strong upon me, and as I plied my razor on a stout, well-to-do looking, red-haired man, it came to me like a flash this is he. But as I was looking at his big bull throat, across which I so soon intended to draw my keen blade, I accidentally cut his lip, when he sprang up with an oath, called me a clumsy fool, and hastily sponging his face, left the shop. That cut and his hasty temper saved him.

Again, but yesterday, I had a handsome-looking gentleman under my charge when the murderous fit seized hold on me irresistibly. I must kill him. I arranged everything. I would finish shaving him. I would make a perfect, a faultless job of him, and then—. I was quite cool. My pulse never quickened. I felt no fear, no horror, no remorse. I was about to accomplish my destiny, that was all. I had finished all but the final act. His chin was as smooth as a billiard ball. I grasped my razor firmly for the stroke, when just at the moment the door opened, and a beautiful little child, about three years old, ran into the room, and climbing on the gentleman's knee, cried: "Papa! papa! do be quick; mamma's tired of waiting." The spell was broken, and he also escaped.

But why should I write more? To-morrow, next day, it may be next week, the news-boys in every town will proclaim that I have fulfilled my destiny—that I am a murderer! My fate I cannot escape. The sooner I meet it and follow my victim out of the world, the better for the world and for me. The world will lose what it will look upon as a monster, and I—well, perhaps I shall—have rest."

[The Contributor who forwarded the foregoing to us, had evidently failed to notice that the last two sheets of the M.S. had stuck together. On carefully separating them, the following additional paragraph was discovered.

"There is a moral attached to this story, which those who run may read. Shave yourself. In order to shave yourself with anything like comfort, it is necessary that you should forward at once to Messrs. DICKSON & HARRIS, Grinder Street, Sheffield, Twelve Stamps for one of their marvellous Razors, which are unequalled and unrivalled. Post free to any address in the United Kingdom for Twelve Stamps."

For obvious reasons we have suppressed the correct name and address of the enterprising Cutlery firm who were about to advertise their wares in such a gruesome manner. May it not, with reason, be asked, to what is advertising coming?—ED. TATLER.]

First Premium (6s.)—Awarded to Mr. J. WEBSTER BAYNE.

TATTERS AND RAGS.

A DREADFUL RHYME.

LAST year, in the month of November, when fine days were few, Mr. Edward W. Thomas, of 200 Euston Road, London, wrote to the *Times* newspaper as follows:—"May I beg the powerful influence of your columns in order to plead the cause of a deserving charity? I am on all sides pressed by applications for relief from friendless young women eager for aid or reclamation. Admission has been given to all suitable applicants to the utmost capacity of the Homes, irrespective of creed, class, or country, the only recommendation being necessity on the part of the virtuous and penitence on the part of the fallen. Since the autumn of 1879 there have been admitted to the Homes 390 friendless and fallen young women and girls, and to the Open-all-Night Refuge 580. During the same period nearly 1400 applications by and on behalf of young women have been made. At present our funds are exhausted. I therefore beg the opportunity of appealing to your numerous readers for contributions to the funds of a deserving charity."

Should the above appeal and the following sketch meet the eye of the benevolent, and induce them to help forward a charitable cause, the end or aim will have been served of the author of "A Dreadful Rhyme."

Whirling in whiteness each snowflake falls down,
Blown by the breeze that comes up from the sea,
Spreading a mantle all over the town,
Hushing the sound of its gladness and glee.
Quickly the storm has deepened each street,
Shut is each doorway, deserted the flags,
All have departed some shelter to meet,
All but one bundle of tatters and rags.

Carry the *flotsam* along to the light,
View it all over beneath the pale gas;
Is it illusion deceiving our sight?
Has poor humanity come to this pass?
O! it is pitiful, still it is true,
Here in the cold, on the hard frozen flags,
Under the gas-lamp, now comes on our view
The face of a woman 'midst tatters and rags.

Such is the bundle, or rather the dress
Worn by a woman who does not seem old;
She still has a womanly look in her face
That cannot be banished by famine or cold.
Though livid her features, her child-like blue eyes
Look through the snow falling fast on the flags;
Sad, weary, and worn, yet full of surprise
Is her gaze looking out amidst tatters and rags.

Does the gaze of this waif of the snow-covered street
Bring to her visions of comfort and home?
Does it bring scenes of youth, happy and sweet,
Before Love's unfaithfulness forced her to roam?
Does *she* see her tempter again coming soft?
Does *his* shadow flit o'er yon hard frozen flags?
Does *she* see herself ere her virtue she doffed,
And tossed it away for—these tatters and rags?

Ah me, who could tell that at this time of day,
Or say that her voice could once chirrup and sing?
Or that her numbed fingers could tunes deftly play,
When life was a hey-day and all was as spring?
These are not love notes the night wind is sighing,
They are moans from the being we raised from the flags—
A woman, all helpless, all hopeless, and dying,
An outcast from home, amidst tatters and rags.

Poor tatters and rags! a hard fate was thine;
What were her visions *we* never shall know,
But her blue eyes gave out quite a rapturous shine
As we bore her along 'midst the cold drifting snow.
Though tended, she died with the dawning so clear;
To tell o'er her story my memory flags,
But she told us all, with a sigh and a tear—
It was "the old story," 'midst tatters and rags.

Second Premium (10s.) awarded to G. C. S.

"PAPA! I HAVE FOUND HIM."

THE officers of Her Majesty's onety-oneth infantry were sitting around their mess table, in Castletown, the capital of the Isle of Man, one evening more than thirty years ago—that is, all of them except one; but then, that was only Brown. Nobody minded Brown; even his peculiarities had begun to be an old subject for "chaffing," and, indeed, he had paid such small attention to their "chaffing" that they had come to find it little pleasure, and, after some weeks of discomfort, Lieutenant Brown had been allowed to choose his own pleasures without much interference.

These were not extravagant. A favourite book, a long walk in all kinds of weather, and a sail when the weather was favourable. He would not drink—he said it hurt his health; he would not shoot—he said it hurt his feelings; he would not gamble—he said it hurt his conscience; and he did not care to flirt or visit the belles of the capital—he said it hurt his affections. Once Captain De Montfort lispingly wondered whether it was possible to "hurt his honour," and Brown calmly answered that "it was not possible for Captain De Montfort to do so."

Indeed, Brown constantly violated all these gentlemen's ideas of proper behaviour, but, for some reason or other, no one brought him to account for it. It was easier to shrug their shoulders and call him "queer," or say, "it was only Brown," or even to quietly assert his cowardice.

One evening Colonel Wood was discussing a hunting party for the next day. Brown walked into the room and was immediately accosted:

"Something new, Lieutenant. I find there are plenty of hare on the island, and we mean to give puss a run to-morrow. I have heard you are a good rider; will you join us?"

"You must excuse me, Colonel; such a thing is neither in the way of duty, nor my pleasure."

"You forget the honour the Colonel does you, Brown," said young Ensign Balsam.

"I thank the Colonel for his courtesy, but I can see no good reason for accepting it. I am sure my horse will not approve of it; and I am sure the hare will not like it; and I am not a good rider. Therefore I should not enjoy it."

"You need not be afraid," said the Colonel, rather sneeringly; "the country is quite open, and these low Manx walls are easily taken."

"Excuse me, Colonel, I am afraid. If I should be hurt it would cause my mother and sisters very great alarm and anxiety. I am very much afraid of doing this."

What was to be done with a man so obtuse regarding conventionalities, and who boldly asserted his cowardice? The Colonel turned away, half contemptuously, and Ensign Balsam took Brown's place.

The morning proved to be a very bad one, with the prospect of a rising storm; and, as the party gathered in the barrack yard, Brown said earnestly to his Colonel:

"I am afraid, sir, you will meet with a severe storm."

"I think so, Lieutenant; but we promised to dine at Gwynne Hall, and we shall get that far, at any rate."

So they rode rather gloomily away in the rain. Brown attended to the military duties assigned to him, and then, about noon, walked seaward. It was hard work by this time to keep his footing on the narrow quay; but, amid the blinding spray and mist he saw quite a crowd of men going rapidly towards the great shelving Scarlet Rocks, a mile beyond the town. He stopped an old sailor, and asked:

"Is anything wrong?"

"A little steamer, sir, off the Calf of Man. She is driving this way, an' indeed I fear she will be on ta rocks afore ta night."

Brown stood still a moment, and then followed the crowd as fast as the storm would let him. When he joined them they were gathered on the summit of a huge cliff, watching the doomed craft. She was now within sight, and it was evident that her seamen had almost lost all control of her. She must, ere long, be flung by the waves upon the jagged rocks toward which she was driving. In the lulls of the wind, not only the booming of the minute guns, but also the shouts of the imperilled crew could be heard.

"What can be done?" said Brown to an old man, whose face betrayed the strongest emotion.

"Nothing, sir, I am afraid. If she'd managed to rount ta rocks, she would have gone to pieces on ta sand, and there are plenty of men who would have risked life to save life. But how are we to reach them from this height?"

"How far are we above water?"

"This rock goes down like a wall forty fathoms, sir."

"What depth of water at the foot?"

"Thirty feet or more."

"Good. Have you plenty of light strong rope?"

"Much as you want, sir. But let me tell you, sir, you can't live three minutes down there; ta first wave will dash you on to ta rocks, and dash you to pieces. Plenty of us would put you down, sir, but you can't swim if you do get down."

"Do you know, old man, what surf swimming is? I have dived through the surf at Nukheva."

"God bless you, sir. I thought no white man could do the same."

While this conversation was going on Brown was divesting himself of all superfluous clothing, and cutting out the sleeves of his heavy pea jacket with his pocket-knife. This done, he passed some light strong rope through them. The men watched him with eager interest, and, seeing their inquisitive looks, he said:

"The thick sleeves will prevent the rope cutting my body."

"Ay, ay, sir. I see now what you are doing."

"Now, men, I have only one request; give me plenty of rope as fast as I draw on you. When I get on board, you know how to make a cradle, I suppose?"

"Ay, ay, sir. But how are you going to reach the water?"

"I am going to plunge down. I have dived from the mainyard of the *Ajax* before this. It was as high a leap."

He passed a double coil of the rope around his waist, examined it thoroughly to see that there was plenty to start with, and saying, "Now, friends, stand out of the way, and let me have a clear start," he raised his bare head one moment toward heaven, and, taking a short run, leaped, as if from the springboard of a plunge bath.

Such an anxious crowd as followed that leap! Great numbers, in spite of the dangerous wind, lay flat on their breasts and watched him. He struck the water at least twenty-five feet beyond the cliff, and disappeared in its dark foamy depth. When he rose to the surface he saw just before him a gigantic wave, but he had time to breathe, and before it reached him he dived below its centre. It broke in passionate fury upon the rocks, but Brown was far beyond it. A mighty cheer from the men on shore reached him, and he now began in good earnest to put his Pacific experience into practice.

Drawing continually on the men for more rope—which

they paid out with deafening cheers—he met wave after wave in the same manner, diving under them like an otter, and getting nearer the wreck with every wave, really advancing, however, more below the water than above it.

Suddenly the despairing men on board heard a clear, hopeful voice :

“Help at hand, Captain! Throw me a buoy.”

And in another minute or two he was on deck, and the cheers of the little steamer were echoed by the cheers of the crowd on land. There was not a moment to be lost ; she was breaking up fast ; but it took but a few moments to fasten a cable to the small rope and draw it on board, and then a second cable, and the communication was complete.

“There is a lady here, sir,” said the Captain, “we must rig a chair for her ; she can never walk that dangerous rope.”

“But we have not a moment to waste, or we may all be lost. Is she very heavy?”

“A slight little thing ; half a child, sir.”

“Bring her here.”

This was no time for ceremony ; without a word, save a few sentences of direction and encouragement, he took her under his left arm, and, steadying himself by the upper cable, walked on the lower with his burden safely to shore. The crew rapidly followed, for in such moments of extremity the soul masters the body, and all things become possible.

There was plenty of help waiting for the half-dead seamen ; and the lady, her father, and the Captain had been put in the carriage of Braddon and driven rapidly to his hospitable hall. Brown, amid the confusion, disappeared ; he had picked up an oil-skin coat and cap, and when every one turned to thank their deliverer he was gone. No one knew him ; the sailors said they believed him to be “one of the military gents by his rigging,” but the individuality of the hero had troubled no one until the danger was over. In an hour the steamer was driven on the rocks, and went to pieces ; and, it being now quite dark, every one went home.

The next day the hunting party returned from Gwynne Hall, the storm having compelled them to stop all night, and at dinner that evening the wreck and the hero of it were the theme of every one’s conversation.

“Such a plucky fellow,” said Ensign Balsam, “I wonder who he was ? Gwynne says he was a stranger, perhaps one of the crowd staying at the Abbey.”

“Perhaps,” says Captain Marks, “it was Brown.”

“Oh, Brown would be too afraid of his mother.”

“Brown made a little satirical bow, and said, pleasantly : ‘Perhaps it was Balsam,’ at which Balsam laughed and said, ‘Not if he knew it.’”

In a week the event had been pretty well exhausted ; especially as there was to be a great dinner and ball at Braddon, and all the officers had invitations. This ball had a peculiar interest, for the young lady who had been saved from the wreck would be present, and rumours of her riches and beauty had been rife for several days. It was said the little steamer was her father’s private yacht, and that he was a man of rank and influence.

Brown said he should not go to the dinner, as either he or Saville must remain for evening drill, and that Saville loved a good dinner, while he cared very little about it. Saville could return in time to let him ride over about ten o’clock and see the dancing. Saville rather wondered why Brown did not take his place all the evening, and felt half injured at his default. But Brown had a curiosity

about the girl he had saved. To tell the truth, he was nearer in love than he had ever been with a woman, and he wished in calm blood to see if she was as beautiful as his fancy had painted her during those few awful minutes that he had held her high above the waves.

As he passed the squire remembered that he had not been for dinner, and stood up to say a few courteous words, and introduced his companion.

“Miss Conyers.”

“Lieutenant Brown.”

But no sooner did Miss Conyers hear the Lieutenant’s voice than she gave a joyful cry, and clapping her hands together said :

“I have found him ! Papa ! papa ! I have found him !”

Never was there such an interruption to a ball. The company gathered in excited groups, and papa knew the Lieutenant’s voice, and the Captain knew it, and poor Brown, unwilling enough, had to acknowledge the deed and be made a hero of.

It was wonderful, after this night, what a change took place in Brown’s quiet way. His books and boat seemed to have lost their charm, and as for his walks, they were all in one direction, and ended at Braddon Hall. In about a month Miss Conyers went away, and then Brown began to haunt the postman, and to get pretty little letters, which always seemed to take a great deal of answering.

Before the end of the winter he had an invitation to Conyers to spend a month, and a furlough being granted, he started off in great glee for Kent. Brown never returned to the regiment. The month’s furlough was indefinitely lengthened—in fact, he sold out, and entered upon a diplomatic career, under the care of Sir Thomas Conyers.

Eighteen months after the wreck Colonel Wood read aloud at the mess a description of the marriage of Thomas Brown, of Stamford Hall, to Mary, only child and heiress of Sir Thomas Conyers, of Conyers Castle, Kent. And a paragraph below stated that “the Honourable Thomas Brown, with his bride, had gone to Vienna on diplomatic service of great importance.”

“Just his luck,” said Balsam.

“Just his pluck,” said Wood ; “and for my part, when I come across one of those fellows again that are afraid of hurting their mothers and sisters, and not afraid to say so, I shall treat him as a hero just waiting his opportunity.”

MRS. PLAINDAME, after looking long and thoughtfully at a plaster cast of Shakespeare, remarked, “Poor man ! how pale he was ! He couldn’t have been well when it was taken.” “No,” replied Fogg, “he was dead.” “Ah ! that accounts for it,” said Mrs. P., drawing a sympathetic breath.

TEST OF AFFECTION.—A lady poet asks, “How can I tell him I love him no more?” Probably the best way is to get him into an ice-cream saloon. Eat five dishes, and then break the news gently. If he doesn’t accept the situation, you had better try and love him again. You could never do better.

“MAY I have the honour to conduct your daughter to the supper-table?” asked a society gentleman of a lady from the country, who is staying with some friends whom she is visiting. “May you take her to supper?” was the response. “Why, of course ; and you can take me, too. That’s what we came here for.”

A MURDERER IN SPIKE OF HIMSELF.

A STARTLING CONFESSION.

A few days ago, whilst hurrying to catch my train at Aldgate Street Station, my attention was attracted to a small paper packet, lying on the side walk just before me. I naturally picked it up; and, as I hastened onward, I examined my find, curious as to its contents. It was wrapped in white foolscap, open at the ends; but there was no writing or mark upon the cover to give any clue to its owner. Pressing it open at the end I could see sufficient to assure me that it contained a closely-written manuscript; but as I had by this time reached the station, and my train was on the point of starting, I thrust it into my pocket, until such time as I had more leisure to examine it. An enjoyable tea, an easy chair, and the evening paper, banished for a time all thought of my "find" from my thoughts, and it was not until late in the evening that I recollected the packet.

On removing the cover, I found that the manuscript it contained possessed neither address, date, nor signature, and with my curiosity not a little aroused by the opening sentence, I lit my pipe, drew my chair up to the fire, and did not stir until I had read it carefully through. What its effect has been upon me I do not care to say. Who its author may be, let us trust will never be known, if the knowledge of him has to come by such means as he solemnly avers it will. The thought that such a man is moving about amongst us, following his occupation, perhaps, at our own doors; waiting until such time as the fearful temptation which besets him shall utterly master him and compel him to yield to its strengthening attacks, is horrible to contemplate.

I give a verbatim copy of the strange document, and leave the public to judge for themselves of the danger they run should the terrible, yet unknown, author be still at large, and still impelled to carry out his deadly purpose.

The Manuscript.

"I am a barber. What my name may be does not signify now. It will be known soon enough, from one end of the country to the other. It will be on thousands of tongues before long. Not that I have any wish for notoriety—I haven't. Rather the contrary, but I cannot help myself in the matter. It is for the latter reason that I have decided to write this. I want to show, that in the crime I shall sooner or later commit, I am *morally* not a free agent, but *legally* I maintain I am in every way responsible for my actions. I will explain in my own way.

To begin with, as I have before stated, I am a barber. Not a very high calling, but a useful one any way. Barbers, as a rule, are steady men. It is with them, to a great extent, a business necessity. I am a steady man. I never lost an hour through drink in my life. I never smoke. My shop-mates call me unsociable—I may be from their point of view.

As for my early life, that does not come within the limit of this paper. It is not necessary it should. The police and the newspapers can be trusted to ferret out enough to satisfy the public on this head, when occasion arises for them to do so.

I have had, for a man in my position, a good education. I have read a great deal, and thought about what I have read. I am a bad sleeper, and, therefore, I have turned to a book as a relief. Want of rest excites instead of depressing me. I may mention this character to my course

of reading—that light literature has no interest for me, to show that the crime I shall commit is not attributable to an ignorant or brutally depraved nature. Cruelty is abhorrent to me—suffering of any kind distressing. I can, and do appreciate the difference between right and wrong as perfectly and with as fine a sense, I believe, as any man. Nevertheless, I shall as surely commit murder, and that before long, as that I now write these lines. It is to prove that I am accountable, in every legal sense, for my actions, and thereby knowingly incur the full penalty attached to such crime as I may commit, that I make the foregoing statement. It is my desire and my intention to put myself beyond all hope of escape from the penalty of death, which I shall incur by my crime.

When once I have accomplished my destiny I shall have no desire for life. To be confined as a lunatic for the remainder of my days, to exist from year to year a prisoner, would be, to one of my temperament, a living death—a mental hell more awful than a thousand deaths. From a child my dread of confinement, in any shape, has been so acute as to amount almost to a disease. To me the word signifies, in a greater or less degree, suffocation.

When a child the pouring of water over my head whilst being bathed, or the accidental slipping of my head beneath the bed clothes when asleep, thrust me into an agony of fear, nay, almost into convulsions; and those who scolded and beat me for what they termed my naughtiness little knew the acute mental suffering I felt, and which caused my hysterical screams.

The same dread, to a great degree, affects me yet. Year in, year out, I must have my bedroom window open. I had rather walk than ride in a railway carriage with the doors locked. The cabin of a ship is a horror to me. Here then is the reason for my desire to prove myself sound in mind. Death I do not dread. Imprisonment for life means forced insanity, for it would drive me mad. Who can tell, who can calculate the awful suffering of a mind diseased?

Now, however, sane though I am, and as I trust this paper proves, I am before long going to commit an atrocious, cold-blooded, unprovoked murder. Who my victim will be, I no more know than he knows of my purpose. I may rub elbows with him as I pass along the street to-morrow morning. I may travel in the same bus with him, or get my dinner at the same table—when I have time and money to visit an eating-house—and still be as ignorant of the fact that there is the doomed man as he that I am his destined murderer.

Of the thousands who each day place themselves in a barber's chair to be shaved, to how many, I wonder, has come the thought, as the keen razor has played lightly over their stubbly chins—"How easily this man could cut my throat from ear to ear." Not to many. Not, perhaps, to one per cent. of them. It is easy to see this from their indifference to the business in hand. Now and then a customer may look suspiciously at the operator as though a glimmering notion of such a possibility had entered his head, but very seldom. But to the barber the idea must often be present of how completely the customer is in his power. For myself I can say that for years now the thought has always been present. The first time it came to me, with anything like force, was when reading an account in an American paper of the murder of a detective in a Western town by a criminal whom he had been tracking for months from state to state. It appears that the officer of justice had reason to believe that his man was employed as a barber in a well-known saloon, and to make sure of the fact, and effect his capture, he walked

quietly in one morning, and, seating himself, asked for a shave. As soon as the lathering part of the operation commenced he saw his suspicions were correct, but, unfortunately for him, he was recognised too. He could not have been aware of this, or, knowing the desperate character of the man he had to deal with, he dare not have sat it out. With a steady hand and unmoved features the barber went on with his task, and, not until the very last, when he had given the unsuspecting detective a thoroughly artistic shave, did he draw the razor across his throat, almost severing his head from his body. The murderer was subsequently taken, and after confessing his crimes, and describing his feelings whilst shaving his last victim, was lynched by the mob.

Since reading this story—now some years ago—the feeling has come upon me that I should sooner or later commit such a murder as this American desperado, but without his excuse.

To escape from myself I have tried to commit suicide by taking laudanum, but the doctor, by great exertions, brought me round. He saved me, and to what end? That I might become a murderer. Oh! the irony of fate. For my attempt on my life I was imprisoned, and the confinement maddened me. In the solitude of my cell I determined that, when I was released, I would struggle no longer against my destiny. It was my destiny, and I would fulfil it. The time for its accomplishment ripens fast. Only the other week, the feeling was strong upon me, and as I plied my razor on a stout, well-to-do looking, red-haired man, it came to me like a flash this is he. But as I was looking at his big bull throat, across which I so soon intended to draw my keen blade, I accidentally cut his lip, when he sprang up with an oath, called me a clumsy fool, and hastily sponging his face, left the shop. That cut and his hasty temper saved him.

Again, but yesterday, I had a handsome-looking gentleman under my charge when the murderous fit seized hold on me irresistibly. I must kill him. I arranged everything. I would finish shaving him. I would make a perfect, a faultless job of him, and then—. I was quite cool. My pulse never quickened. I felt no fear, no horror, no remorse. I was about to accomplish my destiny, that was all. I had finished all but the final act. His chin was as smooth as a billiard ball. I grasped my razor firmly for the stroke, when just at the moment the door opened, and a beautiful little child, about three years old, ran into the room, and climbing on the gentleman's knee, cried: "Papa! papa! do be quick; mamma's tired of waiting." The spell was broken, and he also escaped.

But why should I write more? To-morrow, next day, it may be next week, the news-boys in every town will proclaim that I have fulfilled my destiny—that I am a murderer! My fate I cannot escape. The sooner I meet it and follow my victim out of the world, the better for the world and for me. The world will lose what it will look upon as a monster, and I—well, perhaps I shall—have rest."

[The Contributor who forwarded the foregoing to us, had evidently failed to notice that the last two sheets of the M.S. had stuck together. On carefully separating them, the following additional paragraph was discovered. "There is a moral attached to this story, which those who run may read. Shave yourself. In order to shave yourself with anything like comfort, it is necessary that you should forward at once to Messrs. DICKSON & HARRIS, Grinder Street, Sheffield, Twelve Stamps for one of their marvellous Razors, which are unequalled and unrivalled. Post free to any address in the United Kingdom for Twelve Stamps."

For obvious reasons we have suppressed the correct name and address of the enterprising Cutlery firm who were about to advertise their wares in such a gruesome manner. May it not, with reason, be asked, to what is advertising coming?—ED. TATLER.]

First Premium (£1)—Awarded to Mr. J. WEBSTER BAYNES.

TATTERS AND RAGS.

A DREADFUL RHYME.

LAST year, in the month of November, when fine days were few, Mr. Edward W. Thomas, of 200 Euston Road, London, wrote to the *Times* newspaper as follows:—"May I beg the powerful influence of your columns in order to plead the cause of a deserving charity? I am on all sides pressed by applications for relief from friendless young women eager for aid or reclamation. Admission has been given to all suitable applicants to the utmost capacity of the Homes, irrespective of creed, class, or country, the only recommendation being necessity on the part of the virtuous and penitence on the part of the fallen. Since the autumn of 1879 there have been admitted to the Homes 390 friendless and fallen young women and girls, and to the Open-all-Night Refuge 580. During the same period nearly 1400 applications by and on behalf of young women have been made. At present our funds are exhausted. I therefore beg the opportunity of appealing to your numerous readers for contributions to the funds of a deserving charity."

Should the above appeal and the following sketch meet the eye of the benevolent, and induce them to help forward a charitable cause, the end or aim will have been served of the author of "A Dreadful Rhyme."

Whirling in whiteness each snowflake falls down,
Blown by the breeze that comes up from the sea,
Spreading a mantle all over the town,
Hushing the sound of its gladness and glee.
Quickly the storm has depeopled each street,
Shut is each doorway, deserted the flags,
All have departed some shelter to meet,
All but one bundle of tatters and rags.

Carry the *flotsam* along to the light,
View it all over beneath the pale gas;
Is it illusion deceiving our sight?
Has poor humanity come to this pass?
O! it is pitiful, still it is true,
Here in the cold, on the hard frozen flags,
Under the gas-lamp, now comes on our view
The face of a woman 'midst tatters and rags.

Such is the bundle, or rather the dress
Worn by a woman who does not seem old;
She still has a womanly look in her face
That cannot be banished by famine or cold.
Though livid her features, her child-like blue eyes
Look through the snow falling fast on the flags;
Sad, weary, and worn, yet full of surprise
Is her gaze looking out amidst tatters and rags.

Does the gaze of this waif of the snow-covered street
Bring to her visions of comfort and home?
Does it bring scenes of youth, happy and sweet,
Before Love's unfaithfulness forced her to roam?
Does *she* see her tempter again coming soft?
Does *his* shadow flit o'er yon hard frozen flags?
Does *she* see herself ere her virtue she doffed,
And tossed it away for—these tatters and rags!

Ah me, who could tell that at this time of day,
Or say that her voice could once chirrup and sing!
Or that her numbed fingers could tunes deftly play,
When life was a hey-day and all was as spring?
These are not love notes the night wind is sighing,
They are moans from the being we raised from the flags—
A woman, all helpless, all hopeless, and dying,
An outcast from home, amidst tatters and rags.

Poor tatters and rags! a hard fate was thine;
What were her visions *we* never shall know,
But her blue eyes gave out quite a rapturous shine
As we bore her along 'midst the cold drifting snow.
'Though tended, she died with the dawning so clear;
To tell o'er her story my memory flags,
But she told us all, with a sigh and a tear—
It was "the old story," 'midst tatters and rags.

Second Premium (10s.) awarded to G. C. S.

THE UNCOMMITTED CRIME.

By THEODORE ALFRED CROFT.

CHAPTER II.

If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
Merchant of Venice.

It will be necessary here to interject a chapter regarding the Cairnburghs and Hollowglen, some of the facts of which were not known to me for many years after, but which help to throw light on what occurred in my history.

Sir Hugh Cairnburgh had, as already said, eschewed politics; and the reason was that in youth he had taken himself up with those Whig views which, while so popular in one sense, were, at the time my tale opens, sufficient to cut off a man from any ruling share in public life in Scotland.

He enjoyed the friendship of the leading men of that political cast, but did not in any way identify himself with their public actions. Consequently, he remained much at home, and cultivated the graces of "the fine old gentleman, all of the olden time." After the death of Lady Cairnburgh he remained a widower, but that event tended to increase his liking for a quiet country and county life, so that when a political change did come, he remained as before; and, as he had shared none of the struggles of the party, so he had little part in its jubilations when political success was achieved.

The son and heir shared his father's dislike to anything approaching public life, but took a commission in the army, where for a time he served.

Two generations back a sister of the baronet of those days had married an Englishman of some little fortune, carrying to Mr. Handley the reversion of the estates of the family, in the event of the direct line failing, which, from the fact of one baronet after another having but a very small family, seemed an event that might occur at any time.

If Sir Hugh Cairnburgh held aloof from politics, it was otherwise with Mr. John Handley, his cousin, who, at the time my story opened, had gone very thoroughly into public life, being in accord with the dominant power of the day, and rather laughing at his cousin's stupidity (as he deemed it) in holding absurd views, and thus robbing himself of the position his rank and wealth would have secured. "Jack" Handley had been in Parliament, sitting, as it happened, for a burgh in Scotland; but, at the time I now speak of, namely, shortly after the Reform Act had been passed, he was no longer in possession of a seat. But, through his Scottish connections by marriage, he retained a great interest in Scotland, and had bought a small estate not far from Hollowglen, of which more will be heard hereafter.

The scene is the mansion of Hollowglen, the actors the two old gentlemen—if I may so call them—with young Cairnburgh and Caroline Handley, Jack's daughter and only child. There were others in the party, some of them visitors to Hollowglen for the first time, so that the event which took place (though slight in itself, yet of some influence on my story) took its rise in a perfectly natural manner.

The Hon. Emma Vericourt and her brother were of the party, and had been introduced at Hollowglen by an

English squire (Squire by name), who, with his daughter Dorothy, were also of the party.

Wet, wet the weather was, and the younger gentlemen of the party had spent an hour or two in the *salle d'armes*, handling foil and glove, the old squire looking on; while in the large, well-lit billiard-room, Sir Hugh and Jack Handley were good-humouredly passing the time in a four-handed game on the billiard table, their partners being the Hon. Emma Vericourt and "Dolly" Squire.

To each room in turn had slipped the lively Caroline Handley, now drawing the soldier and Vericourt from their mimic war to laugh at her humorous sallies, and anon criticising with gentle raillery the poor practice of the older young ladies, whose handling of the cue or mace was not up to what Caroline thought should be attained by women. She rather prided herself on her knowledge of hazards; and when three or four of her companions joined in a game of pyramids, she was invariably the victor, so that she knew when a game was being well or ill played.

"Oh, bother your tiresome billiards!" she had exclaimed at last, "can't you take us and show us your old curiosity shop. You know, Sir Hugh, the Vericourts are great authorities on antiques."

Yes, Caroline," replied the Baronet; "I think, as it is a wet day we might spend an hour with them in the cabinet."

The idea was hardly named ere it was carried out, and the party of six or seven followed Sir Hugh into his *sanctum*, the "office," charter-room, gun-room, and general rendezvous for the men inside, and the business visitors from outside the mansion.

The "old curiosity shop" to which Miss Handley referred was, behind backs, one of the standing jests of the circle; for while Sir Hugh prided himself on his cabinet of curios, there was little in it of very great variety or of much value. The armour on his fencing-room walls, in which he had a genuine interest and a profound knowledge, was of priceless value, and was famed far and near. And many people wondered how a man so learned in one branch of antiquarian lore, should be almost childishly vain of some trifling things in another branch in which his knowledge was of the scantiest.

The girl of fifteen fearlessly indulged her little jest at Sir Hugh's expense, knowing full well, that if instead of the "cabinet" she had named the gun-room itself, with its examples of shooting-irons from the earliest form of a sporting weapon to the latest production of Joe Manton, she would have presented to the visitors a reality of interest instead of a sham.

The contents of the cabinet were duly opened out. There was a little *wee* copper coin of Louis XI. of France, side by side with a brass medal showing the unhelmeted head of Britannia, as the Romans represented her. There was a reed basket from an Inca woman's grave, an "elfin bolt"—as they were termed in those dark ages—a cross section of an elephant's tooth, a bracelet of tiger's claws from India, and a pair of buckles that had been worn by Prince Charlie. But why weary my readers over the contents of this wonderful "cabinet!" The point was reached when Caroline suddenly burst out with—

"But, Sir Hugh, you have not told us about that little ring lying there;" and she pointed to a ring of a semi-antique fashion, set with a handsome turquoise.

"That ring! Ah, that ring is a fine old fellow, a century and a half old at least, and one that many people admire, though I think it is trifling enough."

Let me describe this ring. The circle was slender, and it held, by two slightly diverging arms, a small block,

mounting up, as it were, in layers, till it formed nearly a cylinder of gold, being quarter of an inch high; the edges of the various stages being indented in patterns, and the summit grasping the fine turquoise, which formed its only jewel. I am careful to describe the ring, because it was the cause of my great sorrow, and, eventually, the source of my great joy. But I anticipate.

"Let me see, Caroline," proceeded Sir Hugh Cairnburgh, "the ring will just fit your tiny finger, and I always promised you some trifle from my cabinet."

Fateful words those were; and young Cairnburgh, more interested in the family traditions than he cared to show, said timidly:

"But, father,"—

"Oh yes, Will, I know what you refer to; but we have an old Scot's proverb, 'Them wha mind freits, freits follow them;' so, my good fellow, if you are troubled about Caroline having the ring, no doubt the ring will trouble you."

This was said very carelessly, and by none was it regarded as of any significance. In explanation of the heir's interference, it must be explained that there was an old family tradition—it could not be very ancient, for the ring was under two centuries old—that the wealth of the family would always go with the ring, and that its possessor would certainly, sooner or later, be owner of Hollowglen. It had been given to the former heir by a sister—Marion Cairnburgh—who had given out some such virtue in the ring, because of its "posy" engraved inside—"Let him hold who holds."

Years afterwards, when most of the actors in the scene were dead, the events of that day were recalled, but, as Caroline Handley proudly tripped off with the old turquoise ring on the middle finger of her left hand, no one, except it might be herself or the heir to the baronetcy, felt that the event portended weal or woe to anybody.

The cabinet of curios was duly investigated, marvelled over (or yawned over), and, as luncheon time had nearly arrived, the various actors in the scene wandered off, to meet, in a few minutes, in another and cosier apartment, where the generous life of Hollowglen took a new turn, and the incident of the turquoise ring was forgotten.

To the imaginative mind of one person there it was not forgotten—it was of too deep import to her, a romantic girl, to be let slip from memory; and the destiny of the ring she thus suddenly and unexpectedly became possessed of, proved, half-a-dozen years later, to be fraught with serious consequences to people of whose very existence she was then ignorant.

(To be continued.)

TALKING of Sydney Smith's cool idea of "taking off his flesh and sitting in his bones," as being the highest imaginable degree of comfort now-a-days, "I can do better than that," said Bernal Osborne. "Impossible! How?" "Why," said Bernal gravely, "I'd knock the marrow out, and have a draught through."

"You are charged with carrying whisky away from an illicit distillery," said the United States Judge to Uncle Silas. "What have you to say to that charge?" "I isn't guilty, sah. I didn't carry it away." "You had some then." "Yes, sah, I had some." "What did you do with it?" "Well, sah, all that I had wuz inside ob me, an' I had sa much dat I couldn't carry it away, so I jess stayed dar."

THE POSTAGE STAMP.

Good-by, old stamp, it's nasty luck
That ends our friendship so,
When others failed you gamely stuck,
But now *you've* got to go.
So here's a flood of honest tears
And here's an honest sigh—
Good-by, old friend of many years—
Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

Your life has been a varied one,
With curious phases fraught—
Sometimes a cheque, sometimes a *dun*,
Your daily coming brought
Smiles to a waiting lover's face,
Tears to a mother's eye,
Or joy or pain to every place—
Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

You bravely toiled, and better men
Will vouch for what I say;
Although you have been licked, 'twas when
Your face turned t'other way,
'Twas often in a box you got
(As you will not deny)—
For going through the mails, I wot—
Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

Ah, in your last expiring breath!
The tale of years is heard—
The sound of voices hushed to death,
A mother's dying word;
A maiden's answer, soft and sweet,
A wife's regretful sigh,
The patter of a baby's feet—
Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

What wonder, then, that at this time,
When you and I must part,
I should aspire to speak in rhyme
The promptings of my heart.
Go, hide with all those memories dear
That live when others die—
You've nobly served your purpose here—
Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

"PAT, you shot both barrels into a regular jam of ducks, but I don't believe you killed many," said the hunter's companion. "Oi didn't, did Oi?" exclaimed Pat, "Jus' look in the wather there, will yez? It's fairly alive with dead wans!"

WHEN a young man tries for three minutes in church to brush a sunbeam off his coat, under the impression that it is a streak of dust, and then looks up and sees a pretty girl laughing at him, he kind of loses the thread of the sermon, temporarily, as it were.

A SOMEWHAT inebriated gentleman boarded a down car on Yonge Street, Toronto. Balancing himself against the door he asked the conductor to let him off at Cruickshank Street. When Wilton Avenue was reached, he recognised his destination, and, stumbling over to the bell-strap, gave it a tremendous tug. The conductor was irritated. "What do you mean by jerking the bell like that—ringing it at both ends?" he said with rising anger. "Well—(hic)—don't I wansh the carsh to stop—(hic)—at both ends."

PUZZLEIANA.

No. 27—ENIGMA.

(First Premium, 6s. Vol.)

Now, riddling friends, attention give
To what I've got to say;
You'll soon find out my name, no doubt,
So listen to me, pray.

My usefulness to all mankind
Is seen on every hand;
I bear him over waters deep,
And also over land.

To charm his ear with music sweet
I also lend my aid;
Of every stately steamship, too,
I am a part, 'tis said.

I am a part of every man,
And every woman, too;
With Adam when the world began,
And here to-day with you.

In length I differ very much—
Sometimes an inch or so,
Sometimes you'll find me stretching miles,
As o'er the world you go.

And yet, although I aid man so,
This no one can dispute,
His vile contempt for me to show,
He treads me under foot.

65 Loch Street, Aberdeen.

Wm. C. M'DONALD.

No. 28—DIAMOND SQUARE.

(Second Premium, 3s. Vol.)

Hear how the nations are lauding his name,
Hark! how the melody rings;
Raised up and placed, on the record of fame,
High above heroes and kings.

1. If you to play with him should choose,
It's heads he wins and tails you lose.
2. In this word my second, I'm free to maintain,
You've a thing that's oft given and taken in Spain.

3. The traveller sinks amid the storm,
The cold doth third his weary form.
Oh, were some strong St. Bernard nigh,
To rouse him up before he die.

4. Who can rule the boundless sea?
Echo answers, "This is he."

5. These to some may seem attractive;
I conclude they're rather active.

6. On a certain estate the old man married late,
The heir when he died was a baby,
So he fixed upon me as a man among three
That would do what was just for him, maybe

7. If you by this have been elected,
You'll very likely be rejected.

Glasgow.

W. A. G.

No. 29—VERBAL CHARADE.

The tail of your coat, the fifth of a groat,
And a portion of every part;
The sixth of your wealth, a part of yourself,
And the fourth of a good apple tart.

And now you will see, that total to be,
Makes a man or a woman despised;
And yet it is true, that total by you
And by many a thousand is prized.

Leith.

T. C. M'N.

No. 30—HIDDEN WEAPONS.

'Neath foliage green and sky serene,
The lovers linger near the shore;
With glances soft they whisper oft,
And artless count the joys in store.

His words are low, modest her bow,
She answers "Yes!" with trembling voice;
A manly grasp, a tender clasp,
Earth seems to them a Paradise.

Six weapons bare are glittering here,
Their different parts with care combined,
In perfect rest each lies abreast,
No hard and irksome task to find.

Edinburgh.

H. COOPER.

No. 31—CHARADE.

Far in my primal the noble and brave
In oft-renewed combat engage;
'Gainst mountains of snow and the icebound wave,
How fruitless the warfare they wage.

Full oft in my last has the poet mind
Been nurtured in happy seclusion,
Till, issuing forth, in life's struggle to find
Its dreaming but saddest illusion.

My whole is the name of a brave English Knight
(Too few of his kind have we left),
A statesman whose honour will ever shine bright,
Though of place and of power now bereft.

Hawick.

R. SIMPSON.

An additional prize volume will be awarded to the sender of the best set of solutions to the above Questions.

Received:—"Robin Hood," Carlisle; J. C. Miller, Glasgow; H. Cooper, Edinburgh; T. Aitken, Catrine; Marguerite J. McOnie, Glasgow; J. Thomson, Skipton-on-Gravan; W. C. M'Donald, Aberdeen (welcome); L. Corpl. Bird, Aberdeen; J. M'N., Leith; G. Adamson, Edinburgh; T. Lidgerton, Sunderland; Miss Elton, Yarnfield; and T. MaHaffey, Belfast.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

TWO LITTLE WAIFS. By Mrs. Molesworth. (Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.)

THOSE are indeed happy children for whom Mrs. Molesworth writes, and the only regret the editor of a popular journal such as this can have, is that cheap and popular editions of such works should not be sown broadcast amongst the young children of our toiling classes. Whatever can be done with fine type, pretty pictures, and graceful binding has been done for Mrs. Molesworth's attractive story.

DUSTY DIAMONDS CUT AND POLISHED. By R. M. Ballantyne. (London: James Nisbet & Co. 1883.)

THE ever-popular spinner of yarns, R. M. Ballantyne, takes up in this book a subject which the recent talk about "Outcast London," referred to in another column, will be certain to make attractive. "Oh, the pity of it," is the exclamation every one must make who reads of the life of city "arabs" as Mr. Ballantyne here depicts it. It is a most readable book for old or young.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMY.—The "Banquet of Blood" was read by the editor in the *Family Friend* more than thirty years ago, and the contributor who sent it did not attempt to pass it off as original.

JOHNNY S.—The Monthly parts are best for preservation.

T. A. C.—Curious that the initials should agree. But what matter?

W. MEIN.—"Going to be an Actor" is not suitable; its lines are halting. "The Reason"—see H. S. Leigh's "Only Seven." Thanks for your good opinion.

A. W. (Co. Down).—Everyone does not share your opinion on the Irish articles.

* * Parts I. and II. now ready, containing portraits of—

The Queen.	H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.
Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.	The Earl of Rosebery, K.T.
Henry Irving.	Lady Brassey.
The Duke of Buccleuch, K.G.	Mr. A. C. Mackenzie.
Rt. Hon. Jos. Chamberlain, M.P.	

Printed separately on toned paper. Price, 6d. per copy; by Post, 7d.

The LONDON OFFICE of THE TATLER is at 84 FLEET STREET (next door to PUNCH Office).

To be had at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, London, and in the country, and in Liverpool, Dublin, and Belfast; also Messrs. WILLING & Co. S Bookstalls, London, &c.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors by MACRONE & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—November 10, 1883.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100



MADAME MARIE ROZE.

THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 12.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SPEAK SOFTLY.

Speak softly, gently ever!
There is no wiser part;
For harsh words pierce like steel
The yearning, loving heart.
As gems reflect in brightness
Every fitting beam,
Let words reflect in kindness
Love's sunny, love-lit gleam.

Speak softly, gently ever!
There is no better plan—
For angry words can never
Effect what kind ones can.
For, oh! a soft word spoken
May move a stubborn soul,
That still would prove defiant
Should words of thunder roll.

Speak softly, gently ever!
Words breathing naught save love!
And soon our blighted Eden
Will bloom as realms above!
For faith and fond affection
In true-love knot entwined,
With firmer cords than tempered steel
Each happy heart can bind.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 12.—MADAME MARIE ROZE.

MARIE ROZE was born in Paris in 1850. At an early age she entered the National Conservatoire of Music, Paris, where her talent soon attracted the attention of the great composer Auber, at that time the Director of the Paris Conservatoire, and she became Auber's favourite pupil. After several years of study, Marie Roze succeeded in carrying off the gold medal and first prize diploma of the Conservatoire both for singing and acting, a feat of such rare occurrence that the Emperor Napoleon III. sent the successful competitor a gold wreath with his congratulations. Auber then composed "Le Premier jour de Bonheur," his last opera, for Marie Roze, and her success was so great in this work that no fewer than one hundred consecutive performances of it were given. After this, Marie Roze appeared in "Faust" and other operas, and continued to sing in France until the Siege of Paris, when she organised an ambulance for the sick and wounded, and served as a nurse through-

out the Siege and Commune, for which services she received the Geneva Cross and a diploma of thanks in the name of France from M. Thiers and General McMahon. At the termination of hostilities, Marie Roze made a tour of the principal capitals of Europe with distinguished success. In 1872 she appeared at Her Majesty's Opera House, London, in "Faust," and met with such an enthusiastic reception that Mr. Mapleson engaged her for the term of five years, during which period she became one of the great and favourite artistes of the Italian opera. In 1877, at the termination of her contract, Marie Roze went to America, and there received such an ovation that she remained in the United States until a year ago, visiting New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, New Orleans, San Francisco, and Canada. Since her return from America, Marie Roze has had the honour of singing by command before the Queen at Osborne, and of receiving as a souvenir of this auspicious occasion a handsome diamond bracelet from Her Majesty. On the occasion of a concert given at the Albert Hall, London, the Duke of Edinburgh honoured Marie Roze by playing a violin obligato to one of her solos, and the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family were present when Marie Roze sung "Carmen" for the first time in London. It was after one of her operatic representations that Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone invited Marie Roze to dine with them at the Premier's official residence in Downing Street. Marie Roze, who is now the prima donna of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, makes her first appearance in Glasgow since her return from America on Monday, November 12, in Bizet's opera, "Carmen," which was specially composed for her, and in which she is unrivalled. In true dramatic instinct she shines supreme, and in "Fidelio" her performance is most powerful and striking.

LAISSEZ-FAIRE.

MR. GOSCHEN has put in a word against the complete demolition of the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, and few will attempt to say otherwise than that his warnings are soberly uttered and worthy of regard. It would have been a good thing had we been able to get a good native expression for the principle, so that the large body of the people who are most nearly affected by the discussion should not have to ask, "What is *laissez-faire*?" It is, of course, capable of two inter-

pretations, for it has been used to express that want of interest in social problems which occasionally is displayed by "sovereigns and statesmen," and such things are left to do as they may. But the more extended meaning of it is not as a negative principle or mere want of action, but as an active demand on the part of the people to be allowed to conduct their own affairs. It is worthy of notice that while, as Mr. Goschen pointed out, the demand for *laissez-faire* came not from economists but from people ground down by over regulation, so now does the demand for regulation come from a people who are ground down by too much liberty. Look at the question of the housing of the poor. Politicians may sneer at Henry George's cure, but they cannot deny the accuracy of his picture. In "Outcast London" we have a terrible representation of the results of over-liberty, and Lord Salisbury's article is a strong help on the same side. But are the vampires who, under the operation of *laissez-faire*, have brought things to this pass to continue their dreadful trade because the nation cannot afford to buy them out at compensation prices? Surely not. It is a well-known principle of law that no man may profit by his own wrong, and that was the most valuable sentence in Mr. Goschen's address in which this was clearly pointed out. The *World* has taken up Lord Salisbury on the same point, but it is by no means clear that the Conservative leader does not fully agree with his critic. As regards, then, the housing of the people, the doctrine of *laissez-faire* stands condemned, and when a house is condemned by sufficient authority as "unfit for habitation," there remains three courses open to the lord of the ruins. He should have a fair opportunity of putting the place right—removing all overcrowding houses—or of taking the whole thing down at his own cost, or having the whole thing swept away without compensation. We don't compensate a man when we seize and destroy putrid meat or fish which he offers for sale. Why should we compensate a man when we seize and destroy a putrid house?

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL: A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER XVI.

I TOLD Mr. Spiers I wisht I was big like aunt, an' he sed, "If you was growd up you'd wish you was littel agen. You aint got no cares nor wurry, you can do wot you like wen you like. The happyest yeres are spent in urly youth."

That's all he knows 'bout it. I gess he nevvur was a littel gurl. 'Taint that I'm sorry Ime a gurl. I'd rathur be a gurl nor a boy enny day. They're bad mostly. They fite as bares and lions delite, an' calls one anuther ugli names. They runs 'thout shoes an'

stockins on the strete, an' wares raggid clos as is shameful. They plays one anuther all kinds o' mene triks. I woodn't like to be softy Mellor as blubbers if a rottun tumato runs agenst his nose. I woodn't like to be Jim Casey, cos then who'd he be? Least-ways I woodn't like to be him unless he was me. 'No, I aint sorry Ise a gurl. It's all cos Ise littel. Evvy-buddy thinks you oughter do evrythin' an' nuthin', cep what you want to do. I wantid yee'day to go a fishin' with Jim, an' aunt sed I was to stay at hum an' nuss her as is tuke down agen. An' wen she fel aslepe I wantid to play skip rope, an' uncle sed I was to bring him sum noospapurs. Then I had to wate around case he wantid suthin more, wich he did, 'bout a hunderd. So I fit him up, and was runnin' away to play with Cesar wen mammie sent me for noo stuff for Jo's lassurashuns as aint heled yet. An' Grace wantid a pile o' things dun, an' then it 'gan to rane, an' I coodn't do nuthin as was wuth doin'. That's allus the way of it. It's jes like fokesses in meetin'. Wen it's singin' and they oughter sing they lissens; wen it's preachin' an' they oughter lissen they slepes. So wen the rane cumd on I went 'way up to uncle's rume to play at bein' a gurl as does as uther gurls does, as aunt sed I was to. An' I got a peece o' wite muslin lyin' around, cos I wantid to lurn to be like Grace. 'Taint much fun soin', it's kinder sleepy. The needul allus lukes like goin' in the same place as it went in afore, cep you make the stiches gude and big, wich I did. So wen I'd did 'bout a yard I went to Jim Casey's muther's, as is the luvlyest sticher in all Stockerville, an' O mi, she was a wurkin' ovur a pritty thing. It was blak, with wite and blue, an' yaller stiches—awful pritty. An' she let me see how to do it. So I went home to tri, an' I got white wustid frum Grace 'stead o' silk, an' found a peece blak stuff in uncle's rume, an' made a figgur on it, jes like wot Jim's muther was makin'. Only I gess I did mine sum faster. Then I got sum red wustid an' sowd it in the midel of the wite; an' it was butiful.

I dunno how 'tis, but I gess I aint much of a littel gurl. If uther littel gurls does as I does ther must be awful rows an' waxins goin' on round Stokerville. We was all wak'd up in the midel of the nite, an' sich a cussin' an' hollerin' as was fereful. Grace sed it was aunt's bugglars, an' mammie cumd an' sed as how uncle must hae tuke anuther fit. Bimeby Jo cumd in laffin' like to di. I nevvur seed sich a niggur for laffin. He sed as how uncle was tryin' to put on his nite shurt fust rite side up, then tuther side up, then stikkin' his fete thru the sleeves, and coodn't get it on nohow, an' got all mixed up, and tumbled on the flure in a hepe, same's he was in a net, cos sumbuddy had stiched rite 'cross it, an' sowd up of the sleeves. I gessd it was 'bout time to go to slepe. An' when Sundy cum uncle wantid to go to metin'. He wantid 2 lissen to the prechin'. So he went, and 'fore he'd got down the strete there was a mob of them nawty boys a runnin' after Jim and tellin' him he'd a tale

like a pekok, and that he'd lent his cote to the soin' skule, an' that he'd best go home an' put off his regymentels. How was I to kno I'd stiched up his wite shurt, and O how was I to kno I'd been darnin' the tale of his go-to-metin' cote.

CHAPTER XVII.

I GESS I'd thro' my jurnal in the kanal. Uncle's ben snoopin' around and sene it, an' sech a goin' over as I've had. If I'd no bisnis tellin' 'bout this, an' no bisnis tellin' 'bout that, I gess I've no bisnis kep'in' a jurnal at all. I told uncle ther warn't 1 li in it. He said as how I must lurn discredishun, so I sed I wood if he'd only teche me. You nevvur can 'pend on uncle. He got mad 'thout me sayin' another word, and wen he cum bak 'gan to do wot he calls "disektin' the English." I wunder if that's English. His wurd's sownds mostly furrin. Of coarse he went fust thing at my spellin'. It's xykrabl, that's wot it is, he sez, wuss nor a noo born baby's. He sez I'se funetik, same's I was at furst, an' spel by the ear 'sted o' by site. That's how sum lurns musik, but taint rite. I oughter 'stinguish wurd's same's I do trees. I shoold kepe in mind how they luke. But a wurd aint bit like a tree nohow you fix it, anymoren the star-spangld banner, wen the hand plays it, is like a steme-engin'. I gess uncle aint quite loosid yet, an' a dickshunary's a reglar frawd. I askt uncle what was xykrabl, so he told me look it up. An' I loked X thru, from X to Xyster, an' taint there, an' I allus gets puzzled. There's one, 1, and won; an' there's 2, to, two, an' too; an' how am I 2 two to too kno' wich is wich, so I jes mixes 'em up. They all sownds zactly the same. He was down on me 'bout "bow." If it's bow an' Harry, it don't sound bow but bo. If I metes Jim on the strete and bow, taint bo, but bow. One's bo, an' tuther's bow, an' they both spells bow. But if I sees a ranebow, 'taint a ranebow at all, but a ranebo; an' if Cesar spekes, he don't say bo-wo, but boW-woW, with a big W every time. It's ridiklus. An' there's Mealye's bo, he's neethur a bo nor a bow but a b-e-a-u, BO. An' a branch of a tree is a bough, same as I bow, you bow. Uncle sez comun sence must tel me wich is wich, an' memry 2gethur. Memri's wot the Injuns calls thinkin' bak, an' I've been thinkin' bak, but I gess I don't think fur 'nuff, cos I can't think the time wen I kno'd wich was wich 'tween bow, bough, an' beau. Mr. Spiers sez it's all a kunnindrum. I thinks so 2, an' the kunninest kind of a drum. Uncle sez pepul awter speke wot they thinks rite strate, an' not tauk kruid an' act same's they think; an' I thinks they awter spel the verry same way. Wot's the gude of spelin round a korner, like Cesar's elbo, cep to puzel littel gurls as has puzels enuf. Uncle sez "awter" aint an English wurd. If 'taint English, it's American, an' I gess that's 'bout as gude. He sez "awter" awter be "ought to," an' that I ought to kno, but evrybuddy knos that O is awt, so wot's the gude

of all them letturs, o-u-g-h-t, wen the first wood do jes as wel 'thout enny of the uthers? He sez "kno" aint a wurd. It shude be know. N-o's no, an' n-o-w's now, but k-n-o-w's jes the same as n-o, so wot's the gude o' the k an' the w? You puts on a w an' it's now, you puts on a k an' it's no. Mammie sez 'taint in human natur to spel rite, cos if k-n-o-w makes no, then b-r-o-w shoold make bro, wich it don't. I gess mammie's got hold o' the rite end o' the string, an' O mi, I'se awful sleepy.

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant class.—"Yes sir."—"Where?"—"On an elephant!"

A LITTLE boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mother began to rebuke him, and to threaten to box his ears. He silenced her by inquiring, "What is the good of a horse till it's broke?"

CONSOLATION TO OLD PROSERS.—The Rev. William Harness (Byron's friend) on coming away from dining with the Bishop of Oxford and Mr Gladstone, remarked, "I don't think I ever heard so many stale Joe Millers in my life."

IN a Connecticut graveyard are five tombstones which attract much attention. On one is the inscription, "My first wife;" on another, "My second wife;" on another, "My third wife;" on another, "My fourth wife;" and on the fifth, which stands in the centre of the first four, is the comprehensive inscription "Our Husband."

"How many children have you?" asked a gentleman of one of his labourers, looking around in surprise upon the family.—"Better than a dozen, sir."—"I only make out eleven," said the gentleman.—"Faith, an' isn't that better than a dozen, when one has to feed 'em?" exclaimed the honest fellow.

A SHARP LITTLE GIRL.—A girl about seven years of age, riding with her father, who was a very easy driver, becoming impatient at the twitching of the horse's legs, at last exclaimed, "What *does* ail that old horse?" "Oh, he has the *spring-halt* was the answer. The witty youngster replied: "I should think it was *all 'halt'* and not much '*spring*' about it!"

A SERVANT GIRL, who had just been admonished by her mistress to be very careful in washing up the best tea things, was overheard, shortly afterwards, in the back kitchen, indulging in the following soliloquy, while in the act of wiping the sugar basin:—"If I was to drop this here basin, and was to catch it, I s'pose I shouldn't catch it; and if I was to drop it, and wasn't to catch it, I reckon I just should catch it."

IN a suit for a doctor's bill, in which the defence was that the doctor continued his visits after the patient had got well, a servant girl was called as a witness for the defendant, whose counsel said to her "Now, my good woman, just state will you whether or not your master was well during the last month that Dr. A. attended him?"—"Faith, sir, and I think my master was in great danger as long as the doctor visited him!"

LONDON THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

SOME doubts were expressed as to how Mr. Farnie would make "Le Droit d'Aînesse," composed by M. Chassaigne, fit for the very goody-goody race of play-goers of the present day. Those little spicy bits which prove so acceptable to Parisian audiences would never do for the English lover of refinement; the many things which would raise a chuckle in Paris, would be received with prodigious display of disgust here; and so Mr. Farnie is to be congratulated at his success, and "Falka" is likely to fill the Comedy for many nights to come. The music, if not catchy, is particularly bright and tuneful, the dialogue witty, fresh and pointed, whilst the costumes are certainly some of the best I remember. Comic opera, now-a-days, is nothing without a pretty group of choice little chorus ladies, and the Comedy has got them.

Falka, of course, is the name of the heroine of the piece, and this is played with much grace by Miss Violet Cameron. Her singing, too, is of the usual high standard of merit; her song, "At Evening," written expressly for her, received any number of *encores*. Miss Wadman, a lady who was once upon a time a great favourite at the Gaiety, is amongst the new-comers, and as *Edwige* was very pleasing. Miss Louise Henschel is nice and "fetching" as *Alexina*. Miss Rose Moncrieff does what she can as *Boboky*, not much of a part, but her pretty little face makes it relishable; and Miss Vere Carew is *Konrad*.

The men, well, they are all splendid. Mr. H. Ashley has given up the "rushing" system, so long practised by him in the "Merry Duchess," and as *Tancred* gets many a laugh, including a few from "W." Mr. Harry Paulton has his general "funeral" style about him, but then he is most amusing, and all his dry sayings (which, by-the-way, I hear, are not altogether the work of Farnie), go down capitally. Then Mr. W. H. Hamilton proves himself possessed of a very fine voice, and he knows it too. Mr. "Laughing" Kelleher is also good, and Mr. Penley, as *Pelican*, gives some sound acting. It is needless to mention the staging is of the usual merit found at this house, and M. Van Brevie conducts in his usual efficient manner.

"Paradise Villa," which precedes the opera, has been here for many a day, or rather night, now, and it is time some other fun was found to reign in its stead.

Miss Minnie Palmer opens at the Strand Theatre when she has done with her provincial engagements. She'll fetch 'em.

The Royalty Theatre is now closed. It will open its doors again on Monday, November 19th, with M. Andran's "Gillette de Narbonne." Mr. Saville Clark will supply the libretto. Mr. Walter Browne has been engaged for the leading part.

Scene—stage-door of a theatre not a hundred miles from the Strand. Enter a lady. "Oh, excuse me, but I wish to contribute to a new charity which I understand has been started here—a home for aged and decrepit females. This is the place, is it not?" Door-keeper—"No, madam, it isn't. This is the stage-door of — theatre, and these females you see going in now are the ballet girls!"

A new play, written for Miss Mary Anderson by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, will be produced at the Lyceum in December. "Pygmalion and Galatea" will also be played at the same time. After Miss Anderson's engagement terminates, Mr. Laurence Barratt will occupy the theatre. I hear it is very likely he will introduce a new tragedy, written by a well-known American author.

The new comedy by Mr. Pinero, to be produced at the Haymarket, will have the advantage of being splendidly cast. Amongst those engaged are Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Calhoun, and Miss Bancroft; Mr. Bancroft, and Mr. Forbes Robertson.

The title of the piece to succeed the "Silver King" is "Claudian." The dresses will receive special attention, and the "supers" will have a good opportunity of showing their limbs. Mr. Wilson Barrett plays the leading character.

As I told you some time back, Mr. Pettitt's comedy, "The Spider's Web," is to be the opening item at the Olympic. The heroine will be played by Miss Alena Murray, a lady of whose talents I have a very high opinion.

Mrs. Maddick, who is now playing at the Vaudeville, was advertised to appear as *Julia* in "The Hunchback" at the Crystal Palace on Thursday, 15th inst. It's wonderful what a long way beauty goes now-a-days.

"Agnes of Bavaria," a new and original play in five acts, by Frederick Hawley, was introduced at a Gaiety *matinee* on Wednesday, 31st ult. There is not much merit in the work, albeit the author shows some knowledge of stage business. Miss Lingard played the heroine, but there were but few chances for her to display her undoubted talents. The other characters had fairly good representatives.

Everybody by this time has heard of the "big" success of Mr. Irving in America, and everybody will agree with me, that his success has been well earned. It was really too-too bad of one of the papers to compare him with the fleshly Oscar Wilde. After reading this in the paper, it is said Mr. Irving strolled down Broadway, singing: "It makes me so awfully Wilde, you know."

A morning performance of "Ours" was given at Toole's on the 9th, Lord Mayor's day. A large number of the profession attended, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

The Elephant and Castle opened its doors again on Saturday, 27th ult., under the direction of Mr. Joseph Cave, with a revival of "The Streets of London." Mr. Cave is a hard-working manager, and I hope he will get the support he undoubtedly deserves.

Mr. George Conquest is about to appear at the "Brit." in that wonderful drama "Mankind." Of course, he undertakes his original character, "Dan'l," aged 101.

"Denounced" was played at Sadler's Wells on the 10th, with the author (Mr. H. Gascoigne) and his wife in the leading part. Miss Minnie Louis is playing Miss Braham's part, *Phyllis*, in "Iolanthe" at the Savoy. Miss Braham is enjoying a little holiday.

WHIFFLES.

TAY WITHOUT CRAME.

IN England, and I am told in Ireland, the Government have provided casual wards, wherein tramps get a night's lodgings and food. To repay this, and also as a sort of a task, they are kept in till eleven o'clock and set to break stones or teaze oakum. In many places they have separate cells, so that the unfortunate wanderer, whose purse has become exhausted, and who throws himself on a generous country, soon learns that poverty is treated in dear old England something like a crime. In Scotland, I believe, they do these things much better, as private benevolence generally looks after the homeless poor. These remarks may make the following sketch better understood.

"What are yez talking about, men? Did I ever tell yez my first night in England?"

"Ye did not Paddy—out with it," came from a chorus of voices.

"It's a good one, I'll engage!" says one.

"I'll go bail, yez it is!" says another.

"An' it's a true wan!" observed a third.

"Sure if it wasn't, Paddy wouldn't tell it!" put in a fourth, which made them all laugh.

The speakers were grouped round a bothy fire in the North of England enjoying a smoke and a chat after the labours of the day. The most of them were Irish labourers employed on a new branch of a railway under construction. Navvies are fond of a yarn, and the one that can tell the most wonderful or most laughable is the favourite. This Paddy Bogtrotter could do, always, we must admit, more indebted to his imagination than he would care to have known.

"Well, boys," commenced Paddy, shaking the ashes out of his pipe and clearing his throat, "my first night in England is nither to-day nor yesterday, but a good many years ago. I was greener then than I am now!"

"Troth, an' I'd take my oath on that!" put in one of his auditors.

"I was, Teddy, an' so I was made the fine fool of intirely. It was me first harvest in England, an' sorra resave the sinner I knew in it but an uncle's son, an' whether he was living or dead was more than I knew aither, an' all I had between me an' starvation was wan bare shilling. True, I had a bran' new hook an' a middling pair of brogues, but ye wouldn't give three ha'pence for all the duds that covered me back. Well, boys, after walking about the streets of Liverpool a couple of hours, an' looking in at the dure of more than wan public-house without being once axed had I a mouth on me, I tuk the road for Warrington, the shilling still whole in me pocket."

"Bedad! an' ye wouldn't do that now, Paddy."

"I would not, Phil, but in those days sorra many shillings I was ever master of—"

"Troth, an' that's the truth for wance, anyhow!" interrupted a little fellow in the corner with a broken nose.

"It is, Briany, an' like many another good thing, ye shook hands wid it when ye left home!"

A hearty laugh rewarded this retort.

"More power to ye when yer dead, Paddy, for sure it's yerself never wants for an answer nor a shilling!"

"Thank ye, Phil. But, as I was saying, I was on the Warrington road, an' just as I sat down to take a rest an' a blast of the pipe, up comes a Cockney tramp. They have better dressed scarecrows in Ireland than he was. But no matter. Maybe yez know the Cockneys, men?"

"They bate the Dublin boys to sticks," says one.

"They'd stale the cross off an ass," says another.

"They'd make a fool of their ould grandfather's ghost if he was foolish enough to appear to them," was the verdict of broken nose.

"Well, men, up he comes with a quare comical look on his dirty face an' his hands in his pockets.

"Hallow, old man! on the road?" sez he.

"Don't ye see I am?" sez I, quite snappish.

"Don't be so blooming cross, mate. Ain't ye got any chum? an' are ye going to the *smoke*? (London)" sez he again.

"No matter where I'm going, an' if I smoke itself, sure it's me own I smoke."

"Blow my eyes, but you're a green 'un! You're going to the harvest, old man, ain't you now?"

"An' what if I am? Maybe it's a free country, an' I can go where I please."

"It is, old man, an' a glorious country too, for if ye ain't got no money, ye may starve. Did you know that before, Paddy?"

"No matter what I know, dirty face, but just go your own road, an' lave a dacent boy alone. It's not blaguards of yer sort I care to be seen wid, though sorra wan knows me in England."

"An' ye don't know, old man, where to get your lodgings an' grub free, I reckon?" he said with a grin.

"Bedad, an' I don't, sur," sez I, pricking up me ears, an' treating him more civilly.

"Hain't ye got no money?"

"Only wan bare shilling."

"Let's go an' have a quart o' half an' half."

"Bedad, ye may, an' get a quart of whole an' half if yer able to pay for it, but sorra a dhrop from me till I know more about ye."

"Well, I'm blowed, if you ain't a smart 'un. Ain't you going to the spik (casual ward)?"

"What sort of place is that?"

"Blooming fine place—sort of 'otel kept by the Government for blokes out of work. Treat you like a proper swell—my eye!"

"Troth, that's just the place for me. What sort of tratement did you say?"

"Up to the blooming knocker—eating and drinking of the best, and servants to wait on you—my eyes!"

"Bully, sorra better. Do they ax many questions?"

"Not many from a green cove, only if you have got hany money they won't 'ave you. I hide mine outside—my eyes!"

"Bedad, an' I'll do the same."

"So away we goes to 'the spik,' as he called it, and a fine looking building it was, for all the world like a palace. But if yez seen the poor creatures that stood waiting for admittance! I didn't think then there was as many rags in all England as what covered their bodies. But to make a long story short, we were admitted wan by wan, an' examined by a clerk, who tuk down all we said in writing."

"What's your name?" sez he, dipping his pen into the ink, and giving meself a good look.

"Patrick Bogtrotter, yer honour!" sez I, as mannerly as ye please.

"Where do you come from, Patrick?" sez he, as freely as if he knew me since I was born.

"From the ould country—Ireland, sur!" I sez, with a profound bow, for I saw he was a jintleman every inch of him.

"What brought you over here, Patrick?"

"The boat, yer honour, an' sorra such anither ould

tub is in the say like herself.' Well, boys, he laughed at this, though what there was to laugh at bates me.

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"Nowhere at all, yer honour, for sure I was on the boat coming over, an' if I fell aslape, maybe it's drowned I'd be when I wakened."

"Where are you going to-morrow?"

"Looking for work, yer honour."

"Yes, but to what place?"

"Anyplace at all; sorra a hair I care,

"You're a rum one, Paddy."

"Them's the Cockney's words."

"Where were you born?"

"Thunder an' turf, yer honour! Is it taking the loan of me ye are? Where could an Irishman be born but in only wan place, an' that the finest country in the world?"

"Why did you leave it then?"

"Why, does the tide lave it? But, axing pardon, it wasn't in search of Solomon."

"What age are you?"

"What age am I? What age would ye take me to be, yer honour?"

"Never mind—answer the question."

"Say I'm twenty-two, then. A year here or there makes no matter, though if wan was dying it might save their lives to live a year longer."

"That'll do, Patrick."

"Thank ye, sur, for sure yer not hard to plaze."

"Soon after this we were all in a big room waiting for supper, as I thought, when my bould Cockney comes up to meself. Bad luck to him! I never think of him but my blood boils.

"What will ye have for supper, old man?" sez he, as grave as a judge.

"Anything at all, I'm aisy to plaze," sez I.

"We ain't got no cream for the tea!"

"Bedad, an' I'll take me tay aisy enough widout crame if I get plenty of sugar."

"D'ye like your bread toasted or plain?"

"Toasted, if convanyent."

"An' buttered on both sides?"

"Just as ye plaze," sez I, licking me mouth, for it began to water.

"Will ye have your eggs boiled or fried?"

"Fried, if ye plaze."

"Will you take a glass before or after your tea?"

"Both before an' after, if there's as much as will go round us all! I sez, an' the roars of laughter they set up at this brought in the master.

"Come, off with you, and prepare for the bath."

"So we all got an illigant hot bath, an' then a could shower bath that nearly shook every tooth out of me head, the tormenting vagabones of the world. Then they made us lay our duds into a bundle and hand them over, while they marched us off wan by wan into little rooms, for all the world like cells in a jail. 'Bedad! this is a fine how-d'ye-do,' sez I to meself, as I looked about me, an' saw the boord they called me bed. However, I lay down, thinking the tay, ham, and eggs would warm me up, for I began to shiver like a dog in a wet sack, as there was no heat in the rug I had. At length the door opened, and the master pitched me a lump of dry bread.

"What's that for?" sez I.

"Your supper," sez he.

"Where's the ham an' eggs, ye blaguard?" sez I.

"If you're dry you can have a drink of water," sez he, shutting the dure. Oh, wasn't I nicely sould, widout a

bit or a sup, an' trying to keep meself warm chasing the rats up an' down the cell; sorra such a night ever I put in. Well, boys, morning came at last, an' I wasn't sorry. Me clothes was pitched into me, an' another lump of dry bread, which he called me breakfast. Then he brought me into another cell with a heap of stones, an' ordered me to break them, an' put them through a window with iron bars.

"What will I break them for?" sez I, looking at him.

"To repay your lodgings an' food," sez he.

"May ould Nick take the lodgings an' you both, for sorra resave the stone I'll break."

"You'll not get out till they're broke!" sez he.

"If I don't, there'll be more than the stones broke!" sez I, back to him. Anyhow he locked meself in, an' soon after I heard the rest of the tramps hammering away; so to keep meself warm, I fell to an' broke them.

"Now," sez I, 'maybe ye'll let me out.'

"Are they small enough?" sez he.

"How do I know?" sez I.

"Put them through that grating an' you'll know," sez he, quite surly.

"I'll put yer head through the grating, ye spalpeen ye, if ye torment me much longer," I sez back to him.

"You'll not only have to put them through the grating, but shovel them up then and have them weighed to see if they are all right, Mister Paddy, or get run in," sez he, insultingly.

"The ould one cut off me hands if I do, an' if ye don't let me out, I'll maybe be doing something we'll both be sorry for."

"Well, boys, wan word borrowed another till he had meself jumping mad, so pitching off me coat, I squared out at him, an', hitting him fair between the two eyes, sent him head foremost through the iron grating. 'There, me boy, maybe yer content now!' But sorra a word came from him but a groan. 'Bedad,' sez I to meself, 'if he's killed it'll be a dear night's lodgings to ye, Paddy, me boy!' an' with that I steps through the window an' lays me hand on his heart. But I no sooner did so than I was collared by a dozen of strong hands.

"Oh, ye murderer!" sez wan.

"Ye Irish villain!" sez another.

"Ye unhung devil!" sez a third.

"Aisy, jintlemen, if ye plaze," sez I, trying to say a word in me own behalf.

"Silence! or we'll shake the life out of ye!" they sez, nearly strangling me.

"We'll bring you before the magistrate!" sez they.

"For any sake, bring me any place out of this," I sez, nearly frightened out of me wits. Well, boys, here was I, a boy that wouldn't harm a fly, brought before the magistrate on a charge of attempted homicide, which manes killing a man yez only want to bate.

"Well, Paddy," sez the magistrate, as fine a looking man as ye'd wish to meet in a day's walk, 'what have you to say for yourself?'

"Sorra much, an' it plaze yer honour to listen to me." He nodded his head, so I thereupon told me story straight an' simple, an' maybe the Coort didn't laugh. Sure the judge himself smiled more than wance, which gave me grate hopes.

"Had you no money at all when you met your Cockney friend?" sez he.

"I had a shilling, yer honour," sez I.

"What did you do with it?" sez he, again.

"Hid it along wid me friend's," sez I.

"Do you expect it will be there when you go to find

it?" he axed, an' the roars of laughter this question created was just disgraceful in a court of justice.

"'Sorra if I know, yer honour,' I sez, scratching me head, 'but I'm afraid this is a bad bit of business altogether.'

"'I'm afraid it is, Paddy, but as Mr. Hardhead is more frightened than hurt, and you are a stranger among us, we'll let you off this time with a fine of five shillings, and twenty-five and sixpence costs.'

"'Thank ye, yer honour, but, be jabbers! ye might as well have sentenced me to be hung at once, for if I was auctioned at the Cross I wouldn't fetch twenty-four shillings, body an' bones all put together.' But, men alive, we should never despair or let down our hearts, for just as hope had left me, an' I had prepared for the worst, the turnkey comes to me, an' putting two half-crowns into me hands, tould me I was free."

"'Couldn't turn out better!' chorused all the voices.

"'Very fine, if true!' put in broken nose.

"'An' who paid the fine, d'ye think?' asked one.

"'Sorra a wan but the judge himself—long life to him.'"

"'An' the half-crowns?'"

"'From him too, I'll go bail!'"

"'An' tell us this, did ye ever get the shilling ye hid?' asked broken nose.

"'Did ye ever grow fat looking into a corkshop window, Briany, me boy?' This answer was enough for Briany, who was anything but fat.

"'Did ye ever see the Cockney again?' asked Phil.

"'Troth did I two years after, when I wasn't so green, an', as luck would have it, we met in a dark lonely lane.'"

"'An' ye gave him his tay!'"

"'Say no more. Troth did I, an' I didn't ax him if he could take it without crame aither.'"

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. XI.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

NO. 29.—HOW TO TRAVEL WITHOUT A TICKET.

IF Becky Sharp, who found out how to live well on nothing a year, had been with the "Rambler" the other day, she would have learned the further art of how to travel on a railway without a ticket.

There were several passengers in the compartment, and one man said to another:

"'Did I ever tell you how Jones travelled from — to — without a ticket?'"

The second replied that he had never heard the story.

"'Well, lend me your ticket, and I will explain it to you. You know when he came to the station—but how did he do it?—I do not quite remember —'"

Then the conversation was suddenly changed, and in the meantime the story-teller kept twisting the ticket backwards and forwards in his hand. Then, after a while, his friend reminded him of Jones and the ticket story, and he began again in the same rather inconsequent way. Finally:—

"'Man, I can't remember exactly what he did, but it is a very good story.' And saying this, the ticket, greatly crumpled, was handed back, and no more was heard of Jones and his plan for free travelling. No more was heard, but this was what was seen:—

The speakers left the train at the same station as the "Rambler," and all three went, with a number of other passengers, to the pass-out wicket, where the tickets were

to be given up. There was a little bit of a crush, and just before the "Rambler" was Jones' friend, who passed out, giving no ticket. The companion was already through the gate, as this was, it will be seen, a necessary part of the scheme.

"'Hi, sir, your ticket,' said the boy.

"'I gave you my ticket.'"

"'No, you gave me nothing.'"

"'But I am sure I gave you my ticket,' feeling in his pockets to satisfy the boy. "And now I remember," he resumed, "I was twisting and crushing up the ticket in the train, and by accident tore off a little bit. There it is," he added, holding up a little fragment of coloured card, "and if you look you will find you have a ticket that fits it."

The boy looked in his handful of tickets, and found one exactly as described, with a wee bit torn from the corner, corresponding to the morsel produced.

Whether the man really had no ticket, or was merely, for the sake of testing Jones' plan, deceiving the boy, the "Rambler," of course, never knew.

NO. 30.—A NERVOUS PASSENGER.

It is rather risky to play with trains; but the "Rambler" once met a man who ran the risk and gained his end by a clever bit of acting. One of the swiftest express trains in the kingdom was about to pass through a station at which the "Rambler" was seated. Most unexpectedly the express pulled up, and there was great running about and some commotion. It was impossible to say from which carriage the cord communication had been pulled, but it was pulled in such a way that the train came to a halt exactly at the platform. There was one little man, in a very excited state, calling out: "Oh! what is the matter? What is the matter?"—and he jumped out of his carriage in a well-simulated fright. He declared he was so put about that he could not go further, and that he would go next day, if they would just let him stay.

Of course, there was no time to parley, and the express went on. But as the "Rambler" recognised in the "nervous" passenger one of the coolest lawyers he ever knew, he fancied the train was stopped by him because he wanted to get down at that place, although he held a ticket for a station further on.

"'COME out here, and I'll lick the whole lot of you,' said an urchin to some sticks of peppermint in a window.

♦ ♦ ♦

A LITTLE girl asked her sister what was chaos that papa read about. The elder replied that it was "a great pile of nothing and no place to put it in."

♦ ♦ ♦

M. PRUDHOMME, in the decline of life, was talking with his nephew, to whom he related stories of his youth. "But, uncle," suddenly exclaimed the young man, "what struck you most during your life?" "My dear boy, it was your aunt!"

♦ ♦ ♦

A teacher in London gave out one morning as a reading lesson to his first class that portion of "The Merchant of Venice" in which the "pound of flesh" scene occurs. The reading finished, he asked the class what Shylock meant when he said, "My deeds upon my head!"—"Well," said the tallest boy, "I don't know, unless it means he carried his papers in his hat." His father was a lawyer's clerk.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE BUSH.

MANY years ago, when our Australian colonies were as yet in their infancy, and the aborigines were a far more formidable enemy than they have been for a long time now, it was my fortune to go out to sheep-farming with one of the settlers in the bush. Fresh from college, young and ignorant, but full of youthful energy and enthusiasm, I threw my whole heart into the work, with the hope of soon making a fortune, and returning "home." My master possessed the largest sheep "run" at that time, and we had three or four different stations, not very far from each other, as Colonial ideas go, which are on an extensive scale, but which in the old country would have been considered a long pilgrimage. One morning my master came to me and said—

"Gordon, I am short of shepherds just now, and a few hundred sheep must go up to "Sunrise" Station to-night. Could you take them? I see no actual danger in your doing so, as you know the way so well, provided you take your revolver, your own dog, and some ammunition. The natives are quiet just now, and will not trouble you."

My heart stood still at the thought; but to be suspected of cowardice was beyond endurance, so I answered at once—

"Yes, sir, I will go; and we had better be off towards the afternoon, to have the whole night for travelling."

I took the rest of the day to get ready, cleaned and loaded my revolver, filled the ammunition bag and my tobacco pouch, then caressed and fed my dog, who was very dear to me—a splendid Scots collie from the old country, "Lassie" by name. She was true to the core, and her assistance and protection were of great value.

We started towards evening. There was a faint breeze, and the scorching heat of the sun was dying away. For some hours we wended our way slowly; and as "Lassie" was an adept in sheep management, I had little or nothing to do. She had that peculiar and convenient mania of some collies, "sheep on the brain." No giddy behaviour was allowed in her flock, no haltings to crop a mouthful by the way; strict discipline was her maxim, and even the frolics of the lambs seemed a misdemeanour. Fortunately for me, it was near the time of full moon, and, as the night got darker, her light was an unspeakable comfort. We were passing through some rough scrubby parts of our road, and I could not help thinking that every now and then I noticed stealthy movements amongst the trees, and heard faint sounds of rustling. "Lassie," too, seemed to prick up her ears and listen intently. But, being determined to put cowardice to flight, I said to myself, mentally, that it was but the sighing of the breeze and the uncertain shadow of the moonlight. As it was nearly one o'clock in the morning, I pushed on for a clearing that I knew was not far off. The sheep were beginning to lag, and we had time for one long rest, even although we were due at "Sunrise" by twelve o'clock next day. Reaching the place in about twenty minutes, gladly did the weary sheep lie down. I counted the flock and lighted my pipe, and then the dog and I stretched our weary limbs on the ground to rest, of course, but not to sleep. "Lassie" was a powerful animal, and I felt glad she was with me. On every side there were trees—the tall bare trunks of the Australian trees—looking in the shadowy moonlight like an army of men. I had been lost in thought for some time, thinking of home, and wondering when I would see loved faces again,

when all at once one of those sudden intuitions that seem to awaken one's whole soul into energy like a flash roused me in an instant, and, at the same time, the dog gave a low whine, and pushed up close against me. Noiselessly I seized my revolver, and, with the quickened sight of self-preservation, scanned the trees, whose stems, in some inconceivable and awful manner, seemed to have grown thicker. What was it? What could it mean? What could I do but wait, revolver in hand, for any encounter I might be forced into? "Lassie," keeping close and silent, was also ready for action. A cloud obscuring the moon for a moment, a quick movement in the trees before us revealed our fate, for the trees were living now, each one with a native behind it!

Oh! the horror of that moment!—home, friends, life itself, seemed to slip from my grasp. Was it possible? Could I, single-handed, even with a revolver, overcome a band of fierce aborigines? I was unmanned, but only for an instant; for, with the energy of despair, I stirred myself for action, and resolved to sell my life dearly. My one hope lay in the abject terror a native has for the revolver. They knew its deadly effects too well, and their ignorance of its nature seemed to add to their terror. I had risen cautiously on one knee, and there I waited. Their evident design was to surround and overpower me; and but for the revolver how easily they might have done it.

My courage was rising now. I was actually burning for action; but I left it for them to begin. At last, with a hideous yell they advanced. The leader was a small infuriated savage, who brandished his weapon and danced frantically towards me. I had to restrain the dog, or she would have been on him in a moment, and concluded that they suspected fire-arms or would have been faster in their advance. On the chief making a sudden and desperate advance closer to me, I fired, when, not the leader, but one of his followers fell, yelling in his death agony in a fearful way. The enemy, in utter consternation, dashed away on every side, dragging their lifeless comrade with them.

Again I was on the alert, hastily re-loading my empty barrel, and I waited, feeling sure of an attack from some other quarter. I had not long to wait. Back they mustered with their stealthy footsteps; but my eyes and ears were keen, and daylight was slowly advancing. With another whoop and yell on they came, the leader frantic as before. I had just time to see a band of them round the sheep, when I fired—once! twice!! thrice!!!—and at each shot the dying yells of men resounded through the bush. Still, on came the leader, evidently bent on a hand-to-hand encounter, and no doubt thinking my pistol was empty now. I fired my last shot at him. Good heavens! had it missed! Blind with desperation, I was preparing to close with him, when suddenly he was rolled on the ground at my feet. "Lassie" was on him, all her pent-up fury now beyond restraint. She was a very demon in her wrath, and every tooth and claw she had seemed to be fastened on his throat. He was soon in his last agonies, and, with the loss of their leader, the whole band took to flight, carrying off the rest of their dead companions.

Now was my only time to reload the revolver. The unfortunate leader was lying dead at my feet, as "Lassie" had not relaxed her frightful embrace till he was strangled. I felt sure they would come back for the body, so giving the dog some praise, and rousing my own exhausted energies, as well as trying to calm my desperately excited nerves, we got the sheep hastily together, and, with increasing daylight, went quickly on our way. With what a feeling of horror I passed every tree; there seemed to

be enemies lurking on every side. I felt as if even the helpless sheep were friends, so readily did they rouse themselves to my quickened pace. We went on without molestation, but never a moment did my hand relax its hold of the loaded revolver, nor did my eyes or ears lose their keenness of perception. Was it possible? Would I see my friends again? Such a hope had completely died out last night; but now, returning with full vigour, it determined me all the more to hold out to the end.

We had arrived now at a part of the bush bristling with scrubs and undergrowth. There was only one path through it, and here I dreaded that an ambush might be laid; yet on we went quickly as before. We were late, and I thought whether our absence would be wondered at, and an escort sent.

These thoughts were revolving through my mind, when a low whine and a rustling noise caught my ear. Could it mean death now? Oh, surely not, after such a night of prolonged agony. But as we were emerging from a turn in the path, with a bound and bark of joy "Lassie's" mother leapt upon us. There and then at last I fell—not dead, as I expected, but in a deep swoon, the last thing I heard being the friendly voices of my chums from "Sunrise" Station. They had heard that the natives were up, and, knowing we were late, had hurried out to meet and protect us. "Lassie" and I were tenderly taken home, but nothing would induce the dog to leave the sheep till they were safely folded. I was prostrate for some time, but never, even with returning vigour, could I forget that night, for in all my experience of life it never occurred to me that in self-defence I would have to take the lives of four fellow-men! "Lassie" and her mother were far dearer to us after this; but no praise ever spoiled my dog, or moved her an inch from duty. I had her for several years after, and she died at a good age, shortly after having had a long journey in the bush with a number of sheep.

First Premium (£1) awarded to Miss Minnie M'Kean, 1 Inverleith Terrace, Edinburgh.

A NIGHT'S TERROR.

I HAVE often meant to write this story and have never done it, because it seemed to want so much explanation, and I hate explanations! Still, unless I describe the sort of house we were living in, how can I ever make anyone understand why Frances and Collins and I were so frightened.

I shall try how short I can make it.

Well, then, we were staying in the Pyrenees, at Bagnères de Bijoue, many years ago, when Frances and I were quite young (which, alas! we are not now). Our brother Jack, who was a good deal older than both, had the care of us, and our own maid, Collins, was with us. We lived in a large, rambling old house, on one side of a court-yard; but we only used the drawing-room floor of it, so that the upper rooms and basement were always empty. All our rooms opened one into the other, as is usual in French houses, but the *salon* was separated from the rest of the suite by the staircase and a narrow passage. Round the house ran a wooden balcony. Now I think that will do for description at present.

Jack had left us for a three days' sketching tour in the mountains, and Frances and I had just done brushing our hair on the first night of his absence, and were going to get into bed (very late) when *something*—an evil spirit I suppose—prompted me to look out of our bedroom win-

dow, and from it I saw, what gives me a thrill of horror now when I think of it, a bright light in our drawing-room! I daresay you will wonder how I could see this, and also why it should have terrified me so; but, when I explain, you will not be so surprised. I must tell you there were four windows in the drawing-room—three in front commanded a view of the street, and a fourth at the side, on a line with all our bedroom windows, and, like them, looking out into the court-yard. Giving, as it did, only a cross light, this window was always kept closed with heavy shutters, bolted and barred from top to bottom, and was never opened by us. Some one had opened it now, however; for, reflected from it, on the white-washed wall of the house, on the opposite side of the yard, lay a brilliant square of light. My exclamation of surprise brought Frances to my side instantly, and I don't know which of our faces was the whitest as we silently drew back from the window and stared helplessly into each other's eyes. To at all realise our position you must remember that we, two young girls and our maid, were left utterly alone in that great rambling house, where a whole horde of robbers might have lain hidden without our knowledge. There were no servants to give an alarm, for our meals were sent in daily from a restaurant, and Collins herself did all the necessary sweeping and cleaning of the one floor we occupied. There was no stealing unheard out of the house to rouse the neighbours, for the old staircase creaked loudly with the slightest tread; and unbolting the ponderous front door made a noise that would have awakened the dead. The locks of all our bedroom doors were of the feeblest description; a resolute push would have in an instant burst either of them in; and, could we have rendered our doors secure, there were all our windows quite unprotected, save for inside *persiennes*, and opening on to the balcony with wide low sills over which we stepped ourselves a dozen times a day without effort.

If you take all this into consideration, and add to it the fact that, put away in a drawer of the crazy old *escritoire* in the drawing-room, was a leathern bag of Napoleons, our funds for the next three months, placed there by Jack, who ought to have known better, just before he started in the morning, you will own we had good cause for alarm, the more so, as a large three days' fair happened to be taking place in Bagnères at the time, and all day long the streets had been thronged with swarthy mountaineers and slouch-hatted, black-browed Spaniards, looking far more like brigands and highwaymen than was at all pleasant. When we could summon up courage enough, we ventured on another peep. Yes! there was the exact shape of that big long window reflected in brilliant light on the opposite wall, and by squeezing ourselves almost to death in the corner where we stood, we could see a bright path of the same light falling from the window itself across the planks of the wooden balcony, and shining on three or four of the carved balustrades. It was plainly no delusion, and, trembling in every limb, Frances and I stole from our own room into the next, where Collins was sleeping the sleep of the just, and having softly roused her, and stifled her naturally loud exclamations by stuffing a towel into her mouth, while we explained matters, we all three crept silently into the apartments adjoining hers, usually tenanted by Jack, and which we fancied would be the safest retreat, as being farthest from the drawing-room. Here, then, we established ourselves for the night, having first barricaded the two doors, by drawing the wash-stand in front of one, and the chest of drawers before the other. To the windows we could, alas! do nothing. They had no shutters, only

inside *persiennes*, through which Frances and I kept constant watch on the mysterious light, in dread anticipation of seeing, at any moment, some dark form stealing towards us down the long balcony.

I don't think the idea of braving the danger, and finding out for ourselves the real cause of the light, ever occurred to us. Young as we were, we had sufficient judgment to know that our best chance of safety lay in appearing unconscious that anything was wrong in the house; and should anyone reading this think we were mistaken, and that we showed a want of personal courage, let me remind them, in the words of Butler, that :

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
While he that is in battle slain,
Can never rise to fight again."

No! unprotected though we were, discretion was clearly the better part of valour; and so we kept that long and tedious vigil, the minutes seeming hours as we two knelt side by side at the window watching the mysterious light, and listening, in almost breathless silence, for any sound to warn us of some stealthy approach.

But the stillness was unbroken. In vain we strained our ears. Not the faintest noise broke the quiet of the night; and when Collins, moving on the wooden chair she occupied, caused it to give a loud crack, we all started as though a pistol had been suddenly let off in the room. Two hours we watched from the time—about midnight—when I had first discovered the light. At the end of those two long hours the reflection became, all in a moment, exactly half its size. It was plain that our nocturnal visitors had closed one part of the shutters. Another breathless half-hour and the light suddenly disappeared entirely, leaving the opposite white-washed wall in the usual half-twilight of a glorious mid-summer night.

That time—between the vanishing of the light and the first glimmer of early dawn—was, I am sure, the most terrifying of all that dreadful watch. Another half-hour and a few rays of daylight, peeping through the blinds, rendered our expiring candle unnecessary. The vigil was ended, and Frances and I flung ourselves exhausted on Jack's bed (Collins had been slumbering in her chair some time), and slept till the morning sun shone brightly in and roused us.

And now comes the strangest part of this story. You can imagine that, without even waiting to dress, my sister and I hurried at once to the drawing-room, fearing and yet anxious to know the full extent of our loss. Can you imagine our surprise when we found that dreadful bag of Napoleons quite safe in the *escritoire*? Not one was missing. There was no sign of disorder in the room. All was precisely as we had left it the night before. The mysterious window with its heavy shutters was closed and barred as usual. Everything was just the same. No; not quite everything. The unused leaves of a new drawing block, which had been sent out to Jack from England a few days before, had, each one, been carefully separated by a penknife or some sharp instrument, as though to discover if anything lay concealed between them. A pair of nearly fresh yellow wax candles, stuck in heavy silver candlesticks, and rarely lighted by us, were burnt down to the sockets; and when Jack came home, and unlocked his despatch box, he found that every paper, bill, and letter in it had been opened, re-folded, and replaced, neatly it is true, but in quite different order from what they had been left.

We sent for our landlady, and she and her stout son Jules came and slept in some of our empty rooms till Jack's return. The house was searched from garret to

cellar, but the dust of ages lay undisturbed on everything, and it was quite plain that our mysterious visitors had not invaded them. I should mention that at the time all this happened, the politics of France were in a particularly disturbed and unhappy state, and it was whispered that no *table-d'hôte*, or English Church, or even crowded railway carriage was without its spy. Also, there was just then in circulation a pamphlet particularly obnoxious to the Government, and orders had been issued for it to be suppressed; and when some of our friends heard of our adventure, and of the carefully-searched block and disturbed papers, they shook their heads and murmured something about "secret police." But this was pure conjecture, and all that remains for me to tell you of the matter is, *that we never found out anything more about it.* and Premium (10s.) awarded to "PSYCHE," 39 St. James' Square, Bath.

THE UNCOMMITTED CRIME.

By THEODORE ALFRED CROFT.

CHAPTER III.

INFANCY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church, which topped the neighbouring hill.—
Goldsmith.

ON the mail coach road, at a little distance from one of the most considerable towns in the north, stand a few houses, the prospect from which answer in every particular to the scene depicted in the above lines—a prospect from which the description might have been written. The high road crosses a little brook which, at two fields' distance downward in its course, gives motion to a large and ever-busy water-mill, and which leaves the grounds of Hollowglen not far from the bridge. The old road had led down to and run through the bed of the streamlet, and the descent and ascent have been allowed to remain, that travellers might have the cool and welcome refreshment of the brook to offer to their horses. On one side of this slope three houses stood—one a small inn or wayside tavern, the other two the cottages in which Hugh Chisholm and my father lived. Immediately past those houses the road takes a steep and winding ascent, and on the summit of the eminence is to be seen the parish church, with its plain square tower, and the tree-hidden manse a short distance from it.

Near the church the splendid gateway of Hollowglen offers a glimpse of its fine avenue and densely-wooded policies.

My father, as I have said, was employed on the grounds of Hollowglen. Along with Hugh Chisholm he held a subordinate position under the forester, and his earnings were small—so small that he could with difficulty keep his delicate wife and young children in the commonest necessities.

Our house consisted of what is known in the rural districts of Scotland as "a but and a ben," that is to say, of two apartments, the second of which led off the first, and was the parlour, the best room or "sanctum" of the house.

The house was kept beautifully whitened and polished by my mother. The kitchen, which was the larger of the two places, was our house, the room being set apart for high days or holidays, the reason of this choice lying principally in the scanty garnishing of the inner apartment, and partly because the larger fireplace of the kitchen—coals being a perquisite—made up more fully in

cold weather for our insufficient clothing. The furniture of the kitchen was unique and various, the three chairs being of different shapes and ages, the table being peculiarly antique, and the corner cupboard particularly cumbersome and inconvenient. There was one chair which, in my younger days, appeared to me the very perfection of comfort—the summit of human ingenuity. The shape of the chair was square, and it had arms with broad, flat ends; but the back and arms encompassed two sides only in a semicircular way, leaving a corner pointing out in front. To sit on the flat end of the arm and make fun of my father, while he rested from his day's work and refreshed himself with a pipe, was glorious enjoyment to me, and if I could get two of the little Chisholms mounted one on each arm while I personated "faither" in his absence, there could not be, perhaps, a happier child in the country than I was. A very old clock was also a great object of interest to my youthful fancy. Towering as it did high over my head, in fact, looking down at me from the roof as it seemed to do, there was no idea of exaltation or of calm dignity which might not have been conveyed to me by a reference to the old clock. The striking of the clock seemed to me a spontaneous act, and filled me with great reverence and fear; and oftentimes if I might chance to be awakened by it in the later hours of the night, and it seemed to go on striking interminably, I have cowered with dread into my mother's bosom, and in my dreamy thoughts fancied that it was to speak to us thus for ever.

I am thus particular in speaking of those things, trifling as they may appear, because, at the age when I felt and thought as I have stated, these thoughts and feelings were matters of deep importance to me. The easy chair, with my father seated in it, or with me as his representative in playful mimicry, turns up again as one of the greenest spots in my memory; so, too, with the awe-inspiring and seemingly life-endowed time-keeper, with its sturdy beat and its sonorous bell, its *whirr* of warning (as if to put our ears on guard for the louder sound it was soon to make), its ever-moving hands, and its polished and stately exterior. All these served to impress it upon my childish mind, and to draw me towards it when, in years after, recollections of my earliest speculations have returned upon me.

Of my father it becomes me to speak with the reverence due to one so kind and so industrious as he was, and the more reverence is sought from me because the green turf has covered him now for many, many years. His departure from us was a cup of sorrow which had at the time somewhat of happiness to counterbalance it, but of that more will have to be said at the proper period in my story. That he worked hard for but a small pittance, and that he died leaving to his children the valuable inheritance of that "good name which is better than riches," that he was a kind husband, father, and neighbour; these characteristics are more than enough to hide the faults with which he could be charged, while with regard to them it could be said that "even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

There is no task more trying to me than to give an accurate idea of my mother as she was about the time I now describe. When my father came to Hollowglen, nine years before I was born, Annie Simpson was one of the house servants. She was fifteen years younger than my father, and of a slight frame, rather pleasant in features, and without much pretension either to polish or education. I was born in the seventh year of their marriage, and their only other child was Agnes, five years

my senior. The change in the mode of life had not been beneficial to my mother. The full diet of the mansion was but poorly represented in the plain fare of my father's cottage, while the toil by which she, with buoyant spirit and industrious disposition, endeavoured to eke out my father's scanty earnings, rather acted against her own endeavours, as she had been unused to the sedentary work of the needle to which she applied herself. The nursing and toil of Agnes had come upon her while struggling to make a few pence by her needle, and as she had felt then under a greater necessity to work, she had continued (much against my father's will) to apply her every spare moment to the same toil, and to burn a large quantity of the "midnight oil" which, in the realms of sleep, should have gone to nourish and strengthen her own frame. Lady Lucy supplied her with work and paid her well for it, but, being rather deficient in penetration, though overflowing with kindness, her ladyship did not perceive that the help she thus gave my mother was almost the reverse of beneficial. My birth did not tend to lessen her debility, while the withdrawal of the kindly ministrations of Lady Lucy tended still more to darken her chances of recovering health. In this respect (and I believe he felt it to be so when he spoke) the words my father uttered to Chisholm were of considerable meaning.

My sister Agnes, who seemed in my younger days quite a giant in size and strength, fell heir to some share of her mother's weak frame of body, and at the same time to more than her mother's good looks. Taking her part in our struggles for existence she will appear as my story progresses, but always with a gentle and womanly-childish sympathy that endeared her to all of us.

The Chisholms, our next door neighbours, were a much more numerous household. Hugh Chisholm, the head of the house, was in many respects different from my father, though they shared alike in the virtues of hard-working industry and honesty. He was a Celt by nature as well as by name, and though he had lived for many years in the Lowlands, still retained much of the self-importance which sometimes characterises the northern people of Scotland. His wife was a strong-bodied and strong-minded woman, who ruled the house with considerable austerity, and even, it has been hinted, had a large amount of control over her husband, although he claimed the sovereignty of his own little domain. Mrs. Chisholm ruled with austerity, but she also conciliated her family by much motherly kindness, and by immense bodily toil for their benefit. Only those who have lived in the humbler ranks can know how much work devolved on her to keep herself, her husband, and five children "hale and clean," and in preparing the plain fare with which they were sustained. Their eldest child, Jack, was two years older than my sister Agnes; their youngest, a girl, was three years my junior, and she was named Lucy, in compliment to the late Lady Cairnburgh. The other three were Grace, Liza, and Jamie, who were aged respectively four, three, and one when I was born. Some of them will appear further on in my story, but it must be confessed that it is difficult indeed to make much of a romance out of such lowly people. In the grand and terrible tragedy of daily life we and they were undoubtedly heroes. The wealthy and the well-to-do but little estimate the heroism that forms part of the daily life of such households as that occupying the cottages at the gate of Hollowglen, or how difficult a task is set before any one coming from such humble beginnings to raise himself in the social scale.

(To be continued.)

INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

BY R. SULLIVAN.

"IT is inconceivable to the virtuous and praiseworthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectable idleness, what terrible straits are the lot of those scandalous rogues whom Fortune has left to shift for themselves!" Such was my feeling ejaculation when, full of penitence for the sin of urgent necessity, I wended my way to the attorney who had swept together, and for the most part picked up, the crumbs which fell from my father's table. He was a little grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather jacket so tightly that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that they had bought it second-hand, and were pretty nearly out at the elbows. They were completely emblematic of their possessor, whose religion it was to make the most of everything, and, amongst the rest, of the distresses of his particular friends, amongst whom I had the happiness of standing well forward. My business required but little explanation, for I was oppressed by neither rent-rolls nor title-deeds; and we sat down to consider the readiest means of turning an excellent income for one year into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose small experienced eye had twinkled through all the speculations of the age, and, at the same time, had taken a very exact admeasurement of my capabilities of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing on earth. For one undertaking I wanted application; for another I wanted capital. "Now," said he, "as the first of these deficiencies is irremediable, we must do what we can to supply the latter. Take my advice,—insure your life for a few thousands; you will have but little premium to pay, for you look as if you would live for ever, and from my knowledge of your rattle-pated habits, and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance." Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old cormorant that there was every likelihood of my requiting his liberality by the most unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance. We shook hands in mutual ill-opinion, and he obligingly volunteered to accompany me to an insurance office, where they were supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour, and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence. In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed certain little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labours of the inquisition, amongst whom the surplus arising from absentees would likewise be divided. From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share, and ogled that of his absent neighbour, I surmised that some of my fellow-sufferers would find the day against them; they would be examined by eyes capable of penetrating every crevice of their constitutions, by noses which could smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast-high.

How, indeed, could plague or pestilence, gout or gluttony, expect to lurk in its hole undisturbed, when surrounded by a pack of terriers which seemed hungry enough to devour one another! Whenever the door slammed, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going

to bark; and if a straggler really entered and seized upon his moiety, the intelligent look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog who has lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these gentry had assembled, the labour of the day commenced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies upon their natural lives were afflicted with a natural conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in foundation of such a prospect. In vain did the board endeavour to persuade them that they were half-dead already. They fought hard for a few more years, swore that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that their whole families had been as tenacious of life as eels themselves. Alas! they were first ordered into an adjoining room, which I soon learned was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed that the establishment could have nothing to say to them. Some, indeed, had the good luck to be reprieved a little longer, but even that did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees; another for an extraordinary circumference in his girth; and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer who met with anything like satisfaction was a gigantic man o. Ireland, with whom death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

"How old are you, sir?" inquired an examiner.

"Forty."

"You seem a strong man."

"I am the strongest man in Ireland."

"But subject to the gout?"

"No; the rheumatism. Nothing else, upon my soul."

"What age was your father when he died?"

"Oh, he died young; but then he was killed in a row."

"Have you any uncles alive?"

"No; they were all killed in rows too."

"Pray, sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?"

"Maybe I shall some day or other."

"What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?"

"Oh, never fear! I have the sweetest temper in the world, barring when I'm dining out, which is not often."

"What, sir, you can drink a little?"

"Three bottles with ease."

"Ay, that is bad. You have a red face, and look apoplectic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly."

"Devil a bit, my red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room."

"But three bottles—"

"Never you mind that. I don't mean to drink more than a bottle and a half in future. Besides, I intend to get married, if I can, and live snug."

A debate arose amongst the directors respecting this gentleman's eligibility. The words "row" and "three bottles" ran, hurry-scurry, round the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demurring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but as my friend was handing me forward, my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady, with an elderly maid-servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect upon the stony-hearted directors themselves.

The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business,

which seemed little more than to show herself and be entitled to twenty thousand pounds, for which her late husband had insured his life.

"Zounds!" thought I, "twenty thousand pounds and a widow!"

"Ah! madam," observed the chairman, "your husband made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

An elderly, sickly sort of a man! She would marry again of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favourable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some further transactions which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I stepped boldly forward. "Gentlemen," said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose and very nearly sent it through the external teguments, "allow me to introduce Mr. —, a friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not one of your dying sort." The directors turned their eyes towards me with a look of satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

"You have a broad chest," said one; "I daresay your lungs are never affected."

"Good shoulders, too," said another. "Not likely to be knocked down in a row."

"Strong in the legs, and not debilitated by dissipation," cried a third. "I think this gentleman will suit us."

I could perceive that, during these compliments and a few others, the widow was much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced; and when I was ordered into another room to be further examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a flaw in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman read that I was warranted sound. The board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed outright. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down stairs.

"What mad trick are you at now?" inquired the cormorant.

"I am going to hand that lady to her carriage," I responded, and I kept my word. She bowed to me with much courtesy, laughed again, and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John?" said I.

"Number —, sir, in — street," said John, and away they went.

We walked steadily along, the bird of prey reckoning up the advantage of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction."

"How so?"

"Why, I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my harum-scarum way of life, drink moderately, leave off fox-hunting, and sell my spirited horses, which, you know, will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise."

"But where is the necessity for your doing all this?"

"My wife will, most likely, make it a stipulation."

"Your wife!"

"Yes. That pretty, disconsolate widow we have just

parted from. You may laugh; but if you choose to bet the insurance which you have bought of me against the purchase-money, I will take you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

"Done!" said cormorant, his features again straining their buckskins at the idea of having made a double profit of me. "Let us go to my house, and I will draw a deed to that effect, gratis."

I did not flinch from the agreement. My case, I knew, was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before, had it not been for the Epsom races, at which I had particular business; and any little reason for disgust to the world would, I thought, be rather a pleasure than a pain—provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE EVANGELIST. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by C. H. Meltzer. (London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.)

THIS is a story of the Salvation Army, told by the most brilliant of French novelists. Such a combination is probably another instance that, "as usual, the unexpected had happened." It is a very wonderful story, written with all the intensity of the French nature, and fulfilling what is still, as of yore, the end of art, that of "exciting pity and terror." It is very well translated, and should be read by all lovers of fiction.

A SEA QUEEN. By W. Clark Russell. (London: Sampson, Low, & Co. 1883.)

THIS is a thrilling story of shipwreck, of marvellous triumphs over difficulties, of courage amidst danger. There are many exquisite touches, both in description and in character, which make this a most readable novel.

THE youth who would have a will of his own has been struck out of that of his father.

ANNIE LAURIE was a melancholy maid; but, when married, became Annie-mated.

"CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases, you know," said a rich old miser to a nephew who had lost his fortune, and, consequently, his uncle's friendship; "I repeat, sir, that circumstances alter cases."—"Yes, uncle, I see they do, especially when they are *reduced* circumstances."

"Do you observe what a fine head my boy has?" said an admiring father to a circle of friends. "Come here, my son. You're a chip of the old block, aren't you?"—"Yes, pa; the teacher told me yesterday that I was a regular blockhead!"

"Give me a bid, gentlemen—some one start the cart—do give us a bid, if you please—anything to start the cart," cried an excited Yankee auctioneer, who stood on the cart he was endeavouring to sell. "Anything you please to start it."—"If that's all you wants, I'll start her for you!" exclaimed a broad-backed countryman, applying his shoulder to the wheel, and giving the cart a sudden push forward, tumbled the auctioneer over the side. By the time the fallen auctioneer regained his feet, the countryman had started too.

PUZZLEIANA.

No. 32—ENIGMA.

(First Premium, 6s. Vol.)

Though by man invented, I'm older than man,
Existence I had ere his era began;
The fact you may doubt, but 'tis none the less true,
I lived before Adam—am younger than you.
I say that I lived, I who never had life,
Did you ever see contradiction so rife?
I'm living—not living—why what can I be?
I may as well tell you—well, I am a tree;
Now, doubtless, you wonder where I can be found,
A clue I will give you—I'm oft underground.
I'll give you another, that is, if you wish,—
If you search in the ocean you'll find me a fish;
'Tis a very strange fish methinks you will say,
My call every seaman is bound to obey;
And oft as he readily answers the call,
The wind does me also, which might him appal.
Were it not for the wind I useless would be,
For it must be used ere a sound comes from me;
But let the wind blow, I'm as still as the grave,
No sound comes from me when I'm under the wave.
When under the wave, sir, a sound I have got,
You exclaim, How is that? You said you had not;
I grant it; but still I have not the least doubt
You'll say that I have when my name you find out.

16 Worcester Terrace, Sunderland. THOMAS LIDGERTON.

No. 33—RHOMBOID.

(Second Premium, 3s. Vol.)

Across.

1. For purity and elegance
This well deserves the precedence.
2. Bright visions born of fairy-land,
Quickly appear at his command.
3. The victim, prostrate on the ground,
Lies writhing 'neath this deadly wound.
4. See! the hills majestic rise
Their summits thus toward the skies.
5. Our food is very nutritious
If nicely cooked and eaten thus.
6. The earth beneath, the heavens above,
In this unite to make us love.

Down.

1. You'll find this surely in a trice,
Of what is this the centrepiece.
2. Of deadly use in every fray.
3. No progress here—this bars the way.
4. In olden times these were head-dresses,
A wealthy man who this possesses.
5. This simply tells us we are caught,
7. What'er is vile in word or thought.
8. A Scottish river known to fame,
9. The infant lisps its father's name.
10. Though here this is the hindmost part,
11. Of every race it has the start.

6 West Richmond St., Edinburgh.

HENRY COOPER.

No. 34—CHARADE.

First robed in his splendour, and dressed for a feast,
Will rise up betimes and start off from the east;
He journeys all second and moves at his best,
Yet night is at hand ere he reaches the west.
To-morrow's my whole and it's now nearly dark,
So I'll early to bed and rise with the lark;
And promise that whole—just to keep up my fame—
Shall be a fine second, or whole's not its name.

Darlington.

T. P. GARBUTT.

No. 35—SQUARE WORDS.

1. Minute drops of rain is this,
2. A little island do not miss,
3. An animal you see in me,
4. Death's dark oblivion next will be.
5. All put rightly in their place,
6. This is supposed to fill space.

Glasgow.

J. CHALMERS.

No. 36—CHARADE.

Fly with me, fly, the maiden cried,
Or soon my second comes in view;
My first they want—have vainly tried
To take of thee my whole so true.
In vain my third, so good and brave,
And true a servant ne'er could be,
Has done his best my whole to save,
But fast my second follows thee.

Alas! they come, my second's here,
Too late—my first is in their hands;
Oh! let them take it; do not fear,
'Tis better far than captive bands.
Ah! cruel fate, my second tears
My whole from out the maiden's arms;
And, heeding not her piteous prayers,
They take my first with all its charms.

Aberdeen.

L.-Corpl. H. BAIRD.

No. 37—CHARADE.

Within my first, to take the air,
Sometimes the rich and great repair;
My second, on the verdant plain,
Is seen to tend his fleecy train;
My whole, upon the stormy seas,
Now bravely toils, now lolls at ease.

Yarnfield.

Miss ELTON.

No. 38—CHARADE.

'Twas night! across the lone and dreary moor
A solitary horseman wends his way;
He seeks in vain a friendly open door
To rest from all the labours of the day.
Alas! fond hope; for 'neath my second lies
A ruffian, who, with sure and steady aim,
A well-directed first gives him, and cries—
'The horse alone shall tell this ugly tale.'
Swift as the deer the noble animal flies,
And leaves his master weltering in his blood;
To the nearest hostel riderless he hies.
And gets my total for the night and food.

Skipton.

J. TOMLINSON, Junr.

Received:—H. Cooper, Edinburgh; J. C. Miller, Glasgow; Miss Elton, Yarnfield; T. Lidgerton, Sunderland; T. P. Garbutt, Darlington; H. Baird, Aberdeen; J. Tomlinson, Junr., Skipton; F. G. Webb, London; J. Chalmers, Glasgow; G. Hill, Rutherglen; T. Aitken, Catrine; "Robin Hood," Carlisle; W. McDonald, Aberdeen; A. M. Smith, Catrine.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. M. W.—The story did not appear twice in our journal. Sent to us as "original," we accepted it in good faith, not being able to read over all the trashy issues from the press. "Once bit, twice shy."

L. E. (Roath).—The numbers were sent, but a second supply has been posted.

JANE and MARY.—Yes, we believe a woman can separate her property under a marriage contract, or even under a subsequent assignation. But is it honest to share your husband's gains and refuse to share his risks?

APOLLO BELVIDERE.—"A burnt barn dreads the fire." But your second attack of calf love seems to have been a better venture than the first, and all women are not jilts, surely.

E. H. (Glasgow).—See rule 6 of the conditions. As to your inquiry, "if the cap fits," you know the proverb.

JONATHAN (Hull).—The inference is just. First there and second here is a fair criterion of the respective literary standards.

B. C. K. (Bradford).—Every one has his own ideas about originality in a composition. The declaration plan is of no use, as honest folk will not need it and unscrupulous folk will not heed it.

J. P.—Certainly; no copyright or "reserved" matter can be eligible for competition.

W. GROVES (London).—Of course you can compete again for first and second premiums.

•• Parts I. and II. now ready, containing portraits of—

The Queen.
Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.
Mr. Henry Irving.
The Duke of Buccleuch, K.G.
Rt. Hon. Jos. Chamberlain, M.P.

H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.
(From a Photograph by Messrs. Downey).
The Earl of Rosebery, K.T.
Lady Brassey.
Mr. A. C. Mackenzie.

Printed separately on toned paper. Price, 6d. per copy; by Post, 7d.

The LONDON OFFICE of THE TATLER is at 84 FLEET STREET (next door to PUNCH Office).

To be had at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, London, and in the country; also Messrs. WILLING & Co.'s Bookstalls, London, &c.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors by MACRONE & CO. 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—November 17, 1883.



RIGHT HON. HENRY FAWCETT, M.P.

THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 13.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE TWO POOR PUNSTERS.

A DAFFODIL RHYME.

Dedicated to Professor JOHN MORLEY, "G. A. S.," and "PUNCH."

Veteres illi miratur laudatque! He dared to praise an old wit.—*Horace.*

The two poor punsters of London
Have got their wits completely undone ;
The Professor Hen-ry
Has made the two cry
O'er the grindstone that their wit was ground on.

This grindstone was one of old days, sure,
With an echo of G. A. S., if you please, sure ;
It ground all *Punch's* jokes,
Besides all other folks',
Being chipped smooth and hard by *Rab'lais*, sure.

Says GAS, "This is terribly cru-ell
Of Hen-ry to print Pantagru-ell,
Just all of a heap,
'Tis vulgar and cheap—
I could give that same Morley his gru-ell."

Says Mister *Punch*, savage and surly,
"Confound that Professor, *THAT* Morley ;
He has, don't you see,
Made a big ass of me,
By printing old Pantagruel fairly."

Says Augustus, "What is to be done, now ?
Will I ask of our neighbour the loan, now,
Of Tom Hood's old balloon,
For a trip to the moon ?
Here our occupation is gone, now !"

Says *Punch* unto *Echo's* grand *corros.*,
"Our game is *unmade*, we must *morrice* ;
We are burst up at last,
We belong to the past,
Since the *Truth* has been let out by *Horace*."

Give honest Hal Morley three cheers, now,
For taking these two by the ears, now—
Give three cheers all round,
Pantagruel, I'll be bound,
Has a cleaner shirt on than these SQUEERS, now !

G. C. S.

Source.—Morley's *Rabelais* ; G. A. Sala in *Echoes* ; and *Punch's* attack.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 13.—THE RIGHT HON. HENRY FAWCETT, M.P.

THERE have been few more thorough triumphs of brain and determination over physical disadvantages than in the case of Mr. Fawcett, whose portrait is presented this week. We have in him, despite his blindness, a widely-read student, a philosopher and economist, who has made his mark in the discussion of social principles ; a politician, scanning with keen intellect that most gigantic of Britain's problems, the government of India ; an official who has made his term of rule notable for a series of well-devised and popular reforms ; and, lastly, one who enters heartily into the truly British sport of riding to hounds, and can land a heavy salmon to his own rod.

Henry Fawcett has just completed his fiftieth year, having been born in 1833. His eyesight was lost by a most melancholy accident after he had arrived at man's estate, and with much energy he set himself to fight against the despair which such a great calamity might have engendered. As he lately told his fellows in misfortune, he determined not to deprive himself of any enjoyment, intellectual or physical, that lay within his reach, and right nobly has his resolve been rewarded. As a writer on political economy, he has shown much clearness in expression, and proved that he made a wide study of the theories of others before formulating his own. The chapter in his "Manual of Political Economy" dealing with the Land Laws has quite recently been republished, as an antidote to what are, from his point of view, the dangerous heresies of Henry George. When Mr. Fawcett was a comparatively young man, he threw himself with ardour into the "Social Science" movement, and in the earlier meetings of that Society there was no finer enjoyment than to listen to his clear and searching criticism of the fads and crude theories propounded by some of the members. By such exercises he gave himself a capital training for a wider area of operations ; and when he entered Parliament in 1865, he had already established a reputation for deep study and facility of expression, which at once gave him the ear of the House.

When, in 1880, Mr. Gladstone formed his Ministry, a very popular appointment was made in placing Mr.

Fawcett at the head of the Post Office. This is a branch of the public service that, in the most literal manner comes home to every one of us, and in such a sphere Mr. Fawcett found an excellent opening for his desire to encourage and benefit the less wealthy part of the community. If some of his arrangements have been open to the suspicion of being dangerously akin to fads, they have all tended to open up and extend the usefulness of the Post Office machinery. To pay army pensioners by money orders at their own homes, instead of compelling attendance at garrison towns; to let postage stamps be sold at all times when an office is open; to establish "postal orders" (though this was in course of fruition by his predecessor); to facilitate savings bank operations, and make small investments in the national funds possible and easy; to establish the far-reaching though hardly yet complete parcels post; and to provide in due time cheaper telegrams—all those things, with other minor reforms, form a very brilliant official record.

Mr. Fawcett's intellectual attainments have been worthily recognised by his selection as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and his academic address will no doubt prove a brilliant intellectual treat.

WHAT IS THE FRANCHISE?

TO THE TATLER there appears to be one or two questions which, although political, are capable of being discussed from a non-political standpoint. Of such questions are—The ground on which votes should be held, the equality of voting proposed by many politicians, and the extension of the imperial franchise to women householders. It may be held, as so far adopted by both parties, that the franchise is partly a duty and partly a right. There is the duty of the man who enjoys the franchise to remember that he acts under a responsibility to the unenfranchised (the young, the incapable, the non-householder), and there is the right which follows on the fair maxim that taxation and representation should go together. When the claims of the women householders come to be considered, it will be seen that both of those points have something in them requiring consideration. In the meantime the question of equality in voting may be considered. There is one maxim to which all will assent, namely, the equality of all men in the sight of the law in their claim to have protection to life and property, liberty of speech and action, and freedom from oppression or wrong-doing. It is a delightful theory—perhaps not quite attainable in practice, but so good that that country is the best governed where the nearest approach to perfection in this direction has been reached. But are "equal electoral districts" founded on the same eternal principle of justice? Some say aye, many say no, and as yet it seems as if the "noes have it." Nature knows no equality. Physically, mentally, in energy, in opportunity, in good fortune, in bad luck, the life of man is full of in-

equality, and the attempt to make all men equal politically seems at least as doubtful as to make them equal naturally. Both Mr. Fawcett and Lord John Manners have, in connection with the proposed introduction of sixpenny telegrams, dwelt on the injustice to the poor man if free addresses were to be abolished. The reason of this is, that the wealthier and better known a man is, the shorter an address will find him, while poor and unknown people will require many words in their addresses to enable the telegram to reach them. The sentiment is very beautiful, and, having been heard from both sides of the political world, it can with safety be made the illustration of how far beyond our reach equality is. If a certain amount of unpaid dead weight must be carried, then all who do not contribute to that dead weight—the short-address people—are being taxed to pay the work for those who do. Or, on the contrary, the poor man pays more because he is obscure. There is injustice or inequality take it either way, and yet we are asked to believe that all men are equal. Take two men, both in office. Mr. Courtney, who represents a small town, thinks he should not be swamped in a county; Mr. Fawcett, who represents a large constituency, thinks his electors should have a bigger share of representation. But both are probably agreed that London should not have more members than the whole of Scotland, though exceeding the latter in population—on the simple ground that varied interests, rather than the mere number of people in one interest, should be the measure of representation. Let there be no injustice; but, at the same time, let absolute equality be dismissed as impracticable. Is not this the proper conclusion?

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL:

A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEES has bin fashnabl for a spell. 'Taint hunny bees, but soin bees an' kukin bees, an' lots o' kinds as aint hafe so nice as hunny. So they had a spellin' bee in Stokerville, with juges an' prizes an' evrythin propur. Mr. Spiers sez 'taint offen Stokerville does ennythin, but wen it does it makes rome howl an' nite hijjus. Uncle sed hede take me to get shamed into lurning how 2 spel wen I'de seen the wonderful purformences of the cumpettyturs. He thawt it was rite to countnance sech things by the pressenz of the dominy, an' 2 enkuridge the yuth of Stokerville in all its intlektewl asperashuns. "Both ofishul an' pursnal motivs diktates the coarse I must follo. I must go, even if in the present condishun of my helth I fal a marter to the caws of lurning." I rekkun ther was a gude menny furriners there, speshally at the end. One of the jugis was the noo

dominy, 'tother was the skule-techer, an' 'tother was the Stokerville pork butshur, as, Mr. Spiers sez, has got a sole abuv chops an' tastes no tripe can grattyfy. So the spelin b-gan. The first wurd was kasm, and, as Mr. Spiers sed, cum pritty nere makin' a kasm in the metin. Sum ov 'em spelt it 1 way an' sum anuther, til a littel gurl up an' sed, c-h-a-s-m. Evrybuddy knod 'twarn't no ways rite, but the jugis said 'twas, an' the butshur, as had a dikshunary front of him, hadn't found it wen they was tryin' the nex wurd, pedler. So wen they was a tryin', an ole man got up 'mung them as Mr. Spiers call'd the hoodlums, an' sed 's nere as I can think:—

"Ime a 'spectable sitizin o' this 'ere town, an' I cumd here to see our yung fokes have a kinder skule frolik; I pays my skule rates with the best, an' if I be a pedler I aint gwine to stand no sinnivashuns."

So the hoodlums pikt him up an' dropt him over the galliry with a littel skrimmidge, an' he went home pritty stiff-like. An' the hoodlums hollered, "Go on with the oppery," an' the nex wurd was "scism." The pork man wasn't much of a juge. I hurd the dominy tell him 'twarn't under c but under s. So he sed, "I find, my frent, I hafe dun rong. Ich haben no English buke. Dat buke is Sherman." An' he shut it up, wich was Webster all the time, cos I saw it. So a man got up an' sed as how a Sherman mite be a gude juge of sawsidges, but not be abel to juge at a spellin' bee whare English was the langwidge. He thawt anuthur man shood tak' the butcher's place. So the butcher he got up, an' he was big an' fat, an' squeked wen he sed ennythin, same as ther warn't rume for wurd to cum up his throte, he was that awful fat. He sed: "My frents," an' 1 of the hoodlums 'gan squekin jes like a littel pig. "My frents, I be's an alderman, an' vos 'lected strate cos I vos knod 2 be a strate man, vot makes no cats in pis, nor kils no dogs for sawsidges. I knos vot is rite, an' I does it. If I helps rule this mos' enturprisin sitty, I kin help rule this spellin' bee, sure. You kin bet yer bottum dollar on dat ebery time. My frent has sed I may be abel to juge a sawsidge. But I kils no pigs but vat's pewr American. Den I shoot pe an American to juge American pigs. But I pe a Sherman, an' porn at Bingen, "shwete Bingen on the Rhine," an' if a Sherman kin juge American pigs, a Sherman kin juge American anything, an' American spellin' 2." So the hoodlums hollered to kepe him, an' he sat down agen. So the nex wurd was ko-pet, scizurs, an' katar, an' all the hoodlums 'gan to blo thir noses. It was rele fun—they blo'd that loud an' long, most like to blo thir heds off. Then cum "tumaty," an' 1 of 'em thro'd a bad 1 at the butcher an' made him luke awful funny. It most cuverd his face, an' spiled his biled shurt boozum. The nex was "new monya," an' wenever it was giv'd, an awful long man got up an' sez: "Mr. Jeges, ladys an' genlemen, I cumd hyar thinkin' this was no perlitical meetin'. It's the cuss of our grate kintra that pollytiks is all

around. You heres pollytiks in the pullpit, whar they've got no kind o' rite 2 be. You heres play-aktors at Washinton a rantin pollytiks. Our eddikashun is goin' fastur an' fastur in 2 pollytiks, an' bimeby, you'll get pollytiks by the ounse at the pothikarys. I aint 1 o' them kind. I sez, 'everythin in its plase.' This aint no kind of a place for pollytiks. The grate queshtun of finance is fur older an' wiser heds than yourn. That last wurd you've guv out is the war cri of a party. It's noo mony, noo mony evrywhere an' all the time. Genlemen, I'me a gude old Grenebakker —" So he go'd on a-hollerin an' a-swingin of his arms around, but evrybuddy woodn't lissen, they was a-laffin that way, an' the hoodlums thawt it was 'bout time to sit on him. So they hangd him upside down over the galliry, an' shakd a lot of noo silver peeces out of his pokkits, an' then they turnd him rite end up, an' dropt him like the pedler, an' told him, to go home cos he woodn't have no noo mony to be sik of for a gude long spel. That was 'bout the end of the bee. Another wurd fixt it, wich the Bible sez was P-h-a-r-a-o-h; an' they speld an' speld, an' uncle groned herin of thir fewtile effurts to spel 1 of the erlyest wurd in the blessed Scripturs. It vext him, he sed, to see 'em 'rastlin' with ignorans, an' he got up, but 1 of them hoodlums askt him to spell "nose," so he sat down an' blu it. An' the noo dominy sed as how if they kep all a-spelling at wanst, the juges coodn't tel who was rite an' who was rong. An' 1 of 'em puld a Bibul out of his pokkit jes to sho 'em how rite he was, an' the juges told him he was ruld out, cos it was agin the law for a compettytur to hav a buke 'bout him. An' he sed he woodn't clear out for no man, an' he carrid the Bibul at his wurk, an' woodn't giv a red cent for a dominy at sich a mis'ble place as that ere spellin' bee. So with that a lot of 'em thawt it was 'bout time to lik him. An' they was jest beginin' when a ruff-lukin stranger man got up an' got 'em quyat for a spel, an' sed: "'Tseemes to me you fellows don't spel same's we spel out West. Wot on airth d'ye all begin that 'ere wurd with a p an' a h for? Are you all scared at f? Now, hold on yer laffin an' jibin you'ans til I'm thru. This is the fust time I've had the flore, an' I rekkon I'll kepe it til I've sed my say. D'ye here me? There's suthin else I can do strate 'sides spel strate" (an' he slipt his hand rownd to his pokkit). "I don't want to spile the fun by gettin' out my barker, but I kep a bank for 10 yeres, an' if f-a-r-o don't spel faro, I nevvur played uker." So the boys got riled, an' we thawt it 'bout time to git, an' wen we lookt bak the lites was out, an' fitin was goin' on, as Mr. Spiers sed, permiscus-like in the dark, an' ther was sum shutin, an' I dunno if they ever lurned how to spel any more wurd. Nex day Mr. Spiers sed as how the bee had addid 1 corps, 2 hafe-blind fokes, 2 broke nosis, an' hafe-a-duzen damaged sets of tethe to the poppy-lashun of Stokerville.

(To be continued.)

LONDON THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

THERE has been nothing exciting in the theatrical world during the past week, though there are some "big" announcements about, and things will soon be pretty lively. "In the Ranks," at the Adelphi, draws crowds nightly, and the sign so dear to the heart of managers, "standing room only," has been conspicuously displayed. Mr. Charles Warner is as energetic and robust as ever, if anything his acting is more easy than on the opening night. Miss Bateman still secures the sympathies of the audience, and Mr. Garden has made a decided hit. "Confusion," a few doors from the Adelphi, is productive of the greatest laughter; and it seems that the new comedy, which Mr. Thorne has ready, is likely to have to wait some time, for there are lots of life in "Confusion" yet. The last nights of "Ours" is advertised, so make haste and don't lose this bright bit of writing of Robertson's. "La Vie" goeth it merrily. "Falka" seems destined to enjoy a long run, thanks to the excellent acting of everybody. "Young Folks' Ways" is delighting the "old" ones as well, and "Silver Guilt" will shortly be withdrawn.

On Wednesday, 14th inst., an original comedy-drama, entitled "Found," was produced as a Gaiety *matinee*. The author is Frederick Hawley, who lately brought to light "Agnes of Bavaria."

"Gillette," a comic opera, the music of which has been composed by Andran, was produced at the Royalty on the 19th. Andran, it will be remembered, wrote the music of Olivette; and, although at its first production it was not reckoned a success, bright acting and sweet singing secured for it a long lease of popular favour. Even now provincial play-goers are not tired of it, and, during the past week, it has been received with any amount of encores by the patrons of the cosy little theatre of Exeter.

Mr. Harry Monkhouse, owing to a severe hoarseness, has had to "let go" the part of *Prospero* in "Ariel" at the Gaiety, and his place is now filled by Mr. Arthur Williams.

Some of Mr. Williams' wheezes are "funny, very funny," and if he invents them all alone, he is a very ready wit. A little bird whispers that a gentleman, whose initials are "A. R. M.," lends him a helping *hand*.

The pantomime to be produced this year at "Her Majesty's" will be founded on the ever-acceptable story of "Red Riding Hood." A great feature in this will be the ballets, which, if report be true, will be produced on a grand scale.

"Walk up; be in time! A chance seldom met with." Those young poets who up to the present have been unable to get any of their work, brain or otherwise, published, should have a try at the address for the re-opening of the Alhambra. The directors have opened a competition, and, of course, the best man will have the honour of hearing his efforts applauded by the enthusiastic "god," and relished (?) by the "big pots" in the stalls. I guess the directors will have a lively time of it in reading all the trash likely to be sent in. I did intend going in for it myself, but my editor tells me, as my services are

retained solely and exclusively for THE TATLER, he cannot allow any of my effusions to be handled by outsiders. Business is business, I suppose, or I might have saved the Alhambra directors the trouble of reading through some hundreds of "poems, sonnets, sermons, &c."

"Denounced" was produced at Sadler's Wells on Saturday, 10th, to a large audience, who applauded lustily. The great fault of this drama, which I remember seeing some two or three months ago when it was first produced, is, there is a too liberal use of the revolver. Every now and then the hero (well played by Mr. Henry Gascoigne) drops upon the scene and shoots somebody, much too trying for the nerves of the weaker members of the audience. Supporting Mr. Gascoigne are Messrs. George Sennett, Fred. Owen, E. Darbey, Mat. Robson; Misses Harriet Barrand, (Mrs. G.) Edgeworth Lee, &c., &c. The scenery is very good.

"The Spider's Web" will open the Olympic on the 24th inst. I sincerely hope this house is destined to enjoy a somewhat better fortune, and in the hands of Mrs. Chippendale will bring in the "brass." As I announced some time back, I believe some of the old English sterling comedies are to be revived. Good luck, I say, to all concerned in the undertaking. Them's Whiffles' sentiments in a nut-shell.

Miss Laura Linden and Mr. G. W. Anson (the speech-maker) go to this theatre.

Mons. Jules Guitton, the energetic conductor of the Royalty orchestra, has been presented by the gentlemen who work under his baton with a handsome gold brilliant solitaire stud. His admirers are many (including your humble servant), and one of the many has given him a little token in the shape of a silver-mounted baton. The question now comes up, have I any admirers? If so, as you are aware, Christmas is coming, so don't forget and be in time. I don't like to ask, but those who can take a friendly hint—but there, you understand.

"Giddy Godiva" has been taken out of the bill at Astley's, and now "Lady Audley's Secret" and the ever-welcome "My Poll and my Partner Joe" are now to be seen here.

"Paper" seems to be all over the place for this theatre. The other evening I had a little business which took me over to Astley's, and as I was about to go in somebody quietly knocked me on the shoulder. On looking round I saw a gent., shabbily dressed, it is true, who winked at me, and gave forth these suggestive words, "'Cuse me, sir; but yer needn't pay to go hin; here yer are, a horder for the dress-curkle for the price o' a pot o' beer." But perhaps it was a "shave" of the seedy cove.

I regret to say Mr. John Ryder has been very unwell, and has had to withdraw from the Lyceum bill. I am sure one and all wish this valuable and time-honoured actor a speedy recovery.

The title of the Britannia pantomime will be called "Queen Dodo," whilst that at the Standard will give us a chance of witnessing "Puss in Boots."

Mr. Wilson Barrett will preside at the next Ash Wednesday festival in connection with the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund at Willis's Rooms.

On Saturday, 10th inst., at the conclusion of "Iolanthe," Mr. George Grossmith's monologue sketch, called "The Drama on Crutches," served to send the audience away in the best of humours. It is a very funny little bit of work, and Mr. Grossmith gives some capital imitations of celebrated actors. He tries to make me believe that somewhere about the year 1923 the stage will be occupied by the aristocracy, real live dukes, &c. Well, at the present rate we are going, I shouldn't wonder at it.

Mr. Edward Compton will appear at the Strand early in December, "Wild Oats" being the opening attraction. He will be followed by the "ever young and lovely" Minnie Palmer.

Miss May Holt's "Men and Women" company are at the Pavillion this week, and have been well received.

Mr. Augustus Harris, finding that his services are so much required for his pantomime, has given over his part in "A Sailor and his Lass" to Mr. Henry George, who plays the part in good style. Who could wonder at it, after seeing even "Gus" himself go through the part. And yet, somehow, I am inclined to think George makes more of it than Harris. How is this?

Mr. Pinero's comedy will be produced on 24th inst. I wonder whether he is destined to get such a cheap series of advertisements as he got for "The Squire."

Mr. Henry Irving has created a good impression with his portraiture of Louis XI. upon the minds of the Yankees. His *Shylock*, however, is not so good; but they have awarded unstinted praise to Miss Ellen Terry for her conception of *Portia*. And serve her right too, say I.

There they come. Miss Lucille Meredith was advertised to make her first appearance in London on Thursday mornings, November 15th and 22nd, at the Gaiety. She chose for her "introductory" bow, *Phæbe*, in Stephen and Solomon's opera, "Billie Taylor." According to accounts, she is a very sweet singer and a charming actress.

WHIFFLES.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. XII.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

No. 31.—BRAY HEAD.

DID you ever visit Bray Head? It lies on the railway between Dublin and Wexford, and presents some of the most extraordinary railway works in the kingdom.

Once the "Rambler" sailed down the Irish Sea, and, the water being quiet, the ship was pretty near the coast at Bray, and the fun on board was to watch the trains popping in and out of the innumerable tunnels, bets being freely made between the captain and a passenger who knew the coast as to when and where the white feather of the steam would appear or disappear.

This was very nice, and so was it very pleasant to walk over Bray Head by the foot road, high on the face of the wonderful headland, and watch the railway works far below, as soon after the "Rambler" did.

But it is by no means so nice to go by the train. The railway was one of I. K. Brunel's works, and he took it

most of the way on the outside edge of the promontory, only tunnelling where he could not get a foothold. But since his day many of the bits of line outside have been abandoned, and tunnels cut instead. But even with more cover it makes one of the wildest rides imaginable on a stormy day. Indeed the "Rambler" would recommend anyone who has to do the journey to do it *before* and not after seeing the works from the roadway overhead. In all probability there is not much danger, but it looks as if there was a very great deal. At some places the angry sea seems as if it would fain jump up and come in at the carriage windows, and to run on a ledge with a frowning precipice above and a raging sea below is rather trying to the nerves.

No. 32.—"WHAT IS THE LAST TRAIN?"

A lady reached the station near one of our cities, and, finding no appearance of the expected train, accosted a gentleman on the station:—

"Am I in time for the next train?"

"No, ma'am, the next train is gone ten minutes ago."

"But I suppose I will get the last train!"

"No, ma'am, there isn't any last train now; it was taken off last month."

How the lady got home the "Rambler" did not wait to ascertain. But the information given by the Irish gentleman reminded him of a placard he saw at Waterford, at the station on "t'other side of the water," where it was stated that "the train that starts at 9.30 has been discontinued."

GOT HIM THERE.

WHILE a number of lawyers and gentlemen were dining together at an inn, a jolly son of the Emerald Isle appeared, and called for dinner. The landlord told him he should dine when the gentlemen were done eating.

"Let him dine with us," whispered a limb of the law, "and we shall have some fun with him."

The Irishman took his seat at the table.

"You were not born in this country?" said one.

"No, sir; I was born in Ireland."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir; he is dead."

"What is your occupation?"

"Trading."

"Did your father ever cheat any one while here?"

"I suppose he did cheat many, sir."

"Where do you suppose he went to?"

"To heaven, sir."

"Has he cheated any one there?"

"He has cheated one, I believe."

"Why did they not prosecute him?"

"Because they searched the kingdom of heaven, and couldn't find a lawyer."

The last answer spoilt the whole of the fun in the estimation of the lawyers.

AN amusing incident took place the other day at a trial. Counsel had just risen to state the case for the plaintiff, and had got no further than "May it please your lordship and gentlemen," when he was rudely interrupted by a small juror, whose head was just visible above the box, with, "Cut it short." To him straightway the barrister turned: Sir, I will cut it short. Sir, I will cut it almost as short as you are." He was not interfered with any more by the little juror

[First Time Published.]

THE UNCOMMITTED CRIME.

BY THEODORE ALFRED CROFT.

CHAPTER IV.

CHILDHOOD AND HARD WORK.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Shall be a tattered weed of small worth held.

Shakespeare.

THE season of childhood passed with me without anything strikingly unusual to mark it, yet with many incidents and feelings well treasured in my remembrance. I was a little child I have been told. My height in manhood has been a fair average one, but it seems more than probable that I did appear rather small to the brawny country folks by whom I was surrounded. It is needless to detail what I suffered of the ordinary plights of infancy. It would not be interesting to tell that I first cut a tooth at nine months, and that my teeth have given me little trouble in coming or going since. Nor do I mean to dwell on hooping-cough, cured by an opportune visit to a village on the sea coast; nor upon the fears entertained that I would not recover from an unusually severe attack of measles.

But for the drawbacks thus hinted at, I do not suppose that our country could show a happier, healthier, or more mischievous boy than I was. My precocity was, of course, wonderful in the eyes of my parents, and great was their joy when I first essayed to give utterance to doubtful sounds, which they partially believed to represent "mother" or "father."

As was to be expected, I was guilty of many misdeeds, the most noticeable of them being, perhaps, my favourite amusements of pulling feathers from the tails of the fowls, endangering myself and alarming my mother by playing with my father's bill-book, or, greatest achievement of all, pulling the peg from the rain-water barrel, at the end of the house, so as to enjoy the mess and splutter it created.

My sister Agnes was my guard in those days, but, with true childish heedlessness, she often left me uncared for, to the exercise of my own playful fancy, while she scampered off with some companion to gather wild flowers, or wantonly to chase each other. Many a time, when my sentinel was thus off duty, I have been saved by the narrowest margin from the hoof of a horse or the wheels of some passing vehicle. Thanks to that special Providence which seems to watch over children, I was often snatched from the very jaws of danger.

My recollection brings up one memory which is associated with a sight not now visible on the same road. The great event of our day was the passing of the mail coach, as it came, with its four splendid horses, prancing, galloping, fresh from the town, three miles away, or, on their return journey, less fresh, as they neared the end of their stage, yet, swinging past as quickly, careering down the hill, oftentimes radiant and glorious in the sunset, as the long lingering day fell downwards towards the night. To one such evening my memory recurs as I write. It was the evening of the King's birthday, and the coach was resplendent in wreaths of evergreens and flowers, according to the old fashion of that time. The driver, Bill Jardine, was the steadiest of whips and the most invulnerable of coachmen; but, on the occasion

I write of, he had succumbed before temptation, and under the too potent influence of commemorative "drams," had been induced to give up the ribbons to a gentleman passenger, whose loyalty was as marked as Bill's, but whose hand was not so strong and steady. Seeing the coach approaching down the hill at greater speed than usual, and as I imagined in greater glory of green leaves than the morning mail had been, I started off from the side of the road, running towards the cottage, to bring out Agnes to see the sight. I stumbled and fell! Young as I was, I can remember the calculation that passed through my mind, that, before I could rise again the coach would have passed over the spot where I lay on. I looked up, fearfully, to see the leaders' heads three paces from me. There was a hard clatter of prancing feet and a hollow rumble of wheels. Those sounds seemed to take a long time—a very long time to pass, and yet my eye saw that the setting sun was only shut out for a moment. The coach had passed, and I was unhurt! Mrs. Chisholm and my mother shrieked from their doors as the coach passed over me, and they looked on, too late to run to help. When the dust was yet around me, my mother stood paralysed, while her neighbour ran forward to find me, as they expected, lying dead upon the road; but, to their joy, I was discovered with a smile upon my face, and no hurt except a slight graze from a stone which had been kicked against my forehead.

This incident has had a lasting effect upon my disposition. It has not made me rash in running into danger, but it has served to lessen my fear, and to cool my brain when a real danger has come upon me; and by teaching me not to over-estimate a risk, has brought me through what otherwise I might have sunk under.

Another time, also, I had an equally wonderful escape from drowning. There was a deep well near our house, from which water was drawn by a bucket. Looking into it with straining eyes and outstretched neck, I one day lost my balance, and fell into the well. The mouth of the well had some boarding laid down round it, and a nail, sticking up in one of the deals, caught the leather thong by which my shoe was fastened. The jerk, caused by being stopped by this, brought my forehead into contact with the stones of the well-shaft; thus bleeding, and perhaps insensible from the rush of blood to my head, I hung for what may have been a long time, and may have been only a moment. When I recovered I found myself in my familiar box-bed at home. I could not tell when or how I had fallen into the well—indeed, I remembered nothing of the well at all—and as no one had seen me near the place, and I had not been missed, it was only by the mere chance of one of the girls Chisholm coming for water that I had been discovered.

When I think of those escapes of my youth, and of some that have happened to me in my later years, I oftentimes wonder if the old proverb applies to me, and that I have been saved from all those deaths to die in the most ignominious way that one can do. May heaven avert such a fate!

It seems that all writers who tell us of their childhood have something to tell us of their first impressions on going to church. My first visit to church was productive of a very curious scene in the cottage after we had returned home. In our simple parish church the service was not very interesting, nor was the church itself calculated to awaken much interest or admiration in a child. Seated in our pew, opposite the preacher, I occupied my mind with counting the lozenge-shaped panes of glass, with the scarlet and purple stained edging to the windows

(how gorgeous that edging looked to me), and with the representation, in the circular head of the window, of a white animal, which I took to be a goat, and which was part of the Cainsburgh arms, the baronet being the patron of the living. In the course of the service an idea began to possess me that Mr. Bain, the minister, was addressing his words directly towards us, and a little observation confirmed the idea, and made me imagine that my father was the object of his earnest, and, as it appeared to me, angry declamation. My mother was listening with deep attention, and I thought she looked vexed with what the minister said. My father happened to be hanging his head, and I thought he was penitent before the rebuke of the preacher. When the sermon concluded, a portion of the first psalm was sung, and we returned home. That evening my suspicions were confirmed by my father not taking his usual chair, which stood empty in the shade of the room, as we all sat and spoke by the light of the fire. Suddenly I asked my mother whether she did not think we should give the chair to Spink, the poacher.

"What for would you gi'e awa' the chair," said she.

"Because yon man said we should not sit in it," I rejoined.

The phrase "scorner's chair" in the psalm had recalled the old-fashioned chair at home, with the projecting corner, and my impression during the sermon, that the minister was specially addressing us, had received confirmation when those words were read out before being sung. A little laughter and a little lecture to me ended the matter; but the chair was for a long time a suspicious object to me, and, even now, it is remembered and named amongst other remnants of old age by the name of the "scorner's chair."

Beyond such incidents as these, my first few years passed unmarked by anything of importance. Childish distresses I had enough, I suppose. Whippings and pettings by turns filled up part of my life; sleep as sweet as the richest could enjoy, food as plain as the poorest could imagine, came in their turn. Wet weather gave me the glories of a mud-pie, when I could escape my mother's vigilance, or, perhaps, the dangers and wonders of the rain-swollen brook, plunging and roaring in its hurrying flight. Fine weather sometimes brought to me the unparalleled joy of going with my father to the woods of Hollowglen. I have seen many beautiful sights since those days, but I have never experienced greater pleasure than when wandering over the fine lawns and grassy dells, the stately avenues and shady nooks in which my father worked. And I have, in my own mind, murmured against him as I have seen him lopping and trimming my favourite trees, and strewing the ground with their dismembered branches. In these woods, too, I learned to know the various birds by their notes, and to love them all for the melodious glory with which they filled the air around me.

Strange as it may appear, the events which brought, many years afterwards, those same woods more directly under my observation, have failed to bring with them any return of the unconscious and unthinking joys of childhood and innocence.

(To be continued.)

"How is your wife to-day?" said a friend to a French gentleman—"Oh, moche de sem," said he; "she is no better, and I am 'fraid ver little waas. If she is gon to die, I wish she would do it soon. I feel so unhappy—my mind is so much unsettle. Ven she die, I shall not be so moche dissatisfied."

HOW HE GOT A QUIET WIFE.

AB-DER-RAHMAN-BEN-DJELLAH, who reigned at Tuggaut, in the region of the West Rhis, heard that in Constantina (then recently occupied by the French) there was a damsel whose beauty surpassed the most extravagant conceptions of the most imaginative poets. At this time he was in a depressed state of mind. There was a vacancy in his heart and harem. He was a widower to an extent that may be represented by the vulgar fraction $\frac{1}{2}$; for the dearest, fairest, and fattest of his four wives, Ghazala, "the Gazelle," who weighed nearly twenty stone, had just died.

These tales of the Constantian beauty excited, first, curiosity, and then a warmer and stronger passion; and he called to him his major-domo, a faithful person, and a man of judgment, and bade him to go to the city of Constantina, and bring back a true report.

And the major-domo replied, "I hear and obey," and went; and returned and reported, saying: "It is true, O my master, what thy servants have said, and there is no lie at all. I myself have seen her. Her cheeks are like ripe pomegranates, and her eyebrows are curved like the branch of the palm tree, and her hair resembled the tail of El Warda, the mare of the Prophet—whose name he extolled!—and all day she sits in the window of her father's house—which is, indeed, a mean casket for so bright a jewel—and steadfastly regards the persons who pass by, smiling in a manner that deprives the beholders of reason."

Then the heart of Ab-der-Rahman was inflamed, and he gave a large sum in douros to the major-domo, and told him to go to Constantina and bring back the damsel at any cost. And the major-domo departed, and went to the house of the damsel's father; and, finding the father at the door of the house, he mentioned his mission, and explained that he came on the part of a mighty prince of the south to demand in marriage his daughter, the fair damsel who habitually sat in the window smiling, and that he was prepared to offer a handsome marriage portion. Whereupon the father was much perplexed; for, indeed, he had no daughter. He was only a hairdresser from Marseilles, who cut for the officers of the garrison, and curled for their wives; and the damsel was but a dummy—a wax-work figure—which he had placed in his window as an indication of his profession.

But the major-domo was a man of a literal turn of mind, and as he had been instructed, under severe penalties, not to return without the damsel, he brought the image; and it became one of the chief ornaments of his master's harem. And Ab-der-Rahman-ben-Djellah, who was a man of pleasant humour, and also of vast matrimonial experience, has been heard to say (so the story goes) that there were worse wives, so far as peace and quietness were concerned, than the one he got from Constantina.

NEWSPAPER READERS.—The ill-natured man looks to the list of bankrupts; the tradesman to the price of bread; the stock-jobber to the lie of the day; the old maid to marriages; the prodigal son to deaths; the monopolist to the hopes of a wet harvest; and the boarding-school misses to everything that relates to the marriage column! "No man is ever satisfied," says Bishop Horne, "with another man's reading a newspaper to him; but the moment it is laid down, he takes it up and reads it over again."

* * INNER LIFE OF THE GREAT CITY will be resumed in our next.

SLAYER AND SAVIOUR.

TWO EPOCHS IN A CHECKERED LIFE.

PART I.—A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

"I TELL you, Harry Craven, I will not lend you any more money. How often have I been duped by your specious tales before? Five hundred dollars, indeed! No! not even five cents!"

"Then you are determined? Very well. A day of reckoning will come some time, and then—beware! You robbed me of the only being I ever loved—one who would have been my guiding star and saviour. Now you would compel me to sink into lower depths of degradation than I'm already in by refusing the paltry sum I ask."

"Why should you blame me for your present state? Your own dissolute habits have caused it; and as for my driving you to 'lower depths of degradation,' I do nothing of the sort. Go and work for the money if you want it."

"Work! work!" and the speaker's voice trembled with bitterness and hate. "Work, say you—you who never did a day's work in your life—you who know I'm the son of a gentleman! Work! How can I work? Do not drive me mad, Arthur Sefton. Once for all, will you lend me the sum I desire?"

"Once for all, I will not."

"Then may—" and Harry Craven uplifts his hand with an imprecatory gesture. But he suddenly stops, for standing before him is Louise, the young wife of Arthur Sefton, the slightly elder of the two men.

A light-hearted, high-spirited Southern beauty is Louise, with her wavy masses of jet-black hair, her lustrous eyes, and ripe red lips. Verily, a queen among women is Arthur Sefton's wife. So thinks Harry Craven, and as he does so his face assumes a darker scowl.

"Arthur, I have been looking for you everywhere," she says; "dinner is almost ready. Will you join us, Mr. Craven? Don't say no; but shake hands with Arthur, and come in. Oh! don't say you haven't been quarrelling. I can see you have. Both of you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. But there, there—make it up, and be friends again."

The men cannot resist the lovely woman's appeal—at any rate, they make a pretence of friendship—and all three at length adjourn to the house.

But where is the scene, and who are the characters of our story? We will now explain.

Louise and her companions have just left the garden and entered the house of Arthur Sefton in Virginia. The house is one of those old-fashioned, verandah-surrounded villas such as were often met with in the Southern States before the war. Arthur Sefton is the scion of an aristocratic family, originally from the mother country. He is living on the fortune left him by his father, an enterprising planter. Louise we have already described. Harry Craven is descended from some of the original settlers in Virginia. He and Sefton were school-fellows together, and once close companions. But Craven's dissipated habits soon alienated him from Sefton, and two years before the opening of our story the breach between them was made greater. They were rivals for the hand of Louise Dubois. Louise never favoured Craven, not because she knew his real character, for she did not, but simply because she loved Sefton. And Sefton she ultimately married. Since

then Craven has gone from bad to worse. He has gambled all his own and much of his friends' money away, and, as a last resource, to escape the consequences of a fraud, he has appealed to his quondam friend, Sefton (who is already his creditor for a large amount), for another loan. The first result we have seen. Let us return to our *persona*.

Ah! here are Louise and Craven. Sefton has been called away to the stable to attend to some matter about his stud, and Louise has followed Craven into the garden to ascertain the cause of his quarrel with her husband.

"Why are you and Arthur so sulky, Mr. Craven?" she asks.

"I cannot tell you. To do so would compel me to unfold a miserable tale of misfortune—poverty, humiliation, false friendship. Friendship did I say? Pshaw! When did a man have friends when he was poor?"

"Oh, do explain what you mean, Mr. Craven! Surely you and Arthur have not quarrelled about money. Do tell me. Perhaps I may be able to help you."

Harry Craven lifts up his haggard face, with its ferret eyes and long thin nose, with its circle of lank brown hair and stubby beard, and casts an earnest glance at the beauteous countenance of the woman before him. He sees beaming in her eyes all a woman's pity, interest, and generosity. As a drowning man catching at a straw, he braces himself up for one more effort to gain the money he requires.

"Perhaps I may be able to help you." Aye! perhaps you will," he mutters to himself; and then he tells a piteous tale of his impoverished condition, and Sefton's refusal to help him.

Touched by his melancholy recital, Louise, with one of the sudden impulses of her nature, runs into the house, and a moment after returns with a roll of notes.

"Take this, Mr. Craven," she says, handing him the roll. "I have saved it for my little Louie; but I cannot let you go without it. Some day you will be able to repay me. Then do not forget me."

"Thanks, thanks, a thousand thanks. Forget you, Louise! For years your beauteous face has been the centre of my thoughts. Aye! you may start. You little knew the fierce burning love you threw away for the cold affection of Arthur Sefton."

"Mr. Craven, you are forgetting yourself. I'll——"

"You love me! Aye! What else could induce your generous act? What else but love for the poor recipient? Oh! Louise, why did you ever stifle that love? Why did you reject me for that false-hearted, miserly Sefton?"

"Mr. Craven! Sir!" the young wife interposes, her form trembling with varying emotions of amazement and anger at this unexpected outburst. "Mr. Craven, I must command you to end this. Do not let your gratitude—if gratitude it be—lead you to use expressions insulting alike to Mr. Sefton and to me as his wife. You have the money. Be satisfied, and go."

But no. Misled by Louise's generous act, and blinded by the intensity of his sinful desire, and the fierceness of his hatred of Sefton, Harry Craven continues his frenzied speech, and at last concludes with proposing Louise's flight with him to New York.

For a second Louise is dumbfounded by the insolent and audacious proposal; but suddenly recovering herself, she snatches his riding-whip from the would-be betrayer's hand, and, with all the fury of an insulted woman, lashes him as she would a vicious cur.

In his turn, Craven is paralysed, but not for long. Furious at his ignominious punishment, and smarting

under the infliction, he draws his knife, and, with one terrific plunge, sends it deep into the quivering bosom of the beautiful girl.

With a thrilling cry of agony she falls dying on the green sward, while the murderer looks down on his victim with a face convulsed with a world of remorse.

He bends down over her, gives one last lingering look, and then, with a piteous cry, flies from the spot.

The dying scream has been heard in the house by Arthur Sefton, who has just returned from the stable, and he and the servants rush out.

The unhappy husband springs to his dying wife's side, and gently lifts her up.

A momentary gleam of consciousness illumines her pallid face.

She smiles, and whispers — "Arthur, forgive him. Take care of little Louie."

Then all is over! She is dead!

Her pure spirit has fled to the realms above.

With a despairing sob, which shakes his whole frame, as the blustering wind the tender sapling, Arthur Sefton raises his hand to heaven and calls down vengeance on the foul murderer of his fair young wife. Vengeance of which he swears to make himself the instrument. Vengeance, to consummate which he would follow Harry Craven to the uttermost end of the earth.

(To be concluded next week.)

First Premium (£1) awarded to Mr. JOHN F. LACON, 26 Elgin Street, Birkenhead.

A SADDER AND A WISER—SOMETHING.

WELL, I knew I was considered a proud man, and I certainly *did* like my voice to be heard among my fellow-men; so it seems strange that my presence—all that men can see of me now—should lie so humbly and quietly there.

I heard them saying I died yesterday—I don't feel myself as if anything very strange had happened—but I can move about better and quicker, and can see far more than I used to, and I am done with that incessant answering of questions, that everybody asked just for form's sake—"How did you sleep?" "Are you feeling better?" and a hundred others as tiresome. Also, that constant drinking of beef-tea and slops is over; so there are many things to be thankful for.

After I died I went away somewhere—I cannot tell where—but to a place very unlike this: no beds or tables, no bells or talking.

There were a great many of us, and we were all thinking, thinking, thinking, without saying one single word. I felt it irksome at first, but was getting used to it and my unknown companions, when some one told me I might come back here if I wished. I was also told that I might go and come for three days, after which I would be buried—my presence I mean—and then I must remain in my new abode for some generations, till I had thought enough to think rightly of my past life and all its intricacies.

So I will take my place in a shadow of this room—after all, it was not a bad place—and see what I can see.

Ah! there is my poor wife! She was always attentive to me, but somehow I always suspected that she did not care enough for me. For one thing, I know that she did not appreciate my talents enough; but they say "no man is a hero to his valet."

Now she is coming in, and I will know what she feels. I used to boast that I was good at "seeing through"

people, but the state I am in just now is certainly the most convenient state for that sort of thing. I can see right into her heart, whatever her lips may say.

"Oh, my poor husband! gone at last!" (What would she say if she knew that I had not gone yet?) "I am glad to see him at rest, after all his suffering!" (Is she not going to say how will she ever get on without me? That would be more to the purpose. She will be a helpless widow, if I am not mistaken.)

Now she sits down and looks anxious and puzzled enough at last. I wish I could speak and give her advice, for I know she needs it now.

There is my mother-in-law next. What are they saying?

"Whether will silk or cashmere be the most suitable for my *best* mourning, do you think?"

"Well, my dear, considering your poor husband's circumstances, I would not get *too* expensive things. It is not as if he had left you a fortune; and a good cashmere will last for two years, after which you will be going into half-mourning, you know."

Wise woman, my mother-in-law. I always knew that. But I must be off—I have heard enough of this. I never could abide women talking about their clothes, and, worse and worse, now when I am not likely to need any more myself. I will go and see the boys in the garden; they will be dull enough at any rate.

"Willie, it's awfully dull in the house, and I am wearying. Come on and play a game with me. We've surely cried enough now. I'm vexed about papa, but he was always cross to us, and we can't do any good at any rate. Where's your ball?"

The little rascals! Can they not do without their games one single day? This is intolerable. I need not go in again. The baby is sucking her thumbs quite contentedly without me. I will go over to the office, and see how they are getting on there. Fine confusion they will be in. These clerks of mine were never good for much—they needed my eye on them always.

Here I am already. Quicker than the tram or train *this* conveyance. Ah! just as I thought! All idle! They'll find they can't want me to smarten them a bit. What's this they say?

Jones (to the Head-Clerk)—"Sorry I cannot get the accounts right, sir. Master never would tell me rightly what to put down."

Head-Clerk, sighing—"Ah, Jones, there's more than *your* department in confusion! Mr X— was vastly over-rated in the commercial world; he had no real talent, and no faculty of arrangement—only a way of impressing people, that was all. I doubt the public will open their eyes when our business is wound up, Jones."

I really cannot stand this any longer; and that head-clerk always so respectful a fellow to me! The hypocrite! I wish he saw me at his elbow now. I wonder would he be as obsequious as ever? or would he observe anything peculiar in my appearance (if I can be said to have an appearance at all)?

Surely the office-boy will be missing me anyhow. Many a tip I gave him. Hallo! is that the scamp running races in the back court with the boy next door? Hear him!

"Say, Bob, I've got nothing to do; master died yesterday."

Bob—"My master's life-like enough, more's the pity, and cross enough for two!"

Dear me! I will go away. I will go to that place where I was last night, and think—and come back to-morrow.

I feel calmer to-day. The quiet and rest are doing me good. And there is an eye watching me with a gleam of kindness in it. At first it was awful, and seemed as if it would pierce me through, it was so keen and bright. But I am not quite so afraid of it as yesterday. It searches my very inmost spirit. I doubt the earthliness will cling to me for a long time yet. I won't do for a guardian angel to anybody, that's certain, for I would put them up to all sorts of small revenges for wrongs, instead of grand forgiveness.

Now, there is my wife going about the house to-day. She has not even the common decency to come in beside *that thing* and sit awhile, and she has drawn the blinds up a bit. I really don't like her way of doing things at all just now. My mother-in-law is having a good time overlooking the servants, and ordering whatever she likes for the house. Two or three friends have called, I see, but they all steer clear of *this* room. Never mind; I will be the centre of attraction to-morrow! They *must* think of me *then*, and speak of me too!

I will go over to the office again. Why, there's the auctioneer's men valuing the desks and tables! There's my own private drawer being turned out! Stop it, I say! I allow no one in there! Oh, I forgot; they don't hear my voice now. Surely they will never search my private corners before my very eyes. Ah! this state has disadvantages, I see. I may as well go away. Nobody sees me; nobody hears me. To-morrow! to-morrow!

Well, this is something like respect at last. My wife is well dressed, and has a regular widow's cap on. I must say she looks better than usual. She would like to hear me say so, no doubt; for many a time she used to tell me that I did not praise her as I should do. My mother-in-law is really a credit to me, and is actually shedding plentiful tears. How can I thank her? The servants are all very serious-looking, and the blinds are down to the very bottom.

That undertaker's man has a smirk on his face that I don't like. He has not a proper respect for me. "Familiarity breeds contempt." If he were a clerk of mine, I'd teach him not to grimace in that fashion. Maybe it is the natural expression of his face, however. I heard him say I had been round-shouldered, and I saw him fold a napkin and put it under my head, to make me look better for the company's inspection, and I *here* all the time in this shadow, and not there at all!

Now they are going in one by one to see *it*, and their faces are long, although their visit is short. I can "see through them" at last. I know false friends from true now. But, hush! I did see a *real* tear. I know a real one from a crocodile one these three days back. It was on my cousin's face just now—my poor cousin! I used to despise him; a useless creature; never could make a penny for himself; used to have him to dinner once a year, just to let him see he was not forgotten. I see he has had some fine qualities after all—a good judge of character. He misses me; he knows what I was. Poor soul! that was a bitter tear! I feel inclined to cry myself, if I only could. I wish I had been kinder to him; I wish I had done differently in some ways.

I will move to the door now. I think I hear my wife seeing somebody out. *That* is not respectful to me, surely. Yes, there she is, and there is her old friend kissing her on the doorstep—her, with her widow's cap on—and saying, "I wish, my dear, your lot had been a happier one!"

What am I to do? My spirit groans within me. But

maybe, after all, he only meant that he was sorry she was a widow. I will try to think so. I must not judge rashly. I am more sorry than angry. Surely I am different from what I was. I used to fly into a passion at my poor wife when I was alive. Am I not the same man?

Now I am away—at least, the thing that they call *me* is away—and a long line of carriages after me, drawn by beautiful Belgian horses with long tails. (I have heard that these tails are often just *stuck on*. I wonder if it can be true?) I am not greatly distressed about the loss of my presence. I don't feel so proud of it as I once did. It may go with the Belgian horses or where it will for me. I suspect it was not the fine thing I thought it. Many a good hour I spent in its service—eating, drinking, dressing, sleeping—and now it is gone.

I will take a last look of the house—home—before I go away altogether. My wife is lying back in her arm-chair; she is tired, poor body. I used to enjoy a rest in that chair, with my slippers at the fire. My indefatigable mother-in-law is ordering tea, and the boys are gorging themselves with sponge biscuits in the drawing-room (the remains of the funeral refreshments). Upon my word, I am sorry to go. This was a cosy room, and life was not a bad thing after all. I do think my wife cared for me a good deal. I see she has the little lock of grey hair in her hand that she cut from my whiskers yesterday. But I thought my reputation was higher with the public, and I thought I would be more missed.

I will go to my resting-place a sadder and a wiser man—but I doubt I am scarcely a *man* now—or a sadder and a wiser ghost or shape, or—something—I do not know what I am exactly; but I know I am sadder and wiser and humbler. I will think it out, and maybe when ages have passed I will become altogether such as I ought to be. I have been too selfish and vain.

If I could only be allowed to come back now and then, and see them all here, I would suffer—oh, what would I not suffer for this!

Second Premium (10s.) awarded to ZON.

HE HAS BEEN IN HARNESS.

PAT went to his mistress: "My lady, your mare, *In harness*, goes well as a dray horse I swear; I tried, as you're thinking to sell her, or let her, For coming on thus, she'll *go off* all the better."

"'Twas very well thought of," the lady replied,

"You've acted a sensible part;
But, Patrick, pray tell me the day that you tried,
Of whom did you borrow the cart?"

"The cart? why, she *walked well in harness*, I saw,
But I thought not, by no *manes*, to try if she'd draw;
For says I, by St. Patrick, who comes her to view,
To tell him she *has been in harness* will do."

L. E.

THE TWO TROMBONES.—The story of the two trombones is a good one. One night a trombone player wished to be absent from the orchestra; and as there was another trombone, instead of asking leave of the conductor, he resorted to the expedient of getting a friend to go in and take his seat. "Watch the other trombone," said he to his friend; "puff out your cheeks well, keep your fingers active, look alive, and you will pass muster." All went well until a passage for two trombones was reached. Not a sound from the instruments! It turned out that both trombone players had resorted to the same *ruse*.

INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

(Concluded.)

MODESTY is a sad bugbear upon fortune. I have known many who have not been oppressed by it remain in the shade, but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly, on the following day, I caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door; and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half-way up the stairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion. The drawing-room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceiling displayed a little heaven of sportive Cupids, the carpet a wilderness of turtle-doves. The pictures were a series of the loves of Jupiter, the vases presented nothing but heart's-ease and love-lies-bleeding; the very canary birds were inspired, and had a nest with two young ones; and the cat herself looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise-shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine! I could not bear to look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side, like so many giants; and would have given the world to appear a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen years' purchase. Nevertheless, I was not daunted, and I looked round for something to talk about on the beauty's usual occupations, which I found were all in a tone with what I had before remarked. Upon the open piano lay "Auld Robin Gray," which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband. On the table was a half-finished drawing of Apollo, which was equally, without doubt, meant to apply to her future one; and round about were strewed the seductive tones of Moore, Campbell, and Byron. "This witch," thought I, "is the very creature I have been sighing after! I would have married her out of a hedge-way, and worked upon the roads to maintain her; but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more, unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus! I was in the most melting mood alive when the door opened, and in walked the fascinating object of my speculations. She was dressed in simple gray, wholly without ornament, and her dark brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead which looked as lofty as her face was lovely. The reception she gave me was polite and graceful, but somewhat distant; and I perceived that she had either forgotten or was determined not to recognize me. I was not quite prepared for this, and, in spite of my constitutional confidence, felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps, mistaken the breaking forth of a young and buoyant spirit under ridiculous circumstances for the encouragement of volatile coquetry; and for a moment I was in doubt whether I should not apologise, and pretend that she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful! Angels and ministers! Nothing on earth could have sent me down stairs unless I had been kicked down! "Madam," I began—but my blood was in a turmoil, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was, however, about my late father and her lamented husband, absence and the East Indies, liver complaints and life

insurance; with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation, and preter-plu perfect impertinence.

The lady looked surprised, broke my speech with one or two well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention either my father or his promising little heir apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Ah! madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural; I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband upon that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last, but he never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage. He had not time,—he had not time, madam, to make his friends happy by introducing them to you." I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not make up her mind to credit me or not—which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to "Auld Robin Gray," and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a *chef d'œuvre*. "Permit me, however, to suggest that the symmetry of the figure could not be destroyed by a little more of Hercules in the shoulders, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest too, and a trifle stronger in the legs, as they say at the insurance office." The widow looked comically at the recollections which I brought to her mind, her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile, and this, in turn, expanded like the laugh of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty on the stilts; but put us upon fair grounds, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admirable jokes, repeated touching passages from a new poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalized, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away till I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with a wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and my heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the Pigot Diamond. I kept my eye sedulously upon the pavement, to be sure that the coal-holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways to calculate the dangers of being run over. When I arrived, I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an ensigncy in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going missionary to New Zealand. I wrote to him in answer, that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by yellow fever or devoured by cannibals, but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lily hand, and received me with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her singing exquisite, my anecdote of New Zealand irresistible, and we again forgot ourselves, till it was necessary, in all common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a mere piece of gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul, which was burning before, was in an agony to find room

for any increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite miraculous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogized my modesty till it was well nigh burned to a cinder, and every now and then sharpened her wit by a delicate recurrence to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules. The third, the fourth, and the fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took upon me to call and remain without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality, and at last with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was at once to decide the question with the insurance office, and determine the course of my travels. One day I found the Peri sitting rather pensively at work, and, as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

"I have been thinking," said she, "that I have been mightily imposed upon."

"By whom?" I inquired.

"By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself."

"In what do you mistrust me?"

"Come now, will it please you to be candid, and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligible story about your father and the liver complaint, and Heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

"Will it please you let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it?"

"Nonsense! Will you answer me?"

"I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?" I continued, jumping up and leaning over her. "It should be done so, and then so. What stitch do you call that?"

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled, and so did mine.

"Will you pardon me?" I whispered, "I am a sinner, a counterfeit, a poor, swindling, disreputable vagabond—but I love you as my soul."

The work dropped upon her knee.

In about a fortnight from this time I addressed the following note to my friend:—

"Dear Sir,—It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend settling the insurance on my wife, I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me oblige you to become an ensign in the West Indies, or a missionary in New Zealand, you may rely upon my interest there.—R. SULLIVAN."

One rainy day, the minister of Birse was out visiting his parishioners, and going along a very muddy road he met one who was measuring the breadth of the road in a rather zig-zag manner. The minister remarked, "It's no good walking to-day, Jeems." "Weel, minister," replied Jeems, "it's no muckle better tumbling, for I have tried baith."

A MAN-TRAP.—An American *modiste* is doing a large business in ladies' dresses made up with a polonaise, the waist of which contains a steel trap concealed by a mased pannier. When a young gentleman calls, and accidentally or otherwise places his arm around the wearer's waist, he hears a "click" and finds his arm caught. A big brother and lamp enter, and the victim sorrowfully starts for the jeweller's to examine some wedding-rings.

A MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

Professor of Anatomy: "How many bones are there in the human body?"

Student: "That depends upon what one has for his dinner."

Professor: "Where is the heart situated?"

Student: "Commonly in the left side of the throat, but the majority of the students lose theirs altogether before they leave college."

Professor: "Where are the carotid arteries?"

Student: They arise on each side of the neck, and pass up as high as the shirt collar, then down the insensate canal, and terminate in both boots."

Professor of Chemistry: "Of what is the atmosphere composed?"

Student: "Oxygen, nitrogen, and other foul gases—depending somewhat upon the inhabitants and the filth of the streets."

Professor: "Give an example of the non-electrics."

Student: "Resin, feathers, hoops, old bachelors and lightning-rods."

Professor of Materia Medica: "Name some of the emetic agents."

Student: "Epicac, warm water, too much liquor, and sea-sickness."

Professor: "What is considered the maximum dose of opium?"

Student: "One drop of the millionth dilution of one-half of the smallest possible quantity is a powerful dose for a homœopath; but we have been advised to give it as long as the patient can swallow and repeat the dose."

Professor of Surgery: "How would you distinguish a dislocation from a sprain?"

Student: "The safest way is to twist the injured limb until we are sure it is dislocated, then set it. All concerned are better satisfied."

Professor: "What is the treatment for enlargement of the tonsils?"

Student: "That must depend upon circumstances. If I had a tonsil instrument I should remove them, but otherwise treat them rationally."

Professor of Theory and Practice: "Give us the best treatment for intermittent fever."

Student: "Give quinine until the patient is blind, and then send him to an eye surgeon."

Professor: "Would not the warm bath be good in connection with the quinine?"

Student: "Certainly, and the warmer the better."

Professor: "How long would you keep the patient in it?"

Student: "Until—until the skin slips, and then sweat him off with hot stuff."

Professor of Obstetrics: "Have you had any experience in the lying-in department?"

Student: "Certainly, sir; I was noted for lying in our town, and came near being laid out for it."

The student was allowed a degree.

Who was Jonah's tutor? The whale who brought him up.

A teacher had been explaining what a leap-year was to a fourth standard. He asked one of the boys—not over famous for his dazzling intellect—how to find out whether 1306 was a leap-year or not. "Turn up an old calendar!" was the inspiring reply.

PUZZLEIANA.

To suit the tastes of the Junior section of its readers, the Proprietors of THE TATLER have arranged to open a column under the above heading, to be devoted to the publication of all kinds of poetical and other puzzling problems, and, in order to make these questions of a high-class nature, they have resolved to offer two prizes weekly, to be awarded to the senders of the best and second best contributions received; these prizes to be given in books of the value of 6s. and 3s. respectively. Prizes of the same kind will also be given at the end of the quarter, beginning with October, for the best sets of Solutions received to the Puzzles inserted during that period.

Winners of the weekly prizes will have their names and addresses printed along with their contributions. When those who are successful see this, they are required to write to the Editor, informing him of the name and publisher of the work they may choose to possess of the value of the prize they have gained, when it will be sent to them post free within a fortnight.

No. 39—DIAMOND SQUARE.

(First Premium, 6s. Vol.)

Two words are in this square portrayed,
The first is now before you laid,
The next is what 'tis sure to do—
It always tells a tale to you.

1. A place for cannons here behold—
A line of cannons, too, I'm told.
2. Be careful how you handle this—
A rather dangerous bomb it is.
3. As long as we can pay a fee,
The lawyer never flees from me.
4. Where this one is, somehow,
There's sure to be a row.
5. Some people have this fault, I fear,
To hesitate in speaking clear.
6. Bring up your class, and give to them
This very simple problem.
7. This is a rite we all go through;
Perhaps some do not, but they're few.

M'Auslin Street, Glasgow.

J. CHALMERS.

No. 40—CHARADE.

(Second Premium, 3s. Vol.)

1. I sat in my cottage alone one night,
When wintry winds blew high;
When the lightnings glare flash'd o'er the earth,
And thunder shook the sky.
My heart beat high as I thought of my first,
Who was far on the raging sea;
But I felt that God would answer my prayer,
And guide him safe home to me.
2. Then I fondly looked on his beautiful face,
When my fancy was so disposed;
'Twas a fac-simile of the person I loved,
Made by means of my second transposed.
3. Yes, he came again, but the vows were false
Which to me he had sworn were true;
And now I am changed from a docile girl
To my whole, and I'll make him rue.

Skipton, Yorkshire.

J. TOMLINSON, JUNR.

No. 41—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Be proud ye Scots of two such men,
And yield the palm to none;
Their mighty deeds with sword and pen,
Shall live—though they have gone.

1. Cut off with a shilling, bad luck to the snob,
You didn't expect it—now did you, friend Bob?
2. A chieftain, haughty—his story's told by Scott,
He fought a Saxon chieftain, and from him got it hot.
3. Whatever you do steer clear of this man's mesh;
Come weal or come woe, he'll have his pound of flesh.
4. If I were to say, "Can't you find out this light?"
Your answer would be, "I—". Yes! that is quite right."
5. In sending to TATLER a note or MS.
Pay full postage, or this, but never pay less.

Darlington.

T. O. GARbutt.

No. 42—CHARADE.

My first you hear where merchants meet,
Whose commerce crowds the busy street;
If safe investment you intend,
Its meaning you should comprehend.
My next invert, and, to be brief,
It comes with news of joy and grief;
'Tis carried o'er the fertile plain,
And borne across the watery main.

And if my final you transpose,
The fisherman its value knows;
His skill and craft were all in vain,
Unless its aid he could obtain.

My whole in every country you will trace,
Where freedom acorns to take the lowest place;
Its aim and purpose is to elevate
The various parts that go to form the State.

Bridgeton.

JAMES C. MILLER.

No. 43—DECAPITATION.

One hour of whole is all that's left,
The prisoner walks his gloomy cell,
Waiting to hear the clang of doom
Ring from the massive prison bell.
Hark! now the bell rings sharp and clear,
And chills the doomed man's very blood;
While, as the jailer opens the door,
The blinding tears fall like a flood.
Then, even as the man walks forth,
Throughout the town resounds a cry,
A horseman rides a speedy next,
Straight for the prison doth he hie.
And as the fatal noose is fixed,
And while he stands with bated breath,
The rider brings the glad reprieve—
He's saved within a last of death!

London.

F. G. WEBB.

No. 44—CHARADE.

See yonder ship how gracefully she glides
Upon the bosom of the sunlit sea;
The happy passengers look o'er her sides,
They are my first, rejoicing to be free.
Too soon it flies, and autumn's golden hours
Succeeded are by wintry clouds and wind,
And biting cold, with snow and drenching showers—
'Tis now my second you will chance to find.
Safe from the storm, but not from anxious care,
Behold them in my whole from morn till night;
Art lends its aid to give them comfort there,
They're often puzzled, but the labour's light.

Belfast.

T. M'HAFFEE.

No. 45—DECAPITATION.

You are whole, I've no doubt, and may quickly find out
This word, and the answer perceive;
Then if you are inclined, ahead, and you'll find,
'Twill a musical instrument leave,
Now ahead and transpose, and it then will disclose,
What's not nice when it comes from the "nieve."

Aberdeen.

W. M'DONALD.

Received:—W. M'Donald, Aberdeen; Robin Hood, Carlisle; J. Chalmers, Glasgow; F. G. Webb, London; W. Miller, Glasgow; J. C. Miller, Glasgow; T. M., Belfast; J. Tomlinson, Junr., Skipton; A. Smith, Catrine; R. Findlay, Glasgow (Verbal Charade too easy); J. Ward, Glasgow.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

COLOURED REWARD BOOKS. (London: Dean & Son. 1883.)

THE "Rose and Lily" series of coloured gift books are full of delight for the young. "The Little Traveller" and "Dick the Cat," without naming others, may be recommended as perfect examples of colour-printing and excellent reading. The "Gem Pocket" of rewards gives two dozen little books, each with six brilliant pictures, for a shilling. Surely price and quality cannot go further than this. The larger books, "John Bunyan's Life," and "The Friend of the Friendless" (Mrs. Fry) are also admirable, and have each two coloured illustrations.

SCRAPS FROM A PEDLAR'S WALLET. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 1883.)

THIS is a very interesting collection of sonnets and songs, in which the writer, Mr. Alexander Cargill, puts in graceful language his thoughts on such subjects as "The Snowdrop," "The Female Characters of Shakespeare," &c. "The Shepherd's Plaidie," a song in Scotch, has a good sough of real poetry.

GRAND SPECIAL COMPETITION.

THE TATLER submits the following scene to his readers :—

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—An old-fashioned house.

Enter **HARDCASTLE**, followed by two or three awkward servants.

Hardcastle. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places; and can shew that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

All. Ay, ay.

Hardcastle. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands; they're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them; I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia; and so being upon drill—

Hardcastle. Diggory, you must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Diggory. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees eating going forwards, ecod! he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hardcastle. Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Diggory. Then, ecod! your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that, he, he, he, he! for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years; ha, ha, ha!

Hardcastle. Ha, ha, ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that.

1. A SPECIAL PREMIUM OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best story of "OULD GROUSE IN THE GUN-ROOM," and "Commendation" for the second best.

2. The story must be told in a humorous, after-dinner style, and must not exceed in length a column and a half of THE TATLER.

3. MSS. for this SPECIAL COMPETITION will be received up till Saturday morning, 1st DECEMBER, and the Premium and Commended stories will be published in THE TATLER of the Christmas week.

4. The copyright of all MSS. sent in shall belong to the Proprietors of THE TATLER, whether published or not.

5. Should stories of sufficiently side-splitting humour be sent in, a special second Premium may be awarded.

"THE TATLER" OFFICE, 22nd September, 1883.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. To COMPETITORS.—Owing to the length of time now required to prepare each issue, it has been found necessary to suspend the printing of Premium Contributions for one week. Contributions received up to Saturday will now be in competition for the issue of that day three weeks, instead of that day fortnight.

REX.—The fact you mention was previously noticed. See replies last week on the subject of "original contribution." We hope not to have any more such sent.

PROTEUS.—We would rather not touch pitch. You know what Dogbery says about it.

W. S. DREGHORN.—We read that story forty years ago, and yet you send it as "original."

CHARLEY (Bowden).—Thanks. Similar testimony comes to us from many quarters.

W. GROVES.—If you send a "half-guinea" in gold to the office, the publisher will give you eleven shillings for it. There could hardly have been five-and-a-half golden guineas in one "offertory" the last fifty years, as none have been coined since 1817. Your explanation is ingenious, but why "four half-sovereigns?" Would not two sovereigns have done as well?

BENGAL TIGER.—The conditions and terms appear every week.

A SON OF DEAR ERIN.—Ireland has no truer friend, but you "count us your enemy because we have told you the truth."

GRAND PREMIUM CONTRIBUTION ARRANGEMENTS.

"When a man has engaged to keep a Stage Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Passengers or not, to set out. Thus it fares with us weekly Historians; but, indeed, for my Particular, I hope I shall soon have little more to do in this work than to publish what is sent me from such as have Leisure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleased in an elegant Manner."—"The Tatler," 7th May, 1709.

The Proprietors of THE TATLER offer each week Two PREMIUMS, namely ONE POUND and TEN SHILLINGS, for the best Contributions sent in. The following conditions require to be observed :—

1. The MSS. must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be properly paged and fastened.

2. The Contributor must furnish full name and address at the end of each Contribution.

3. Where the Contribution is not Original, the source, date of publication, and, where possible, the author's name must be given.

4. Preference will as a rule be given to Original matter, which should be marked "Original" on the right hand corner of the first page, and Original Anecdotes or Verses will be acceptable. No prize will be awarded for matter which has appeared in any contemporary, and such should not be sent in.

5. The MSS. must be addressed to "Editor of THE TATLER," 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, and all MSS. received up to Saturday morning's delivery will be in time for that week's competition. The result will be intimated and the premium contributions printed a fortnight thereafter. The words "Premium Competition" should be written on the cover.

6. The copyright of all Original MSS. sent in shall vest in the Proprietors of THE TATLER, and all MSS. may be used, whether gaining a premium or not.

7. The Name and Address of the Contributors obtaining the Premiums will be published each week, unless Contributors object to this publicity. If they object, their initials or *nom de plume* will be published instead, but it is preferred that the full name and address of successful Competitors be given.

*. Parts I., II., and III. now ready, containing portraits of—

The Queen.
Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.
Mr. Henry Irving.
The Duke of Buccleuch, K.G.
Rt. Hon. Jos. Chamberlain, M.P.
Rt. Hon. Sir Charles. W. Dilke,
Bart. M.P.
Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P.

H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.
(From a Photograph by Messrs. Downey)
The Earl of Rosebery, K.T.
Lady Brassey.
Mr. A. C. Mackenzie.
Madame Marie Roze.
Rt. Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P.

Printed separately on toned paper. Price, 6d. per copy: by Post, 7d.

The LONDON OFFICE OF THE TATLER is at 84 FLEET STREET (next door to PUNCH Office).

To be had at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, London, and in the country; also Messrs. WILLING & Co.'s Bookstalls, London, &c.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors by MACRON & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—November 24, 1883.

ION

is obliged
to which a
shall not
me from
ing plans

each
and the
The

of the
stened
ne and

al, the
le, the

original
on the
original
print
in any

of the
and al
y will
resul
ations
mum

shall
at all
not
otors
reck
they
shed
and

ing

es
ng

e

u

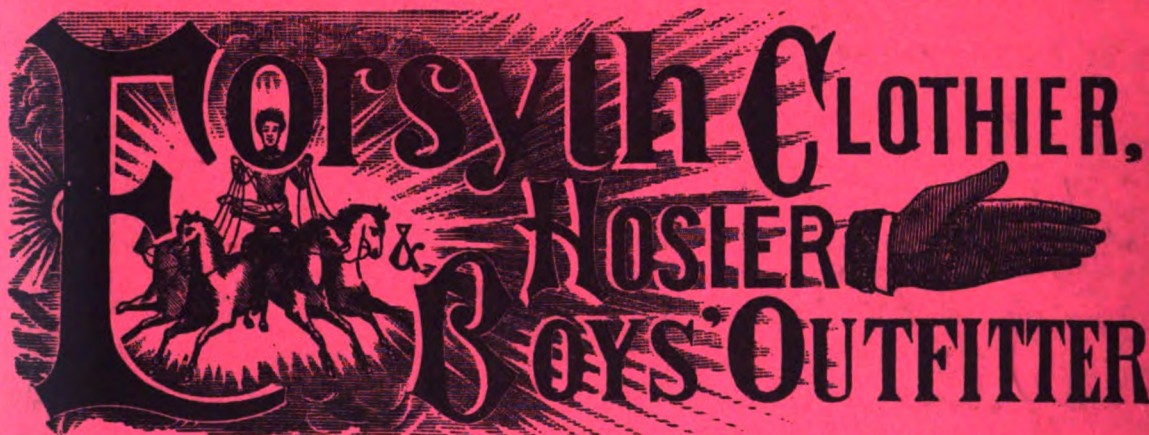
u

POSSESSING ALL THE PROPERTIES OF THE FINEST ARROWROOT.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

Makes Delicious Puddings, Custards, Blanc-Mange, &c.

The First Manufactured in this Country, and of world-wide reputation for uniformly superior quality



RENFIELD ST., GLASGOW.

THOMPSON'S CONCENTRATED NERVE TONIC

A very Powerful Brain Feeder. A Nerve and Muscle Strengtheners. A Stomach Reviver. It is the great cure for Nervous Exhaustion, Lassitude, Weakness, Loss of Appetite, and General Debility; also, for all Nerve pains, Neuralgia, Gout, Rheumatism, &c. Phials, 1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; by Post, One Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

TOOTHACHE OR NEURALGIA

In the Gums instantly cured with Thompson's Toothache Specific. Phials, 1s. each; by Post, One Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

The above Preparations GENUINE ONLY at

M. F. THOMPSON'S, Central Homœopathic Pharmacy,
17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

CAREFULLY NOTE THE ONLY ADDRESS.

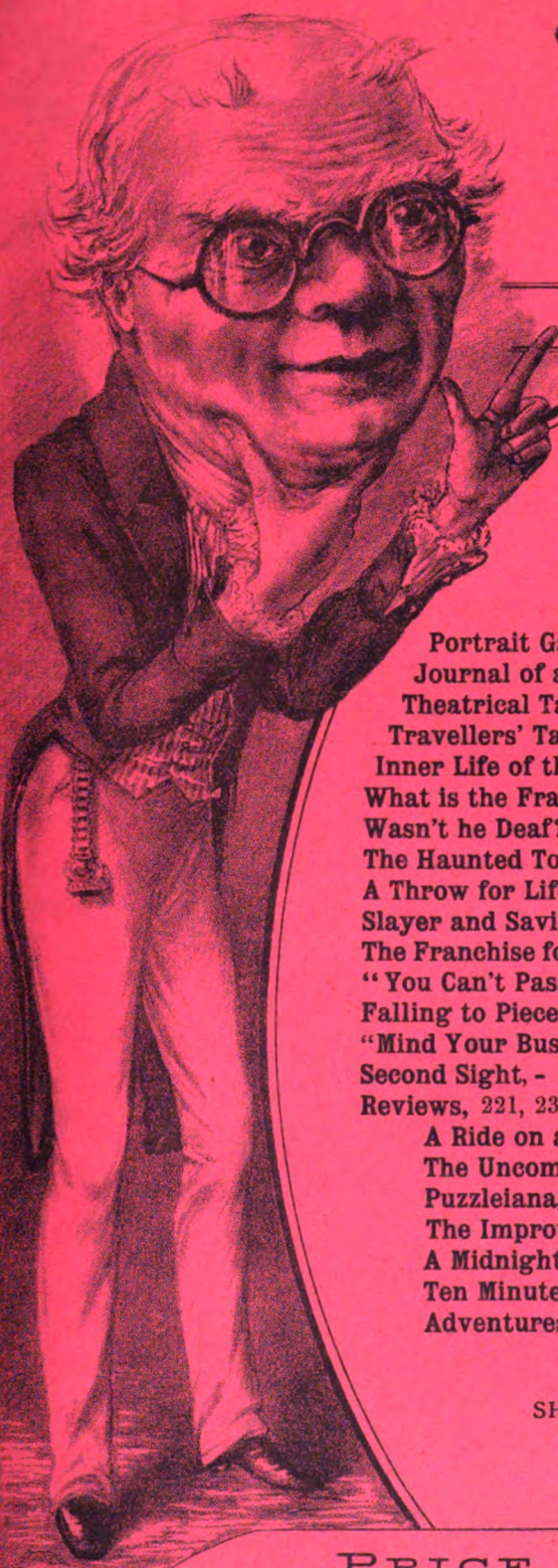
THOMPSON'S ESSENCE OF PODOPHYLLUM

The most effectual remedy for Sluggishness of the Liver, Billiousness, Glandular Disease and Jaundice, which is indicated by a Sallow Complexion, Furred Tongue, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Sickness and Giddiness, Bitter Taste in the Mouth, Offensive Breath, Tendency to Bilious Vomiting and Purging; Dull Heavy-pressing Pains on the forehead, temples, and vertex, relieved by pressure. It has been successfully used by many Physicians of eminence, and is confidently recommended as a safe and efficient remedy in the above cases. Phials, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. each; by Post, One Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

Inflamed Toe Joints, Enlarged Toe Joints, CORNS, BUNIONS, &c.,

Effectually Cured with Thompson's New American Solvent. It relieves the pain instantly, and in a few days removes Corns, Swellings, &c. Bottles, 1s. 1½d. each, Post free for 15 Stamps.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure.
 BENFIELD ST. GLASGOW.
Cadbury's Cocoa Essence
 to the Queen
 By Appointment.



THE TATLER

Monthly.

PART IV.—JANUARY, 1884.

CONTENTS.

Portrait Gallery Sketches, -	209, 225, 241, 257, 273
Journal of a Yankee Girl, -	210, 226, 242, 258, 274
Theatrical Tattle, - - -	212, 228, 244, 260, 275
Travellers' Tales, - - -	213, 229, 246, 279
Inner Life of the Great City, - - -	214, 230, 284
What is the Franchise? -	210
Wasn't he Deaf? - - -	213
The Haunted Tower, -	215, 231
A Throw for Life, - - -	217
Slayer and Saviour, - - -	218
The Franchise for Women, -	225
"You Can't Pass," - - -	227
Falling to Pieces, - - -	232
"Mind Your Business," -	235
Second Sight, - - -	236
Reviews, -	221, 237, 254, 270, 285
A Bold Burglary, - - -	243
My First Tiger Hunt, -	246
Quits with a Critic, - - -	249
A Poet Peer, - - -	257
Alive in a Dead-House, -	259
Honesty Among Thieves, -	262
True Love, - - -	264
Buried Alive, - - -	266
The Christmas Lesson, -	274
Salt for the Walnuts, -	278
Our Christmas Stories, -	280
A Ride on a Phantom Train, - - -	216
The Uncommitted Crime, -	219, 233, 251, 267, 277
Puzzleiana, - - -	221, 238, 253, 269, 286
The Improvement of Town Dwellings, - - -	241
A Midnight Misunderstanding, - - -	248
Ten Minutes with a Barber, - - -	263
Adventures of a Blue Jacket, - - -	264

POETRY.

SHORT ARTICLES, PARAGRAPHS,

Answers to Correspondents, &c.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

M

50000 2 34

ALMA

1917

ALMA

ALMA

ALMA

ALMA

ALMA



REV. JOHN KAY, D.D.

THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 14.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TO A LITTLE LADY.

As men when making objects coarse and rough,
Of tawdry tinsel, gilt, or common stuff,
Give all such things a mass and size redundant,
Showing they have materials abundant ;
But when at work on silver, gems, or gold,
Make such fine articles in smaller mould ;
So Nature found material was not granted
For making you the proper size she wanted.
She would, no doubt, have made you five feet five,
The Venus height—but could not quite contrive
To gather raw material enough,
Without admixing some of common stuff.
Said Nature : " She shall be a first-rate article ;
Soul, mind, and person shall not have a particle
Of substance that is not divine, ethereal,
And yet, I fear, there's not enough material.
It can't be helped—I cannot make her tall ;
I'll make her precious, but she must be small." REX.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 14.—REV. JOHN KAY, D.D.

THE reverend gentleman whose features are presented with this issue has been, within the past few weeks, hailed as the apostle of a new departure in clerical life—a recognition of the duty of religious guides to support and encourage the amusements of the people rather than to frown upon them. It will not be thought inappropriate, perhaps, that this movement should take its origin in Scotland, where the Church has presented the gloomiest side; for if a clergyman there takes such a step as Dr. Kay has done, we may conclude that the leaven is a strong one, and that soon the whole lump will be in a ferment.

The Rev. Dr. Kay, who is now about 52 years of age, was educated at St. Andrews University, and from his *Alma Mater* he received his degree of D.D. a few years ago. Before entering for the Church, he held the position of Senior Classical Master in one of the best provincial public schools in Scotland, and he holds the very highest repute as a classical and scholarly man. In 1877, when a new congregation was proposed to be established in Edinburgh in which, at the sacrament, unfermented wine should be used, the choice fell on Dr. Kay, who is a consistent abstainer, and eloquent in defence of that form of belief, yet not a bigoted abstainer withal. Under his care the congregation flourished apace, and

built one of the handsomest churches recently erected in Edinburgh. We are sorry to add that Dr. Kay has of late years suffered severe domestic bereavements, and that he has been compelled recently to propose to demit his charge from ill-health, although his congregation ask him only to take rest a while. The first indication of failing health through over-work was his retiring from the Edinburgh School Board, of which he had been a leading member for three years.

Dr. Kay came into prominence throughout the country in connection with Mr. Henry Irving's recent visit to Edinburgh, when the New Lyceum Theatre was opened. Dr. Kay, although familiar with Shakespeare in the study, had never entered a theatre; but he was induced to see *Hamlet*, and immediately he published a glowing eulogy of the play, the players, the house, and the people both inside and outside. It had all come as a revelation to him, and in eloquent words he gave the new feeling expression. Of course the incident gave rise to a good deal of talk, and some of the narrower religionists were scandalized; but the writer was welcomed by all sensible people as having done a wise and beneficial thing, and we may hope that his example will spread.

Dr. Kay, personally, enjoys the love and esteem of every one who knows him—a genial, generous frankness being no less characteristic than a well-stored mind and a fine intellect. As a lecturer, his powers are very great, while he wields a powerful pen. It will be seen from our advertising columns that he has a volume of sermons in the press, and editors of leading magazines and journals have invited him to occupy space in their organs of public opinion. The Philosophical Society of London has recently elected Dr. Kay a member.

WHAT IS THE FRANCHISE?

WE have seen that a good deal more than mere numbers comes in for consideration as regards the allocation of members, so that some process by which "marks" would be given for population, acreage, distance from the seat of government, and distinctive interests would be best calculated to settle how a redistribution of seats should be made. There is also the powerful argument of *uti possidetis*, as the diplomatists would call it—the right of possession, which is nine points of the law. As to the franchise itself, a glance at its history within living memory is of great

interest. A little more than fifty years ago the franchise was a *privilege* enjoyed by the few—by so few that direct representation did not exist, and the system broke down by its inherent weakness. Under the £10 burgh and £50 county franchise, a vote became a *duty*, and was exercised as such for the general behoof. Such was the theory, at all events; and candidates then, as now, addressed “electors and non-electors,” and, when successful, gave pledges to regard the interests of the unenfranchised classes. So long as this law held good, exclusions were not defenceless, as they are now. The incapable, the criminal, and the pauper were, of course, cut off, as under any possible law they still must be. But when to those needful exceptions there were added the women householders, the women who owned or farmed land, and a large part (not the whole) of the persons in Government employment, the exceptions, however irksome to those concerned, did not infringe the leading principle of the law, which was to put on one selected body of the people the duty of electing members to represent the whole.

Of course, the Act of 1867 altered all that. What had earlier been a *privilege*, and more recently a *duty*, became a *right*, only limited by the physical requirement that the voter should have “a local habitation and a name,” and be so far of a settled nature as to be enrolled in the glorious army of ratepayers. But still the right is far from being completely admitted. We do not speak of the absence of a rating franchise in counties, which will, no doubt, come in the near future, but to the incompleteness of the household qualification to reach all taxpayers and ratepayers. There is no magic in the payment of local poor rates that should make it the only measure of enfranchisement, and there is something like pedantry in refusing to consider what have been sneered at as “fancy franchises.” Why should a man who pays income-tax not obtain a vote, or a person who holds a game or gun licence, without reference to whether he has a separate household rated for the poor? One fancy franchise holds good to-day, for an academic degree gives a vote in the university. So far from seeking to destroy this, might it not rather be extended, even if, except in the case of younger graduates not yet householders, this vote happens to duplicate the franchise? Those who are opposed to this special form of representation might yet recognise its principle, by giving votes locally to men who bear some special stamp, and yet are not householders. So long as the franchise was limited to a class who were burdened with the duty of electing in name of all the rest, there was, as we have said, some justification, in the state of the law, for exclusions. But when the larger Act was passed, the revenue officers, who had been previously excluded with “criminals, paupers, idiots, and women,” with a little agitation, obtained the franchise. In another paper we will apply the principles here suggested to the case of women householders.

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL:

A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER XIX.

MAMMIE sez life's all bubbl, bubbl, tile, an' trubl, an' I gess it's 'bout so. Grace sez it's all out of the frün pan into the fire, an' that's 'bout so 2. Mr. Spiers is rele gude wen he aint 2 funny, which ain't offen. So I told him all 'bout my jurnul, an' he came urly on Sundy mornin' an' helpt me 'bout the spellin' bee as is writ in blud. An' wen he went away I toppld ovur uncle's ink bottl. I hardli kno'd wot to do, an' I jes drid it up with a white clauth as was lyin' on his ritin tabl. Them bels was a ringin' for go-to-metin, an' I hurrid an' got reddy. Cos the noo dominy was 'bout play'd out with the spellin', an' anyways uncle sed as how he wanted to bukkel on the harness agen, same's he was a jakass. So the noo dominy had went away, an' uncle was 2 preche agen. I crep in quyat, me an' mammie, cos we was late. Uncle was dredful 'cited, mammie sed. I gess he wunderd seein the church that ful that sum fokses had to stand, an' everything was goin luvly, only it got awful hot. So uncle 'gan to preche, an' jes as he 'gan he tuke out his hankchef. His mind, Mr. Spiers sed, was not fixt on subloonly things. His hed was tuchin the stars—his thawts was all on hi. I'm sure I wish they wasn't. I saw it, an' everybuddy saw it, cep uncle. It was the hankchef as I had wiped up the ink with. I skremed out loud so's evrybuddy hurd me, but that funny man sed,

“'Tis dun, 'tis dun, that fatel blo.”

Uncle was pritty swetty, I gess, as I coodn't help. So he blo'd his nose an' wiped his hed, an' wen he put his hankchef bak in his pokkit he was blakker nor Jo, an' striped like Barnum's zebry, wich his text was: “Can the Ethyoppyan change his skin or the leopard his spots?” Ther warn't no prechin that day. Uncle lookt savige wen the folkes was a laffin quyat, an' he lukt that funny they 'gan to laff rite out an' to run away. So the sextun went up an' told uncle, an' tuke an' led him down. An' Mr. Spiers sed that settld him. It was 'bout time for him to step down an' out. I went to Spierses an' then to Jim's ma's, but 'twarn't no use. I had to face the moosik. Uncle sed as how he kno'd I'd dun it, an' I'd rooind him. The bad man in me was leeged agenst him. The face that had bin blakkend with ink coodn't be seen in that church nevvur no more. So he went for me hot.

CHAPTER XX.

UNCLE sed it was cos he luvd the child that he spared not the rod. I don't 'member much for evvur so long, cep Jim fetchin' flows for my rume. I gess he thawt I was agoin' 2 di, an' have a fewnral with fethurs a-bobbin on a oke koffin, an' 4 horses evver so grand.

I woodn't mind it 1 bit if I cood only be there to see it. I wunder wot uncle wood say if I'de dida. He bangd me that way that he bangd me out of mi mind, an' I hurd quere things in mi hed. Jo thawt it 'bout time 2 lynch him 'fore he did enny more mischefe, tho' he swoar a othe 'fore the doktor hede nevvur tech me again aul his life. Wele see 'bout that. Wen I was in mi right mind agen I was weke an' coodn't wauk, so Jo carried me 'bout with him, an' told me as how uncle dursn't go down the strete for dere life. He went down 1 day after fokeses kno'd I was tuke down thru his waxin' me, an' he cum'd home agen with purlucemen to kepe bak the mob as wanted 2 dip him in the canal, an' his clos was tore to rags, an' his face like a gelly, he got smasht that way. An' I askt Jo if he was lassurated, an' he sed he was, wuss nor Jo hisself when he fit with Cesar. I thawt his nose 'bout as big as a botel wen I cum'd to my rite mind agen. An' Jo sed they wanted to pul down the house or set it on fire an' smoke him out, only they kno'd I was lyin' ill an' wood get burnded up. So they went home, an' uncle lives mostly in the cole cellar ataukin' 'bout bulls of Basin cumpasin' him round about, cep wen he crepes 'upstares at nites an' sits in the dark, scared in case the mob shood cum bak.

So 1 day wen I was getin' well an' cood crawl about, I got into the parlor an' was a-lyin' restin' wen uncle an' aunt both cum'd in an' bimeby 'gan to tauk. Aunt sed she felt she warn't long for this wurld, an' the chasenin' rod had hardly evvur bin lifted from her bak—I gess she ment cep to giv her another whak—her lattur days had been ful of pane. She was hurryin' to her last home whar disgrace an' siknes was unknone, an' whar ther warn't no mobs to howl arownd, like Injuns thurstin' for her skalp, wich I kno'd was upstares in her buro. Uncle sed he thawt he woodn't be long in follerin'. I rekkoned he felt 'bout playd out. He sed he was a marter to a lofty sense of dooty, wich was whakkin' an' orphing gurl. He sed he had only a cole sellur to lay his hed. Wot with darned cote tales an' Ethyopyan skin, his usefenes as a minysterr of the gospul was mateerly impaired. He didn't say nuthin' 'bout his nose, an' racin' 'bout the stretes in his nite shurt, nor his jim-jams as evrybuddy kno'd about, nor his whakkin' me as evrybuddy kno'd about 2. He'd guv up his pastoral charge as he'd held since he was yung. In the bright leksicun of yuth there warn't no wurd like fale nor jim-jam. He had faled. He had 'lowed the child of his brother to be a thorn in his side. That's me. He had nurrishd a surpant as had turnd an' stingd him. That's me agen. He had brawt up a savidge as had rooined him, an' he wisht he cood turn his face to the wal an' di. So did I, cos he was sayin' things as warn't true. He didn't bring me up. I jes gro'd like the littel niggur gurl as mammie told me 'bout. He coodn't do that, so he gessd ther mite be wurk for him yet in the wurld. That

minded me wot Mr. Spiers sed, that he awter be tuke in hand by the guvment an' made litehouse-keeper. He woodn't nede no lantern. So he went on, an' sed he must clar out of Stokerville, same's sumbuddy clar'd out of the sitty of the plane. He must wurk, cos, tho' he was mi guardin, he coodn't put his hand on a red cent blongin to me. He wood tri an' dikker with the noo minnyster 'bout the house. It was wuth evvur so much if ennybuddy wood by it. Aunt sed, taukin 'bout the sitty of the plane, it wood be a rele murcy if, when we was all out, hevin wood send fire an' brimstun an' burn the house down. Then they cood get the shoorange munny an' go sumwhare els. Uncle sed he'd nevvur bin fortunat in his aksidense. They'd allus bin bad wons. He'd nevvur had no luk that way. All he had he got by the swet of his brane an' brow.

An' wen Grace was litin the fire she put sum stuff on it. I askt her, an' she sed it was kerryseen to make it burn up kwikker. So I tuke sum, an' bimeby I tuke sum more. An' wen I cood play with Jim agen, we went away to the wudes to get flowrs as grow'd in site of the coch-house. An' I nevvur told nobuddy, nor Jim neether. So the coch-house tuke fire an' burned luvly, coch an' stabel, an' all cep the horse, as Jo tuke out 'fore it got fri'd. An' uncle went an' got shoorange munny, but sed he gess'd he woodn't bild anuther 1. An' Jim told 'em we was way in the wudes wen the fire came, wich we was a-gathrin flowrs. But Grace nevvur kno'd ware her kerryseen kep a-goin' to. Jo sed it was rats. Mammie sed she kno'd a pig as got drunk on bere an' an old rat as liked his wiski, an' got tite reglar as he cood get a bottel broke, but she nevvur heerd tel of rats takin' to kerryseen. So 1 nite there was a skrimmidge. Uncle cum rushin' hafe-drest hollerin' to Jo to go an' get out aunt, cos the house was on fire. So Jo went quikker'n winkin', an' aunt was skremin out the winder wen he grabd her an' brawt her out. An' 'fore you cood say Jak, the purleese cum an' the fire injuns, an' ther wasn't plenti of watur, an' the men coodn't get nere the house. It was rele pritty wen the rufe tumbeld in, an' the sparks was a-flin up in milyuns an' milyuns. So Mr. Spiers told uncle he didn't nede 2 grone, cos he'd get more for the durnd old shanti that way nor if he soled it. An' uncle 'gan to preche all of a suddint, same's he coodn't help it. He sed we awter improve the okashun. There was a time cumin wen we mite all have 2 stand in the middel of a hotter fire nor his house, an' the thawt made him grone. So Mr. Spiers told him he'd best speke for hisself an' go to bed. So he went, an' the house was nothin' but a blak mass in the mornin'.

(To be continued.)

Young lady physicians and nurses are multiplying throughout the country, and consequently the young men are decidedly more sickly than they used to be.

LONDON THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

"GILLETTE," by H. Saville Clark and Audran, was introduced on Monday at the Royalty. I am unable to say anything about it at present, for I have not seen it. These are the facts of the case, so you will then thoroughly understand how I was not present on the opening night. I was sitting quietly reading a "D. T.," and enjoying a fragrant weed, when a double knock roused me, and a telegram was the cause. This was the delightful (?) message :—

To "Whiffles." From Editor "The Tatler."
"Come to Glasgow at once. The extra number of THE TATLER being such heavy work, I find it necessary to get together all the literary staff. Don't fail, or shall be in a 'pickle.'"

So you see how it happened. And to let you into the secret, look out for the Christmas number, for I can speak on good authority, it will "astonish the natives." This, dear friends, must be my excuse for failing to be able to say anything upon "Gillette."

However, here are the principal people :—Messrs. W. J. Hill, Walter Browne, J. Willes, and F. Kaye; Misses Kate Santley, Maud Taylor, and Kate Munro. The incidental dances are given by Miss Ada Wilson, a lady who has been for a long time at the Comedy Theatre.

"Found," by Frederick Hawley, produced at the Gaiety a few mornings back, is not likely to be heard of again. It is a very weak, meaningless, and incoherent work, but is ten times better than "Agnes of Bavaria," and that was not up to much. The piece was well acted by all concerned; so it is certainly not a failure on that account. Miss Alice Ingram was particularly good as the heroine; Mr. J. D. Beveridge, a very competent and valuable actor, did some good work; and the author, as the villain, was well to the fore.

Gaiety *matinées* are now coming on pretty quickly, and the unfortunate critics are likely to have a very lively time of it. Miss Bromley appeared here on Wednesday, 21st, as *Peg Woffington*, in "Masks and Faces." When I last saw this piece played 'twas at the Haymarket, with Mrs. Bancroft as the vivacious *Peg*. I hear Miss Bromley got through the ordeal very fairly. Mr. Herman Vezin was the *Triplet*. This gentleman (Mr. Vezin, not Triplet) will appear here on Friday, 30th ult., as *Shylock* in the "Merchant of Venice."

I regret to say that the father of Mr. Alfred and Miss Kate Bishop has just died. The sad event took place at Hammersmith last Thursday week.

The opening of the new Alhambra Theatre has been fixed for Monday, December 3rd. There will be no sixpenny "gods" in the new building; but, like the other West-End houses, these individuals will be required to pay the small sum of "one shilling, please," before admission. The new building is a very handsome one, and nobody wishes the directors more success than myself. The piece has been written by experienced men, the company are tip-toppers, and may the audience be tip-toppers too.

On Saturday Pinero's new piece was introduced at the Haymarket, under the title of "Lords and Commons." I hope to refer to this more fully next week.

"Claudian" was advertised for production at the Princess's on Thursday. This will be a very big affair; and a gentleman who has seen the dresses tells me, as a work of art alone they are perfectly unique. May it run as merrily, and have as long a life—aye, longer even than the fortunate "Silver King."

At the Elephant and Castle, Mr. J. A. Cave has been drawing good houses with "Across the Continent."

The following message was sent to Mr. Irving by Miss Mary Anderson upon his leaving Liverpool for America :—"Henry Irving,—May He that hath the steerage of your course direct your sail.—Mary Anderson." Such sweet words require no comment here; they speak for themselves.

The bootmaker who supplies Miss Anderson with boots and such like is a very lucky man. She generally has something like a new pair every week for stage purposes. This, I believe, has been the case during the run of "The Lady of Lyons."

The days of "Silver Gilt" are numbered, and on Monday, 26th, a new farcial comedy by Malcolm C. Sandeman was produced at the Strand, entitled "Deceivers Ever." Amongst the cast are Miss Hastings, and Messrs. R. Brough, Hawtrey, and F. Hamilton Bell. Its a good title, and its plot is very funny.

The ever-welcome Mr. Terry returns once more to the Gaiety on December 10th. Mr. Terry has had a very successful tour since he has been away, the most notable item being the production of Pinero's new comedy, "The Rocket." It seems to have tickled the country folk immensely, and I should not be at all surprised if we see it in London soon. Mr. Terry, of course, has a nice dear little part, and his usual amount of humour makes it brimming over with fun. We shall all be glad to see him back again, for Mr. Hollingshead promises an entire change of bill.

By-the-by, I wonder if Mr. Burnand will be tempted to bring out "Hamlet." Fancy Mr. Terry as the *Ghost*.

Mrs. Alfred Maddick left these shores on Saturday for America, where she has been engaged for a prolonged tour by Dion Boucicault. When she returns, I hope some of the good stuff which she undoubtedly possesses will have found out a way to show itself.

Sarah Bernhardt created a sensation in Paris last week, by appearing as *Lady Macbeth* in the sleep-walking scene.

I have to thank *The Stage* for the following little bit of news :—Time-table of Madame Bernhardt : Rises at 10 a.m.; receives poets at 11; breakfasts at noon; 1 o'clock, lesson in English; 2 to 5, goes over "Nana Sahib;" 5 to 6, tea, gossip, and good works; 6, hears new plays, and gives wrinkles, like Dumas *filis*, gratis to the authors; 6.30, dines; 7, forty winks; 7.30, makes-up for "Frou-Frou;" 1 a.m., protests against her ill-usage by M. Damala; and 1-10, joins the nid-nodders. Not so bad that.

The opening of the Olympic will take place on Saturday, December 1st. As I before announced, Pettitt's "Spider's Web" will be the attraction. Mrs. A. Canover is the lessee, and Mrs. Chippendale will be the stage directress.

"Glad Tidings" will shortly be withdrawn from the Standard. I looked in here a few nights back, and found a most enthusiastic house. Miss Amy Steinberg is now out of the bill, and her place is filled by Miss Clare Howard, late of the Beatrice Company.

After "The Glass of Fashion" has run its course, a new comedy by A. W. Pinero, entitled "Low Water," will be produced at the Globe. Mr. and Mrs. Carlow will play the leading parts.

Mr. Henry Gordon, a gentleman who has had considerable experience as an amateur, is about to make his appearance as a public reciter.

Mr. Joseph Eldred and Company have been drawing the patrons of the Pavilion in good numbers during the last week with "Follies of the Day" and the burlesque "Dick Whittington." Particularly fine is the *Wanderer* of Mr. J. W. Handley in the first-named piece. "The Crimes of Paris" still at the Surrey; and George Conquest at the "Brit."

WHIFFLES.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. XIII.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

No. 33.—"A PROCESSION OF BASINS."

IN a humorous Irish story there is an incident where the Duke of Wellington discovers some Government clerks engaged in "high jinks," an imitation organ performance being conducted upon the desks, which the idlers called (not without a touch of conscious irony), "doing the service." The "Rambler" never met with such an incident, but he once witnessed a scene which shows that, in spite of Playfair schemes and open competition, an element of larkishness has survived in Government offices to our own day. It was after four o'clock, to do the men justice, so the work of the day would be at an end. Having been detained in an office in London where he had gone on business, the "Rambler," in coming along the corridor, met a string of half-a-dozen young fellows, each with a white wash-hand basin in his hand, and they filed quite solemnly into one of the rooms. A shout of laughter from the room very speedily showed that some jest was on foot, and upon enquiry, the "Rambler" found that one of the clerks was about to start for a holiday on the Continent, and his brethren had organised the "procession of basins" as a kind of delicate hint of what he might expect in crossing the North Sea or the Channel.

No. 34.—"MAL DE MER."

Was it the same man? Very shortly after, the "Rambler" crossed the silver streak. It was a moderately-fine day, when a fairly-good sailor would have no chance of suffering the pangs of sea-sickness. But just as some people are so sensitive that, as the saying is, they get drunk at the sight of a brewer's horse; so there are others to whom even the sight of the sea brings painful qualms. There was one gentleman on this occasion whose condition was pitiable, even before the open water had been reached. He wandered about very quietly for a time, and at last, appropriating one of the "fold-stools," so plentiful on board ship, he took up his position just close under the lee of the paddle-box, where the example of S.

Anthony might be conveniently followed. Just after he had done so, tide and wind immediately changed, and there was an immediate and perceptible alteration on the motion of the vessel. One immediate result was that a wave struck the sponson of the ship, leaped high in air, and came down in the corner, completing the misery of the poor traveller by wetting him to the skin. He then disappeared, and the "Rambler" saw him no more, till, entering the saloon, he found its sofas crowded with similar victims to the effects of the sea. This story has no political significance; but it seemed that if people of a maritime country could go thus far, the danger from invasion by the inland hordes of Europe was remote enough. Far from our being "sea-sick of the silver streak," we should rejoice as a nation that all our would-be invaders must be made sea-sick by the silver streak. Fine theory this, but experience is rather against it, from the days of Jælius Cæsar downwards.

No. 35.—THE HALF-HOLIDAY MOVEMENT.

The London 'bus drivers are a very humorous set, and philosophers to boot. They require it, for their work is hard.

One of the best illustrations of the humour of the class was heard by the "Rambler" lately, when going on a 'bus about ten o'clock at night, in a district he did not often visit. He asked the driver, "Do you have another turn to-night?" when the man replied—

"I have two turns yet. I gets down from the 'bus at a quarter to twelve, an' I has the rest o' the evening to myself!"

WASN'T HE DEAF?

A FARMER stepped into a store at Saginaw, Michigan, the other day and wanted to sell a load of apples. The buyer for the firm was at the telephone and the financial man told the farmer to wait a moment, and as the buyer turned from the telephone, the man of cash, who was busy, attracted his attention by a nudge, and pointed to the apples. He went out with the farmer and asked him what his apples were worth. The farmer went down into his pocket and pulled out a dollar and pointed to the bushel basket on the load. The buyer said, "That's too much. I'll give you 75 cents." The farmer shook his head and flourished the dollar. He was told it was too much, and that he must take something less. He took out a scrap of paper and wrote 85 cents and a dollar, and then by motions indicated that he would take 85 cents for one lot and a dollar for the others. The buyer said, "All right, but why don't you talk?" The farmer found his tongue and replied, "Why, ain't you deaf?" "Not that anybody knows of." "What did you have that tube to your ear then for?" and the man from the rural districts learned about the telephone.

The courts have decided that a railroad ticket is good until used. This is not true of eggs.

Cetawayo says he never shall forget the example of George Washington, as he never knew what it was.

It was Samuel Lover who thus sang:—

If all the young women were ducks in the water,
It's then the young men would jump in and swim after;
If all the young women were blackbirds and thrushes,
It's then the young men would go batin' the bushes!

INNER LIFE OF THE GREAT CITY.

IV.—THE MISSING "RAJAH" DIAMOND.

ABOUT ten days or a fortnight after Fraser met his sad fate, I was summoned to the private room of the chief.

"Have you anything particular in hand?" he asked.

"Nothing, chief," I replied.

"Is it useless, do you think, to prolong the search after the remainder of those stolen bonds?"

"Quite," I answered. "The convicted man knows well enough where they are, but he refuses to tell, as the prosecutor broke faith with him."

"Would a remission of his sentence not tempt him?"

"He would not believe it."

"What about that young woman who threw herself over Waterloo Bridge?"

"A governess, chief, who, under a promise of marriage, was seduced by her master's son."

"Let me see," he said, turning to his diary; "you were on another case. What has become of that man who arrived in London from America on the 12th, and whose movements were so suspicious? He put up at Morley's Hotel."

"A New York detective, chief, in pursuit of a gang of bill forgers. He showed me his papers. He has good reasons for not being seen near Scotland Yard."

"Then you are really disengaged. The matter I am going to entrust you with must be enquired into with the utmost circumspection."

"I will be extra careful."

"Lady B—— has been here this morning in a great state of agitation. A diamond, known as the 'Rajah,' and worth something like twenty-five thousand pounds, has disappeared from her jewel box, which is really a safe built in the wall, with two keys—one held by Lady B——, and the other by her husband."

"Yes, chief, it would be difficult to dispose of a stone of that value."

"Impossible; and no one at Amsterdam would risk cutting it without the highest references. The stone is well known, and is said to have been the eye of an idol in India. Occasionally it has been set to wear at court, but when it disappeared it was quite loose."

"And when was it missed? Yesterday?"

"No, a week ago."

"As long as that?"

"Yes. You see Lady B—— was of opinion that the stone would be replaced in the safe."

"How could that possibly happen?"

"As you may have heard, Lord B—— is rather eccentric. He is a great connoisseur of precious stones, and he may have taken out the 'Rajah' diamond to admire it, and forgotten to return it."

"But why not ask him?"

"That is what we want to avoid. Her ladyship's object in coming here is to get us to trace the stone without his knowing anything about it. He is in such delicate health, the disappearance of his much-prized diamond might be very hurtful."

"To his mind as well as his body."

"Perhaps to both. A man in an inferior position would have been in a lunatic asylum; but we have nothing to do with that; let us find the stone. Whether a little touched or not, he is very careful of his money, and his collection of diamonds—one of the best in England—would fetch more than he gave for it, and he had a safe made on purpose by Milner to hold it."

"Her ladyship could give you no clue?"

"None whatever; but you will see her yourself. She is at the town mansion to-day, but leaves for their place in Norfolk to-morrow. The jewel box is at the Norfolk house. You must arrange with Lady B—— to be quartered in the house as a sanitary inspector or something of that sort. I know you will not neglect your opportunity. The 'Rajah' diamond will be better worth finding than the murderer of that poor girl in Coram Street."

"I can only do my best, chief. I will call on her ladyship at once."

"No; you must not go till four o'clock. As a sanitary inspector, you could roam all over the house without suspicion, and if you adopt that profession, you had better have a card printed."

Lady B—— was a great beauty, and her photograph was in all the stationers' windows, side by side with those of Ellen Terry, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Constance Gilchrist. There was a slight difference in the ages of herself and husband; she was twenty-three, and he would never see sixty-five again. When it became known that the reigning beauty and the rich but peculiar Lord B—— were engaged, men shrugged their shoulders, and said everything was to be bought for money. Women whispered to each other that the mother of the bride had played her cards well, and wondered in how short a time a rich widow would be in the marriage market. Lord B—— was not always the wealthy man he is now. There was a period when even the Jews looked askance at his bills; but an elder brother conveniently died without family, and an unusually rich seam of coal was discovered on his property. All at once his income rose from a few hundreds, heavily mortgaged, to £20,000 per annum—that was on the death of his brother—and since the finding of the coal it is now said to exceed £50,000. A man who had such a splendid income, and such a fine collection of diamonds, was bound to have a pretty wife, and in Miss M—— he met the belle of two seasons, admired by every one, from the prince to the peasant. Envious tongues did not hesitate to say that this union of May and December would not be lasting, and that because a near female relative had gone wrong, Lady B—— would soon give occasion for scandal. But these wisecracks were disappointed for once. Lady B—— proved herself an exemplary wife, and there were two children, a boy and a girl, born of the marriage. It could not have been a very happy lot for the young lady, as Lord B—— was paying the penalties of youthful dissipation, and was constantly ailing—more in need of a nurse than a wife.

Arrayed in frock coat and tall hat, I presented myself at the town house punctually at four o'clock.

"Her ladyship in?" I asked.

"I will see," answered the man-servant. "What name?"

I produced my card—

"MR. ROBERT CHARRINGTON,
Sanitary Inspector."

and on it in writing, "By appointment."

"Her ladyship does not recollect your name, but will you walk upstairs?"

On being ushered into Lady B——'s presence, and when the footman had retired, she came forward and said:

"I expected some one—from Scotland Yard?"

"Quite right, my lady; here is a note from my chief."

"Of course you understand that this is quite a private

matter at present. I think the stone has been mislaid—not stolen."

I said that the stone was not marketable, and that, consequently, it was not of much use to anyone but its owner.

"Does your ladyship suspect no one?"

"Only my husband."

(*To be continued.*)

THE HAUNTED TOWER.

CHAPTER I.

"Now, Uncle Frank, we've caught you, and we won't let you go until you tell us the ghost story you promised us the other day; now is just the time and place for one—winter twilight in this gloomy old room." And having surrounded Uncle Frank, seized upon him, and hustled him into a corner, so to speak, we, his six nephews and nieces, pushed him bodily into a big arm-chair before the great fire in the library, and triumphed accordingly. For Uncle Frank has long promised he would tell us a real true ghost story, and what better time than now, when the wind is howling and the rain beating outside, and we have exhausted very nearly, if not quite, all our means of amusement, and have yet an hour until the dressing-bell shall sound?

Uncle Frank looked helplessly, yet good-humouredly, from the depths of his chair, and said:

"Well, young ones, I suppose I am fairly caught at last; so come all of you round the fire, and I'll tell you a true story of what happened to me a good many years ago."

We all settled ourselves comfortably, and he thus began:—

"First, I must tell you at that time the old tower at the west end of this house was still standing, although now you can only see its remains. It had the reputation of being haunted—indeed, all the old place has the same, but the old tower was particularly haunted, they said, and the story ran that it was haunted by the ghost of a certain beautiful but very naughty lady, by marriage an ancestress of yours and mine. She used to live almost entirely in it, and her husband, hearing of some of her misdeeds, came home unexpectedly one night from some neighbourly feud he was engaged in, and as suddenly departed next morning at daybreak, so that when her servants went to call the beautiful dame Elizabeth, she was nowhere to be found, nor was all their searching in every possible and impossible place of any avail.

"Very soon after this her husband was killed, and the property went to his younger brother, who was my great-grandfather. When he came into possession he used every means in his power to find out, if possible, what had become of his lovely sister-in-law, but to no purpose. So time went on, and the place came to my grandfather, and it was in his lifetime my ghost affair came off.

"My father died when I was very young, and when grandfather insisted on my mother living with him, I expect the poor woman was only too glad, being one of those helpless people who seem born to be imposed on by everybody. Besides that, she had your mother and myself to provide for.

"Most of my youth, of course, was spent at school. Then I went to Oxford, and when my study was finished, I wished to enter the army. But my grandfather said he was growing old and feeble, and my mother was not strong, and he wished some active young person to be with him and look after things, so I had to stay, and soon

learned to enjoy my country life and all its surroundings, and to love the old place as much as my grandfather did.

"I soon became fast friends with your father, who was our nearest neighbour, and whose chief reason, I suspect, for being so friendly, lay in your mother's pretty face and laughing eyes. We used to go fishing, shooting—in fact, everywhere—together, and grandfather called us 'Damon and Pythias.'

"One day, when we were lying on the lawn, the conversation turned upon the old tower and the legend connected with it. Your father had learned the story in common with all the country folk, but, like most people, had paid very little attention to it. But now, as we were talking about it, a happy thought struck us both simultaneously—'Why should not we try to find out the ghost, and prove it is all nonsense? What fun if we did hear all sorts of noises, and if we could catch a glimpse of Dame Elizabeth; what a joke it would be to tell!' At last we settled that on that very night we would stay in the tower, and prove at last if there was any truth in all the old stories. Having decided that, we went into the house to try and find the key of the passage that led to the tower, as, in my recollection, it had never been opened.

"We found grandfather in his study, enjoying his after-luncheon pipe. He looked rather startled when we told him what we proposed, but told us to look in an old-fashioned cabinet that stood between the windows. Here we found a bunch of three old keys tied together, and labelled 'West Tower.' We determined to go at once and see in what state the old place was, and what we should require for our night's residence there, first making grandfather promise that he would not tell mother or sister, as we wished to surprise them the next day. Fortunately for us, they had gone that afternoon to pay a visit at some distance, and we knew we should be quite safe until they came home to dinner. So off we started for the tower.

"The door into it was at the end of a long passage leading to it direct from the house, and when we got there we had no little trouble in opening it with one of the old keys. The damp, close smell was awful. But we passed on up the old stone staircase, through a little ante-room to another door, which also opened with another of our keys. This had evidently been Dame Elizabeth's sitting-room, and nothing had been disturbed since that lady's very singular departure. There were the old chairs and tables, now worm-eaten and covered with dust, the accumulation of years of neglect. There was an ancient fire-place, with a high old-fashioned stone chimney-piece. We could almost fancy a shadowy figure seated there, playing sad melodies, while her lord and master was away at the wars. There were the old curtains, or rather the remains of them, still hanging by the windows, although in some places falling down, and looking as if they would come to pieces if touched. The windows were as thick with dirt and cobwebs as the rest of the place, but we managed to scrape off some, and, when we did, what a lovely view presented itself! It was no wonder Dame Elizabeth made that tower her home. But we had not come up merely to admire the view, so we turned back to the room, and then remarked what we had not noticed before—namely, that over the fire-place there was a portrait of a very beautiful woman. It must, we thought, be Dame Elizabeth; but how could those lovely, innocent eyes and that child-like face belong to any one so wicked as she was supposed to be? Certainly she must have been very beautiful; but it was not so much the mere beauty of her face as the expression, at once so child-like and trusting, that struck us both.

"That woman couldn't have been so bad as they say," said Harry, "or else she was a great deal worse, and only put on the innocent to deceive people."

"It's a sin, at any rate, to have that picture buried up here," said I. "I'll bring her down in the morning, or else I'll move my traps up here for the sake of being near her. Let's go on to the other room; I see curtains across a doorway there."

"But there was no door, only old moth-eaten curtains over the opening, and as we tried to pull them aside, the fastening broke. They came down in a heap, and we were nearly smothered with dust. 'Ugh!' cried Harry, who got the worst of it, being nearly under them when they fell. We pushed the curtain to one side, and went into the next room."

"This must have been her bed-room, and, like the sitting-room, all remained just as she had left it. Her husband, we remembered, was told of her mysterious disappearance, he gave orders that her rooms should be left exactly as she had left them."

"I expect the bed is pretty damp," said Harry; "but I will risk the rheumatism just to say I slept in her bed."

"So would I, and I tell you what we'll do," I answered—"we will bring up the big fur rug and all our blankets, and we shall be warm enough."

"We had not noticed the curiously-shaped third key before; but now we examined it carefully, although we could see nothing in either of the rooms that it would open. It was much smaller than the others, and did not seem to belong to them at all; but if it did not, why should it have been tied up with them? However, we could find no lock for it, and gave it up as a bad job, and got back to our rooms and washed off all the dust just in time before my mother and sister came home."

(To be concluded next week.)

First Premium (£1) awarded to "SOPHIE," Kilnamoragh, Co. Kildare, Ireland.

"A RIDE ON A PHANTOM TRAIN."

A TALE OF THE TAY BRIDGE.

THE marriage ceremony was over, and I, John—commonly called Jack—Morton, found myself transformed from a solitary bachelor into a staid married man, and my own dear girl changed in name from Edith Wilson (which I always thought, and still think, to be the prettiest name in existence) to Edith Morton, which, were it not for the owner of it, would be bald and common-place in comparison.

We were all enjoying ourselves heartily over the wedding breakfast. I had made I don't know how many speeches in return to repeated and ingeniously varied toasts of my health and that of my bride. I had used so often the words, "For myself and on behalf of my wife," that they seemed to stick to and stereotype themselves on my brain, confused as it was with joy and excitement.

We were getting on famously, when a bird of ill-omen made public his discovery that it was the anniversary of the Tay Bridge disaster. "And, by Jove!" he added, "you will go to Dundee with the same train!"

It was true. The train which was to convey home my newly-made wife and I left Edinburgh at nearly the same time as its ill-fated predecessor a year before.

Edith, who is of a sensitive turn, grew slightly pale, but immediately affected to laugh it off. All the party, with the exception of the man who had made the unlucky

allusion, at once perceived the depressing nature of the remark, and strove with might and main, after the subject had been hastily changed, to restore the merriment and hilarity which had been momentarily obscured. The attempt was in a great measure successful; but the laughter after that was painfully forced, and every one seemed to have a kind of oppression weighing upon him. This only lifted itself when the moment of our departure arrived, and when every one, armed with cupsfuls and handfuls of rice, superannuated slippers, &c., rushed to the door and windows to deliver a parting salute at our backs for luck!

We reached the Waverley Station in good time. The night was cold, but clear and still, and while crossing the Firth of Forth, instead of coddling ourselves in the saloon of the steamer, we stood, arm-in-arm, on the upper deck watching the ripple of the waves in the wake of the vessel; and, cold though it was, we were almost sorry to exchange the clear frosty air of the open firmament for the compressed, stuffy atmosphere and dim light of a jerky railway carriage.

Nevertheless, happy hearts can be blythe in any surroundings, and we made the first part at least of that rattling journey, happy with whispered aspirations and furtive hand pressures.

But by-and-by we subsided into silent and happy thought. What a long day it had seemed for me. I had risen early in the morning at home in Dundee, for I had only one day's leave of absence, and our bridal tour was postponed till the advent of warmer weather. In Edinburgh I had several matters to attend to before the all-important business of the day. Then came the ceremony, the breakfast, the speeches—oh, the speeches! Again they rang in my brain.

I turned to Edith, but her eyes were closed and she was evidently fast asleep. I could not find it in my heart to disturb her.

Our two fellow-travellers also seemed to seek oblivion in slumber. They sat one at each side of the window, at the further end of the compartment, wrapped up in themselves and their rugs; only giving evidence of their continued existence by a more than usually accentuated nod now and again.

I was beginning to meditate drowsily on the events of that eventful day, when with a start, almost a leap, I sat bolt upright. I never before experienced the same sensation, and I devoutly hope I never shall again. It was as if something terrible had happened, and yet, at a first glance, there seemed nothing around me to account for the overpowering terror which took hold of me in that sudden start. As I began to recover myself, I became aware of a change, a vague sense of something uncanny, a vague oppression in the air of the compartment, and this seemed gradually to take the form of a kind of clammy mist—I cannot describe it better—together with a strong, dank, rotting odour, not unlike the smell of bilge water in the hull of a ship.

The odour I speak of grew so oppressive that I rose to open the window, but when I grasped the strap for that purpose, it came off in my hand as if rotten, and fell in several pieces on the floor of the carriage. The window at the same moment fell with a rattling crash, and I put out my head. There was as great a change in the outer air as within the carriage. The night, when we left Burntisland, had been calm and clear and frosty, with a bright full moon shedding a beautiful radiance over the Firth of Forth: but now the air was full of the rush of winds. The moon was ever and anon obscured by heavy

and swiftly-driving clouds, and everything denoted a stormy night. Even while I looked the winds grew fiercer, and I had to hold on my hat with both hands.

Just before I drew in my head I saw a very remarkable thing—a signal box which we rushed past *was deserted!* The windows of it were dark, and, in the brief moment of passing, a moonbeam showed me the grass and weeds growing round the bottom of the steps which led up to the door.

Notwithstanding all my efforts, I found it impossible to re-close the window. As I sat down, breathless, something fell on my head, and looking up I saw that the roof of the carriage was dripping wet, and water was running down the wooden partition of the compartment on to the seats, which seemed sodden and wet. It was quite dry outside, although very stormy; yet inside, it was as wet as though it had been dipped in the sea. What awful mystery was this?

As I looked about me in dismay, a small station flashed past. A friendly moonbeam again showed me that it also was closed up and deserted, and over the windows I read the name *St. Fort!*

St. Fort! We were on the old Tay Bridge line, and only two or three miles from the ruins of the ill-fated structure!

I leaped to my feet, and, as I did so, felt the floor give way under my heel as if rotten. A terrible conviction forced itself upon me. Often have I laughed at stories of the supernatural, and done my best to ridicule those of my acquaintance who were disposed to give some credence to ghostly experiences. Could it be that the wind-spirit was not satisfied with the harvest of life he had reaped a year previously, but required that, on each anniversary of the disaster, fresh victims should be sacrificed?

I felt the hair on my head rise like bristles, as the horrible thought flashed through my brain.

Some one has remarked that, in circumstances of great danger, a man's first thought is very often a comparatively frivolous one. My first thought was: what a title it would make for a story, "*A Ride on a Phantom Train!*" and yet my feelings were far from frivolous. My next thought was: should I wake my wife? She was sleeping peacefully opposite me, directly under that terrible drip from the roof, and was, notwithstanding, quite dry! Should I wake her? My first impulse was to do so, but if we were destined for destruction, it could only add the pangs of anticipation to the horror of the catastrophe. But our fellow-travellers! I looked at them and saw on them also a change. Instead of lying back asleep, as they had been, they each sat bolt upright gazing out at the storm, which had now reached the force of a hurricane, but, otherwise, seemingly oblivious of the great danger in which they were.

Their garments were dripping wet, and hung heavily upon them.

As I turned to address them, I felt by the dull rumble of the train that it had entered upon the bridge.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" I cried, frantically; but, although I knew myself to be shrieking, they did not alter their position nor look round.

I rushed hurriedly to where they sat, while my feet sank into the floor, which seemed to be crumbling away.

I put my hand on one to arrest his attention. Horror! the cloth of his sleeve came away at my touch!

At the same moment he turned slowly and looked me full in the face. I shall never till my death forget that look, for *his face was the face of a dead man!*—the features livid and bloated, and the awful eyes fixed in a glassy stare.

So terrifying was the apparition, that I forgot for a moment the position in which we were. Ere I could withdraw my eyes from the ghastly spectacle, a more than usually violent blast struck the train full on the side. The carriage oscillated terribly for a second or two, then was heard, even above the thunderous roar of the tempest, a crash that seemed to fill the universe.

The spectres rose, and, flinging up their arms with a gesture of unutterable terror and despair, gave vent to an indescribable cry, or rather howl, so intense and so piercing that—*It woke me!*

Edith was gathering her wraps together, and our two innocent fellow-travellers were reaching down their "*Gladstones*" from the rack overhead as the train ran into Tay-port Station.

I need not say here how glad I felt to be relieved of my nightmare, or how I "*blessed*" him who had discovered and made public the anniversary information.

Second Premium (10c.) awarded to Mr. ALLAN S. LAING, 115 Perth Road, Dundee.

A THROW FOR LIFE.

AS William of Orange was besieging Namur, in 1695, sundry soldiers from his army, through the want which reigned in the camp, went marauding, though such a transgression of martial law had been forbidden on the pain of death. Most of these marauders were caught by the country people and killed. Only two of them reached the camp unscathed, but they were sentenced to death. They were both brave soldiers, and the General-in-Chief wanted to save one of them, and thus commuted the judgment in so far that they would have to throw at dice for their life, as was the custom in former times in such cases. On the morning appointed for the execution, both the marauders were led to the drum, in order thereon to cast the decisive throw, while, at a few paces further off, the fatal pole stood erect. Full of painful expectations, a group of officers, the regimental chaplain, and the executioner surrounded the poor fellows. With a trembling hand one of the condemned took up the dice. He threw two sixes! In the next moment he saw that his fellow had also thrown—two sixes! The commanding officers were not a little struck at this strange occurrence; but their orders were precise, and so they commanded both the men to throw again. This was done; the dice were cast, and the throw of both turned up two fives. The spectators now loudly called out that both should be pardoned; and the officers, to ask for new directions, momentarily put off the execution. They applied to the court-martial, which they found assembled; and, after a long discussion, the disheartening reply was that the delinquents should decide their lot with new dice. Once more both of them cast, and, lo! each threw two fours! "*This is the finger of God,*" said all present. The officers again submitted the strange case to the court-martial. This time even the members of the court shuddered; and they resolved to leave the decision to the General-in-Chief, who was momentarily expected. The Prince of Vaudermont came. He caused the two Englishmen to appear before him. They related to him the trying circumstances of their desertion. The Prince listened attentively, and relieved the poor culprits with the welcome "*pardon,*" adding, "*It is impossible in such an uncommon case not to obey the voice of Divine Providence.*"

SLAYER AND SAVIOUR.

TWO EPOCHS IN A CHECKERED LIFE.

PART II.—TWENTY YEARS AFTER—*Concluded.*

TWENTY years have elapsed since the foul murder of Louisa Sefton, and the second scene in our strange history is thousands of miles from the old house in Virginia.

It is in Liverpool, on the morning of December 24th, in the year 1876. Three hours have passed since a dozen church-towers have solemnly tolled forth, one after the other, as is their wont, that it was midnight, and all seems hushed. Yet ever and anon the awful stillness of the great city is disturbed by the noisy shouts of homeward-bound revellers, by the measured tread of a policeman on his beat, or by the crawling footsteps of some houseless wanderer. See! there is one of these poor outcasts! What a picture of abject misery he is! Ragged, unkempt, footsore, and weary, he slowly drags his form along, muttering wildly to himself as he goes.

"Curse them!" he hisses through his teeth. "Curse them! Even they turn against me now, and because I haven't the few paltry pence to pay for my night's lodging, I'm kicked out! Oh, heavens! to what a state have I fallen that I regret being turned out of a noisome den like *that*! Verily, the way of transgressors is hard! Would that I had listened in my youth to the counsel of the mother whose heart I broke! Alas! regrets are all in vain now. Here I am a wanderer on the face of the earth, and an outcast even from the lowest of the low. Oh, God, have mercy on me! My burden is greater than I can bear;" and while great drops of agony and remorse burst from his furrowed brow, the wretched man falls with a despairing sob in a huddled heap on the ground. There he lies writhing with internal torments—the pangs of maddening and unavailing remorse.

But suddenly he is roused by the loud hoarse shouts of excited men and the clattering of wheels and horses' hoofs, and as he turns his eyes toward the road, the red lamp of a fire-engine momentarily casts its lurid glare upon him. Then he knows there is a fire somewhere in the great city—perhaps not far off. At any rate, he will follow the engine; anything is better than the company of his own thoughts. So after the fire-engine the poor outcast goes as fast as he can. It is soon out of his sight, but a gleam of yellow light in the sky guides him to where the conflagration rages—one of the old residential districts of the south-end still affected by some of Liverpool's merchant princes.

This is quickly reached, and he finds the devouring element is lapping up, with its forked and furious tongues, a large old-fashioned corner mansion, isolated from the others. A crowd has gathered, and all is consternation and confusion. Firemen are rushing about with ladders and hose, and cries, shouts, and clatter are heard on every side. Huge volumes of water are being poured upon the burning house, but still it blazes on. Six times have the firemen braved the suffocating smoke and scorching flames, and rescued, one after the other, six of the inmates. As the last is brought down the fire-escape, that portion of the house just left by the rescuers and the rescued falls with a terrible crash, and simultaneously an agonising cry is heard above all the commotion.

The master of the house, who had been brought from it insensible a minute or two before, has recovered consciousness, and he cries aloud, "Where is my daughter?"

For a second all is hushed, and nothing is heard save the roar of the flames and the hissing of the water, while the agonised man rushes wildly and tottering about looking for his child.

Then one of the firemen says to him, pointing at the same time to one of the inanimate female forms being conveyed to the adjoining houses, "Isn't this her, sir?"

"No!" is the wild reply; "that is her maid!"

"Then God have mercy on your daughter, sir, for she must be still in the house, and the escape fell in with the front."

"The stairs are stone; they can't have been burned. Five thousand pounds—aye, ten, twenty, all I have to the man who saves my child! What! does no one stir? I will go myself, weak and dazed as I am, and save her. Away! cowards that ye are! Let me go;" and the poor gentleman strives to throw aside the detaining hands of those around him. But the agony and excitement have proved too much for him, and he again lapses into unconsciousness.

Meanwhile, the firemen have not been idle. Several have attempted to ascend the staircase, but the blinding smoke has driven them back.

Suddenly a man pushes through the crowd and shouts, "Where is the girl!" It is the poor outcast.

"Second door on the third floor," he is laconically answered by a fireman.

"Then clear out, and don't stand there like scared rabbits. Give me that," and he seizes one of the men's helmets, and before any one can utter a word of expostulation, he has rushed through the smoke and flames, and is half-way up the scorching stone stairs. The vast crowd is hushed into comparative silence, and, with beating hearts, all await the result of the attempt of the madman (for so he is called). They have not long to wait, but the seconds seem like hours. Some firemen have gone after him, and they meet him half-way up the stairs, tottering down with the senseless body of the almost suffocated girl, enshrouded in rolls of bed-clothes. They seize his burden, and carry both down, for the rescuer is more dead than alive; and, as they reach the open air, the vast assemblage sends up a shout of rejoicing and admiration, such as seems to rend the very sky. But the outcast hears them not. Burned, bruised, and bleeding, he is carried in an insensible condition into an adjoining house with the rescued girl.

A few hours afterwards the merchant and his daughter have almost recovered from the shock of the terrible catastrophe, which has rendered them for the time homeless. But the case of the brave rescuer is without hope. His death is drawing nigh; no power on earth can save him, and he knows it.

A clergyman is with him, administering consolation as best he can, when the merchant enters the room to thank him for his act of heroism. Approaching the bed, Mr. Sefton (for it is he) bends gently over the poor scorched mass of humanity lying on it, and, in tones in which there is a strange mixture of sadness and gladness, he says: "From my soul I thank you, my brave fellow, for what you have done in saving the life of Louise —"

"Louise! Louise!" cries the dying man, starting up with terror. "What Louise?"

"Louise Sefton, my daughter, whom you so nobly rescued!"

"Then, are you Arthur Sefton? Yes, it is so; those are Arthur Sefton's eyes. Oh, heavens! is this expiation? I slew the mother! I have saved the child! Have

mercy on me!" and with a bitter sob Harry Craven falls back on his pillow.

For a moment Mr. Sefton is bewildered; then a light begins to dawn upon him, and he gazes intently at the poor wretch on the bed.

"Harry Craven, is it you? Strange are the ways of Providence. For years I have searched for you with burning hate in my heart, and bent upon dreadful vengeance, but at last I gave up the search as hopeless. I little thought I would find you in the poor starving wretch who has sacrificed his life for my child's. Oh, Craven, your crime was cowardly and cruel; but you have nobly atoned for it. I can never forget, but I do forgive your murderous deed for your brave act."

"Say you so?" exclaims the dying man, and his eye lights up with sudden joy. "Say you so? Then I can die happy. Often have I hoped, yet dreaded, to meet you to tell you I never meant the deadly act. I was mad when I did it. I cannot hope I have atoned for it in saving your daughter's life, but with your forgiveness I can die happy;" and, with one convulsive sigh, Harry Craven falls back dead; while the sonorous tongues of a hundred church bells herald the advent of Christmas-day in a joyous carol of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

THE UNCOMMITTED CRIME.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

BY THEODORE ALFRED CROFT.

CHAPTER V.

SCHOOL DAYS.

"And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous knowledge,
And wisdom early planted in thy brain,
That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery passions,
To bind their rage, and stay their headlong course—
To bear with accidents, and every change
Of various life, to struggle with adversity."—*Roscoe.*

FIVE years of my life had passed away amidst the ordinary joys, sorrows, and dangers of infancy, when my sister Agnes, who was then nearly eleven, first went to work.

My father and mother had some difference on this score, as while the one desired Agnes to get a little more education at the parish school, the other felt the pinch of an unusually hard year, and thought it would be better for Agnes to bring him in a little help than to cost him ever so little for school fees and for food.

"The puir lassie should get a wee bit mair schoolin'—she can read but little," said my mother.

"I dinna doubt she should get some time langer at the school; but you see how I have been pinched to save enough to buy in our bits o' taties, and I never have been behind wi' the price o' them yet."

"Nor will ye be, John, if I can work a stitch to help ye. But dinna let the bit lassie be wrangled to save you or me."

"Do you think the mill folk will gie her wark, an' her sae young?" continued my mother, the pinch of life making her for the moment suggest the result she dreaded.

"I have been speaking to Britton, the manager, an' he says she could do the 'sortin,' as they call it; as mony lasses as young work at that. It's easy wark, an' far better than howin' taties, or bein' out in a' kinds o' weather at farm wark."

"That's true," said my mother, but with a sigh, for she feared for poor Agnes, and yet felt too weak to argue the affair with my father. "But," she went on to say, "if Agnes leaves me, there's that laddie growin' up, and needin' to be looked after."

She did not think that she thus gave another reason to my father in favour of his plan.

"Steenie needs to be sent to the school, and ye ken we canna afford to pay for the twa. So Agnes will bring in something, and we will be able to send the laddie soon to the school in her place."

Knowing that Grace and Liza Chisholm had left school, and that the former had been a short time at the paper-mill, my mother yielded the point, and so I went to school, and Agnes went to the mill.

Agnes left home very early in the morning, and did not return till night. The mill was three miles off, so she took her mid-day meal, such as it was, along with her, and thus was absent from home every day except on Sunday. Sometimes she would be put on a night-shift, and would be at home only when I was at school. At other times she was so tired at night that I saw little of her, and for the next five years she only appears on my memory at intervals. She has always retained on my mind the original idea of size and strength. When I was very young, she seemed immensely greater than I; and when at the age of ten I too left school, and used to walk to work with her, I found her a blooming girl of fifteen, and though not then actually taller, she still kept her old place in my ideas as being very much my superior indeed. I can remember when she was first at work—Sunday was then to me much more attractive than the other days of the week, and it is chiefly with regard to "my own Aggie" (as I called her) that the difference showed itself. On my first visit to church she had taken me by the hand up a pretty green lane that led more directly to the church than the high road, and for many years we went to church together, our parents following after a short interval, as they walked quicker. We used to have such wayward sport in the lane, now diving into the bank for a primrose or wild geranium, or, at a later season, straining our utmost after a briar rose, generally getting a thorn scratch instead of the blossom we were in pursuit of. One keen March day the ditch was slightly frozen, and one adventurous crocus—a delicate purple bud—peered temptingly at us through the hedge roots. At my earnest request, Agnes allowed me to cross the ditch to get the beautiful little stranger. I had just put out my hand to grasp it, when the action caused my toe to crush the ice, and with sundry cracks it gave way, and I sank into the water and dank vegetation. Such mishaps as those *would* occasionally take place, generally ending in a longer task for me that night, and in a lecture to Agnes on the propriety of walking quietly to church, and not running after such trifles when she ought to be demure and proper.

The parish minister, Mr. Bain, did not remain long in my mind under the bad impression of my first view of him in the pulpit. I shortly came to recognise in the man raised so high up, with the black gown and the agitated look and voice, the same kindly gentleman who patted my head so condescendingly, and who often brought me some of the very nice gingerbread which his domestic had a reputation for making. The huge brass plate, with its jingling pennies, had a great fascination for me, and brought round my longing eyes at every additional mite that settled into it after we had reached our seat. How I used to look up with envy to the stout

gentleman in the white neckcloth who stood at the plate, and who, in my opinion, had grown rich upon its proceeds, and who had once extracted from me a halfpenny the minister had given me the day before! I believed he had somehow found out I had a coin, for I ran back and deposited it, terrified by the threatening look he seemed to assume.

The school was a little way beyond the church, and was a large two-storeyed house, the upper portion being the schoolmaster's residence. George Black, the schoolmaster, was a broken-down clever man—a man who really knew his duty, and could perform it, but who had seen very different times. He was strict in his discipline, and yet very lenient with those who broke it. The boy who could not be *understood* by him generally left his school in a short time, with or without reason assigned. From those who remained he exacted very strict attention and obedience; and though his punishments were mild, he seldom had need to have recourse to them. That he could teach, and did so; that he knew a great deal, and had a very ready manner of imparting his knowledge, almost exhausts his merits as a parish schoolmaster. Of his faults, or rather his fault—for he had but one, that of drinking—the boys could not say much, for during the school hours he was as punctual and steady himself as he tried to make all of us. I will not have much further notice to make of him in the course of my story, and there remain only a few sketches of my schoolfellows and playmates to complete the history of my village school life.

The branches we younger children got were simply "the three R's"—reading, writing, and arithmetic. The school was closed during three months in summer and autumn, that those who were able might assist in the harvest work. At the school there were about thirty-five boys and upwards of forty girls, chiefly of the labouring classes, but a few of them belonged to the small shopkeepers and artisans of the neighbouring village of Wayton, and a few of the bigger boys formed a Latin class, as was customary in Scottish parish schools.

When I first went to school, my chief companion in everything, mischief included, was Jamie Chisholm, who was a wild and unprincipled boy, and who early tried to lead me as much astray as he afterwards went himself. Trading on my oft-expressed love for birds, he led me into a scheme for playing truant and going bird-nesting; using a powerful inducement by filling my mind with glorious visions of getting young mavis or blackbirds in the nests, and assuring me they could be quite easily reared at home, and that they would sing so well to us all. Won over by this idea, I agreed to run away from school with him. It is needless to relate the unsatisfactory results of our stolen freedom. We got no young birds, not even a nest came in our way; but I returned home with a sad heart and a blackened eye, for we had quarrelled and fought, because I wanted to run back to school within half-an-hour after we had left it. Fortunately I was one of the boys whom the teacher understood (as his favourite phrase was), meaning by that that he knew how to win their confidence and to preserve his own authority, while making himself the pupils' equal in thought and feeling. My transgression was easily punished; and the lesson I then got served as a warning and as a precept to me for some time to do my duty if I wished to be held in favour either at home or at school.

Jamie Chisholm had only been to school three weeks before me, and only a month had elapsed since I went, when the occurrence I have just related took place. The

escapade was a bad beginning in life for both of us; but while I got over it easily, it was in him but the commencement of a rather unhappy career; and after a few months more ineffectually spent in trying to reconcile him to school, and in Black trying to understand him, he left it, little better for his schooling than that he knew his letters, and that the "taws" made the letter O much more familiar to him than any other vowel sound in the English language. Of him more will be found in this story as it proceeds.

In striking contrast to him was a delicate boy, Andrew Hume, son of a machineman at one of the paper works in the neighbourhood, and of him I will speak in the next chapter.

(To be continued).

A STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION.

Two or three weeks ago there might have been seen in a licensed victualler's shop in Glasgow a bill, informing all whom it concerned that seats would be let for a certain church at a given time. For want of a better or more convenient place, the proprietor had pasted it on the outside of a whisky barrel, and customers were wont to observe what a strange place for it to be. The owner of the shop, however—though an elder of the church mentioned in the bill—could not be brought to see that there was anything wrong, strange, or out of place in it; so it was allowed to remain where it was until one day a very short, stout, and seemingly devout old gentleman called, and, catching sight of it, expressed his horror and disgust at finding such a bill on such a spot. "It is awful!" he exclaimed, "that you, an elder of the kirk, and a professed Christian, should allow anything connected with the church to be pasted on the gate of hell. Dreadful! sacrilegious! bah!" and the old gentleman, forgetting what he had called for, bounced out of the shop very red in the face, while his little round waistcoat heaved with virtuous indignation. The old gentleman seemed to have a particular influence over the mind of the shopkeeper, for certain it is the offending bill was down that very day.

A young lady is like a bill of exchange! She ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

A little girl at a school examination, in reading her exercise, changed Keats's line into "A thing of beauty is a boy for ever."

A POPULAR almanac gave the following as the Parliamentary event for May 10, 1875, in the House of Lords: "The second reading of the Scotch Fiends Bill was lost." (It meant "Teinds," the Scottish form of tithes.)

A TEACHER asked a little girl who was the first man. She said she did not know. He then asked an Irish child, who, looking very proud of being able to give the answer, said, "Adam, sir." "You need not look so grand about it," said the first scholar, "he wasn't an Irishman."

GALLINUS CROSSHILLIENSIS.—"Oh Jeannie, do ye ken what a lee my mistress telt. She brocht hame a hen the ither day, and when I asked her why it was so yellow, she said the reason was it was Catch in China (Cochin China), and we kent she bocht it in Crosshill a' the time

PUZZLEIANA.

No. 46—DECAPITATION.

(First Premium, 6s. Vol.)

If with your neighbours or your friends
You chance to disagree,
Keep from my *whole* and make *amenda*,
If in the fault you be.
If not, be calm, and do not fill
Your heart with passion strong;
'Tis better far to bear an ill
Than do another wrong.

At home within my humble cot,
With *second* on my knee,
I would not change my happy lot
With lord of high degree.
My *third* you'll find where human kind
Lead lives debased and low;
'Twill also bring before your mind
A plague of long ago.

My *last* to state, decapitate—
Tho' cut, it is not bleeding;
It simply shows what, I suppose,
Is suppery and misleading.
Restore and drop my *centrals* two,
A spice you've for inspection;
Transpose the same, then stop, for you
At length have reached perfection.

Catrine.

T. AITKEN.

No. 47—CHARADE.

(Second Premium, 3s. Vol.)

My *first* is oft despised, as you will learn,
When riddling skill has brought me forth to light;
Its potency, no doubt, you must discern
In making love or sharing in the fight.

Hark! hear the clamour, angry passions rage—
Contenting factions fierce their weapons play;
'Tis in the street those rival bands engage.
My *second's* what we term their rugged fray.

My *whole* is noble—honour is his due—
Who battles with his might for human good;
And honour I shall get, my friend, from you,
When my good name is fully understood.

Belfast.

T. M'HAFLEY.

No. 48—CHARADE.

My *primal* is a little bird
That flies from tree to tree;
My *second* is an animal
Well known to you and me;
My *total* is another bird,
They say 'tis very small;
Although its song you ne'er have heard,
Its name is known to all.

Glasgow.

J. CHALMERS.

No. 49—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Clever and great, he's known in many lands;
Steering Britannia's ship, now at the helm he stands.

1. The end of everything is this,
Mark how 'twill start you gipsy;
2. Beware I don't take too much of this,
Or it may make you tipsy;
3. A kind of tree in this you'll see,
It is a plain but neat one;
4. What folks are seen doing at the stream,
Unless it is a deep one;
5. Though old in years, he still appears
A chief in Britain's nation;
6. See, this is swung, the bell is rung,
The train now leaves the station;
7. Perhaps you wish I would do this,
For possibly I bore you;
8. Now this, I guess, did help to place
This puzzle here before you;
9. We began with the end, and now, my friend,
Although it makes you stare,
The beginning of the end, you'll see,
Shall end this queer affair.

Aberdeen.

W. C. M'D.

No. 50—VERBAL CHARADE.

My *first's* in high, but not in low,
My *next's* in stand, but not in flow;
My *third's* in branch, but not in leaf,
My *fourth's* in pain, but not in grief;
My *fifth's* in page, but not in book,
My *sixth's* in turn, but not in crook;
My *first's* in weight, but not in scale,
My *next's* in goods, but not in bale;
My *third's* in land, but not in sea,
My *fourth's* in stone, but not in quay;
My *fifth's* in wheat, but not in corn,
My *sixth's* in bull, but not in horn;

Rutherglen.

My *next's* in pine, but not in ash,
My *last's* in money, but not in cash.
When you have solved this puzzle right,
You've one who was in many a fight.

G. HILL.

No. 51—EXTRACTION.

Both old boys and young boys love *total* alike,
Extraction a blemish will bring to your sight;
Again, and Ned Jones in the road leaves his tyke,
While he drinks like a *this* through the small hours of night.

Burslem.

TOM TIT.

No. 52—CHARADE.

My *first's* a fence or barricade,
The *second's* but a spot;
Unite and see a name display'd,
Borne by a noble Scot.

Burslem.

TOM TIT.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES IN No. 7.

No. 6.

A D M I N I S T R A T O R
O R G A N I S T R A T O R
M A N O E R L W O R S E L S
I N S T A L L A T I O N S
C O N O R E S S I O N A L S
P I D D L E S T R I N G S
W E A R I S O M E N E S S
I N C O N S P I C U O U S
H O M E S I G N A L M A N
N O N U F L F I L M E N T
C O U N T E R F E I T O R
T O W N U A R D I A N S
P U S I L L A N I M O U S

No. 7.

N A O M I
A A R O N
O R I O N
M O R E
I N N E R

No. 8.—In-sup-port-able.

No. 9.—The one is a bath of the night, and the other a (k)night of the bath.

No. 10.—A mole.

Answered by the following:—R. Irvine, Carlisle; J. C. Miller, Glasgow; H. Cooper, Edinburgh; M. J. M'Onie, Glasgow; T. Aitken, Catrine; W. C. M'Donald, Aberdeen; J. Thomlinson, Skipton-on-Craven; T. M'Hafley, Belfast.

Received:—J. Ward, Glasgow; T. Aitken, Catrine; W. C. M'Donald, Aberdeen; "Tom Tit," Burslem; T. Lidgerton, Sunderland; T. M'Hafley, Belfast; S. Greenwell, Glasgow.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"THREE BLIND MICE," with *Mewsic*. Illustrated by C. A. Doyle. "ROBIN, ROBIN," words and music by Alfred Scott Gatty. (London and Edinburgh: George Waterston & Sons.)

THOSE are two of the most delightful nursery books we have seen. The "Blind Mice," with Doyle's illustrations, are screamingly funny, and the "mewsic" is nicely arranged. "Robin, Robin" is a pretty air with a curious sneezing chorus, and the brilliant pictures in both are almost quite too comical.

MINIATURE LIBRARY. Six volumes. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo & Co. 1883.)

THIS is a pretty idea admirably carried out. One tiny volume gives "Favourite Essays of Elia," including the famous dissertation on roast pig. Another gives "She Stoops to Conquer" in full. In a third, "Peeps into Pepys' Diary," we get the cream of the "diary," as Mrs. Ramsbotham long ago suggested. "Winnowings from Wordsworth," and "Thoughts from Emerson," are interesting bijou volumes; and in "Child Lore" is given many popular stories from different languages, from Greek and Hindoo to Gaelic and Norse. The brilliant and appropriate bindings—each volume different—give a great charm to the set. The owner of them has a large library in lilliputian compass.

GRAND SPECIAL COMPETITION.

THE TATLER submits the following scene to his readers :—
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—An old-fashioned house.

Enter HARDCASTLE, followed by two or three awkward servants.

Hardcastle. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places; and can shew that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

All. Ay, ay.

Hardcastle. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands; they're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them; I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia; and so being upon drill—

Hardcastle. Diggory, you must hear us talk; and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Diggory. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees eating going forwards, eod! he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hardcastle. Blockhead I is not a bellful in the kitchen as good as a bellful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Diggory. Then, eod! your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that, he, he, he, he! for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years; ha, ha, ha!

Hardcastle. Ha, ha, ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that.

1. A SPECIAL PREMIUM of ONE GUINEA is offered for the best story of "OULD GROUSE IN THE GUN-ROOM," and "Commendation" for the second best.

2. The story must be told in a humorous, after-dinner style, and must not exceed in length a column and a half of THE TATLER.

3. MSS. for this SPECIAL COMPETITION will be received up till Saturday morning, 1st DECEMBER, and the Premium and Commended stories will be published in THE TATLER of the Christmas week.

4. The copyright of all MSS. sent in shall belong to the Proprietors of THE TATLER, whether published or not.

5. Should stories of sufficiently side-splitting humour be sent in, a special second Premium may be awarded.

"THE TATLER" OFFICE, 22nd September, 1883.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RIP.—Pasting is not prohibited, but no extracts from current publications need be sent. Original matter is preferred.

AMANDA.—Your thoughts dwell too much on the first four letters of your name. Let him "slide" if he is not kind. The old poet was right who sung—

"If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

This is equally true of men.

JOHN P. (Dorking).—Fairly written, but not quite up to the mark.

STEPHEN GILMORE.—It is not, the author tells us, a story from real life, but every writer puts so far his own personality into his works.

SISTER ANNE (Christ Church).—The "Rambler" notes are very good fiction, are they not?

TONY WELLER (Bristol).—We have visited the Muller Orphanages. An account of them will be given shortly.

H. W. (Birmingham) and J. L. (Glasgow).—Not at present; but your letters are preserved.

GRAND PREMIUM CONTRIBUTION ARRANGEMENTS.

"When a man has engaged to keep a Stage Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Passengers or not, to set out. Thus it fares with us weekly Historians; but, indeed, for my Particular, I hope I shall soon have little more to do in this work than to publish what is sent me from such as have Leisure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleased in an elegant Manner."—"The Tatler," 7th May, 1709.

• The Proprietors of THE TATLER offer each week TWO PREMIUMS, namely ONE POUND and TEN SHILLINGS, for the best Contributions sent in. The following conditions require to be observed:—

1. The MSS. must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be properly paged and fastened.

2. The Contributor must furnish full name and address at the end of each Contribution.

3. Where the Contribution is not Original, the source, date of publication, and, where possible, the author's name must be given.

4. Preference will as a rule be given to Original matter, which should be marked "Original" on the right hand corner of the first page, and Original Anecdotes or Verses will be acceptable. No prize will be awarded for matter which has appeared in any contemporary, and such should not be sent in.

5. The MSS. must be addressed to "Editor of THE TATLER," 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, and all MSS. received up to Saturday morning's delivery will be in time for that week's competition. The result will be intimated and the premium contributions printed three weeks thereafter. The words "Premium Competition" should be written on the cover.

6. The copyright of all Original MSS. sent in shall vest in the Proprietors of THE TATLER, and all MSS. may be used, whether gaining a premium or not.

7. The Name and Address of the Contributors obtaining the Premiums will be published each week, unless Contributors object to this publicity. If they object, their initials or *nom de plume* will be published instead, but it is preferred that the full name and address of successful Competitors be given.

•• Parts I., II., and III. now ready, containing portraits of—

The Queen.	H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.
Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.	(From a Photograph by Messrs. Downey).
Mr. Henry Irving.	The Earl of Rosebery, K.T.
The Duke of Buccleuch, K.G.	Lady Brassey.
Rt. Hon. Jos. Chamberlain, M.P.	Mr. A. C. Mackenzie.
Rt. Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke,	Madame Marie Roze.
Bart., M.P.	Rt. Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P.
Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P.	

Printed separately on toned paper. Price, 6d. per copy; by Post, 7d.

The LONDON OFFICE of THE TATLER is at 84 FLEET STREET (next door to PUNCH Office).

To be had at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, London, and in the country; also Messrs. WILLING & Co.'s Bookstalls, London, &c.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors by MACBONE & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—December 1, 1883.



RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, M.P.

THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

NO. 15.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MY GEM.

I saw a lovely gem one day
Flash on a maiden's breast ;
And whether near or far away,
It gave my heart no rest.

It was not diamond set in gold,
Nor pearl from ocean deep ;
'Twas neither to be bought nor sold,
'Twas hers, but not to keep.

I also had a gem which shone,
Like hers, with light from heaven,
And saw, by Love's red rising dawn,
Gem must for gem be given.

I gave the jewel from my heart,
She gave to me her gem ;
And naught but death can ever part
Our double diadem.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. 15.—THE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, M.P.

It is needless to say that this is a portrait of a good business man. That much may be concluded by everybody who looks at the face, typical as it is of the solidity, shrewdness, and energy which have made Britain the first commercial country in the world.

Mr Smith, who was born in 1825, and is thus in the prime of life, has sat in Parliament for fifteen years, during six of which he filled important public offices. His first appearance in politics was when, in 1868, he defeated John Stuart Mill in Westminster, and since then Mr. Smith has sat for the same constituency. In 1874, and again in 1880, he was able to defeat, by large majorities, assaults on his seat by men of the highest political calibre, as Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton and Mr. John Morley. Mr. Smith belongs to a class of members of the House of Commons of great value and held in high estimation, but who do not bulk largely in the public view as orators. Mr. Smith is an excellent speaker, and gains the ear of the House at once, his opinions having weight as those of a man of keen insight and of great personal worth. After serving an official apprenticeship as Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. Smith was, in 1877 appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, with a seat in the Cabinet. In that capacity Mr. Smith did good service. Previous to taking office Mr. Smith served for four years on the

London School Board, where his services were highly valued.

The great house of W. H. Smith & Son, of which the subject of our sketch is the head, is a good example of the achievement of great ends from small beginnings. The business has grown with that growth of popular literature which has been so remarkable in recent times, and to the millions of railway travellers the wide organisation and fine management of the firm has proved a great boon. Having such a large sphere of operation, W. H. Smith & Son are able to cater for every class of reader, providing for every district the kind of literature required, and, at the same time, offering in all a full choice. Without going the length of keeping an *Index Expurgatorius*, the firm watches very closely the character of books, magazines, and journals put on the stalls, and author or publisher know it to be a feather in their cap to secure a place from Smith & Son. The business is, of course, of a far wider character than the supply of bookstall literature, but this is the feature of it best known to the public.

Mr. Smith is a man of wealth, and his Parliamentary and official rank has given him access to the best circles. His residence, Greenlands, at Henley-on-Thames, is a most choice and beautiful place, and his town house in Charles Street is well known as one of the most influential centres in London. The genuine worth and quiet style of Mr. Smith, and the tact of his well-born wife, secure social friendships far outside mere party circles, and one of his most intimate Parliamentary friends is a Liberal of like character, namely, Mr. Goschen. Mr. Smith may be quoted as one of the best examples of a political phenomenon only seen in this country, where a man of wealth and energy, so placed that he might enjoy to the full the ease and the pleasures of wealth, yet gives up to Parliament and the public a large portion of time and a large amount of personal comfort.

THE FRANCHISE FOR WOMEN.

In touching the question of giving the Parliamentary franchise to women householders, it is not necessary to take up the point of view of the "shrieking sisterhood," or Stuart Mill's ideas about the "subjection of women," or the Yankee talk about the woman being superior because of "a higher totality of function," or, indeed, any extreme or absurd notion on the subject. Neither

does it present a party complexion, for advocates of the change and opponents of the change are found on both sides of the House. It is a mere question whether a woman householder should be debarred from the right of having a Parliamentary vote merely because she is a woman, while, at the same time, she is made to fulfil all the duties (as a ratepayer and taxpayer) that a man who is a householder fulfils.

Some, indeed, say that she does not fulfil *all* the duties, because she would not be drawn for military service, and because she is not asked to serve on a jury. Perhaps the military idea may be dismissed, as invasion is so improbable; yet, even as regards it, we find many men exempt from military service, such as judges, revenue officers, only sons of widows, &c., even when a levy *en masse* of the people is made. But we do not take the franchise from those persons, because of their exemption. In the same way, a dispensing apothecary is excused from serving on a jury, a butcher is not allowed to sit in a murder trial, and various exemptions exist, but those exempt are not disfranchised. And it may be added, that the law knows one case where a jury of women is specially enrolled, yet we do not disfranchise the men because they are not eligible for service on a jury of matrons.

It can further be pleaded that service on a jury is distinctly a local duty, and that we have given the women householders the local franchise, so that in Town Council and School Board matters they are voters, while we treat them as not fit for the imperial franchise. There are considerable sections of the electorate who now maintain that when the county household franchise is granted in England and Scotland, it should be extended to Ireland. This is urged on the plea of equal justice to all; while many say that, in spite of this plea, the present condition of Ireland precludes such a franchise from being given there. On this controversy we here say nothing. But it must strike everyone as extraordinary to find the bestowal of a household franchise in counties unanimously held by one side of politics, and the introduction of such a franchise in Ireland held by a large section of that party, while little or nothing is said about a glaring injustice within the present bounds of the franchise. While a woman householder does not get proper recognition as a voter in Parliamentary as well as in Municipal Elections, the franchise in this country will be lop-sided and incomplete.

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL: A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY. (COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER XXI.

I DID it fur the best, an' now Ise to go to a reformatory or get trid for arsin. The shoorans men cumd, an' was askin much 'bout the beginins of the fire. I up an' told em all 'bout it. Uncle allus sed I was 2

speke tru. So I told em 'bout herin uncle an' aunt wishin the place was ashis, an' 'bout the coche house an' the kerryseen, an' 'bout crepin out of bed an' porin' lots of it around, an' settin fire fust to 1 place then another. So ther was an awful time. Ther aint no shoorans munny in a house as is set on fire. Uncle does nuthin but role his i's lukin at me an' grind his tethe. I gess he's 'bout mad, an' aunt's bin in his terriks all the time. Uncle's tuke to redin 'bout Job.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. SPEIRS sed aunt was on her last legs anyway. Uncle sed I kild her, but taint so, tho ther was a fewnal, an' aunt aint livin any more. The fire an' the shoorans biznis jes helpt finish her of; but twarnt that as kild her, not by a long shot, an' I dunno how much can say I kild her or helpd kil her, cos I only did wot she wantid did, an' the koryner's juri coodnt ha sed wot they did if Ide did it as nevvur tuched her. Ise wikkid, but the koryner sez I aint no manslaughterer nor wuman-slawterer nether. Mr. Spiers sez she swindeld the doktors awful bad. Our doktor cumd and fizzikd her, and then he brawt another 1 from Noo York. An' they lade ther heds togethur an' fizzikd her agen. An' they thawt she was a-cumin round. But she warnt. She was goin off. So 1 nite she thawt shede get reddy to go, and she crep up and drest hursel, an' put on her friz and fixt her mowth with her luce tethe, an' in the mornin she war ded as Jewlyus Cesar. An' when the doctor cumd he did'nt kno wot 2 think, cos he sed she had'nt di'd o' wot she was ill of, but suthin else. So hecum to find out she di'd of triin to swaller her tethe. Mr. Spiers sed as how he'd knod wimmin do menny fulish things, but aunt was the fust he'd heerd of triin 2 start a dentis shop in her inwards. So the korryner came an a lot o men wich was the jewry. An' they sat upon aunt, and I gess all them men sittin on her made her thro her tethe up agen. Tleastways uncle's got em. An' the jewry kwareld 'bout wot they shood say. So after Mr. Speirs gave em sum 'freshment they was kinder friskyer an' pecart, an' sed as how it was a kase of aksidental deth thru swallerin 2 much ivory without proppur mastikashun. Uncle's bin triin to make bleeve hes mis'ble, but he aint, cos he had her life 'shoored for 3 thowsan dollars. I gess hede sunner have the dollars nor aunt.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ISE sure uncle aint quite rite in his atiks. Aunt was hardli cold in her grave, mammie sed, fore he tuke to galivantin. Ther's a noo wuman cumd. She's uncle's cuzzin. She's got awful red chekes, an' the rest of her face is 'bout the culler of waks, an' she's got short yaller kurls as bobs up and down, Mr. Spiers sez, like shavin spyrels. An' she's awful spri, and snoops around everywhere jes like a ferit, mammie sez. She's tuke to housekepin, an' 'fore she'd bin here a weke she kno'd evrybuddy in Stokerville. So uncle's

tuke a house all fixt an' redly for her to kepe. An' he thinks a awful hepe of her, an' nevvur sez to me as much as "jurnal." An' she wants uncle to tri 2 get to his church, cos she can have a place to liv all the time; but uncle sez he's gwine to tri another sphere wher he'll be hapyer an' her 2. So she gigld. She don't laff like Jo 1 bit. When Jo laffs he does it all ovur down to his butes. She only laffs with her mouth. I don't think she'll evvur di of ivry stikking in her throte thru laffin. I told her about aunt's tethe, an' askt her if she warnt skared to swaller hers. She waxd me; an' Mr. Spiers sez sum gro'd up fokeses don't have luce tethe, but he thinks her's is luce. So do I, an' Ise got my i on them spyrls. She kodls uncle awful—makes him gwel wen he snezes, an' pins flandle rownd his throte, as he can't bare it cos it's 2 hot. An' shede got 'bout a duzen bo's fore long, side a lot as kepes ritin an' ritin. An' she tells uncle all 'bout 'em, cos it makes him fele bad. An' the pork butshur as has 7 chilen, 1 thout a ma, as is ded, thinks shede 'bout fit his family.

(To be continued).

"YOU CAN'T PASS!"

PERSONS rob one another every day, but he must have been a clever one who robbed the *Prefecture de Police* (the head police office in Paris). And this a man did whose name has become historical—Beaumont. He was the Jack Sheppard among thieves, and even in our days, we may hear one thief say indignantly to a boasting brother of picklocks:

"Hold your tongue; you are not worthy to brush Beaumont's boots!"

When Beaumont accomplished the immortalising feat (among his brethren), he had just returned from the *Bagne* (the galleys), at Brest. It took place in the days of the celebrated Vidocq. He actually robbed the strong-box at the head police office, and this box contained, not only bank notes, but all the jewellery which is found, or in any way comes into the hands of the police.

After his return from the galleys, he frequently called upon Monsieur Henry, principal officer of the second division of police, and these visits were made under pretence of making certain revelations, or giving useful information in hopes of becoming attached to the police himself.

Monsieur Henry's office was next to the cashier's. In going and coming, Beaumont had taken impressions in wax of all the locks, and had keys made to fit them.

This was doubtless a great point gained, but it was not all; it was necessary to watch a moment when the cashier would be out, not come, or having left his office, and when Monsieur Henry, who was scarcely ever absent, should be away. Everything turns out well for those who choose to wait patiently.

Beaumont found the long-watched-for opportunity, and as he never did anything hastily, he did all at his ease this time, and as cleverly as quietly. He put on a black coat belonging to Monsieur Henry, a dress then little worn, except by those high in office; he walked down-stairs and went to the nearest guard house, asked for the officer, who took him for some high official, and two soldiers were sent with him without the least difficulty.

Beaumont gravely placed them one at each end of the corridor, with strict orders to let no one pass until further directions. It was very daring, but equally sure. When he had made his selection amongst heaps of precious things, and filled his pockets with gold and jewels, he passed one of the sentinels and said:

"That's right, my friend; I am going to the head director's. Everything must remain as I have left it until my return; I shall soon be back: let no one pass."

But the office hours arrived, and all the clerks too, high and low.

"You can't pass!" they were told.

So they all went out and walked up and down the yard. Some, however, went round, at last, tired of waiting, to the other entrance.

"You can't pass!" saluted their ears again.

Then came the heads of the office, and lastly Monsieur Henry himself, who did not take matters quite so quietly. He ran to the guard-house. The officer knew nothing of the rank or name of the functionary who had asked for a guard. To release the soldiers from their duty, the Minister of Police had to be sent for, and then they got in—to see what? If a thunderbolt had fallen amongst them all, they could not have been more dumfounded. The strong box was rifled, and the ground strewn with rejected valuables. Who could have done it? To whom attribute this audacious act? All the persons employed were under examination and suspicion, when Beaumont was betrayed by a comrade, and condemned a second time. He had stolen several hundred thousand francs, the greater part of which was found upon him.

"There was wherewithal there to have become an honest man: I should have turned one," he said. "It is easily done when you are rich: yet how many of the wealthy are rogues!"

This was all he uttered. He was sent to Brest, where he died, leaving an immortal name among thieves.

When may a ship be said to be in love?—When she's attached to a buoy.

◆ ◆ ◆
"Why were you not at church last Sunday, Clara?" asked Amelia. "I couldn't go; didn't have anything to wear. I shall go next Sunday if my sacque is done." "Oh, you sacque-religious thing!"

◆ ◆ ◆
THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A young lady at home from boarding-school for the holidays was asked if she would have some more roast-beef, when she replied, "No, I thank you; gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate stage of deglutition consistent with dietetic integrity!" She was never asked if she'd have anything more again.

◆ ◆ ◆
"WHAT do you mean by such carelessness?" exclaimed a man who entered the drug store in a terribly excited manner. "What do you mean by such carelessness I say? You sold my boy laudanum for paregoric, and it was only by the luckiest chance that the baby isn't now lying dead—murdered by your criminal carelessness." "What's that?" said the druggist, looking up from his desk. "I sold you laudanum instead of paregoric! Mercy! how could I have been so forgetful! Of course you'll pay the difference in cost. Laudanum is more expensive than paregoric, you know. You've come to pay the difference, no doubt. I'm obliged to you, sir, obliged to you."

LONDON THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

ONE of the most unsatisfactory plays I have seen for many a day is Mr. Pinero's "Lords and Commons," produced at the Haymarket Theatre Saturday week. Let nobody think Mr. Pinero's play is political, or that the many little knotty parliamentary points are argued in a vigorous style during the progress of the play. Such is not the case. The story, Mr. Pinero states, is taken from a Swedish romance by one Maria Sophia Schwartz, entitled "Mannen at Böis." The great fault lies in the impossibility of the natures of the characters introduced, unpardonable improbability, and I am inclined to think it will "kill" the play. The dialogue is bright and witty, and is in Mr. Pinero's very best style; but this will not atone for its great shortcoming. Even now-a-days the most ardent lover of sensationalism likes to see a little of "nature" in the men and women introduced into a play; but this is denied them here. The plot is concise and delicately treated, and should Mr. Pinero choose to re-write his play, he has plenty of material at his disposal, and I for one fancy a good work would be the result.

"Lords and Commons" had the advantage of being splendidly acted. Mrs. Bernard Beere again proved herself to be an actress of much power and excellence, and it would be no exaggeration on my part to say her acting here is fully equal to her *Fédora* for artistic and thorough study. She seems to "feel" her words, if such an expression may be allowed; she is great throughout. Mrs. Bancroft, as the American young lady, is Mrs. Bancroft all over. What more can I say than this? Dear Mrs. Stirling (I can't help the "dear," and I hope she will not mind), plays with true art as the *Countess*. Mr. Forbes Robertson as *Lord Caryl*, a most disagreeable character, is manly and earnest, playing in his best style; however, even that would not "push" such a character down my throat. Mr. Bancroft is admirably suited, a part evidently written to fall in with his usual manners and customs; and that clever young actor, Mr. C. Brookfield, is also "at home" in a good character sketch. I need hardly say the piece is excellently mounted, and the management have spared neither time nor trouble to make "Lords and Commons" acceptable. However, these species of humanity have seldom been found to mix well together, and I am afraid Mr. Pinero's latest mixture will not have the desired effect. Still it may ripen into an acceptable draught. I hope it does for the sake of all concerned.

I have seen "Gillette" at the Royalty, and 'twas an evening wasted. Still, business must be attended to, and on behalf of the Tatlerites I put in an appearance at Miss Santley's cosy little theatre in Dean Street, and endeavoured to keep awake—a very hard matter during the progress of this miserable work. To sum up in a few words—'tis a failure. It was originally produced at the Bouffes Parisiens, in Paris, in November, 1882. Then it was not a big success, and the adapter of the work must have had a good opinion of his capabilities in taking in hand such a work. Some of the music is pretty, but nothing in it approaches Audran's melodies in "Olivette" or "Boccacio." The most taking thing in the piece is a chorus which opens the third act; but for this Mr. Walter Slaughter must take credit. This was caught hold of by the audience as a sort of last straw, and was

vigorously re-demanded. Mr. Hamilton Clarke has also written a very striking tarantella, danced with much grace by Miss Ada Wilson. It is really of no necessity to give the plot here.

One of the most miserable attempts at acting I have witnessed for many a day was that of the gentleman who tried to play a character called *Menotte*. His name has been pretty well aired in the papers, so I will not cause him further pain by referring to it here. I spare his feelings. Mr. Walter Broune was ill at ease as *Count Raymond*. I have seen him well placed, but he seemed very unhappy here. With the exception of Mr. W. J. Hill, the remaining gents. call for no special mention. Mr. Hill is always funny, but his part was not; still he managed to get a laugh now and then. His figure is enough to raise a smile—he is still growing.

Miss Kate Santley played *Gillette*, and she worked hard and no mistake; she was delightful, and, with Miss Kate Munroe, helped to keep me awake. It quite puzzles me to describe the many gorgeous dresses worn by these ladies, so I will not attempt it. Miss Maud Taylor, as *Oliver*, also kept the audience in good humour whilst on the stage. The work has been well put on. I understand that it must be played for a certain period, according to the arrangements of the contract.

According to the American papers just to hand, it seems there has been a little bother between Mr. Charles Coghlan and Mr. John Stetson. Mr. Coghlan, I regret to say, has not managed to get round the Yankees, and, from a financial point of view, his engagement has not been a success. Mr. Stetson is inclined to give Mr. Coghlan a chance in a new play. It has not been definitely settled what the manager will do with his leading man; but Mr. Coghlan, with that great generosity which he has always been noted for, is willing to do what he can for Mr. Stetson, and hopes yet to fill up the treasury.

A little bit more from America. "Fédora" is so successful at Fourteenth Avenue Theatre that it will remain in the bills until Christmas. Madame Patti is delighting all with her glorious voice. Henry Irving, on Tuesday, 20th November, gave a professional matinée at the Star Theatre, New York, when some two thousand actors and actresses witnessed him as "Louis XI."

On Wednesday afternoon, November 5th, Miss Emily Soldene had a farewell performance at the Globe Theatre. She played *Drogan* in "Génévieve de Brabant." Miss Kate Vaughan and Miss Minnie Palmer were down on the bill.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has secured "Tête de Linotte," a three-act comedy by Theodore Barrière, played last September at the Paris Vaudeville. It will be the opening attraction, I believe, when "Charley" returns from America. Mr. James Albery will "do" the adaption.

Look out for a lot-a fun when Lotta appears at the Opera Comique. Her real name is Lotta Crabtree. She has been in London before, but not professionally, and only for the purpose of going the round of the London Theatres. Now she means business. May it be good.

Miss Ada Swanborough is still unwell. I am one of many who wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. Pinero seems to be getting on very nicely. Already his comedy is in rehearsal at the Globe, to follow the "Glass of Fashion;" and Mr. Terry, as I hinted last week, will open at the Gaiety on the 10th with the "Rocket."

◆ ◆ ◆

The Olympic was re-opened on Saturday, 1st. I shall have something to say about this next week. The new Alhambra also opened its doors on Monday the 3rd with "The Golden Ring."

◆ ◆ ◆

Mr. Charles Du Val, the clever mimic, has passed his 100th performance at St. James's Hall, and he is still drawing plenty of money.

◆ ◆ ◆

The last nights of "The Lady of Lyons" at the Lyceum. This will be followed by "Pygmalion and Galatea" on December 8th. Cast as follows:—*Pygmalion*, Mr. J. H. Barnes; *Leucippe*, Mr. F. H. Macklin; *Chryses*, Mr. Kemble; *Cynisea*, Miss Amy Roselle; *Myrene*, Miss Annie Rose; *Daphne*, Mrs. Arthur Stirling; and *Galatea*, well—who do you think?

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. Alfred Maddock's place in "Confusion," at the Vaudeville, is filled by Miss Gabrielle Goldney. Mr. Henry Mayhew is briskly engaged writing a new play, intended to illustrate the well-known style of clever Mr. G. W. Anson. "Youth" is now running at the Grand, with Mr. Frank Staunton as *Frank Darlington*.

◆ ◆ ◆

A matinée for the benefit of Herr Meyer Lutz, the conductor of the Gaiety orchestra, was advertised for Thursday, December 6th. "Young Fra Diavolo" and a new farce and a new musical burletta were down for the afternoon's entertainment.

◆ ◆ ◆

After the run of "The Spider's Web" at the Olympic, it is probable a new play, by R. Palgrave and F. Glover, to be called "God Save the Queen," will follow. Might I be so rude as to ask the aforementioned gentleman whether a piece bearing the same title has not been produced in the provinces? I only ask, as I am doubtful if memory serves me right.

◆ ◆ ◆

The engagements made to support Miss Lotta at the Opera Comique include the names of Mr. Arthur Dacre and Mr. Howard Russell. "Our Boys" will soon be here again. There's plenty of fun to be got out of them yet. They will commence their little game at the Criterion.

◆ ◆ ◆

Miss Florence St John will play *Nell* at the Avenue, when "Nell Gwynne" is produced at that house. M. Marius will also have a nice little part, and will again employ himself in moving the furniture about the stage.

◆ ◆ ◆

America has managed to get hold of Mr. Terriss, and after his engagement has terminated with Mr. Irving, he goes to Wallack's, New York, as leading man. He has made himself quite a favourite with our cousins across the water, and we can ill spare him, for he is a sound actor.

◆ ◆ ◆

Messrs. A. & E. Swanborough had a benefit at the Strand on Saturday. Amongst the list of names who lent support were such "big" pots as Messrs Hermann Vezin, Lal Brough, Arthur Roberts, Thomas Swinbourne; and such charming ladies as Misses Nelly Bromley, Sophie Eyre, Mrs. F. H. Macklin, Mrs. C. H. Stephenson, Mdles. Sylvia and Camille D'Arville.

Miss Gertrude Irving is at Sadlers Wells, appearing in "Baffled." "Dick Whittington" takes his abode at the Pavillion at Christmas. A biography of Mr. James Albert Arnold will be found in last week's "The Stage." Mr. Richard Temple made his appearance on Sunday evening as a lecturer. His subject bore the title, "Thoughts from Across the Sea," with recitations from Longfellow, Bret Harte, &c. "Melita; or, the Parsee's Daughter," which had such a short life at the Novelty, will soon be produced in Bombay. Let's hope the climate there may prove more beneficial to it than it did in our little village.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mr. Henry Gordon writes me that it is not his intention of "coming out" as a public reader, as I stated last week. "Will Mr. Whiffles oblige me by contradicting the statement?" There you are, Mr. Gordon; does that satisfy you? We have plenty of hard-working "pros." out of work, so we will manage to do without you.

◆ ◆ ◆

M. Méilhac received as author's royalties during the month of October last the nice little sum of 40,000f.

◆ ◆ ◆

On Thursday last "Claudian" was produced at the Princess's. To save confusion, Mr. Barrett has been kind enough to state that "the plot, story, and construction of the play is by Henry Herman; the dialogue by W. G. Wills." There is nothing like taking time by the forelock, as mistakes will occur in the best, &c., &c. This shall have more attention in my next.

WHIFFLES.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. XIII.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

No. 36.—"DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES."

ONCE when the "Rambler" was younger and as susceptible as the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe*, he was travelling to Stornoway with a friend in one of the Clyde boats which call at a number of insular ports to take up and put down cargo and passengers. The "Rambler" and his friend got on very good terms with two charming young ladies, so much so that their flirtation was observed by many of the passengers. The ladies went off at a port before the "Rambler" and his friend, and left them inconsolable. But their spirits were restored when, on going to pay their bill, the steward was going to include that of the two ladies, saying, "Were these girls not with you?" Fancying that they belonged to the "Rambler's" party, the steward had let them leave the ship without asking payment of their bill. What the "Rambler" and his friend did under the circumstances may be imagined.

No. 37.—A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE.

"No, sir," was the reply given by a cottar to the thirsty "Rambler" on a retired country road; "I can't on my conscience sell you whisky, but I can sell you some very good water, and put a flavour of the cratur into it for you." And a very good flavour it was as it happened, but not a very good conscience perhaps.

No. 38.—A CLEVER APPEAL.

The "Rambler" once came across a miserable-looking man and ragged, travelling with his motherless girl. He

had told his story twice to the company in the railway carriage, but not in a way to excite much charity. Finally, on the girl turning querulous with hunger and appealing for food, he said, "Be quiet just now, and at the next station I will get a drink of water—two drinks of water, one for you and one for me." This delicate suggestion that water was all that he could afford was not without effect, and the hat went round.

INNER LIFE OF THE GREAT CITY.

IV.—THE MISSING "RAJAH" DIAMOND.—*Concluded.*

LADY B—— evidently thought her reply—that she suspected her husband and he alone of being accountable for the missing diamond—would astonish me, for she immediately added:

"My husband has the jewellery out frequently to dust it, and he is a little forgetful."

"Does no one assist his lordship on these occasions?" I asked.

"He is either alone or I am with him. Lord B—— is excessively particular about his jewels, as they are of great value."

"There are two keys, I believe; can the safe be opened without the production of both?"

"One is sufficient, but you must know the 'word.'"

"The 'word' madam?"

"Yes, it is a French idea, I think, and Milner had to pay money to use it. There are three small discs, each surrounded by the letters of the alphabet on the door of the safe, and the diminutive hands on the discs have to be set to a certain word before the keys are of any use. When the diamond disappeared the word was 'war;' one hand had to be pointing to 'w,' the second to 'a,' and the third to 'r.' When the safe is locked the hands on the discs are, of course, turned to any letters of the alphabet but the right ones. Although you held the key, it would be perfectly useless to you without knowing the exact word, and you might go through a whole dictionary without discovering it."

"Very ingenious," I answered; "certain banks in the city are at present greatly in want of more secure receptacles. Have you any system in changing the 'word?'"

"I generally alter it every month—as you perhaps know, this is effected through the clock-work on the back of the lid—but although I always acquaint my husband with the secret, it soon escapes his memory, and he has invariably to come to me for the information."

"Can the diamond have fallen into wrong hands?"

"That will be for you to discover; there is one thing certain, it is not in the safe nor in Lord B——'s possession. My maid and I have made a thorough search."

"Then the loss of this stone is well known in your ladyship's household?"

"On the contrary, it is quite a secret."

"Your maid knows?"

"Ann Gregory does not count; she can be trusted. She has been in the family all her life; first with my father, and on my marriage she came to me."

"I understand that the knowledge of the loss has been withheld from his lordship; have you any reason to suppose that he is aware of the fact?"

"Any sudden shock might seriously affect Lord B——, and until all my efforts to find the 'Rajah' have failed, I did not propose to mention the matter to him; still I am not quite sure that he does not know the diamond has

disappeared. Since I first missed the stone, a week ago yesterday, Lord B—— has been to the safe twice, and, although he said nothing, after these visits he appeared much depressed."

"When did your ladyship last see the diamond?"

"Exactly ten days ago. I wore it at Court, and on my return to Norfolk I put it in the safe myself. Lord B—— happened to be present, and with a pair of pincers he took the stone out of its setting, after which I placed it in the case marked 'Rajah.'"

"Such a valuable diamond must be found. If your ladyship will kindly give me a line to the butler I will go down to Norfolk as a sanitary inspector, and when I have any good news to communicate, I will ask to see you."

"Certainly. I return to-morrow, and will remain in Norfolk for three weeks. I need not say to you that the recovery of a stone worth £25,000 will meet with a suitable acknowledgment."

"Thanks from you, my lady, would be a sufficient reward."

I am no Communist, and am quite satisfied with my position in life; but only imagine a stone which I could easily slip into my waistcoat pocket being worth such a large sum of money. Will one of your chartered accountants please compute how many individuals could be made independent if not happy for life with the amount mentioned? One hundred cottages could, I suppose, be built for something like £25,000.

On reaching the Norfolk house my letter to the butler received every attention, and I was soon installed in a good room of the bachelors' quarter, and I arranged to have my meals served in an adjoining sitting-room. I had some ground plans with me, borrowed for the occasion, which I took care to leave open on the table for the inspection of inquisitive servants.

There was a large staff of servants, male and female, and I took steps to satisfy myself that the "Rajah" had not been accidentally hidden amongst their belongings. This was a work of care and time. How did I manage it? That is my secret. No dresses were left rumpled nor coats unfolded, and not one of the servants was a whit the wiser.

From the time the diamond was replaced in the safe to the day of its disappearance there had been no visitors in the house, and Lord B—— had not been from home.

As the opportunity occurred, I made a minute search in the rooms occupied by Lord B——, but without success.

"Rather dull here," I said to Lord B——'s confidential servant one day. "You could do with a little amusement."

"That we could, sir," he said. "Times are changed since his lordship became an invalid."

"You were not accustomed in former times to let the grass grow under your feet?"

"That we did not. We went the pace and no mistake."

"You have been a long time with Lord B——."

"Going on now for twenty years; and although his lordship has been a good master to me, I don't think if his life were published it would be suitable for family reading."

"Gay, eh?"

"Downright fact, sir. The pranks we played in London and Paris would shock a quiet gentleman like yourself. The farmers down here used to send their daughters out of the way when they heard of our coming,

and young husbands became unusually attentive to their wives."

"A great change, and Lord B. must find the time hang heavily on his hands. How does he amuse himself?"

"When he is able, he walks a great deal. If the day is at all fine, he generally goes as far as Oakshot farm, on the moor."

"An old flame?"

"People said so," the man remarked, with a laugh.

Next morning found me at Oakshot farm, and I was made welcome by a bold-faced, handsome woman, about thirty. I was tired after my long walk, at least I said so, and asked the favour of a glass of milk. The woman hastened to get the milk, and we were soon in the full swing of a big conversation.

"What makes you think Lord B. is failing rapidly?" I asked.

"Why, he says and does such uncommon things; for instance, being our landlord, my husband and I thought we could not do wrong in calling our last baby after him. We asked his permission, which he generously gave us, and said he would give the youngster a handsome present."

"Well!"

"A year elapsed, and we saw nothing of the promised gift. One day recently—he comes often here—he asked me which of the children was named Gerald, and when I pointed out baby to him on the floor, he pulled out a piece of glass—fancy a bit of glass—and put it into his fingers, saying something about its being a talisman against all the ills of life. What could he mean?"

"A little wrong," and I touched my forehead.

"Just what I thought."

"Is that the bit of glass?" I asked, taking up the glittering morsel, which was being thrown from one child to the other.

"It is; a shilling would have been of more use."

"The children shall not be disappointed. I will give them a shilling a-piece for it."

"You are robbing yourself, sir," she said, "and, I am sure, you are welcome to the milk."

In this extraordinary manner did I manage to recover the great "Rajah" diamond, which now rests more securely at Lord B.'s banker's than it did at the house in Norfolk.

THE HAUNTED TOWER.

CHAPTER II.—*Concluded.*

"WHAT a long evening it seemed to us. We did feel so impatient to get back to the tower. At last 10 o'clock struck, and grandfather, who seemed to guess that we were anxious, said he would like to go to bed.

"We all said 'Good night,' and Harry and I rolled up our blankets, and, when the house is all quiet, stole forth as cautiously as if we were burglars, and made our way to the tower. We struck a light, as we felt sure that if anyone saw it they would put us down as the ghosts. Somehow the place seems more dismal than when we were there in the afternoon, so we hurry on to the bedroom, and put down our blankets on the floor, while we examine the bed, to see whether it will fall to pieces or if it will bear our weight.

"What a musty, fusty, old thing it is," said Harry; 'shall we pull off all these old blankets, or shall we just put our own on the top?'

"I suppose they are blankets," I said, doubtfully, 'they look old enough and yellow enough to be anything.

I think we had better put our own on top, not to make any more dust—we had enough of that with those old curtains!'

"What sort is the pillow?" said Harry, 'Is it soft? We must put one blanket over it. I say, there's something hard here. Let's see! By Jove, it's a picture!' he added, as, putting his hand under the pillow, he drew forth a miniature of a very handsome young man, apparently not more than twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, but with an evil look on his face, that, in spite of his youth, gave him an older look. 'Who is this chap, I wonder?' he went on, while I still examined the portrait; 'I suppose he was her husband!'

"He couldn't be," I replied; 'her husband's picture is down in the hall, and he is not a bit like this fellow. Looks as if he had some reason to be jealous, doesn't it; and she with that innocent face too. We must show this to grandfather, and hear what he says. It will be something to show at anyrate.'

"Two minutes more, and we were snugly rolled up in our rug and blankets, and actually lying on Dame Elizabeth's bed in the haunted tower. What a joke we thought it was, and how we would surprise mother and sister when they heard all about it.

"How long I slept I cannot tell, but something seemed to wake me suddenly, and looking up I saw through the door-way, where the curtains were, that there were lights in the other room. Surely there are people too. Yes, and they move about although I hear no sound. Who can they be? I look at Harry but he is sleeping heavily, and in vain I try to awake him. I looked again at the doorway, and just then the lady turned her face, and I saw the beautiful features of Dame Elizabeth. She evidently did not see me, but went on talking and laughing with her companion, though still I heard no sound. How I wished her companion would turn in my direction. At last he did so, and there was the man whose miniature she kept under her pillow. What a handsome face he had!

"Presently she went to the spinet, and I knew by her expression she was singing a love song for him. Then he also sang, and then they both sit down by the fire.

"A minute passes, and suddenly the door was opened stealthily, and I saw a man's face watching them. Another minute passes and he enters. The couple by the fire do not apparently hear his approach. It seemed so real to me, I wished to tell them, but I was spell-bound with a terror that was creeping over me. The man reached them, and before they were aware he drew his sword and stabbed Dame Elizabeth's lover! I saw the ghastly look of pain in his face as he writhed in his death agony, and the awful guilty terror in the woman's look as the husband turned to her. She fell on her knees, apparently imploring pardon, but he refuses to answer her, only untwisting a rope, which I now saw he had brought with him, and prepared to bind her hand and foot.

"I tried to move but could not. Oh! if I could only wake Harry; but to take my eyes, for one instant off the scene in the other room was impossible. Her husband tied her hands behind her back, and her feet carefully together, then he lifted her up, and I shrank in horror as I saw him carrying her in here, where we are!

"He stopped in front of the fire-place, and took a key out of his pocket. Where have I seen that key before? Good heavens! it was the third key we could find no lock for!

"He touched one of the old carvings on the chimney-piece, which slid back and showed a key-hole. One side of the chimney-piece opened like a door, and revealed an

open space, as far as I could see, large enough for two or three people to stand in. He now went back to the sitting-room and brought the dead body, placing it in that open space or closet—Dame Elizabeth watching all the time with eyes wild with terror. Then he turned to her, and from his expression he seemed to curse her, though I heard nothing. He lifted her up, and placed her in the closet, and, as he closed the door, I caught a glimpse of her face, which will haunt me to my dying day. At last I did hear something—her awful shriek of agony and supplication, and then I suddenly lost consciousness, and knew nothing more until I found myself out in the bright sunlight next morning.

"Harry and grandfather were bending over me. 'We thought you were done for, old boy,' said Harry. Then I hear how he could not awake me, and, getting frightened, ran and told grandfather, and they brought me down, and out to the air, but were afraid to let mother and sister know, until they tried to recover me first.

"'But, my boy, what has whitened your hair,' said grandfather, when I had told them all I saw.

"Sure enough, the awful night I had gone through had turned my hair as white as it is now.

"At first they all said I must have been dreaming, but I insisted it was no dream; and, after breakfast, we got the old butler, and we all went up again to the old tower.

"I had the key, which I would not give up to any one, but went to the chimney-piece and pressed the carving I had seen Dame Elizabeth's husband touch. It slid back just as I had seen it do the night before, and there was the keyhole. I put in the key, it was very stiff, but we managed to turn it; the side of the chimney-piece opened, and there—proving the truth of all I had seen—were the two ghastly skeletons.

"It was an awful sight. On one were still the gold necklace, rings, and trinkets she had been wearing when vengeance overtook her, and on the skeleton finger of the other's hand was a signet ring. We never could find any trace of who he was, and at last came to the conclusion he must have been a foreigner.

"I will show you that ring, his miniature, and her jewels to-morrow. I keep them, with their story, in the old cabinet where we found the keys of the tower.

"We had the two skeletons buried carefully, and determined to have the old place cleaned up, and all the furniture and things preserved in it; but that night, soon after midnight, we were all awakened by the cry of 'Fire,' and rushing out found the old tower in flames.

"Every effort was made to save it, but all in vain, and before morning it was as you see it now—a heap of ruins.

"Who raised the cry of 'Fire' we never could find out. Everyone in the house heard it—that was all we knew; nor did we ever discover what occasioned the fire.

"People said Harry and I must have set some of the old curtains alight the night we slept there, and that they smouldered on until the next day; but I am quite sure we did nothing of the kind. And now, my dears, you have heard my ghost story; and there's the dressing bell."

An American newspaper, criticising certain poems, observes that "they lack the divine afflatus of the true bard—the redolent ichor of genuine poesy." This is just our case. Very little of the poetry sent to us contains ichor, and what ichor there is, it hardly ever is redolent. It is scarcely necessary for us to say what we think of a man or woman who is so hopelessly abandoned as to write his or her verses without a suitable stock of ichor.

FALLING TO PIECES.

WHEN the Bath stage started from its old inn in the hearts of London one fine summer morning about a hundred years ago, there were to be seen as queer a set of inside passengers as could well be imagined. There were four of them altogether, each more extraordinary than the other.

The first had quite the look of a bull-dog, with his big flat-nosed face and heavy jaw, and a huge black patch over his eye, which had been knocked out by a flying splinter—for he had been an engineer.

To match the bull-dog there was a bully, for the second man looked exactly like one. He was a huge broad-chested fellow, with thick red hair, and a deep hoarse voice, which broke every now and then into a great bellowing laugh. By his upright figure and quick sharp way of speaking, as well as an empty coat sleeve, you might have guessed that he had been a soldier at one time—and so he had.

The third had quite evidently been a sailor, and one who had seen service too, for he had a wooden leg, which made a dreadful rattle against the floor of the coach at every jolt. His face was as brown as a nut, and so seamed with cuts and scars that it was just like a railway map. But grim as he looked he was apparently a very merry fellow, and told all manner of funny stories at the top of his voice, without seeming to care much whether any one listened to him or not.

The fourth man was the most extraordinary of all. He was a thin, sallow-faced fellow, with a neck almost as long as an ostrich's, which seemed to be never still for a moment, twisting itself to and fro as if it would come out of joint. His face was quite as restless as his neck, working itself into a new grimace every moment, like one of those gutta serena figures in the toy shop which pull into any shape you please. He was Foote, the most famous mimic of his day.

"Now, gentlemen," said Foote, as soon as the coach had started, "I am going to tell you why I was so anxious that we should all go down together. You remember the head waiter of the 'White Horse Inn' at Bath? Well, it is time he should be taught civility, and I think I have got a plan that will give him a lesson. Just listen and see how you like it."

Apparently they liked it immensely, whatever it might be, for the roar of laughter that broke from them before he had finished quite startled the outside passengers. The major threw himself back in his seat and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, while Captain Spanker hammered his wooden leg against the floor of the coach as if he meant to beat it through.

The moment the coach stopped at the "White Horse Inn," the four tramped into the hotel together, making as much noise as possible. Mr. Foote (who could play the fine gentleman as well as anything else he played) called out in his grandest voice, "Show us to a private room, and send the head waiter at once."

Now our friend the waiter, with all his dignity, liked the chink of the guinea quite as well as other people, and when he heard these four gentlemen order a private room and ask specially for him, he made up his mind that they must be some great men. So he went up, looking as grand as possible, and little dreaming what was in store for him.

Meanwhile the four conspirators were busy with their operations. Major Hanley thrust into his empty sleeve a

cork hand which he sometimes used, and buttoned a white glove upon it. Captain Spanker drew a high boot over his wooden leg, which he had previously unstrapped. Mr White, the engineer, put on a huge pair of blue spectacles, and each of the four seated himself in a different corner, Foote being nearest the door.

They had barely taken their places when in strutted the head waiter, looking as magnificent as ever.

"Waiter," cried Mr. White, who had taken the far corner by the window.

"Yes, sir," responded the waiter, stepping towards him.

"Take off my spectacles" (the waiter looked indignant) "and while you are about it take out my eye as well!"

"Your eye, sir!" echoed the waiter, starting.

"Yes, my eye; don't you hear? Off with the glasses and the eye will come too."

The waiter looked rather uncomfortable to obey.

Instantly the glass eye which Mr. White had skillfully fastened to the spectacles fell to the floor with a rattle, leaving the empty socket staring blankly at the horrified waiter. Turning hastily round the latter found himself in front of Major Hanley, who called out gruffly, "Waiter, come and take off my glove, and now I think of it, you may as well take off my hand too!"

"Your—your hand, sir?" faltered the shuddering waiter.

"Yes. Don't you understand English? Give it a pull and it will come."

The pull given by the poor man's trembling fingers would scarcely have taken off a fly; but it was enough. The glove and hand came away together, and the ill-starred waiter turned towards the door. But this movement brought him face to face with Captain Spanker, who thrust out a foot and roared, "Waiter, take off my boot, and my leg, too, while you are at it!"

"Your leg, sir!" almost shrieked the waiter, whose dignity was completely overturned by this time.

"Yes, my leg. Don't I speak plain enough? Look alive."

The waiter turned perfectly livid, and, hardly knowing what he did, applied both hands to the boot. In a moment off came boot, wooden leg and all, and down went Mr. Waiter on his back on the floor. The moment he regained his feet he flew to the door like a rocket, for the sight of a party of men falling to pieces in this way one after the other was quite too much for his nerves. But his troubles were not yet ended, for before he escaped Foote, twisting his long neck round till he almost brought the back of his head to the front, called out in a frightfully hollow voice, "Waiter, come and take off my hat, and at the same time take off my head!"

This was the finishing blow. With a shriek of horror the unhappy waiter darted out of the room and made one leap from the top of the stairs to the bottom, alighting full upon another waiter, who was just coming up with a tray of glasses, and sending man, tray, glasses and all flying to the four winds.

Instantly the whole hotel was in an uproar, in the midst of which Foote and his three friends, having done their part of the business pretty thoroughly, quietly ordered dinner, and drank to the health of the victimised head waiter.

"THE sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but the moon is worth two of it; for the moon affords us light in the night-time when we *want it*, whereas the sun's with us in the daytime, when we have *no occasion* for it."

THE UNCOMMITTED CRIME.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By THEODORE ALFRED CROFT.

CHAPTER VI.

A SCHOOL COMPANION.

"Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."—*Wordsworth*.

ANDREW HUME presented a very striking contrast to me in personal appearance, though we were of the same age. I was a good sturdy boy, with a face as brown as sunburn could make it. Andrew was slim in figure, with a delicate pale face, and long black hair. He, poor fellow, was as delicate as he appeared to be, and could not join with us very noisily in our play-hour. Though he could not romp as we did, yet he enlivened all our joys and sports by sympathy and cheering words; and to him, young as he was, any one of us would go, as to a judge, to settle our quarrels.

This boy loved reading very much, and made much greater progress at first than I did; but in the later period of my school days I was attracted to him by a very strong tie, that of mutual love of books and of knowledge, and we spent many an hour together in mutual assistance. I am afraid the assistance was all on his side, he learned so much quicker than I could, and read so much better. I tried, however, to be as useful to him as I could; and in return for the help he gave me in reading, I assisted him in his figures, for which he had little aptitude and less relish.

It is to this boy I feel I owe a steady and industrious application to learning for its own sake, which has been so beneficial to me in promoting my happiness, and fitting me for those days when things prospered with me; and not only in his learning, but in every pursuit the example of his patience, and the emulation his superiority engendered, have been of service to me to a degree beyond my powers to express. The example I had from this boy in seeking for knowledge was only the example of a school-boy, and the knowledge we gained was little beyond that of our school primers and lesson-books, yet it was enough to give one a love of reading, and a thirst for knowledge in the shape of facts, even though the facts were limited to such as "honey is made by bees," or that "tin and copper are dug from mines." We panted to see bee-hives (of which there were none near us except within Hollowglen); and we wondered and speculated in our own minds where the mines were, and if they had black mounds above them like the coal mines we saw around us.

When I was about nine years old, and Andrew Hume and I had got on pretty fair with reading, we had our curiosity and wonder raised one day by finding in our lesson for the next day a notice of a chimpanzee.

Such a conception as a wild hairy man had never entered our minds, and we at once began a discussion as to this new wonder.

"Do you think there will be any in Hollowglen?" I asked (my geography was not sufficiently far advanced for me to have a clear idea of what or where Africa was.)

"I never heard of any," Andrew innocently replied.

"Don't you think if they were there they would steal some of us away?"

"I'll ask the master to-morrow. Perhaps my father

cuts branches off trees to prevent the chimpanzee having anything to hold on by."

"Maybe he does ; but yet there's plenty branches left. Besides, the wild man could kill him if he saw him trying to cut down the trees."

"Oh, but the beast will be fear'd for the hook and the axe my father carries with him. The book says the chimpanzee has no thumb, and can't hold anything as we can do."

Before I went to school I had learned many old and wonderful stories of wizards, legends, dwarfs, &c., from my mother, and many songs, chiefly those of Burns, had been sang over by her and learned by me. But the few books my father possessed had been sealed books in reality, until I learned to read them for myself. Besides the Bible, we had a "Pilgrim's Progress," a volume of sermons by Mr. Bain, which he had given to each of his parishioners, a few smaller religious books and tracts, and, strange companion, a copy of Fenimore Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans." Without altogether neglecting the other books, Cooper's novel was assuredly a frequent study and a welcome friend to me. Along with Andrew Hume, to whom I lent the book in secret, I talked over all the stirring incidents and exploits of that, to us, most wonderful history.

A capital find came in our way one day, through Andrew picking up on the road a soiled copy of the veracious history of Prince Lee Boo, the amiable prince who came to this country, and whose astonishment at a four-post bed, duly set forth in one of the little pictures in the book, was for a time one of the constant subjects of talk between us. The maps in the school were few in number in those days, but we made the most of them ; and it was a day of days when our teacher, having heard of our speculations on the subject, showed us at his house a copy of "Kirkwood's Atlas," then the best book of the kind known in Scotland. "The World on Mercator's Projection" was a great assistance to us, as the positions on the two hemispheres were not very easily understood on the flat map. Occasionally a copy of the *Caledonian Mercury*, then a flourishing newspaper, came in our way, and we stumbled through as much of it as we could understand, and marvelled over the rest. Very commonplace and devoid of interest any professed novel reader will say ; yet as a true record of life in humble circumstances, I hope it will not be wholly unappreciated.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST YEAR AT WORK.

"Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."—*Fletcher.*

I HAD reached ten years of age, and perhaps a few months more, when an event occurred which put a stop to my schoolboyhood, and determined my father to seek out some employment for me.

But it will be necessary to turn back a little in my story, so as to explain the cause of which this was an effect. Sir Hugh Cairnburgh remained in possession of his estates, but a powerful internal malady had converted him almost completely to an invalid. His son and heir, who had reached twenty-five at the time I now refer to, had been a fairly good boy, and if not free from the social failings of his time, had at least brought no discredit on the family up to the time when he joined the army. There, however, he met an ingenious and hypocritical scamp—one of those men who arise amongst good families, as I have often conjectured, as a warning to them to know that

neither birth nor education, no, nor even care in training and the benefit of a good example, will annihilate the inherently savage and immoral character of man. Captain Dalswinton was of the earth earthy, except that part of him which was of the devil devilish ; and as he had the power of assuming those virtues which he had not, and of paying that homage which vice, in the form of hypocrisy, renders to virtue, it was hardly a marvel that one so facile as Henry William Cairnburgh should fall a victim to his arts. The heir of Hollowglen and Tormilly had a handsome allowance ; but under the tutelage of Captain Dalswinton he soon over-ran it, and his shamefacedness inducing him to hide the fact from his father, he got into enormous obligations before the true character of his sworn companion dawned upon him. It was the old, old story ; and when, at length the prodigal son did in actual fact return to his father, and, falling on his neck, implored his forgiveness, the evil done by the tempter and his "friend in the city," Mr. Moses, was found to be sufficient to cripple for years even the substantial wealth of Sir Hugh. At first the retrenchment necessary to clear off the debt thus incurred only took the form of some reduction of the number of the house retinue, and of the guests which it was once the worthy baronet's delight to entertain. This was about three years after my going to school. But the increase of Sir Hugh's malady, and the fear he entertained that he might not leave the estates as he had received them, unburdened with debt, induced him to seek still further retrenchment. True, the encumbrance was the act of the heir, but this did not move the father from his purpose. Some of the bits of woodland which he was not bound to maintain in that condition were cleared, and either laid down in arable land, or let off as suburban "feus" to enterprising builders from the city, then beginning to stretch its limits, octopus-like, to the bounds of surrounding estates. Thus it fell out that the number of men in the forester's department was reduced, and my father was paid off. He was allowed to remain as tenant in the old cottage ; and although he had no difficulty in getting work on a neighbouring farm—for strong and willing labourers were beginning to get scarce—he had now his rent to pay, and his coals to provide, two items sufficient to alter greatly his domestic condition. Thus it happened that the knavery of Captain Dalswinton put a stop to my schooling, for my father resolved that I must now join Agnes in labouring at the mill.

The paper mill at Wellpark occupies, as most works of the kind do, a most beautiful and romantic situation. A deep dell, wooded to the summit, a crystal clear stream, fresh from the neighbouring mountains, and the vicinity of some spots which, as I afterwards found, are enshrined in Scottish history, conspired to make the valley in which Wellpark stood famous far and near. The stream, hugging closely the north side of the "dean" it had worn for itself, left a fine level haugh between it and the steep declivity on the other side, and on this level ground stood the works. A smaller stream ran into our river a short distance below the mill, and the height on the north thus assumed the character of a ridge or "hogback," a favourite walk for persons in search of the picturesque, as giving from the ridge the command of two very beautifully-wooded valleys. The owner of Wellpark Mill lived in a beautiful mansion, Dellpark, close beside the work ; and the nicely laid-out grounds of the mansion—in which the ponds for supplying spring water to the mill were tastefully arranged to do duty as ornamental lakes—formed a very pretty landscape as seen from the ridge : so pretty that even the furnaces, the noise and the bustle of the

extensive mill hardly interfered with the beauty of the scene. Time would fail me to point out all the beauties which made the vicinity famous—beauties which I only learned to appreciate long after they had been seen with the dry practical eye of one who had to disregard the picturesque and look after the earning of daily bread. There was the famous chapel two miles off, with its ruined grandeur, admitted as unique in ecclesiastical history; the old castle, whose subterranean dungeons I once explored with so much dread; and the mansion-house, rendered classic by the visit of one of England's early captains of poesy, with its caves, rendered even more distinguished by its legendary stories of concealed fugitives, or the speculations that they might have been the homes of prehistoric man. A canopied tomb by the roadside, erected to one of Maria Theresa's generals—a Scot of a family who had, like so many of his countrymen, sought military employment abroad—was also one of the curiosities of this interesting region.

But it will be well understood that when Agnes and I, she fifteen and I ten, set out from home, wet or dry, to walk three miles to work, or set out from work, tired and worn, to walk three miles home, we had little thought for such things. Agnes was well employed in charge of a cutting machine, to which she had to push forward a never-ending supply of rags, and take care not to push too far forward her limited supply of fingers. In the same room were about thirty women and sturdy girls employed in the hand-cutting of rags, and to my eyes, when I first saw it, the sight was a remarkable one. In front of each worker was a tub or box full of white rags, with a bench across it, on which was fixed a strong knife, set upright, with its edge turned from the worker. Each woman had her arms bare to the elbows, and her work was to draw the rags rapidly across the knife till they were reduced to sufficiently small fragments, when they were thrown into boxes. If the work was curious, how much more so the sharpening of the knife. On the bench before each woman two sharpening stones were placed. When one of the workers felt the edge less keen than it should be, she seized the stones, and seemed to have a sparring match with the knife as she passed them rapidly one after the other up or down the opposite edges. I am the more minute with the notice of this work because, to many of my readers, it may be new to know that women did this work, or, indeed, that such work requires to be done.

My duty was of a less remarkable character at first, being only to draw the sheets of finished paper from the cutting machine, and pile them up in a heap against a corner of wood that fitted their shape. But in course of time I learned the whole art of papermaking, and even when at Wellpark came to have charge of one of the wonderful machines in which pulp, issuing from the vat, is converted into a continuous web of paper. At the date when I reached this stage, the machines were still driven by a vast undershot water-wheel; and it was one of my earliest fancies, on coming as a boy, that this wheel, which stood immediately under the floor of the mill manager's room where I was introduced, sung a tune of its own. A lively, cheery tune it was, which to this day runs in my mind; and when, many years afterwards, I heard one of my own girls play the same tune on the pianoforte—it was one of Logier's Exercises in his supplement to the "Companion to the Chiroplast," a musical manual long ago discarded—very curious and lively memories of bygone days were unexpectedly revived.

(To be continued.)

THE MAN WITH AN INCOME AND NOTHING TO DO.

A MAN who has nothing to do is a pitiable object. He is simply a kept man. He is living on charity. Some amiable snoozer, now dead, has left him the money he lives on, and all he has to do is to draw the money, and eat, drink and sleep. No eyes can brighten with happiness when he comes home, because he only comes home when the other places are closed. He cannot come home tired and be petted and rested by willing hands, because it would be a mockery to pet a tired man who had got tired doing nothing. Such a man simply exists and is no good on earth. If he would wheel a barrow and earn a dollar, and get tired and buy a beefsteak with the dollar, and have it cooked and eat it while the appetite was on that he got wheeling the barrow, he would have more enjoyment than he had ever known before. The man with nothing to do on earth no doubt thinks, as he lies around and smells frowsy, that he is enjoying life, but he knows no more about enjoyment than a tom-cat that sleeps all day and goes out at nights to play short-stop to a lot of bootjacks and beer bottles. Such a man is a cipher, and does not know enough to go in when it rains. If there were less incomes left to lazy young fellows, and more sets of carpenter tools, there would be more real enjoyment.

"MIND YOUR BUSINESS."

AN anecdote is told of a clockmaker who, being employed to construct a new clock for the Temple, London, was desirous of a suitable motto to be placed under the clock. One day he applied to the benchers of the Temple for the motto while they were at dinner, and one of them, annoyed at the unseasonable interruption, testily replied, "Go about your business." Understanding this to be the selected motto, the clockmaker inscribed it under the clock, where it still remains to admonish all to attend to business.

The Continental cent, usually known as the Franklin cent, because its legend was proposed by him, gives the same advice in the words: "Mind your business." This is frequently misquoted and corrupted to "Mind your own business," which, instead of a counsel to diligence, is a rebuke to meddling. Franklin's advice was an admonition to perform duty and to care for the concerns which make life successful. It contains the very kernel of all business wisdom. A homely adage is that "It is better to drive your business than to let your business drive you;" better to be a master and manager of your business than to be its slave and victim. This is the essence of the Franklin cent motto, and, whether acknowledged in so many words or not, it is the actuating principle and the underlying cause of all business management and business success.

SEVERAL years ago, Regent Street was regularly patrolled by a beggar who asked alms of no other passers-by except old ladies. To these he addressed himself thus:—"Oh, *young* lady have pity on a poor beggar!" He was singularly successful in his appeals. In reply to an inquiry, he explained his success thus:—"You see, sir, my plan pleases all the ladies. Some of 'em believe me, and are pleased with the compliment; others see its all a sham, and they are tickled by the joke; so, you see, I get something from all of 'em."

SECOND SIGHT: OR, THE MURDERER CONVICTED.

A TALE OF FOYERS.

EARLY in the present century, shortly after the opening of the Caledonian Canal, a few farmers in the valley of Strathdean determined to send a number of cattle by the new line of traffic to Glasgow. The animals were shipped at Inverness, and it was arranged that the overseer, or "grieve," of the principal owner, along with one of the farm-servants, should accompany the vessel to Glasgow to see to their safe delivery. Having duly performed this business and received the money, which amounted to a very considerable sum, the grieve and his companion started on their return voyage. In order to shorten their route, they landed on the shore of Loch Ness, and proceeded in the direction of the Falls of Foyers. It was late in the afternoon when they approached the crazy bridge that spanned the river below the upper fall. A substantial structure has now been erected, but at that time there were only a few rude planks stretched across between two jutting rocks, and covered over with turf. The scene was and is one of the finest in Scotland. The banks of the river and the sides of the mountain are covered with weeping birch. Steep rocks hem in the current, which increases in velocity, and falls in a sheet of white foam into the boiling pot below. It was enough to turn the steadiest head to cross that frail narrow bridge, stretching like a spider's line two hundred feet above the brown seething abyss of waters.

The two men were at this time not on the best of terms. They were rivals for the affections of their master's daughter, the bonniest lassie in all the country side. Macpherson, the grieve, was favoured by the father; but, as often happens in such cases, the humbler suitor was preferred by the damsel herself. The old farmer was in somewhat straitened circumstances, and it was generally believed he owed this Macpherson money for unpaid fees. Matters had almost reached a crisis, although no open rupture had actually taken place.

As the men approached the narrow pathway, they paused a moment before attempting the critical passage. Then they proceeded, cautiously and firmly, to work their way across. When they had almost reached the centre, Macpherson, who was in the rear, stretched forth his hand, and, with one sudden jerk, hurled the young man down into the torrent. There was a wild, terrible cry—a heavy plunge—and the grieve's rival was buried in the swirling tide.

On reaching home, Macpherson related the sad accident that had befallen his friend. There was nothing improbable in the incident as he related it; but the farmer's daughter Jeanie gave one swift searching glance into the murderer's face that caused him to pale, and she then fainted away. It had been arranged that the two men, on leaving the ship, should divide the money between them, as travelling was then far from safe on account of robbers. Diligent search was made for the body, and there was added to their natural anxiety the further incentive to recover the money which the lost man was supposed to carry on him. After nearly a week's fruitless search, the body was found in an almost unrecognisable condition, but no money. This was hardly matter of surprise under the circumstances, and the whole affair was soon to a large extent forgotten. The poor farmer, hard pressed by this

additional loss, was fain to accept the grieve's proffered assistance. He now increased his endeavours to forward his debtor's suit, but Jeanie refused to listen. Her former feeling of calm indifference seemed now changed to positive aversion. Macpherson, who had always been reckoned a "dour" man, became still more moody and stern.

One day, about a year after the above occurrence, an old blind beggar man came to the farm-house. He was well known in the district, and rather dreaded, as he was commonly believed to be possessed of second sight. It was about the middle of the day, and the servants were in the kitchen at their noon-tide meal. Jeanie, who was superintending the distribution of food when the old man came to the door, asked him very kindly to come in and have something to eat.

"What do ye want, ye aul' beggar?" said Macpherson, harshly. "Here, Laddie"—to the dog, who had begun to growl—"take 'im, boy." The dog advanced, growling and snarling, but the old man heeded not. Straining his white, sightless eyeballs in the direction of his persecutor, "Ah!" he cried, in a strange low eager voice, "wha was that I heard speak? Ay, it's comin'; I see it clearly noo. There's a roar o' fa'in' water in my lugs. The brig is narrow, but the grave is narrower. I see twa men crossing. Gang cannie, an' wile your steps. They've reached the middle. The hin'most man lays his han' on the ither's shoulder. Mercy!"—the rapid words had sunk to a whisper as he peered wildly forward, then ended in a shriek—"Jamie Fraser's at the boddom o' Foyer's Linn, an' you, Macpherson, are his murderer!"

The old man trembled like an aspen as he shook his shrivelled fist at the grieve who sat in the chair, stricken dumb, and pale to the very lips. All eyes were turned upon him, for no one now doubted that he was guilty. He had sat without moving from his chair while the beggar was speaking, and stared in helpless terror. His courage and bravado had gone, and he now confessed the murder. A month afterwards he was tried at the Circuit Court of Justiciary in Inverness, and sentenced to death. Before his execution he made a full confession, giving the complete details of the murder. He had kept all the money without giving a share to the young man, because he believed that the fact would never be found out, and he wished to have the means to put Jeanie's father in his power.

Shortly after the events we have described a substantial arched bridge was constructed, and this still forms the most advantageous spot for viewing the Falls. Yet oft the traveller thinks, as he gazes from that dizzy height, on the sad fate of Jeanie's hapless lover.

THE late Earl of Aberdeen appears to have been rather awkward in a ball-room. When obliged on one occasion to stand up with an ambassadress, Sam Rogers said, "The Earl danced as if he was hired for the purpose and was not sure of being paid."

DURING a late trial a Dutch witness persisted in telling what his wife told him. To this the counsel objected, and was supported by the judge. He again went on to tell "shust how it vas," when the counsel sang out, "How do you know that?" "My wife told me," was the answer. This was repeated several times, and at last the judge said: "Suppose your wife were to tell you that the heavens had fallen, what would you thfnk?"—"Vell, I should tink dey was down."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"KYLE'S SCOTTISH LYRIC GEMS," words and music, with pianoforte accompaniment, by T. S. Gleadhill. (Glasgow: Joseph Ferrie.)

WE were privileged, some ten years ago, to listen to Mr. Gleadhill exercising his gifts as a teacher of music in a town in the west of Scotland. The remembrance is still fresh of the skill and success with which he then conducted his work. Many publications of high artistic merit show that, like good wine (we do not say that he like's good wine, or wine of any vintage, certainly not that grown in Stratford-atte-Bow), Mr. Gleadhill improves with age. The present collection of Scottish airs, which he has harmonised, are not only worthy of but will be found to add to his already well-earned reputation. In this collection it should be noted that the pieces are set to keys suitable for either pianoforte or violin, and the price of this valuable collection, neatly bound, is only two shillings. It can only be had direct from Mr. Ferrie, the publisher.

"PRUE AND I." By George W. Curtis. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

THIS is a most charming little volume. The man of wealth should read it for its fine and scholarly style, and the poor man should read it for the splendid philosophy it teaches. In his preface Mr. Curtis says:—"I prefer the fruit I can buy in the market to that which a man tells me he saw in Sicily, but of which there is no flavour in his story;" and this gives a hint of one source of contentment and romance the poor old bookkeeper who is the hero of the story possesses. Another is in the exercise of his fancy, as in those chapters "Dinner Time," "My Chateaux" (they are in Spain!), and the "Cruise in the Flying Dutchman." The old bookkeeper has a favourite pastime of watching ladies driving to dinner, and following them in fancy to the scene of enjoyment. With this same fancy, he argues, he has an advantage over those who are actually present, though he does tumble over an apple-woman in looking after Aurelia's carriage. He says:—"Then at the table I should not have sat by her. You would have had that pleasure; I should have led out the maiden aunt from the country, and have talked poultry when I talked at all. Aurelia would not have remarked me. Afterward, in describing the dinner to her virtuous parents, she should have concluded, 'And one old gentleman whom I did not know.' . . . How much better was it that I was not invited to that dinner, but was permitted by a kind fate to furnish a subject for Aurelia's wit." And so content at home with Prue, and the charming romances and unsullied pleasures his fancy conjures up, the philosopher urges that he has the better enjoyment. It is certain that with such a philosophy life can be made well worth living. This little volume, the first reprint in Britain of papers written in 1857, is got up with Mr. Douglas's usual taste.

"BELLINDA," a Novel. By Rhoda Broughton. (London: Richard Bentley & Son.)

A NOVEL writer in some measure enjoys omnipotence, for with him or her all things are possible. If it were not, the authoress of "Cometh up as a Flower" must long ago

have ceased to add to the fictional literature of the age. For without permission to bring about the most unlikely things, how would Rivers in this novel suddenly disappear and as suddenly reappear? and how could Professor Forth go forth from the world just at the nick of time? The whole thing is quite unnatural, proving that truth is not stranger than fiction. Yet to read the book is a great treat, and those who have seen Miss Broughton's former novels will see that here she is to the full as attractive as ever.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALEXIS.—In such cases it is safest to consult a respectable solicitor.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON (Chelsea).—Undoubtedly to refuse your request, under such circumstances as you explain, is not honest.

T. O. (Manchester).—In our opinion it would be simply "throwing good money after bad."

ENQUIRER (Bath).—The "Crescent City" is New Orleans. The "City of Magnificent Distances" is Washington. "Bon Accord" is a pet name for Aberdeen, also called the "Granite City." "Modern Athens" was applied to Edinburgh from its physical not its mental character, but Edinburgh people like to be considered "Modern Athenians."

YOUNG TAR (Oldham).—"Then they keel-hauled the bow to the spanker boom" is not correct nautically. There is but one rope on board ship, so it should be easy to "know the ropes." The one is the bucket rope—all other bits of cordage have specific names.

JOHN P. ROBINSON (Dundee).—You will find some information about Mumbo Jumbo in Mungo Park's Travels.

"WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE, &c."

A BAD boy on Tremont Street threw a stone at a pigeon which was walking about in the roadway, and tumbled it over in the dirt. It immediately recovered itself, however, and flew away before the boy could catch it. An energetic and rather muscular woman who was passing caught hold of him, however, and treated him to alternate shakes by the ear and blows over the head with an umbrella, accompanying this exercise with shrill outcries against his brutishness and the despicable cruelty to animals which his conduct revealed. "If I were your mother," said she, as she gave him a parting cuff, "I would whip you to within an inch of your life, and if I were the Governor" (charming feminine ignorance of affairs political this!) "I would pass a law to send every boy to gaol who threw stones at poor, innocent birds"—and thus giving vent to her emotions she sailed down the street, very much aglow from her exertions. And as she departed a cynical person who stood by observed that she had upon her hat three stuffed swallows and the pearly wings of two small sea-birds—beautiful, inoffensive creatures, whose lives had been taken because a passing caprice of fashion called for the sacrifice. And this philosopher said to himself something very uncomplimentary about woman's inability to perceive that the sauce appropriate to the goose gave a zest to the flavour of the gander.

TWO Frenchmen wishing to show off their English in a London coffee-house, one remarked, "It does rain to-morrow." "Yes, it was," promptly replied his friend.

"WHAT'S the price of this article?" said a deaf old lady. "Seven shillings," said the draper. "Seventeen shillings!" she exclaimed; "I'll give you thirteen." "Seven shillings is the price!" shouted the honest tradesman. "Oh, seven shillings," the lady sharply rejoined; "I'll give you five."

PUZZLEIANA.

No. 53—ENIGMA.

(First Premium, 6s. Vol.)

The unbeliever argues that all things must come by *me*,
That there was no beginning, nor end will ever be;
That there is no hereafter, no heaven, and no hell,
But that the grave is our last home, where after death we dwell.
Why, then, were our ancestors preserved within the ark
If life was so small value, its future days so dark?
And was that grand occurrence an event beyond compare?
Ordained but by *me* alone, without forethought or care.
And if man has got no soul, and conscience is no guide,
Why, then, are we so anxious our many faults to hide?
Something within me whispers that there is a place above
Where angels with the blest ones dwell, in harmony and love.
Then let me not be daunted by the unbelievers' chaff,
Nor yet repose my trust in *me*, perhaps a broken staff.
And let my days be long or short, my firm belief will be—
There never was, nor ever will, be such a thing as *me*.

84 Albert Street, Burslem, Stafford. WM. MOUNTFORD

No. 54—CHARADE.

(Second Premium, 3s. Vol.)

On the green hills my *first* lie fast asleep,
A nightingale is warbling songs of love;
Faint, from afar, are heard the village bells,
Ringing their chimes like music from above.
Downcast and pensive, 'neath the starry sky,
Sits a lone *next*, with head sunk on his breast;
All else around seems full of peace and joy,
E'en to the sweet wren chirping in her nest.
But as the curfew tolls its dreary knell,
And ushers in the gloomy, darksome night,
My *total* rises, and with weary steps,
From the green meadow takes his homeward flight.

148 Spa Road, London. F. G. WEBB.

No. 55—ENIGMA.

Of little worth are we, and yet we cause
Estrangements, love, hate, peace, and strife;
Kingdoms we overthrow, make or break laws,
And have a share in every aim of life.

London. CHARLOTTE FORD.

No. 56—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My *firsts* and *lasts* are both the same;
An English town they both will name.

1. A lady's here without a doubt;
2. An ancient people now you see.
3. The sailor could not do without
What in the third is sure to be.
4. In the river my fourth is found;
An empire now you view.
5. My *last* is found below the ground,
So now my friends, adieu.

Carlisle. ROBIN HOOD.

No. 57—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Initials give a well-known name,
And finals what is in the same.

1. This is a catch without a doubt,
Once in it, very few get out.
2. A Spanish noble's here displayed,
One of the very lowest grade.
3. If you this word would solve aright,
A liquid you must bring to sight.
4. You'll see me when the red-coats come,
I am a very little drum.
5. I'm always found where sailors are—
On sailing-ship, or man-of-war.
6. An ancient head-dress here is shown—
The Persians use to put it on.
7. Here we have wise men of letters,
Who in learning have no betters.
8. My *next* is always bubbling up,
Drink off at once, and do not sup.
9. Above your head this you will trace
In every house and dwelling-place.

Glasgow. R. FINDLAY.

No. 58—CHARADE.

My *first* is forward, right away; my *final* is my first;
My *second*, sure, is number one, by many justly cursed.
Although my *total* never sings, nor frets, nor grieves, nor sighs,
Yet oftentimes it quickly brings hot tears into the eyes.

Catrine. T. AITKEN.

No. 59—SQUARE WORDS.

1. A nicer dress could scarcely be,
2. To expiate in this you see,
3. The blacksmith often uses me.
4. A lump of metal now behold,
5. And what belongs to birds were told.

Glasgow. J. CHALMERS.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN No. 8.

No. 11.

MISSING
ORGAN
RELI
VIXEN
EARRING

No. 12—LOO-KING (G) LASS.

No. 13—POLES.

No. 14.

FANCY
OPERA
OCTOBER
TOD

No. 15—BROOK-ROOK.

Answered by the following:—H. Cooper, Edinburgh; J. Thomlinson, Skipton; R. Irvine, Carlisle; J. C. Miller, Glasgow; T. Aitken, Catrine; W. C. M'Donald, Aberdeen; T. M'Haffey, Belfast.

Received:—T. Lidgerton, Sunderland; J. Chalmers, Glasgow; Charlotte Ford, London; W. Mountford, Burslem; W. C. M'Donald, Aberdeen; J. C. Miller, Glasgow; W. Miller, Glasgow; F. G. Webb, London; J. P. Harrington, London; J. Thomlinson, Skipton; G. Hill, Rutherglen; "Bethalia," Edinburgh (name and address, please); "Pro Bono Publico." (To give monthly subscribers a chance to compete, we allow an interval of six weeks between the insertion of the puzzles and the answers. See rules.)

QUEER NAMES.

To any one who has time and patience, directories of all cities can be made a protracted study, and will afford much information and amusement. A directory we went through recently contains 152,280 names, embracing 464 Joneses, 232 Robinsons, and 1629 Smiths, 1 Eagle, 8 Woodcocks, 10 Sparrows, 1 Lark, 5 Doves, 67 Cranes, 4 Canaries, 1 Pigeon, 2 Ducks, 4 Goslings, 1 Hen, 42 Swans, 8 Hawks, 38 Birds, 24 Fish, 14 Pike, 2 Crabs, 1 Shad, 14 Bass, 9 Salmon, 107 Woods, 16 Pines, 12 Birches, 5 Palms, 1 Maple, 2 Chestnuts, 1 Locust, 1 Crabtree, and 2 Acorns; 1 Lion, 1 Tiger, 1 Bear, 99 Wolves, 19 Badgers, 144 Foxes, 12 Bulls, 5 Bullocks, 24 Churches, 4 Chapels, 1 Corpse, who is a Widow; 42 Coffins, 21 Graves, 66 Bishops, 69 Deans, 5 Deacons, 10 Christs, 2 Chants, 221 Green, 656 Brown, 78 Black, 127 Gray, 1 Buff, and 2 Blue; 2 Dollars, 1 Dime, 1 Farthing, 4 Shillings, 6 Crowns, 8 Gold, 11 Silver, 8 Cash, 2 Buggys, 1 Ship, 8 Crews, 5 Crafts, 56 Waters, 197 Bakers, 26 Barbers, 25 Butchers, 5 Shoemakers, 5 Bankers, 1 Parent, 5 Cousins, 4 Dukes, and 1 Colonel, of which 1 is Sour, 30 are Sweet, 7 Large, 22 Small, 1 Tall, 70 Long, 32 Short, 9 Smart, 11 Bridges, 9 Beers, 16 Coffees, 10 Salt, and 6 Pepper.

* * Parts I., II., and III. now ready, containing portraits of—

The Queen.
Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.
Mr. Henry Irving.
The Duke of Buccleuch, K.G.
Rt. Hon. Jos. Chamberlain, M.P.
Rt. Hon. Sir Charles. W. Dilke, Bart., M.P.
Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P.
H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.
(From a Photograph by Messrs. Downey.)
The Earl of Rosebery, K.T.
Lady Brassey.
Mr. A. C. Mackenzie.
Madame Marie Roze.
Rt. Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P.

Printed separately on toned paper. Price, 6d. per copy; by Post, 7d.

The LONDON OFFICE of THE TATLER is at 84 FLEET STREET (next door to PUNCH Office).

To be had at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, London, and in the country; also Messrs. WILLING & Co.'s Bookstalls, London, &c.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors by MACRON & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—December 8, 1883.

1000



MISS MARY ANDERSON.

THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 16.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

"SHE LOVED ME FOR MYSELF."

Amidst the roses, lo! my dear wife stands,
Herself the fairest, sweetest flower of all
I think, as from her slender, snow-white hands
She lets the honey-petaled blossoms fall.

Amidst the roses, while the daylight pales,
Our home stands golden in the setting sun;
And 'neath our vine-wreathed porch *she* never fails
To give me welcome when the day is done.

And when I meet her happy love-lit eyes,
I know it cannot be through sordid pelf
That I have won my life's most precious prize—
She loved and took me simply for—*myself*!

Amidst the roses, lo! my darling stands!
Herself the sweetest, fairest flower of all
I think, as from her slender, snow-white hands
She lets the honey-petaled blossoms fall.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 16.—MISS MARY ANDERSON.

THE lady whose portrait is given with this issue was born in Sacramento, California, in 1859, and is thus in her twenty-fifth year. At three years of age she lost her father, who was killed in battle while in the Confederate army; and during her seventh year her mother was married to Dr. Hamilton Griffin, a physician of Louisville, Kentucky, and a patron of the drama. Insensibly the girl derived a taste for dramatic performances, and to many she seemed from the first to be a born actress. As early as her fourteenth year, she became anxious to go upon the stage, but her parents were opposed to this. Nevertheless, she studied so hard, and betrayed such a marvellous genius for the drama, that they at last consented. She was taken from school, and masters were procured to train her for the dramatic profession. At the age of sixteen Miss Mary Anderson made her *debut* in Macauley's Theatre, in Louisville, acting *Juliet*, when her success was complete. Her wonderful power, and intense tragic force, combined with her high social position, attracted at once the greatest attention. Her step-father assumed the managerial duties, and her mother became her constant companion in all their travels. None of the three knew anything about theatrical affairs. But one success followed another,

until her tour through the United States became almost triumphal. In America she played as *Evadne*, *Pauline*, *Juliet*, *Julia* (in Knowles' "Hunchback"), *The Countess* (in "Love, or the Countess and the Serf"), *Meg Merrilees* (in "Guy Mannering"), *Lady Macbeth*, *Parthenia* (in "Ingomar"), and *Galatea*. A fitting culmination to these triumphs was her appearance, at the age of twenty-four, at the Lyceum Theatre, in London. Miss Mary Anderson came almost unknown, unheralded—without the usual flourish of trumpets and distribution of photographs; but some curiosity was aroused to see the young American, and a good house assembled to witness her first appearance. The success was instantaneous, and her houses have grown nightly, till the "standing only" cards have been out every evening, and every night hundreds of disappointed applicants for seats are turned from the doors.

Another part this beautiful and talented lady has just essayed with wonderful success is *Galatea*, in Gilbert's romantic mythological comedy of "Pygmalion and Galatea," and a new one-act tragic drama has been written especially for her by Mr. Gilbert, which is said to be the best and strongest thing he has yet produced.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF TOWN DWELLINGS.

REFERRING to this subject on the 17th of November, THE TATLER used the following words:—"It is a well-known principle of law that no man may profit by his own wrong. . . . When a house is condemned by sufficient authority as 'unfit for habitation,' there remain three courses open to the lord of the ruins. He should have a fair opportunity of putting the place right,—removing all overcrowding houses—or of taking the whole thing down at his own cost, or having the whole thing swept away without compensation. We don't compensate a man when we seize and destroy putrid meat or fish which he offers for sale. Why should we compensate a man when we seize and destroy a putrid house?"

Those who have read Mr. Chamberlain's exhaustive article in the *Fortnightly Review* for this month will see that in those sentences we anticipated some of the most remarkable passages in that article. The first of the remedies proposed by the President of the Board of Trade is almost word for word the same as in our

brief article—if not word for word, it is certainly idea for idea. He says—

"The law should make it an offence, punishable by heavy fine, to own property in a state unfit for human habitation. The law already punishes the retail tradesman who exposes diseased meat for sale, and it is a much more serious offence to make a profit out of conditions which are absolutely incompatible with health and morality."

This, it must be remarked, is not "the hair-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity," but the utterance of a Cabinet Minister, with all the will, given opportunity, to give concrete effect to the principles here laid down in the abstract. Mr. Chamberlain gives much praise to the legislation of Sir Richard Cross, as being creditable to its author, and as the most radical and comprehensive scheme of reform yet suggested. But though the idea was excellent—and nothing fairer in theory could, in Mr. Chamberlain's words, be conceived—yet it has failed in its object through the great outlays for compensation which the valuers have imposed. Clearly something more thorough and drastic is required, and no doubt it will some day be attempted. The only point to be observed is, that the owner is not made to suffer for the actions of the tenant, as in some cases there might be a danger of such a thing occurring.

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL:

A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mi noo aunt's a reglar frawd. She knos more 'bout uncle nor he knos hisself. An' she knos more 'bout tother fokeses bisnis nor they knos thirselves. Uncle thinks she's smart, but Mr. Spiers sez she's only impidunt. Grace sez if it warnt for me she'd clar out kwikkern winkin'. Aunt thinks most fokes is trash, an' them as aint trash she's swete on. An' she redes moren hafe uncle's letturs, an' then sez she's did it in misstake. Jo sez she's wuss nor a polecat, an' Cesar lets her see his tethe evry time she go's nere his house. I gess he thinks she aint got no tethe of her own to bite bak. Wen she by's things she nevvur pays nuthin', an' bils is allus a cumin' in, an' uncle don't kno. He jes lets her do as she's a mind to, an' givs her munny to pay for everythin', wich she don't, an' she thinks I tels uncle evrythin' I knos 'bout her. So 1 day she was bizzyer nor a bee, ritin' an' ritin' an' ritin', an' then I was 2 help put 'em all up an' take 'em to the post offis. An' she red 'em all out loud, an' then told me to put 'em in thur rite envelops. Sum of 'em was 2 bo's, as swete as cood be, 'bout hafe-a-duzzin, an' sum on 'em was 2 wimmin, a praising uncle, an' sayin' he was hansum, an' evun bettern he loked. An' sum on 'em was 2 stores, a sassin 'em for sendin' bils, an' sayin' as how uncle was sik—wich he warn't 1

bit, he was only 'frade to go down the strete case he got mob'd agen—an' that he wood pay wen he was gude an' reddy. They wos drefful impidunt letturs—I dunno how 'twas—I gess thur was sum mixin o' them letturs—'tleastways I kno'd the pork man awter got 1 of the impiduntest, and he cum'd up an' most shuke the house down a-getting on his neese in front of her, an' sez—

"Vill you be meine, frau. I luvs you, an' my 7 chilen luvs you, but I nevvur kno'd you luv'd me so mooch as to rite dis peutiful lettur. You air 2 far away from mi arms. Let me kis yure pooty hand."

An' most 'fore he got up, the taylor as made uncle's noo blaks for aunt's deth an' berryal cumd in. An' wen he saw the butshur he askt him wot he was doin' a-fulin around there. An' the butshur sed he warn't a-fulin, he was lukin' fur a vife. So the taylor sed as how the wuman as rote him a lettur he held in his hand warn't likely gwine to be ennybuddy's wife but his'n. An' he told the butshur to go home case his pork got blo'd. So they was jes beginin' to kwarl wen uncle's shoemaker cum'd. Mr. Spiers sed, wen I told him 'bout the fun, the taylor mite soot her, but the son of Krispin wood give her his all an' luv her 2 the last. The 3 of 'em loked kinder fulish at 1 another, an' aunt was wundrin' wot they was a-thinkin' about. "Let's swop letturs," sez the taylor. So they swopt—an' slid. Aunt crid on 'em not 2 go away, but they kept agoin', an' wen they got out I heerd the shoo man say—"Fuled evry 1 of us—own up, an' let's likker."

CHAPTER XXV.

I WENT pritty sune an' pade them bils, an' aunt didn't get nere so menny letturs, tho' she wax'd me most evry day for puttin' the rong letturs in the rite env'lups. I gess she aint got so menny bo's now. Her letturs is mostli bils for uncle. It was gettin' nere time to tell him. One day mi noo aunt was out, an' I seen the quereest things in her rume—a pare of stokkins as wood stand rite up thirselves. They was shap'd sames if legs was in 'em. I thawt aunt must ware wuden legs. So wen she cum'd in, an' was lyin' on the sofy a-redin' to uncle, I got close to her an' stuk a pin in her leg up to the hed, an' she jes kep on redin'. She nevvur skwurm'd 1 bit. I askt Grace how 'twas, an' she most dyed laffin', an' sed it wood be's wel for aunt if no donkis got snuffin' around aunt, cos they was awful fond o' bran. I wos drefful pusled, an' askt Mr. Spiers if I mite stik a pin in his leg. He askt me if I was funnin', or wot. So I told him 'bout aunt. An' wen he cood speke he sed sum big wurds, wich I made him say over agen while I rote 'em down, so's I cood find out their menin. He sed as how aunt's legs was callus thru an artfishul thikknin of the kewtikl. Anyhow she went away where she cum'd from for a fu dase in a big hurry, an' left all her things skatur'd around. I gess sumbuddy was ded or diin', or bein'

born ded, or suthin'. So Grace an' me got a fixing her rume up. Ther was piles o' letturs to uncle, an' bils from most evrybuddy in Stokerville—Grace made me take 'em all to uncle, an' a payntin pot, an' sum white stuff, an' sum yaller spyrals, an' sum tethe jes like ded aunt's, an' a pare of them stokkins, an' a hepe of uther fixins. So I shode him the payntin pot, an' askt him wot it was.

"That's a ruge pot, mi dere; where did you get it?"

"In aunt's rume. That's where she makes her red cheeks."

"An' wot's this?" sez uncle, a-lukin' at the white stuff—"powdur, I do bleeve. That'll be where she gets her white skin."

"That's 'bout what Grace thinks, uncle," I sez; "an' wot's this, uncle? Aint it like wot aunt has on her hed?"

"Surtunly it is—how strange."

"No 'taint," sez I, "'taint strange, cos I knos evry Skru in it. It's aunt's uther scalp. She's gone in her sundy r."

He lukt at the tethe, an' then he put on his speks an' 'gan lukin' an' lukin' at the stokkins. He coodn't make 'em out. He turn'd 'em rownd an' over, an' loked inside, an' prog'd 'em with his fingur. So I sed—

"Them's aunt's legs, uncle. Aint they nice?"

"Very nice, mi dere, very nice. Take all this rubbish out. Why the wuman's as holo as the sowndin' bras an' the tinklin' simbal. Ther aint nuthin' rele 'bout her, hed nor fute, culler nor cumplekshun."

"But that aint the badist, uncle. Grace sez you awter kno all them bils aint pade, an' fokeses is threttnin' law."

Ther was an awful row wen aunt cum'd bak. Uncle sed hede put her in prsn if she didn't giv up evry dollur he'd giv'd her. So she gev it up, an' uncle bundl'd her out, an' told her not to forget her stokkins nex time she went vissetin' case she cawt cold. I gess the fuss did uncle gude, cos he got us all up, Jo an' Mammie an' all, an' red to us 'bout Jezybul.

A commercial traveller was paralysed when a young lady asked him, "When are you going peddling again?"

◆ ◆ ◆

"**LORD SEND US A GUID CONCEIT O' OORSELS.**"—The following advertisement appeared in a journal in Scotland.—"To Bank Managers and Directors.—Wanted, by a young man of good character, a situation as Director. Has already served at Insurance and Embyro Railway Boards, Public Trusts, &c., &c. Has not any mind or opinion of his own, but is well crammed, and having a good dining connection, is in a position to retail what he is put up to. Is very docile, and never differs from his patrons. Would be an acquisition to any board who may fear impertinent questions at next general meeting. Any clique manager, having resignation in prospect will find the advertiser ready to support him, and vote a retiring pension.—Letters addressed 'The Younger' will have immediate attention."

A BOLD BURGLARY.

A REMARKABLY audacious robbery was perpetrated, some years ago, in a fashionable boarding-house in New York city.

The house was kept by Mrs. Clarence Ogden, who occupied, as her sleeping apartment, a back-parlour on the first floor of the house. While in her bed in this room at an early hour in the morning, she was attacked by two robbers, who chloroformed her, bound her arms, thrust a gag into her mouth, and then proceeded to rob the apartment. The discovery of the outrage was not made until nine o'clock A.M., when Mrs. Ogden was found unconscious in the room.

A lady boarder who entered the front-parlour, and, observing that the folding doors were open a little way, peeped in. A shocking sight presented itself. Mrs. Ogden was upon her back, her face deathly pale, her wrists bound together tightly by manilla cord, and in her mouth was a towel tightly packed, which acted as a gag, and prevented her from breathing except through the nostrils.

The lady hurriedly withdrew the towel which had been so tightly pressed into the mouth as to extend down the throat of the victim, and alarmed the household. Medical aid was at once summoned, but, in spite of the remedies given to Mrs. Ogden, she did not recover consciousness until eleven o'clock, and then was not able to give a concise account of the robbery; but she said that in the night or early in the morning she saw by the dim light burning the figures of two men.

Before she could give any alarm or appreciate her situation, one of the men rushed toward her and covered her face with a towel or cloth, saturated with chloroform. The man pressed her head firmly down upon the pillow. She struggled violently for a few moments, and then became unconscious.

Having rendered the lady powerless, the burglars began to ransack the room for valuables. Mrs. Ogden had that day drawn a large sum from the bank, intending to pay some bills of tradesmen, and between 800 and 900 dols. of this money the burglars found in a cloth pocket which Mrs. Ogden was in the habit of wearing.

She had upon her fingers two diamond rings. One of these was removed by the robbers; the other fitted very tightly, and the men cut the stones from out the settings, and left the ring upon her finger.

Two bracelets upon her wrists they did not remove. From the bureau they took various articles of jewellery, and a valuable travelling clock encased in Russia leather. Dresses and shawls were strewed about the room, but the burglars were not in search of wearing apparel, and did not remove any.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH!

MRS. SHODDY, to shopman: "Show me a thermometer—one of your best." Shopman: "This, ma'am, is one of our finest—Venetian glass and the best quicksilver." Mrs. Shoddy: "Silver! That would be nice for the kitching; but I want one for my boodore. Haven't you one with quick gold?"

Mark Twain, whose eyesight was not good, was recommended to try glasses. He went and took four at the nearest drinking saloon, and the result was his eyesight was so much improved that he could see double!

THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

Of course the great event of the week, to use a sporting phrase, was the re-opening of the Alhambra, on Monday 3rd, but I must hold over my notice of this until next week. The address, for which a competition was opened, was written by Mr. Vincent Montgomery—not a bad name that. The artistes are Misses Marion Hood (of "Pirates of Penzance" fame), Adelaide Newton (Mrs. Geo. Mudie), Sallie Turner, Irene Verona, Eily Beaumont, Constance Loseby; Messrs. J. G. Taylor, Fred. Mervin (who always has such a nice moustache), Wilfred Esmond, Aynsley Cook (stouter than ever), George Mudie, George A. Honey, and F. Gaillard; Mdles. Pertoldi and La Bruyère, are the premières danseuses, and M. Jules Rivière the musical director.

That up-to-now unlucky house, known as the "Olympic," re-commenced business on Saturday 1st, under the able direction of Mrs. Chippendale. With such an experienced lady at the helm, I should not be surprised to see the money flow in and help to re-fill, to running-over if you like, the pockets of Mrs. Conover, who must have spent a few shillings in order to make it "clane and dacent." The theatre has been entirely re-decorated, and on the opening night presented a very gay appearance. Mr. Henry Pettitt's play, entitled "The Spider's Web," was the opening attraction.

Mr. G. W. Anson, always a hard-working actor, although he does lose his temper sometimes, played well as the lawyer. In some portions of the play his acting was very fine, and the audience were not slow in recognising his talents. Miss Laura Linden, fresh to win new laurels, also made her mark. Miss Minnie Rayner and Alma Murray played well, whilst the remaining parts received due attention from Mr. J. F. Young, Mr. Philip Beck, Mr. H. H. Vincent, and Mr. C. W. Somerset.

Another sensational drama. That line belongs to Mr. Augustus Harris, but whether he will feel inclined to have a "finger in the pie" I do not know. I hear that a well-known Russian authoress, Mrs. Robert Lowenthal (fancy a Russian lady's name being "Robert") has just completed a new sensational drama in five acts, and it is to receive its first "airing" in Paris. Arrangements are also being made to put the piece on the English stage, for which purpose it is now being translated.

The under-study for Mr. Willard in "Claudian" is a young gentleman rejoicing in the name of Mr. Loftus Don. Mr. Loftus Don is the "very-identical fluke" who determined to cut out Mr. Irving as *Mathias* in "The Bells" some few months ago. However, it didn't come off, as you all know.

Another little matter that will not come off. Miss Fortescue will not marry Viscount Garmoyle after all. His papa refuses to sanction the match, and after a great deal of unnecessary fuss and bother, the noble earl has, at short notice, undertaken a part in Mr. Gilbert's "Wedding Bells," and declares the match "off." It is whispered that a large sum of money has been handed over to the young lady, so as to keep the matter out of the law courts. These things occasionally lead to unkind matters popping up, and this the earl cannot allow. I wonder if his son had a voice in the affair. Never mind,

Miss Fortescue; as the poet what's-his-name hath it, "The course of true love never did run smooth." It might have been worse.

"Pygmalion and Galatea" was given at the Lyceum on Saturday. It was preceded by Tom Taylor's little drama, entitled "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing."

When "Young Folks' Ways" have been endured long enough at St. James' Theatre, "A Scrap of Paper" will be revived. In all probability "The Honeymoon" will then occupy the theatre. Look out for something good then.

The pantomime at the Grand will be by Mr. Frank Green, who will depend on the well-known story of "Jack and the Beanstalk" for his book. Miss Bertie Stokes (Mrs. Medley, I believe) will be the lively *Jack*. This lady was for two or three seasons at the Standard, where she made herself a great favourite.

Mr. Austin Brereton has arrived home again. He has been for a little trip to America. The "Mohawks" have been delighting large audiences at the Pavilion during the past week. They always get on well wherever they go. "Ingomar" is now being played at the Britannia, with Mr. J. B. Howe as *Ingomar*, and Miss Elise Grey, a very charming and natural actress, as *Parthenia*. "Poor Jo" is drawing good houses and plenty of tears at the Standard.

Mr. Edward Compton and company are at the Strand Theatre. Their opening item was "Wild Oats." During his stay, we are promised a revival of the following pieces:—"The Road to Ruin," "Twelfth Night," "The Comedy of Errors," "Much Ado about Nothing," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Heir-at-Law," "The Good-natured Man," "The Poor Gentleman," "The School for Scandal," "The Hypocrite," and "The Rivals." I notice amongst the company the name of Mr. Percy F. Marshall, a gentleman who some few months back left the Roscius Dramatic Club and adopted the sock and buskin. I hope he will show us some good work whilst he is with us.

"Gillette" has proved a dead failure at the Royalty, and Miss Santley has taken it out of the bills.

A capital book is the Christmas number of "The Theatre." In it may be found any amount of readable matter by popular authors, and some excellent portraits.

Those little specimens of humanity known as General Mite and Miss Millie Edwards have, after a tour on the Continent, returned to their old home at Piccadilly Hall, where they will be pleased to see all friends who contribute their "mite" towards their support.

It is very probable that Mr. Terriss will not stay in New York, but will remain with his master and friend, Henry Irving (Henry I.)

What are dramatic authors coming to? The proprietors of a small theatrical paper, which has just made its appearance, have undertaken to bring to light what they call "the great unsaid." They undertake, if suitable, to print the works of those who have hitherto found it hard to bring their "tragedies, comedies, &c.," before the world. The proprietors also promise that a copy of

each play, as it appears, shall be sent to the manager of every first-class theatre in the United Kingdom, and will, if suitable, negotiate for their production. But—what caps all—they have engaged a well-known gentleman, to wit, Mr. Leopold Lewis, author of the “Bells,” &c., to read these plays. The “ineligible ones, when returned to their authors, will, in every case, be accompanied by the written opinion of Mr. Leopold Lewis—the chief demerits being impartially pointed out.” For all this they charge one guinea. I guess Mr. Lewis is destined to have a lively time of it.

Mr. Lewis writes a letter to the paper, in which he says “he has received several dramas.” He goes on to say, “The one which I select for my opinion this week is a drama in three acts, entitled the ‘Avon Dhu; or the Merry Maids of Arlic,’ by, if I mistake not, a well-known Edinburgh solicitor, Mr. Spink. He then speaks of its merits and demerits, and one of his winding-up sentences runs thusly—‘It took me six hours to read.’ And cheap at the price, say I.

This paper also contains a sketch of the life of Mr. Pinero. What do you think of this for originality? It says, “Mr. Pinero works hard, and is a fortunate man. He has a cultivated and handsome wife, and two new comedies in rehearsal at the Globe and the Haymarket.” Dreadful; fancy comparing a wife with two new comedies! What does it all mean?

Mr. Terry returned to the Gaiety on Saturday with the successful “Rocket” and a revival of “Fra Diavolo.” The next burlesque-drama, by F. C. Burnand, to be produced at the Gaiety, will be called “Camaralzaman.” Pretty and nice-sounding title.

The versatile Mr. Walter Howe has been playing Mr. Akhurst's part in “Confusion” at the Vaudeville. He always seems at hand to fill up the gaps caused either by illness or forgetfulness, like Mr. Farren.

Some of the leading amateurs of the North of London intend giving a performance of “The Rivals” shortly, in aid of a charity. They will have the able assistance of Miss Ada Vernon, a lady of whom doubtless you have vern-on before, who will play *Lydia Languish*. She is a very natural little actress, and will doubtless show to advantage in the part. Miss Lily Howard, another clever lady, will be the *Mrs. Malaprop*; Mrs. Charles E. Brock, a pupil of Mr. George Neville, *Sir Lucius*; Mr. Harry Groom, *The Gay Captain*; Mr. Percy Varley, *Sir Anthony*; and Mr. Henry Gordon will look after the stage arrangements and attend to the wants of *Robert Acres, Esq.*

A new burlesque, entitled “Galatea, or the Marble-Arch Statue,” by Lewis Clifton and H. C. Neuton, will shortly arrive upon the field. The music will be composed by Walter A. Slaughter.

J. L. Toole and company returned to his cosy little theatre on Saturday last. Nothing new in the programme, Johnny depending for support on “Artful Cards,” “Namesakes,” and “Stage-Dora,” slightly touched up.

“A Mint of Money” will shortly be found in this house; the only difference between that and the real stuff being that it is destined only to take the form of a “Comedy in three acts, by Arthur Law.” May it turn out a trump.

Mr. Gerald Moore appeared with “Our Regiment” at the Gaiety on Tuesday 4th. This piece, it will be remembered, was originally produced at the Vaudeville. Mr. Moore resumed his old character of *Guy Warriner*. “A Sailor and his Lass” have taken their departure from Drury Lane. Bill—Pantomime rehearsals. Last weeks of “Iolanthe” are announced. “The Crimes of Paris” have given place to “Belphegor” and “The Green Lanes of England” at the Surrey,

WHIFFLES.

On Friday night, 30th November, the distinguished amateurs of Glasgow united their efforts under the auspices of the Irving Dramatic Club, and gave Mr. John Dobson, their stage-manager and leading comedian, a complimentary benefit on the occasion of his taking a farewell of the amateur stage.

The Langham Halls were well filled in all parts by an appreciative and sympathetic audience, and the performance was graced by an ex-Lord Provost.

The curtain rose on Byron's well-known comedy of “A Weak Woman,” in which Mr. Dobson appeared as *Captain Ginger*, and the impecunious blustering captain found a very able exponent in this new aspirant to the honours of the professional “boards.” Mr. Dobson in various passages showed that he possessed the true actor's insight into the character which he represented, and the amorous pathetic scene with *Mrs. Gunn* fairly brought down the house. If Mr. Dobson just adds a little carefulness to his acting, and keeps within the lines of overdoing his part, we augur well for his future success as a “professional,” and will expect to hear more of him in that capacity. However, we would advise, in his again undertaking the representation of *Captain Ginger*, that he should have a little less gingeriness in his “make-up,” and also a little more gum.

Mr. Forest Niven, as *Dr. Fleming*, seemed to have graduated in every peculiarity of mannerism of a medical college, so well did he place before the audience the character of a medical gentleman of the old school. Indeed, with Mr. Dick Moffat as *Tootal*, Mr. Niven, who looked “sweet sixty” to the life, shared the honours of the night with Mr. Dobson, whilst his “make-up” was, without exception, the most artistic and natural.

In the representation of *Fred. Fanshaw* and *Arthur Medwyn* we only saw Mr. Hunter and Mr. Wilson as we would see them in Buchanan Street, and the latter gentleman seemed to have an organ out of tune manufacturing his voice for him.

The female parts of the play were well acted, and the naturalness of Miss Lambeth gave evidence of considerable dramatic ability.

A farce followed, entitled “A Terrible Tragedy,” in which the parts were fairly well sustained.

The setting of the plays would have done credit to a village painter and cartwright; and the “get-up,” of the male characters, at times, was miserable and strongly suggestive of an old-clothes' shop.

The members of the company were called before the curtain at the end of each part, Mr. Dobson being greeted with quite an ovation, which must be very encouraging to that gentleman in his present position. When we again see him before the footlights, we hope he may have his craft securely launched on the tide which leads to fame and fortune.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. XIV.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

No. 39.—THE RESULT OF DRINK.

ONE of the most melancholy experiences of the "Rambler" was when travelling in a train near Wakefield, when he had as his companions two men. One of them proved to be a "plain-clothes' man" or detective, the other his prisoner, going to Wakefield Gaol.

The latter was a fine-looking young man, but with the dire marks of dissipation on his face and a strange look in his eyes—a mixture of shamefacedness and saucy impudence. His dress was in no way remarkable, consisting, to all appearance, of good shoes, a good pair of trousers, and a large military or Highland cloak, the latter very closely buttoned up.

Appearances were for once true. Through some accidental remark, it happened that the young gentleman—for he was a gentleman born—opened up his cloak, and then the "Rambler" saw that from the waist upward the man was *naked*. The cloak was his only covering. How he came to this plight, or why he was going to Wakefield Gaol, need not be detailed. The whole story centred in one word—drink!

No. 40.—"HAVE A DRAIN, OLD BOY?"

This was a long time ago, in the days when *coupe* carriages were more in vogue, and the "Rambler" took his seat, alone, in the end or *coupe* compartment of a second-class carriage, hoping to get a little reading done, and at the same time to get a look at the scenery. Vain hope. Just as the bell rang, the station people hurried into the carriage three rough-looking fellows, smelling of drink, and in their manner showing that they were disagreeable if not dangerous companions to travel with.

Hardly had the train got out of the tunnel near the station when a lemonade bottle filled with whisky was produced, and the three fellows had each a good swig of it. The last to drink turned to the "Rambler" and in an impudent tone said, "Have a drain, old boy." It was not a request but a command, and put the solitary and "unprotected" passenger in a little difficulty. However, he took the proffered bottle, placed the ball of his thumb firmly on the mouth, and, raising the bottle nearly to a perpendicular position, seemed to follow suit in the drinking. The deception was not observed by the half-drunk ruffians, and as they got out at a station about ten miles from the start, the "Rambler" was left for the remainder of the journey in peace, unhurt by the "drain" he had *not* had out of the lemonade bottle.

No. 41.—"COULD YOU MAKE A SCOTSMAN OF ME?"

It was a very narrow escape. The train was flying at forty miles an hour, and at a high bridge something caused us all to rise up to look out of the window of the carriage. There were two or three men besides the "Rambler," and as we each bent forward to see what was to be seen—horror! the door of the carriage flew open, and the "Rambler" fell out. Well, he did not quite fall, for a stalwart young Irishman who was of the party caught him by the coat-tail—the cloth proved to be good—and the whole damage done was the fright and a few stitches in the coat.

Of course the "Rambler" was profuse in thanks to his

preserver, who proved to be a young fellow out of work, and who had found that somehow persons of a different nationality got on better than he had done. To suggestions of "What can I do for you?" he finally replied, with a comical twinkle in his eye, "Sure, sir, I don't know, unless you can make a Scotsman of me!"

MY FIRST TIGER HUNT.

A LEAF FROM A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER'S DIARY

AMONG many strange scenes and adventures in which I took part, during a ten year's military service in India, the following story will illustrate one of the queerest:—

During my service up country in the R. H. A., some twenty of us, all non-commissioned officers, obtained leave to make up a hunting party for a fortnight, the scene of operations being some rather distant jungle. Leave was granted readily enough, but, with one stringent condition, we were to leave dangerous game, such as tigers, leopards, and wild boars, alone, unless we were attacked by them. The lives of seasoned and well-trained soldiers in India being too valuable to be lightly risked by any recklessness, our orders on this point were imperative; but as deer were plentiful, and other varieties of game abundant, we made the best of it, and, taking with us our native servants and regular camp fittings, we started for our well-earned holiday. (We had just returned from a long and trying campaign against some of the border tribes, one of those "little wars" which test the skill of the officers and the mettle of the men more than operations on a larger scale.)

Our hunting camp was pitched near a good stream of water, clear and cool, which came from the snow-clad and far distant hills, and our surroundings were very different from the popular notions about India common at home. We had a well-ordered camp, spite of the uproarious fun in which the men—so recently let loose from arduous duty—indulged. We were near an unsettled frontier, and it was necessary to guard against surprise, so we took our regular turns in camp duty and jungle work; always when hunting going in couples, and returning to camp at sundown. One night my comrade and I were coming back literally laden with the spoils of the chase, for slung between us, on a stout pole, we were carrying a fat wild pig we had been fortunate enough to shoot. Night came on, while the camp fires were only dimly seen in the distance, and as darkness came with the swiftness of tropical climates, the forest round us became discordant with a thousand hideous noises of tropical forest life. Suddenly, near a heavy over-hanging tree, we saw a large pair of gleaming eyes, and heard the loud, cat-like hiss which we had been told was often the prelude to the fatal spring of the dreaded tiger. Our guns were useless against such a foe—loaded, as they were, only with small shot—and, British soldiers though we might be, our surprise was so complete that we dropped our pig and bolted. How we tumbled over tree roots, and into mud holes; how we suffered various losses and misfortunes, as we rushed "through bush and brake," can never be told. Suffice it to say that we reached camp at last shouting "Tiger! Tiger!!" Instantly all the camp was aroused, and in the greatest excitement our rifles were seized and loaded; and then, when ready for action, there came a pause. Our orders were strict not to meddle with such game unless attacked; but here, clearly, a tiger so near meant felonious intent, and even now, doubtless, our unwelcome visitor was enjoying our pig.

This last thought banished all hesitation, and aroused the resolve to seek our foe ; but the expedition was, as we well knew, no joke. The night was pitch dark, the forest very dense, and our enemy notoriously skilled in surprise. The "nerve" of our two or three braggarts failed them before so sudden a test ; they warmly argued against a night attack, when the chances were all in favour of so wily a foe ; they urged, most justly, that spite of our numbers (twenty well-armed men, well-trained in the use of the rifle,) yet, in the darkness, one of the party could be seized and carried off before his own rifle or that of his comrades could be brought to bear. The pause for cautious counsels was, however, short. Six of our coolest and best shots were told off to lead, and a few natives volunteering to assist in tracking, we all marched but the two or three earnest advocates for daylight. Silently we took our way to the huge tree, near which we had received our first alarm, and which was a well-known way-mark in the jungle round. We had seen nothing of our dangerous visitor in our short march from camp to this spot, hut here the native trackers halted and pointed to the tree. There, sure enough, glared the same pair of eyes, and the same sound was heard, but it was far too dark to make out the outline of any animal. Instantly our marksmen raised their rifles. The sharp reports rang through the forest, startling its myriads of inhabitants into the wildest confusion. One shrill scream of agony had followed the report of the rifles ; there was a rustling and beating among the bushes, and then all was still. No one cared to venture too near the spot where our foe had fallen, for a tiger, when mortally wounded, had been known to kill more than one of its human foes, even in its own death struggle. One of our men—an artillery man—had with him a piece of port fire, with which a torch was hastily extemporised ; when well lighted, and blazing with its clear, blue flame, it was flung right into the bush where the game lay. We all looked eagerly, holding our rifles ready for action, when there was a look of blank surprise—a momentary pause—then a loud shout of laughter. Twenty of us, armed with snider rifles, had turned out to shoot an "Owl !"

We went quietly back to camp, and agreed to keep that part of our hunting adventures quiet ; but it was too good a story to keep long, and there was not a camp-fire or barrack-room in all India where you would not soon have heard the story of our First Tiger Hunt.

Rev. Hannibal Higginbotham.—"Miss Slick, won't you play lawn tennis. *Miss Slick.*—"Guess not, Parson; not with these fixins on; reckon I'd turn into a grease spot in two shakes of a cow's tail. The garb of nature, I reckon, is the only one fit to wear at high jinks in this country."—*Indian Charivari.*

◆ ◆ ◆
A wealthy baronet invited the well-known John Clerk of Eldin to inspect a collection of paintings which he had made with infinite care and expense during a recent visit to the Continent. The opinion which he formed of the collection was by no means favourable. Happening to be shortly afterwards in a company of admirers of the fine arts, who were doubting which of the Continental cities furnished the greatest attraction to a purchaser of paintings, "If onybody wants to get guid pictures," said Mr. Clerk, "they should gang to Tours." "To Tours!" exclaimed the company. "Why to Tours, of all places!" "Because Sir — has been there," answered Mr. Clerk, "an' he's bought up a' the bad anes."

THE DRUNKARD'S CONCEIT

Straight from the tavern door
I am come here ;
Old road, how odd to me
Thou dost appear !
Right and left changing sides,
Rising and sunk ;
O, I can plainly see—
Road ! thou art drunk !

O, what a twisted face
Thou hast, O moon !
One eye shut, t'other eye
Wide as a spoon ;
Who could have dreamt of this
Shame on thee, shame !
Thou hast been fuddling,
Jolly old dame !

Look at the lamps again ;
See how they reel !
Nodding and flickering
Round as they wheel.
Not one among them all
Steady can go ;
Look at the drunken lamps,
All in a row.

All in an uproar seem,
Great things and small ;
I am the only one
Sober at all ;
But there's no safety here
For sober men,
So I'll turn back to
The tavern again.

—From the German.

SCRATCHING A NAME FROM THE BIBLE.

At the Police Court at Whitby, North Yorks, an incident occurred that deserves record. A girl was prosecuted by the police for wandering abroad and having no settled abode. Her mother appeared and acknowledged she was irreclaimable. She had more than once taken her home. The chairman suggested that the mother should give the girl one more trial. The mother said she dare not, as the father "had scratched her name out of the family Bible." The girl was committed to gaol by the magistrates. This appears to be a new system of parental excommunication, superseding the old theatrical one of "cutting off with a shilling."

A man has invented a sheet-iron cat, with cylindrical attachment and steel claws and teeth—worked by clock work. A bellows inside swells up the tail at will to a belligerent size, and by a tremolo attachment causes the patent cat to emit all those strange noises of which the living cat is capable. When you want fun, you wind up your cat and place him on the roof. Every cat within half a mile hears him, girds on his armour and sallies forth. Frequently fifty or a hundred attack him at once. No sooner does the patent cat feel the weight of an assailant than his teeth and claws work with lightning rapidity. Hundreds of cats come on to meet their fate, and in an hour several bushels of hair, toe-nails and fiddle-strings alone remain.

A MIDNIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

A TRUE TALE.

LAST summer, while I and a fellow-student were making a bicycling tour in the Perthshire Highlands, we had a rather strange adventure which well-nigh proved a hanging matter for one of us.

The roads were in splendid condition, and we were induced by this to go part of our journey by night. So one beautiful moonlight night, about 11 P.M., we left the little hotel where we had been staying and started off in high glee, singing and shouting as only medical students can, and making all the dogs at the farm-houses bark and howl at the unwonted noise. As ill-luck would have it, however, the moon gradually got obscured, and shortly after midnight we had to light our lamps in order to see the road. By and by a slight wind arose, and, greatly to our disgust, brought with it a shower of rain, not a heavy one certainly, but still heavy enough to make us wish for some more substantial shelter than that which our light waterproof capes could afford us.

Suddenly my companion descried a light a little way ahead, and we struggled manfully towards it with increased speed. When nearly opposite it we dismounted, and, after "slacking" our machines, made our way up the mountain towards the light, which we found proceeded from the window of a mud-thatched cottage. In reply to our knock, a not unpleasant female voice bade us come in. We entered a sort of kitchen, parlour, and bedroom combined, whose occupants were a grim-looking old woman and a strong middle-aged man, who seemed to be her son. Round the room were hung the trophies of the chase—skins adorned the walls, and here and there a rudely-stuffed bird was perched. We were invited to share their frugal meal. We were curious to know what had kept them up so late; but the aged daughter of Eve found *her* curiosity excited by our appearance, and ere we had satisfied her the supper was done.

Then we naturally directed our attention to the housing of our bicycles, and, on inquiring, we were shown a shed adjoining the house where they might stay till morning. My friend volunteered to bring them up the hill, while I prepared a place for them in the shed, which contained a wheelbarrow and other rural implements. My work was soon done, and I sat down close to the wooden framework of the shed to await my comrade's arrival.

The rain had ceased, and the moon was again shining in all her splendour, and I was admiring the beautiful scene before me, when suddenly I heard footsteps stealthily approaching, and coming nearer and nearer, until they finally ceased in the shadow at the end of the shed. I remained for some time uncertain how to act, and my surprise was greatly increased by the faint click of a gun within a yard of where I was sitting. Still greater was my surprise when I recognised the voices of our late hosts, who were engaged in a whispered consultation.

"Do ye think ye'll get them baith the nicht, Jock?" I heard the old dame ask in a subdued whisper.

"Maybe ay an' maybe no," was Jock's muffled response. "Gin they baith come up thegither, I'll learn them to come back here again!"

Good heavens! thought I, whom can they mean to shoot? Then the thought occurred to me that they intended to murder me and my companion as we ascended the hill, though I could see no motive for such a horrid

crime. They were evidently under the impression that I had gone away too, and were quite unaware that I was in close proximity to them.

"Here's ane o' them comin'," whispered Jock, and I heard a noise as of a gun being raised. In an agony of apprehension, I peered through a hole in the side of the shed, and my worst fears were realised, for I saw my friend just coming into sight all unconscious of his danger. Never shall I forget that night! I tried to shout, but my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and huge drops of perspiration stood on my brow. I seemed spell-bound, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could keep my eyes fixed on the scene before me. For many a night afterwards that scene haunted me. There, not over fifty paces distant, could be seen the form of my comrade standing out in bold relief under the bright moonlight; here, separated from me only by a thin partition, was the wretch who had lately been his entertainer, and now, with gun at shoulder, was about to become his murderer. By his side stood the old hag, as intent upon the deed of blood. Then the report of a gun rang out upon the still night, and, just as the sulphurous smoke obscured my view, I heard a short, sharp yell of agony.

All this passed in much less time than it has taken to write, and, ere an echo of the report could reach me, I had started to my feet, seized the spade, and with it aimed a blow at the miscreant's head, which stretched him without a sign of life at my feet. As he fell the second barrel of his gun went off, terrifying the old woman, who rushed shrieking to the house. Barely delaying till I saw the effects of my blow, I ran down the hill at full speed, fully expecting to come upon the butchered remains of my poor friend.

I must have been blinded with anxiety and horror, for I had not gone far on my mad career when I encountered some hard but yielding object, which was borne with me in my fall to the ground. The acute pain which I felt helped to restore my scattered senses, and then I saw that I had come into collision with my friend and the bicycles.

"Is that you, Cornwall?" I gasped as soon as I could recover my breath. "Are you still alive?"

"Yes, but no thanks to you that I am," exclaimed Cornwall, as he lay helplessly entangled among the prostrate machines.

"Did he miss you then? What made you yell as you did?" I hurriedly inquired, yet with feeling of inexpressible relief that it might not be altogether so bad as I had anticipated.

"Good gracious, man, can't you help me to get my legs from among these bicycles first? I shouldn't be surprised if you have smashed them with your nonsense!" roared Cornwall from the midst of the wreck.

I proceeded at once to extricate him from his uncomfortable position, and, while doing so, I related all that I had seen and heard. Cornwall himself had heard the shots and the yell, but had not seen the man who fired them owing to the shadow cast by the shed, and before he could determine what to do, my unexpected charge had brought him to the ground. The mystery seemed more involved than ever, and for a few moments we stood gazing at each other in speechless amazement. Then Cornwall proposed that we should advance in the direction whence the yell had seemed to him to proceed. We had not gone far, however, before we saw a dark-looking object a little further up the mountain.

"There is the body!" I cried, and instinctively we quickened our pace as we drew nigh. And there, lying

at full length among the heather, we saw, not the murdered human corpse, but the lifeless body of a large mongrel-looking dog!

Cornwall burst into a hearty laugh, in which, however, I did not join, for a vision of the gamekeeper lying with a broken head beside the shed haunted me. I admonished him of this, and we hastened up to see if we could render any assistance. We found him just as I had left him, and the blood was oozing from a wound in his head, which appeared to have bled pretty freely. We carried him into the cottage, and, upon examination, found that, though his wound was severe, yet it was not dangerous, and we did our best to assure his weeping mother that he would soon recover. Presently he did so, to the genuine joy of the old lady, whose nerves had sustained a rude shock that night.

We remained all that day nursing the poor fellow and getting our bicycles repaired at a neighbouring smithy, and during that time we got an explanation of the whole matter. Two dogs belonging to a notorious poacher in the neighbourhood had been in the habit of making nocturnal visits to the live stock about the place, and the gamekeeper had fixed that night for destroying them. The conversation I had overheard referred of course to the dogs and not to Cornwall and me, as I had supposed.

When we bade adieu to our host and hostess, we could scarcely prevail upon the latter to accept a few sovereigns in compensation for the trouble we had occasioned. She made us promise to be sure and come to see her if we should ever again be in that district, and when we had mounted and were speeding merrily along the road, she waved on high, not a handkerchief, but a towel, as expressing her good wishes for the safe completion of our tour.

First premium (£1), awarded to "JACKASS," care of Mrs. Atkinson, Marchmont Road, Edinburgh.

QUITS WITH A CRITIC.

It is just twenty minutes after eleven, and Frank Blossom, in dressing-gown and slippers, is trying to do two things, eat his breakfast and read the morning paper, but seemingly can do neither with satisfaction to himself. It is not the fault of the breakfast, for the aroma of the coffee is tempting, the toast is done to an artistic shade, that might please even Oscar Wilde; and the eggs seem as if laid by some rare favourite hen for his own particular use, they are so delightfully fresh and country-looking. What is the fault, then, if the breakfast is so near perfection; is it the paper? Let us glance at what he is reading. Here it is—"Notices of New Books," and that half-column to the right is giving Frank all this annoyance, and putting him past his breakfast.

Let us see what it is about. "A Young Man's Folly," by Frank Blossom, author of "A Fair Maid's Wisdom," &c., &c. Ah, ha! Mr. Blossom you're an author, a writer of novels, and some smart critic has stepped on your corns. Let us read it, and see what he says of "A Young Man's Folly"—nice suggestive title; but stay, there is a knock and a "come in," all at once.

"Morning, I see you've got up!" says a rather fast young fellow with eye-glass and incipient moustache. He is slight of build, dressed rather fashionably, and of a milk-and-water style of face. If he stood still at a clothier's shop door, nobody would ever think of asking "are you Dr. Baldwin Blokehead," yet such is his name and dignity.

"Good morning, Doctor; nice morning, isn't?"

"Charming. Ha, see you've got 'The Slasher'; rather smart critique that on your book—eh?" He says this with the air of one who has said something judicious.

"Smart, did you say? Vile abuse, that's what I say. Why, he doesn't criticise the book at all; it's me he chaffs or abuses from beginning to end. I only wish I had him here." And he shakes the paper, as much as to say he would have great pleasure in shaking him too.

"Awfully clever, very funny, makes one laugh, don't you know," says the Doctor, smiling, and curling those few hairs on his upper lip.

"It's neither clever nor funny, don't you know, and I'll tell that blockhead Selden so the first time we meet," he says savagely.

"Well, Frank, if you should meet and put each other's anatomy out of order, send for me. That practice I bought has turned out a swindle—been sold six times by old Marrowbones before, don't you know."

"Then you're sold as well as the practice," said Frank, with a grin of satisfaction, pleased that he had a comrade in misfortune.

"Sold—swindled, by Jove! and when I grumbled, he said I was spoiling the business; it was a good practice when I got it.

"Perhaps you are spoiling it," says Frank, with provoking seriousness.

"He says I haven't got tact, don't you know."

"Called yesterday on an old lady, saw she was all right, said so, and got a note this morning saying she had changed her doctor. Very provoking, don't you know."

"Tell them they are very bad, can't you?"

"Did so, with the same result. Old Marrowbones says I should tell them nothing, for I know nothing. Say this case is a strange one, and when pressed too hard call in a doctor whose shoulders can bear the blame. He's an old rogue is Marrowbones, don't you know?"

A half-an-hour after the Doctor's departure, Frank was taking his constitutional when he came to a building in course of construction, where two Irishmen were busy mixing lime. He stood and listened to their conversation.

"Were you drunk last night, Mike?" says one.

"As drunk as a piper!" is the reply.

"You'll be nothing the worse of your morning, then!"

"Faith ye may say that, for sure I'm dry drinking water all morning." Here Frank beckoned to him.

"Will you speak a minute, Mike?" said Frank. "Can we go any place near where we could be alone?"

"We can get a box in a public-house round the corner, if yer honour likes," says Mike, shyly.

After Mike had taken the best part of the whisky called in, the following conversation takes place:—

"Your name is Mike—"

"Fogerty, yer honour—Mike Fogerty!"

"And I've reason to believe a hard-working man."

"Troth, you may swear it, yer honour."

"You don't look like one would neglect your wife or children?"

"Is it me?" exclaimed Mike, in surprise.

"Sorra kinder husband or father there is than meself, not that I say it meself."

"I have been told so, Mike, and was surprised to see this in the papers about you." Here he took out the paper and pretended to read "Poor Mike Fogerty, the Irish labourer, who is drunk seven days a week, bates his wife, and starves his children, is—"

"Hould on, sir, and show me the paper."

"Can you read?"

"Sorra word, bad luck to me!"

"There it is, then!"

"It's a black burning shame: an' troth, if I knew the spalpeen that put meself an' little family into print, I'd make an example of him."

"It's a scandal, Mike, and I'm sure Mr. Selden has made a gross mistake."

"Mr. Selden—Where does he live, if you plaze, sur?"

"I'm afraid it would be wrong of me to tell you, as you might forget yourself in your present excited state."

"Is it me forget meself? Troth, if I did, Biddy, the creature, would be after refreshing my memory with a touch of the poker; but whisper, Where does he live?"

"Do you know No. 9 Granite Circus?"

"Troth, do I!—Mr. Selden! Very well Selden, maybe I'd take a walk that way afore night."

"Do nothing rash, for he's a great man."

"He's a great spalpeen, saving yer honour's pardon; an' only for fear of breaking the law, I'd break every bone in his body."

"Take another drink, Mike; and if you are that way you might call and reason with him."

"Bedad, and that's what I'll do. I'll rayson wid him, and sorry help him if he gets the best of the raysoning."

After some more talk and whisky, Mike left for No. 9 Granite Circus. Arrived there, he pulls the bell. A manservant answers; but on seeing Mike slams to the door.

"Bad luck to ye, ye unmannerly pup, syre it's like your master ye are," said Mike, again pulling the bell.

"What d'ye want—eh?" asks the flunkey.

"Yer master, bad luck to ye!" says Mike, forcing his way into the hall.

"Who are you?"

"Never mind who I am; go and tell your master I am here."

"Get out!" said the flunkey, offering to put him out.

"Get out yerself, ye blackguard!" said Mike, making a box at him. The flunkey ducked his head, and Mike hit the wall, and skinned his knuckles. The servant ran for the police.

"May ye fall and break your neck, ye devil!" Mike bawled after him, dancing with pain and rage.

"Well, my man, what do you want?" asks an elderly-looking gentleman, coming down the stairs.

"Are you Mr. Selden, sur?"

"Such is my name."

"I'm Mike Fogerty, then, yer honour."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, an' in body."

"You are drunk, sir; so be off, please."

"I'm always drunk, according to you."

"I know nothing about you, sir!"

"An' bad cess to ye for a barefaced liar, what d'ye miscall me for? Will ye ax me pardon?"

"Begone, sir!—How dare you!" pushing him to the door.

"Be the powers, I'll have satisfaction if I was to swing for ye!" said Mike, seizing a stout cane out of the stand, and making a blow at the editor.

"Stop, stop, you scoundrel!" shouted out Mrt Selden, putting up his hands to ward off the blows.

"It's you I'm bating now for a change; och, roar away! I starve my childer, do I? I'll give you something to print! Say yer prayers, for sorra all the doctors in Europe 'll save ye after I'm done wid ye."

Some were some of Mike's comforting remarks as he kept hunting the unfortunate editor up and down the hall, belabouring him with the cane. It is hard to say how far

matters would have gone did not big whiskers and a policeman appear on the scene.

It is morning again. Frank Blossom is again employed at the morning papers and breakfast, when enters Dr. Blokehead.

"Heard about Selden, Frank? He's got reviewed with a vengeance! Worse than "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," don't you know?"

"Serves him right."

"Smart fellow that Irishman! Broke the policeman's leg in making his escape. Shouldn't like to be him if caught, don't you know?"

"He won't be caught. I sent him out of the country."

"The deuce, you did! Did you put him on to Selden?"

"I did; but this is under the rose."

"Honour bright; but, by Jove! you're a clever fellow, don't you know?"

"Clever enough to be quits with a critic."

"And kind enough to provide some lucky doctor with a patient for the next three months, don't you know?"

Second Premium (10s.) awarded to Mr. JOHN ROBERTSON, 50 Morrison Street, Edinburgh.

THE POINTS WERE "AGIN" HER.

"NOW, what I want you to do, Miranda," said a white woman to the new coloured "help," "is to get up early, make two fires, get breakfast, take care of the children while I am eating; then, after breakfast, sweep the rooms, make up the beds, and do anything else that comes handy." "What's yerself gwine ter be doin' all dat time?" "Why, I'll be attending to my own affairs, of course." "An' seein' me workin' like a slabe? Lady, I doan reckon we kin trade. I lef' de las place case de 'oman ob de house got so proud dat she didn't want me ter set in de rockin' cheer, and de way yerself's startin' out I'se afeard dat yer wouldn't reconnize me as a member ob 'ciety. Like ter 'commodate yer, lady, but all de pints is agin yer."

JUDGE JONES asked a man what age he was. "I am eight and four-score, my lord," says he. "And why not four-score and eight?" says the judge. "Because," replied he, "I was *eight* before I was four-score."

"What makes your horse so slow," asked a tourist one day in the Glen of the Downs, Ireland, of his Celtic Jehu. "It is out of respect to the bayutiful sanery, yer honour—he wants ye to see it all. An' thin, he's an intelligent baste, and appreciates good company, an' wants to kape the like o' ye in beloved ould Ireland as long as he can."

TWO friends met after an absence of some years, during which time the one had increased considerably in bulk, and the other still resembled only the "effigy of a man." Said the stout gentleman, "Why, Dick, you look as if you had not had a dinner since I saw you last." "And you," replied the other, "look as if you *had been at dinner ever since*."

SOME idle and mischievous youths waited for Mr. Dunlop one dark night, and one of them came up to him dressed as a ghost, hoping to put him in a fright. But Mr. Dunlop's coolness soon put an end to the joke. Looking at the pretended apparition very quietly he said, "Is this the general rising, or are ye just taking a daunder by your lane."

THE UNCOMMITTED CRIME.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By THEODORE ALFRED CROFT.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VISIT AND AN ACCIDENT.

Alas, alack! thus torn up limb by limb
Our fair companion, how we mourned him;
Hard was his fate, yet harder still our woe,
To view his bleeding corpse bemangled so.

Old Chap Book.

INCIDENTS were not numerous at Wellpark. For months together we pursued the tenor of our way, not noiseless, certainly, for the whirr of the machinery in many of the buildings prevented that, but with few occurrences to mark one day from another. In summer we had occasionally a party of visitors, to whom every part of the manufacture was a matter of wonderment, from the "devil," in which the rags were dusted, to the excise room—for these were days before "taxes on knowledge" had been removed—where the paper duty was assessed, and the Government label on each ream was stamped and signed. One of the great jokes of the day, when a party had to be shown through, after leading them through the damp and fresh-smelling regions where the bleaching vats were ranged, was to bring them as near as convenient to the chlorine-gas chambers, in which rags were bleached by stronger measures. Here chloride of lime and sulphuric acid, with, if I remember rightly, some portion of manganese, were mixed in retorts, and led by pipes through closed chambers, the openings of which, where the rags were put in, had been closely pasted up. Of course, the opening of such a chamber was rather a blinding job, from the pungency of the gas, and we used to get a good laugh at the astonishment with which one not accustomed to the sensation spluttered and choked and rubbed his eyes, as he made his escape from this "chamber of horrors." Another part of the work that always excited admiration was when, having shewn the visitor the vat with "Daniel O'Connell" (the agitator) inside, we explained and exhibited the whole process of Fourdrinier's wonderful machine, with a milky fluid running in at one end and fine paper reeling out at the other. Paper in this condition is in a highly electrical condition, and by presenting the knuckles to the roll a sharp prickling is felt, and a faint crackling is heard. This never failed to excite amusement, and many young ladies I have heard, amidst much giggling and good humour, declare they felt "quite shocked" at being subjected to such usage. The drying room, where writing paper was dried and glazed after being sized, was another favourite part of the exhibition, the roll of paper being led over a long series of open spar drums, having fanners inside revolving rapidly in the contrary direction. Writing paper, it may be mentioned, was made "water-leaf," in other words, in the condition of blotting paper, being afterwards rendered capable of bearing ink by a fine size being soaked into it, and a glaze thrown on the surface of hot rollers. Printing paper, on the contrary, had a mixture put in the vat rendering it less porous than writing paper, so that, on being rolled off the "machine," it is ready to be cut into sheets.

The memory of the visit of some strangers is indelibly fixed on my mind by an incident of a most tragic kind, and one which once more seemed to join together the three families—ourselves, the Chisholms, and the Hollowglen

people. I had been about six years at the mill at that time, being thus sixteen years of age, and although not yet in charge of the machine, I was assistant to the man who kept it, my boy friend and still near neighbour Jack Chisholm. At very rare intervals Sir Hugh Cairnburgh was seen in public, and it was on one of his casual appearances that this tragedy occurred. With him were two young ladies, daughters of a nobleman of great wealth and political fame, and the party was made up by the heir of the baronetcy, now thirty-one, and sobered down to the rôle of a country gentleman, as a kind of chamberlain and director over those estates he had helped to encumber. Of course, the party knew not that we two, the boy and the man, were looking at familiar faces; for how could they recognise, how could they even know of the existence of Jack Chisholm and Stephen Gilmore, although reared up as children at their own avenue end?

Chisholm and I, however, knew the party well, and as our machine was not running when they came to the work, it happened that the manager sent us to conduct the party over the place. We thought it curious indeed that the old baronet should have lived so long without investigating the details of a manufacture so interesting carried on so near his own door; and we were even astonished that Major Cairnburgh should be so much our inferior in regard to the details of the process. The ladies, Sarah and Susan, at, or about twenty, we excused, although they too lived—that is to say, their father had one of his numerous residences, which the family occasionally occupied—not far from another great seat of the same industry. It seemed odd to us to listen to the questions the bearded Major put, and he was positively alarmed when, on a signal from Jack that our accustomed trick might be played, the girls in the cutting-room broke out into what they called their war-dance. Every party of visitors could not be so played on, but Jack and I exchanged glances, and a look towards Agnes completed the hint. The joke was this—On an understood signal, just as all the party got fairly into the room, every girl in the place stopped cutting rags, seized her two sharpening stones, and began to box with the dreadful looking knife, dancing up and down in a wild rhythm the while. I wish you had seen the look of horror and astonishment on the face of the gallant Major. I believe he would have faced the "imminent deadly breach" without flinching, but the sight of this set of semi-frantic girls, and the clatter of the stones and knives, fairly floored him. He had, however, barely time to burst out with "Gracious heaven, are the women mad?" when, on a second quiet signal, the usual calm routine of work was resumed. The old gentleman, although he had never been here, had heard of the trick, and the young ladies, who I think saw the looks exchanged between us, took up the joke at once, and laughed delightedly at the wondering looks of the Major. I have, in later years, seen Mr. Sothorn as *Lord Dundreary*, and have often wondered if his lordship had been modelled on the Major—who, by-the-by, got his military title only by courtesy, his army rank having been lost by retirement some years before.

Nothing further had occurred in conducting over the works our friends—for so we presumed to regard them—except that, perhaps, Jack and I took some more pains than usual to reply to the Major's enquiries, or to keep pace with the lively interrogative chatter of the young ladies. They would call the place where the paper was cut into sheets the "sizing" room, and rung all manner of changes, at the Major's expense, on the size, the excise, the sizes, and the assizes, and so on, assuring their escort,

when he had seen three of these, that he would certainly some day see the fourth. That many a true word is spoken in jest was almost painfully verified, for Major Cairnburgh was blamed to some extent for the event which so saddened us ere the day closed; and but that in Scotland the public prosecutor seldom brings to trial any one except those against whom he hopes to obtain a conviction, the Major might have been formally arraigned for his share in the catastrophe. Had the event happened in England there seems little doubt Lady Susan's jest about the assizes might have proved true.

When we reached the machine room, we found our vat of pulp ready to begin, and the manager was just sending off to recall Jack to have the work set agoing. This perhaps flurried him a little, but it gave us the opportunity of showing the rather delicate operation by which the beginning of a reel of paper is made from a pale blue liquid. Cautiously, Jack and I, one at each side, tended the incoherent material, allowing it to lie at one part till it got into a lump the breadth of the "dandy-roller," and edging the wet stuff from the first to the second hot roller, till, by gaining consistency, it was capable of being drawn through the rest, and finally to the reel on which it was to wind itself. Then Jack had to tear out a bit, cut it to the size of paper he was to make, and find, on a delicate balance, if 480 sheets would make the weight of paper that was on hand. If too light he had to increase the flow of pulp from the vat, if too heavy, to reduce it, and then the task of watching the reel was an easy one unless, as sometimes happened, some little thing went wrong, or Jack's quick eye detected some change in the appearance of the film of wet blotting paper that passed over the wire-cloth, from beneath which powerful pumps were sucking the moisture. We never but found strangers much interested in seeing this curious process; but as the change of the stuff might be at any hour of the day (or of the night, if the mill was busy) few visitors were so fortunate as to see it.

The two machines, driven by the water-wheel, were parallel to each other, with the beating engines, where the pulp was prepared, in a room on a somewhat higher level. These beating engines were driven by a splendid steam engine, in a room adjoining the machine room, and to reach an outer court we had to pass through this engine room. A huge fly-wheel, about 18 feet in diameter, revolved noiselessly close by the wall dividing the rooms, and in passing up the staircase to reach our machine room, one almost rubbed shoulders with the edge of this huge wheel. It had at first seemed dangerous to me, but habit robbed it of terror, and; indeed, except a broad black edge, a few inches in width, ever noiselessly passing upwards at your side, the wheel presented nothing to alarm anybody. The ladies on this occasion, although they noticed and commented on the tremendous wheel when they entered the engine room, passed up the wooden staircase, and passed the moving edge without observing it. Not so, however, the Major, who, after he had seen Jack at the machine in operation, brought the conversation back to the wheel, and suggested that it was perhaps a source of danger.

Unhappy words! They were hardly spoken before the Major, Jack, and I returned to the engine room to look at the wheel. What happened I can hardly tell, but I think Jack was demonstrating to Major Cairnburgh that the engineer could with perfect safety pass close alongside the lower part of the wheel to reach some oil hole in the machinery when—did he stumble, or put forth his arm in bravado—I know not, but in one second Jack Chisholm

was whirled round to the roof and thrown down at the other end of the engine room a mangled corpse. The engine was stopped at once—indeed, I stopped it, although it was a breach of the rules for me to handle the lever while the engineer was in the room. We strove, the Major and I, to prevent the ladies hearing what had happened, but the cessation of the rumble in the room above attracted them, and one ran to the door of communication to ask us what it meant, just in time to see the men bear the bleeding remains of the noble worker who had so recently been full of life and spirit.

The incident created intense excitement and at first, no blame was attached to any one; but after a time murmurs arose against Major Cairnburgh, which I did my best, when "precognosced" by the authorities, to dispel. He had been accessory to the death, no doubt, for he suggested to return to the room, and it was some question, some doubt of his, that sent Jack in amongst machinery which, not being under his care, he had no right to approach. It saddened three houses, for Jack had a wife and child of his own, and in our house the grief was hardly less than in that of Hugh Chisholm. It is but justice to Sir Hugh and Major Cairnburgh, that they made every possible effort to smooth away the sadness of the young wife; and I daresay that they were not the less moved to this that, in my first burst of grief, I let them know how nearly we were in residence to their own grand home, and that we had both been born in the service of the family. Sir Hugh recalled the fact of a boy being born the day his lady died, and fixing his eyes on me, said, "you must be about the age." When he ascertained that I was indeed one who had been "coming into the darkness" as Lady Cairnburgh was "going out into the light," he shook hands with me, and as events proved, the *rencontre* did me much benefit in after life. As for Lady Sarah and Lady Susan —, their tears were sincere, and Jack's widow and his wee toddler Hugh became the special objects of their care. They well know, although the world does not, who it was who helped a struggling artist to fight his way to reputation, and although I have changed some names, I daresay if those words ever reach their eyes, they will recognise that Hugh Chisholm, at least, has the same initials as the baby they helped long ago.

(To be continued).

A little boy went to his first tea-party when four years and three months old. Upon the hostess asking him how he liked his tea, he replied, "It is very nice, but it tastes very much of the water."

♦ ♦ ♦

WILL SLENDER wished to get married, but could not find courage to pop the question. On informing his father of the difficulty he laboured under, the old gentleman said passionately, "Why, you foolish fellow, how do you suppose I managed when I got married?" "Ah, yes," was the answer; "you married mother, but I've got to marry a strange girl."

♦ ♦ ♦

Lord Alvanley, who was delightfully odd, met the proud Earl of Durham at Prince Woronzow's place on the Euxine, and Durham, who was filled with an amazing quantity of consequence, said, in referring to some scene of English home-life, "I was obliged to assert my dignity, for the fellows has found out who I was." The wit looked up absently from his caviare, and rejoined, "Ah! And who were you?"

PUZZLEIANA.

No. 60—ENIGMA.

(First Premium, 6s. Vol.)

Where gently-tinkling streamlets glide,
Singing the weary birds to rest;
Where larks on airy pinions ride,
To gain the frowning mountain's crest;
Mid sylvan wilds I love to dwell,
Far from the business-teeming town,
Within some fairy-haunted dell,
In regal grandeur all my own.
The weary mortal seeks me there,
Tired of the vain world's noisy strife,
And in my arms finds solace rare;
While joy smiles on him, all his life.
The prince, the cotter, and the slave
Find consolation in my smile;
All wish me in their homes to have,—
The sons alike of ease and toil.
How hard men find it to possess
The many pleasures I bestow!
With sweet contentment I can bless,
I calm their smarts, and soothe their woe.
Happy is he of all mankind,
Who gains me, in life's busy mart,
For, with my presence, he will find
A happy and contented heart!

79 Stamford Street, Waterloo Road, London. JOHN P. HARRINGTON.

No. 61—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Second Premium, 3s. Vol.)

- Crowned king and belted knight,
Pure in heart and brave in fight,
Crowned king and Christian sage,
History's boast from age to age.
- The silver stars are fading
Before her rosy light;
The gloomy night is flying fast
Before her rising bright.
 - Purple robes and ermine pure,
My *second* will besecm;
Golden circlet, jewell'd pall,
And diamonds lustrous gleam.
 - My *third* is known where merchant's strong,
On 'Change, or busy mart;
And in the councils of the wise
It's name oft bears a part.
 - My *next* you'll seek among the brave
On gory battlefield,
Or where fair queen to subject true
Doth gracious guerdon yield.
 - Lift your eyes to heaven above,
Look on the earth below,
Gaze on the myriad-numbered stars,
My *next* word these will show.
 - My *last* did many a wonder work
In mystic times of old,
When Egypt's monarch—hard of heart—
Was of a judgment told.

28 Bell's Wynd, High Street, Edinburgh. JAMES MELLON

No. 62—CHARADE.

First in a book you are sure to trace,
In "The Tatler," too, I have a place.
I'm also seen with the wealthy and great,
My business, then, is to watch and wait.
Industrious now my *second* is seen,
A lesson it teaches to all, I wean;
Whole, I will tell you before I go,
Is neither more nor less than a show.

Carlisle.

"ROBIN HOOD."

No. 63—DECAPITATION.

If you look you shall surely see
My whole an English stream to be.
Behead me, then it will be found
To mean a journey round and round.
Behead again, it shall be thus,
A pronoun which pertains to us.
Behead me still, and then you'll view
Where once was born a prophet true.

Rutherglen.

GEORGE HILL.

No. 64—CHARADE.

My *first* is won, but never lost,
Reversed, 'tis now before ye;
My *next* reversed is red as blood
That flows on fields of glory.
My *whole* so plain, and you'll confess it,
And yet 'tis wonder if you guess it.

Walsall.

E. ELLIS.

No. 65—ENIGMA.

I dwell in the uttermost parts of the seas,
And although never seen, still I'm heard in the breeze;
In castles and mansions I make my abode,
You will say I am lazy, for I'm ne'er on the road;
With the first of the summer I always am there,
Then I lie in the streams, for I don't like the air;
I am not to be found when Autumn comes nigh,
'Tis then you can see me away in the sky;
I warn the Indian away from the sting
Of the venomous snake, when 'tis just going to spring;
I'm deformed and crooked, but am never in pain,
I am seen with assassins again and again.

Glasgow.

J. CRAWFORD.

No. 66—SQUARE WORDS.

- We hear men speak of a better land,
Are they wiser than you or me?
I tell them, too, that my *first* is grand,
Though the place they may never see.
- Of kings and kingdoms I have command,
And of storm and thunder's roar;
I will reign supreme with a mighty hand,
When the world shall be no more.
- I give here the name of my sister dear,
Oh, where is your spirit gone?
Away from this world of sorrow and tears,
And left me in grief alone.
- In bands of different sizes and shapes,
We are bound like slaves to a tree;
If a link were broken, they might escape,
Oh, when will the slaves be free?
- On the world of fashion I have a claim,
And by art I am made to your taste;
If you are without me, who is to blame?
For I never can leave you in haste.

Glasgow.

J. WARD.

No. 67—ENIGMA.

We are very little things,
Without bodies, without wings;
Yet in every thing we're found,
In the air and in the ground.
One of us in brass you'll see;
Two in lead I think there'll be;
In the world there's only one,
And that number in the sun.
In a box lies one locked tight;
Two are present in a kite;
One's embedded in a hill,
And a jug we help to fill.
In a cottage, in a house,
In a man, a bird, a mouse;
Lastly, in a prison drear
You will find us, never fear.

London.

T. G. WEBB.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN No. 9.

No. 16—Space-paace.

No. 17—Sin-e-cure.

No. 18.

G O T H
E R I C
O V E E
R O S A
G L U M
E A S E
L O A D
I C E R
O M R I
T E R M

No. 19—Must-ache.

No. 20.

T
S H Y
E V E N T
S L A T E R S
T H E T A T L E R
E U N T I N G
T U L I P
B E D
E

Answered by the following:—T. M'Haffey, Belfast; H. Cooper, Edinburgh; J. Thomlinson, Jun., Skipton; T. Aitken, Catrine; J. C. Miller, Glasgow; "Robin Hood," Carlisle.

Received:—E. Ellis, Walsall (as many as you choose); J. Wilkinson, Jun., London (solution, please); J. Ward, Glasgow; J. Mellon, Edinburgh (accepted); G. Hill, Rutherglen; J. Crawford, Glasgow.

(To give monthly subscribers a chance to compete, we allow an interval of six weeks between the insertion of the puzzles and the answers. See rules.)

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE LORD'S DAY. An Essay. (Glasgow: Thomas Murray & Sons, 1883.)

A PLEASANT surprise awaited us on the 27th of November, when, on opening our letter-bag, we found a booklet, entitled "The Lord's Day: an Essay attempted in verse." The thought occurred to us, that the generous donor must have been under the impression that we ride on the knife-board of Sunday trams, and that, under deep concern for our soles, he wished to apprise us that hot as it sometimes is for us, when the printer's devil brings back a second review with the words "a luminous writer" converted into "a voluminous smiter," there was something still hotter in store for poor old TATLER. We excuse the impertinence, in consideration of the fact, that though WE NEVER use, on "The Lord's Day," any mode of locomotion other than that which we and other monkeys employ, we happen to know that one of the leading Free Kirk lights in Glasgow is a shareholder in the Tramway Company. This, however, is beside the point. We have read the book with immense benefit. It sent us sound asleep in five minutes. Some of the *things* which it contained made us laugh; but the general dullness of the "attempted essay in verse" called to our recollection an anecdote, which we heard once at a dinner table in town. Being a clergyman who told it, it cannot be naughty to set it down here. Pitt, on one occasion, received a somewhat insulting letter. The reply was as follows:—"Sir, your letter is at this moment before me, in a few minutes it will be behind me."

PARIS ILLUSTRÉ. Tonkin. (London Office, 19 Cockspur Street.)

THE beautiful issues now being made monthly, under the direction of F. G. Dumas, are well worthy of attention in this country. In the present issue, giving an illustrated history of the French relations with Tonquin, the publication may be said to have a triple value. First of all, we can recommend the paper to the students in the French language, as no better exercise can be conceived than to master the idiomatic language of the journalist of the day. There are a few phrases that will puzzle all but the best scholars; but as a whole, it is plainly readable. The second merit of the publication is its historical value. It is true we have the story of Tonquin told in the light of French self-sufficiency, and one or two amusing bits of bounce are to be met with. We read of one small expedition in which "25 hommes et 125 Chinois" were allied, the Chinese not being men in the French view! Over and above, the journal has a value topographically, as showing places, costumes and incidents, all of use in an educational way. Many of the illustrations are printed in colours.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Christmas. (London: Sampson Low & Co., 1883.)

There has been nothing more magnificent issued in this country, as regards style and price, than the first number of the new volume of *Harper's Magazine*. There are above 70 illustrations in that style of artistic beauty and finish in which the Americans have left our publishers far behind, and the subjects are varied and well chosen. The

notice of Alfred Tennyson, with portrait, and sixteen other illustrations, which is written by Thackeray's daughter, is, of course, of surpassing interest, and in itself would be cheap at the price charged for the whole magazine. An effort has no doubt been made to give this number a special character; but even so, it is a marvel of cheapness and merit. In a literary way, we have little but praise for the work, but the "drawer" of the editor must be full of the very oldest jokes in the universe. If "THE TATLER" were to copy them, all his readers over forty—and they are many—would write and complain!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JANE J. (Bristol).—We have not yet appointed a lady Editor, so cannot give an opinion as to how to remove the marks of sewing from the fingers. See Leech's Costermonger, who "vants to have the delicacy of touch restored an' the seal o' helegance impressed on my bunch of fives." We don't remember what medicament this was advertising.

ROBIN ADAIR (Haddington).—You are too late now for "grouse in the gun room." Grouse shooting ends, you know, on the 10th.

X.Y.Z.—We have your idea in view.

ALEXIS DAVIDSON.—It is always safer in such a case to consult a solicitor. We are not prepared to introduce you to one, for law is like love—"therein must each minister to himself."

ROSE (Newcastle).—You have such a pretty name that we think you must be pretty. Let us see. From your hand writing we should say you have coral lips, a chiselled nose, a pretty dimple when you laugh, and soft brown eyes. Is it so?

DOPPLEGANGER.—Yes, he had the cheek to get a reverend friend to interfere on his behalf, and this friend's answer, on receiving our explanation was, "You acted quite right, but how sad he should be a rogue."

BUCCLEUCH BOY (Edinburgh).—We should have expected a better total for a "National Memorial." But we do not propose to receive subscriptions. Send them to the Committee.

"JOHN OF THE STRAND."—The Griffin is certainly not an ornament. As we saw it one morning lately, just at daybreak, from near Chancery Lane, it was positively alarming. A fine idea for a ghost story, which doubtless we shall in time receive.

TOM BOY.—You do not give the conundrum correctly, and it is *not* original. As a child we knew it—"If all the alphabet were invited out, when would U. V. W. X. Y. and Z. go? Answer after (T)."

ENQUIRER.—Scanderone and Alexandretta are the same. It is the favourite spot for the terminus of the proposed Euphrates Valley Railway.

MATHEW MATICS (Belfast).—Study the question of the "excluded middle."

J. L. (Glasgow).—Very sorry we cannot at present entertain your proposal.

ENQUIRER (York).—You should adopt another name, as we get so many the same. All the back numbers or parts can be had direct from the office. Enclose price and postage.

. Parts I., II., and III. now ready, containing portraits of—

The Queen.
Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.
Mr. Henry Irving.
The Duke of Buccleuch, K.G.
Rt. Hon. Jos. Chamberlain, M.P.
Rt. Hon. Sir Charles. W. Dilke,
Bart., M.P.
Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P.

H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.
(From a Photograph by Messrs. Downey).
The Earl of Rosebery, K.T.
Lady Brassey.
Mr. A. C. Mackenzie.
Madame Marie Roze.
Rt. Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P.

Printed separately on toned paper. Price, 6d. per copy; by Post, 7d.

The LONDON OFFICE of THE TATLER is at 84 FLEET STREET (next door to PUNCH Office).

To be had at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, London, and in the country; also Messrs. WILLING & CO.'s Bookstalls, London, &c.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors by MACRONE & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—December 15, 1883.



RIGHT HON. G. P. TREVELYAN M.P.

THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 17.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TROUBLE BORROWERS.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor!
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heartache can cure.

Resolve to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,
And no longer tearful,
But be happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 17.—THE RIGHT HON. G. O. TREVELYAN, M.P.

THE appointment of Mr. Trevelyan to the office which the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish rendered vacant, which office had but shortly before been given up by Mr. Forster, owing to a difference of opinion with his Cabinet colleagues, brought the subject of our sketch into political prominence, but not before that he had made a good name for himself in literature and politics. The time for Ministers of twenty-one has gone by, so that when at twenty-seven Mr. Trevelyan entered Parliament for Tynemouth, he was still a young politician, and he was speedily recognised as one who would certainly make his mark in Parliament. Ten years later, he became known as the biographer of Lord Macaulay, his uncle, having previously won a place in literature by the clever work of the "Competition Wallah." In his political career

Mr. Trevelyan has taken up two subjects, one of which, the abolition of purchase in the army, he has seen carried to fruition; while the other, the equalisation of the burgh and county franchise, appears to be at this time generally accepted by all political parties as being "within measurable distance." The official record of Mr. Trevelyan includes service for two years as a Lord of the Admiralty, which office he resigned owing to some disagreement with the policy of the Ministry. There is a proof of his earnestness as a politician, for who ever before heard of a Junior Lord of the Admiralty having any opinion on the policy of the Cabinet? Ten years later he went back to the Admiralty as Parliamentary Secretary, under Mr. Gladstone's Ministry; and in 1882, as already stated, he took up the responsible and dangerous post of Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The seat Mr. Trevelyan occupies was one of those created by the Reform Act of Lord Beaconsfield in 1868, and when the general election following that legislation took place, Mr. Trevelyan offered himself, and was at once accepted there, being re-elected in 1874 and 1880. Mr. Trevelyan is now 45 years of age, and 15 years of his life have been spent in Parliament. A year ago he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh, in recognition of his literary attainments.

A POET PEER.

ALL the thoughtful people in the kingdom will be delighted that an addition is now to be made to the peerage, by the elevation of the Poet-Laureate to the House of Lords. It is a fitting recognition of high personal worth, of distinguished intellectual powers. The Legislature will be the richer of his aid, for Tennyson is not a man to take up any position the duties of which he cannot fulfil. His creation as a peer will be by no means political in its significance. On what side he might vote on any great question cannot be foretold by any reference to party ties; and as an untrammelled witness, not bound by any shibboleth, his voice and vote may be all the more valuable. He will not be the advocate for standing still; not for a pace that is "killingly slow," nor for one that is "killingly fast." For, has he not sung of the country as

"A land of settled Government,
Where freedom *slowly* broadens down
From precedent to precedent?"

He will be the champion of the poor, the denouncer of the swindler and the rogue. For, has he not sung in bitter words of those by whom

"Chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the
poor for bread?"

His picture of a popular holiday in the *Princess* is delightful. Each penny-a-liner who read the description of the fireworks in *Lothair* saw that he was beaten, and, like Desdemona, "wished that heaven had made him such a man." But Tennyson does more, for he gives such a picture of a great public rejoicing as would be worthy to describe—that day when "sport went hand in hand with science." There seems some little doubt in his mind occasionally as to the regeneration and perfectibility of man, as in the sigh that "*knowledge* comes, but *wisdom* lingers." But, at the same time, Tennyson has no doubt that progress will eventually be made—

"Yet I doubt not through the ages an increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the
process of the suns."

With great heartiness THE TATLER welcomes Tennyson to the new honour conferred on letters, by his acceptance of a peerage.

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL:

A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER XXVI

UNCLE was drefull bizzy for a while gettin' things settl'd, an' all the store fokes has tuke to him agen, cos they think he wants to do wot's rite. So a deppyta-shun cum'd an' ask'd him to giv a 4th of Juli orashun. An' uncle sed it had bin deny'd him to continyew to be ther spirityual gide, but hede be glad to direkt ther perlittikul aspirashuns. An' he studid an' rit and fit with that spech, an' in the ded of nite put his wig on a brume handel, an' adrest his feller sittizens, wich was his wig, in his nite shurt. He sed 2 me his elikwenz shood risound thru all the land, even from Dan to Beersheba. He'd confound his enemies. He'd wipe evry stane from his gude name, an' obliterate evry fowl mark. I gess he was thinkin' o' that ere ink bizniz. His name shood make 1 in the role of grate American orryturs. He'd xpose currupshun in high places, an' teche true paytriotism. Mr. Spiers was scar'd case he shood go up of spontanyus combustun an' go out of site of his herers like a ski-rokkit. He tuke to rehursin' bad. He was allus rehursin'. It was kinder shoutin' like, an' the nayburs sed hede best drop sich ongoin's an' not 'sturb the nayburhude. If he was a loonytik he shude be put under restrante; if

he warn't they'd have to call in the purlees an' hav him shut up in the offis till he got kuled off. Anyhow they wasn't goin' to hav a nooysans amung 'em, a-rantin an' ravin' wuss nor Bedlam at every hour of day an' nite. They didn't want no gloryus forths the hole yere rownd. Uncle kinder sot still a spell, an' sed as how ther war more paytriotism in a gude-sized pumkin nor in the hole pile of 'em. Uncle war swetin like to bust. He was that fool of elikwenz. His wurd's got bigger an' bigger, an' 'bout as long's mi arm, sum of 'em. He askt Grace if shede sedylusly applied the brislin atum remover to his nether integuments. Mr. Spiers sed he jes wanted to kno if his pants was brushed. I dunno wot he mened. Neither did Grace, so she jes sed yes. So they sent a carridge for him, an' I went down to see the fun. They was bangin' of crakers an' pistils, an' steem whistles was a-screechin' enuff to make me def. An' ther was that meny fires the firemen was on the go all day a-tryin' to put 'em out. Mr. Spiers said the paytriotism of Stokerville cost about a quarter of a milyun dollars, 'sides loss of life an' lim. Anyways it was a high old time. 'Most everybuddy was drunk, an' they was shutin' eche other like fun. Only they allus hit sumbuddy else, or a winder, or suthing. An' the Dimykrats fit the Republikans same's it was war times, or a spellin' bee. So the purseshun didn't 'mount 2 much. The crottirs made it pritty lively for them as was waukin', an' them as wos ridin' had to wauk 2, as the horses got skar'd, an' sum of 'em ran away an' nok't the carridges into smithereens against lamp-posts an' things. Uncle got hisself whitund sum, an' a eg or 2 made him luke a kinder streaky yaller like. So wen I got out to the comun whar uncle was to liten the hull urth from Dan to tuther place, he was on a high stand, with a lot of fokeses and all Stokerville around. So he slipt his orashun in the crown of his hat an' 'gan taukin'. I kno'd it war all rite, cos I'd put it up 'fore he left home. I hurd him as well's cood be. He'd got down on krupushun, an' berryin' the hatchet 'tween North an' South. Mr. Spiers sed he war jes a-goin' to fly the bird o' freedom. I kno'd 'most every wurd or it. I'd hurd so much rehursin', me an' the wig.

"Let this the natal day of our great Republik inaugurate its regenurashun. Let us make a noo deklarashun of independance, independant of parti byas, an' of a wider freedom, freedom from kurupshun freedom from sekshunal hate. Why is it our fathers chose the eagle as our emblem? unless bekaws—bekaws—bekaws—"

He cum to a halt, an' 'gan turnin' over the leves. He shuke all over. The fokes wated an' huroo'd, but he was dum, a-turnin' them drattid leves. I coodn't help it, so I holler'd "Uncle, its bekaws they ment we shood rise to the empirian, an' luv our countri with a luv abuv the sordid motivs of urth."

Then the hoodlums yell'd "Step down old man, an' give this littel gurl a sho." So I was histed on the stand, an' uncle drag'd me away, an' them as wos with

him cum 2. The krowd was hollerin' and laffin', an' 'fore you cood say "Jak," the stand was a bonfire. Uncle got sum more of his orashun wen he got home. I gess I'd left it out. He put the hull pile in the fire. "There burns my last hope of distinkshun," he said, an' but for his othe he'd wax me. Mr. Spiers sed the hull thing minded him of a 4th o' Juli speech down in Georgy, as ended in a rele old-fashund plantashun brake-down.

CHAPTER XXVII.

UNCLE gone crakt agen. Mr. Spiers sez he had a shingel off before, an' now the hull rufe's gone. He can't let 'ligun a-be. So he's gone an' jined the Millerites, as has most of 'em bin in the 'sylum, an' awter go bak. The last day's cumin', sure's pop. So they ain't goin' to wurk enny more, wich mammie sez is jes lazyness. Everything that ennybuddy's got is everybuddy else's. So 1 of 'em is Judas, as carries the bag, an' by's things wen they wants 'em. An' uncle's the top o' the hull bildin'. He preches 'bout the sines o' the times, an' sez the last day must be klos at hand, cos ther's wars an' rumours of wars, an' ther's a comet cumin', an' ther's yaller fever, an' staurms and urth-kwakes, cos "the Lord shall cum, the urth shall kwake," an' it's kinder uneezy in its mind like. An I gess ther's aunt swallowin' her tethe, an' the house burn'd 'thout shoorange, an' his speche burn'd, an' his urashun bustid. So its 'bout time for a last day. Mr. Spiers sez uncle's 'bout tired o' this world, so he wants to try wot anuther feles like. He thinks it'll mebbe be 'bout's warm for sum of 'em as this 1. But he sez uncle's xshekker's gettin' pritty lo, so he can't luse much by digin' into a common fund. I rekkon that's 'bout so 2. My noo ant was fereful stravigant, an' made a big hole in tuther 1's shoorange money. So uncle figger'd for the last day to cum pritty kwick, an' they all got together on a hill outside Stokerville, an' sum hoodlums was ther. An' the sky, uncle sed, wood part in 2, an' they as had their lamps trim'd was to be take up in charryats of fire. But it was daylite, an' they had no lamps. So they prade and sang sams, an' wated, an' uncle preched an' told 'em to be reddy, cos he felt a change a-cumin'. I gess they wasn't ankshus to get tuke. Leastways 1 of 'em went loony, an' the rest of 'em loked a kinder white and skared like. An' the sky got blak, an' they was sure that was the klowl. He was a-cumin' in. An' then the change cum'd, wich was a reg'lar thunder plump an' litenin' as was fereful. They wated a little while, an' then they all skuted. Ther warn't no fireworks nor charryats at all. The hoodlums pepper'd 'em sum, and Mr. Spiers tuke me home, an' sed as how the last day was pusponed *seeny deca*. An' bimeby the Judas was away with all the munny, so the Millerites felt kinder chisled.

"I might dynamite not," is the constant thought of the unhappy Czar.

ALIVE IN A DEAD-HOUSE.

A GERMAN who was believed to be dead, was immediately removed and placed in the dead-house attached to the hospital in San Francisco, in which he had been under treatment. The body was deposited in a case where two other bodies had already been placed, and between them. The cover was put on, and the keeper of the dead-house retired for the night. About midnight a loud screaming and yelling of the most unearthly character was heard in the dead-house. The keeper of the dead-house was sought after; but being aware of what he was required to do, he sought concealment, preferring to let the ghosts fight amongst themselves rather than attempt to become peacemaker. When at last he was prevailed upon to proceed to the dead-house and open the door, the ghostly form of the German, whose life had been a few hours previously pronounced extinct, and who had been dressed in the robes of the dead, stood before him. The keeper fainted outright, while the terrified German rushed headlong through the long halls and corridors of the building, spreading dismay and terror as he went. Some, more courageous than the rest, caught and arrested him in his frantic career, but the next instant the poor German fell on the floor in a fit. The physician was sent for, and restoratives used, by which he was restored to consciousness. How he felt when he returned to consciousness we give as he told it himself:—"Vell, ven I got sick and vas in bed that day, the doctor came to me and said I vas very sick. He vent away, and after he vent I fell asleep. I know nothing more till I voke in de night, and there vas no light. I put out my hand, and I could get no bed-clothes, for I vas cold. I den put my hand to vone side to try for the bed-clothes, and, och! vat you tink I got?—vy a ded man? Dere he vas, cold enough, sure. I roared mid all the power I had, and vas going away by the other side, ven, sure, I put my hand on another. Then I roared, and called, and cried out all I could, and ven I vas getting up my head struck a board that vas covering me. 'Och,' said I, 'vot do this mean; vere am I? Am I ded?' And I roared and bawled, and threw off the cover, and jumped about as if I vas mad. And I knocked at the door with my hands and feet, but nobody would open it for me, and I thought I vas ded myself. I vas not sure. I had the ded man's dress on me. At last the door opened, and ven I looked at the man vat opened it he fell down vid fear, and I ran till I vas caught. Then I fainted, and ven I come to myself I thought it vas a dream. But it is true as I am here?"

MIXED FAMILIES.—Sometimes we hear of queer relationships. A man writes to the papers, giving his own status as follows:—"I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, and fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Sometime after my wife had a son; he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-daughter. My father's wife—i.e., my step-daughter—had also a son; he was, of course, my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

THE opening of the new Alhambra is a success for everybody concerned. Needless for me to say, crowds besieged the doors on Monday, December 3rd, and those who were fortunate enough to get a seat were looked upon as very lucky mortals. The house is a very handsome one, William Holland and his fellow-workers having spared no pains to make it thoroughly cosy and comfortable, and at the same time attractive, for the good folk who chose to visit their "little palace." The gas fittings are very fine and complete, having been provided by Messrs. Vaughan & Brown. Stroude is responsible for the gigantic sunlight, containing something like eight hundred and nineteen separate jets, and is considered the largest in the world.

♦ ♦ ♦
 "The Golden Ring" will doubtless bring in a nice little sum to the treasury. George R. Sims has supplied a very bright and witty book, whilst the music of Frederic Clay is certainly the finest I have heard from him, and that is saying a great deal. His music in "The Merry Duchess" was particularly pretty, but this is decidedly more advanced, and quite worthy of grand operas. The ballet was always a "big" item at the Alhambra, and in this the directors are in no way behind. Admirably danced, and as I have before said, lively music, will secure again for the Alhambra ballet the popularity which has always been associated with this department of "the theatre in Leicester Square." Concerning the plot I will not speak. Of course it has mainly been written to fall in with the old traditions of this house—that is, to provide a piece so as to give a fair chance for spectacular display. The acting is very good, though in one or two instances the actors do not seem happy and comfortable. Mr. J. G. Taylor is very droll and funny as *King Calino*. Mr. F. Gaillard looks very handsome as *Florian*, but everything is foreign about him—accent, manners, and expression. Miss Sallie Turner is well to the fore with her great fund of humour as the *Queen*; whilst Miss Irene Verona and Miss Eily Beaumont lend prominence to their respective parts. Miss Constance Loseby sings and acts splendidly, and Miss Adelaide Newton is not far behind. Mr. Wilfred Esmond does not seem "at home" as *Carambole*, and Messrs. Aynsley Cook and F. Mervin work hard to make something out of poor material. The palm goes to Miss Marion Hood. She is simply delightful; graceful in acting, artistic and sweet in her singing, she soon secured the goodwill of a very enthusiastic audience. The scenery is very fine—the first set from the brush of Mr. Charles Brooke, where a pastoral ballet takes place, being extremely pretty. All goes merrily as a marriage bell, and "The Golden Ring" is sure to have a long lease of popular favour.

♦ ♦ ♦
 Space alone forbids me giving that prominence to the performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea" at the Lyceum on Saturday week it calls for. Miss Anderson has already proved herself to be an actress of much real and true power; but many, including myself, were unprepared for the veritable triumph she caused for herself by her superb acting as *Galatea*. It was a performance marked by bright dramatic genius, overrunning with artistic grace and freshness, teeming with glowing points, and minute attention to detail. Whatever doubts, if there were any, there may have been as to Miss Anderson's powers,

have now been dispelled, for she has thoroughly placed herself amongst the list of actresses capable of illustrating all those phases of a character such as *Galatea* calls for. Mr. J. H. Barnes played with discretion as *Pygmalion*. Although there was no decided impression made, yet he managed to please, and throughout acted with ease. Miss Amy Roselle acts as only such an experienced actress can do as *Cyneria*; and the remaining parts receive that attention due to such admirable drawing of characters from an admirable master.

♦ ♦ ♦
 Here is a copy of a telegram received by Miss Anderson's manager from a well-known nobleman a few days ago:—"What would be Miss Anderson's terms to dine with me to-night to meet the Prince of Wales? She will be treated as a guest." It is unnecessary for me to say that no notice was taken of the message. Comment is needless.

♦ ♦ ♦
 Of Mr. Wilson Barrett's latest attempt too much cannot be said. There is a very old and hackneyed sentence which runs thusly (it is a favourite one with some theatrical managers), viz.:—"All former efforts totally eclipsed." Mr. Barrett's past endeavours have been so perfect in every way, and it is saying as much as I can possibly think of, that this little sentence applies in every way to the piece now playing at the Princess's Theatre.

♦ ♦ ♦
 The writing of the piece (Messrs. Wills & Hermann), it must be confessed, falls off considerably towards the end. The strong interest aroused in the prologue is not maintained, and although the dialogue is rich in poetical sentiment and suggestion, yet there is not sufficient to thoroughly keep the mind set and follow up the admirably-written prologue. Mr. Barrett has always paid great attention to his scenery, and yet he has never allowed the piece to be manufactured for his scene painters and carpenters. All the scenes seem to fall naturally, while the earthquake—a masterpiece in stage effect—does not stop the progress of the play. For this Mr. Barrett deserves the thanks of all interested in the art of which he is such an admired member; and although, especially in pieces of this kind, the temptation is strong, yet the love of probability serves as a safeguard against the trap.

♦ ♦ ♦
 Both Mr. Wills and Mr. Hermann must be congratulated on their work, and although the piece is not strong throughout in dialogue, yet there is no lack of fine effects and striking situations. The construction, too, shows much skill, each scene playing concisely with no crudeness or studied style about its working. Mr. Barrett has never played better. He has given us some fine performances in his time, but here again the little sentence comes in—he has "totally eclipsed all his former endeavours." There is much dignity and power in his acting; his by-play seems to speak, and tells us what is passing in his mind. It is truly a great performance. Mr. Willard as the *Holy Clement* gave force to the character, but he has not got that prime method and elocution necessary to give the great speech of the play with anything like weight. Mr. Frank Cooper is a competent and hard-working representative of the young sculptor; Mr. Walter Speakman is very fine in his part, and Mr. Geo. Barrett as *Belos* relieved the monotony of the serious portions of the piece with his humour. Miss Emmeline Ormsby looks very nice as the sculptor's wife, whilst Miss Mary Dickens, who seems to be getting on well in the path she has chosen, deserves a word for her acting of *Hera*. Miss

Eastlake was for once disappointing. She did not seem to thoroughly grasp her character; but doubtless by this time she has settled down to her part, and I hope, when next I witness "Claudian," to find her *Almida* one of the successful things of the piece.

The American rights of "Claudian" have been purchased by Mr. Samuel French for a very considerable sum.

"Excelsior," which has had such a merry time in America, will probably be seen at Covent Garden on Easter Monday. There will be a good bit of "foreign" talent engaged, and for this purpose Mr. Edmund Gerson, acting on behalf of the Messrs. Kiralfy Brothers, has run over to the Continent to make the necessary engagements.

Miss Lotta was advertised to appear at the Opera Comique on Saturday, under the direction of Mr. Harry Jackson. The opening piece will be "Musette." The following plays will be presented during her stay here:—"Little Nell and the Marchioness" (from Charles Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop"), "Heartsease," "La Cigale," "Firefly" (from Ouida's novel "Under Two Flags"), "The Little Detective," "Bob," "Zip," &c., &c.

The Christmas holiday programme at St. George's Hall will be "A Moss Rose Rent," written by Arthur Law, music by Alfred J. Caldicott; and the musical sketch by Corney Grain, "A Water Cure."

Mr. Toole is home again. He made a lively little speech on the opening night, and promised us some new things, including pieces by Mr. H. J. Byron, Mr. Hollingshead, &c. He also intends giving a revival of those pieces which he has made so popular.

"The Spider's Web" is "off" at the Olympic, and "She Stoops to Conquer" is being played. Mrs. Chippendale uses her experience with *Mrs. Hardcastle*, Miss Alma Murray is a very good *Kate*, Mr. G. W. Anson an energetic representative of that eccentric youth *Tony*, Mr. C. W. Somerset a decent *Young Marlow*, and Mr. J. F. Young works hard as *Old Hardcastle*. Of course this is only a stop-gap until some novelty may be found for this rather unlucky house.

"St. George and the Dragon" will be the pantomime at the Marylebone, whilst "Jack and Jill" will doubtless find a good hearing at the Surrey. Miss Emily De Witt gave a performance of "Plot and Passion" at the Vaudeville on Thursday, when she appeared as *Madame de Fontanges*. Mr. J. D. Beveridge was *Fouché*, and Mr. B. J. Barnats played *Desmarets*. A new and original comedieta, entitled "En Voyage," was also to be aired.

Mr. Edward Terry has been providing plenty of enjoyment for the patrons of the Gaiety with "The Rocket." "Fra Diavolo," with Miss Farren and the other bright lights of "the temple of burlesque," has also been going well.

"The Tinsel Queen" has been given at Sadler's Wells. Messrs. J. & R. Douglas had a benefit at the Standard on Monday, 17th inst.; and Mrs. Lane appealed to her friends at the Britannia on Monday week with no little success.

Those who love good sound acting of the same class of play should not miss Edward Compton and company at the Strand. They are as compact a little company as I have seen for a long time.

The unfortunate Novelty Theatre, known also as the "Foliès Dramatiques," has fallen into the hands of Miss Nelly Harris. She will, I hope, make it a more profitable investment than her predecessors. Success to her.

Miss Ada Swanborough, I regret to say, is still very ill, causing great anxiety to her friends. I trust the road to recovery is not far off.

It is rumoured that Mr. Cowper Coles has purchased the Royalty Theatre from Miss Kate Santley.

"The Alcazar"—more ill-luck—is to be re-opened at Christmas, when a new drama by B. Sykes and Leopold Lewis will form the attraction. Miss Genevieve Ward has left our shores for a tour of eighteen months round the world. The theatre built by Sir Percy Shelley is up for sale.

WHIFFLES.

A man gets into clothes quarters when he leaves his coat at his uncle's.

"You can't make a silk purse out of your sow's here," muttered Bismarck, as he signed the edict against American pork.

"What! Not lend a paltry ten to me, your other self?" "My dear fellow, I should never get it back—I know myself too well."

Rich uncle to his physician: "So you think I shall not die?" "Not only that, but I can assure you that you are saved." "Very well, I wish you would inform my nephew; but break the news gently to him."

Irish Attorney (to his clerk, who has taken the Blue Ribbon, and has been celebrating the event)—"I'll not stand it, surr! Wid yer plidges! Instid o' takin' plidges ye're always breakin'; ye'd better make no promises at all, at all—and *kape* 'em!"

"FEIGNING IS THE LOVER'S ART."—Clarissa—"Why, Harry, the papers say that men 'make up' just as the ladies do." Harry—"Well, and what then?" Clarissa—"But surely you don't 'make up.' I should hate you if you did." Harry—"Love me, you mean? For I must plead guilty to the charge; but then, I only 'make up' to you!"

WHY THEY MEET AS STRANGERS.—About two weeks ago two ladies met in a Clapham Road car, and when one complained that she was without a cook again, the other replied, "Ah! I have a jewel of a girl! She's neat, prompt, respectful, and I only pay her £12." "Is it possible?" "Yes; she's from the country, and doesn't know she can get more wages." The same two ladies met in the same car again yesterday, but, alas! how changed the situation! They stared frigidly at each other without even a nod, and they would not sit on the same side of the car. The jewel of a girl is now receiving £18 in the kitchen of the woman who was without a cook. Hence the *vendetta*, which will descend to the third generation.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

OH, when I was a tiny boy
 My days and nights were full of joy,
 My mates were blithe and kind!—
 No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
 And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
 To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
 Of pleasure. In those days I found
 A top a joyous thing;—
 But now those past delights I drop,
 My head, alas! is all my top,
 And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stor'd,—
 Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
 With Theseus for a taw!—
 My playful horse has slipt his string,
 Forgotten all his capering,
 And harness'd to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!
 Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
 My pleasure from the sky!
 'Twas paper'd o'er with studious themes,
 The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
 Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all and dead;
 My dumps are made of more than lead;
 My flights soon find a fall;
 My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
 Joy never cometh with a hoop,
 And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;
 I am a shuttlecock myself
 The world knocks to and fro;—
 My archery is all unlearn'd,
 And grief against myself has turn'd
 My arrows and my bow!

No skies so blue or so serene
 As then;—no leaves look half so green
 As cloth'd the play-ground tree!
 All things I lov'd are alter'd so,
 Nor does it ease my heart to know
 That change resides in me!

O, for the garb that mark'd the boy
 The trousers made of corduroy,
 Well ink'd with black and red;
 The crownless hat, ne'er deem'd an ill—
 It only let the sunshine still
 Repose upon my head!

O, for the ribband round the neck!
 The careless dog's-ears apt to deck
 My book and collar both!
 How can this formal man be styled
 Merely an Alexandrine child,
 A boy of larger growth?

O for the lessons learn'd by heart!
 Ay, though the very birch's smart
 Should mark those hours again;
 I'd "kiss the rod," and be resign'd
 Beneath the stroke, and even find
 Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehears'd in bed!
 The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
 By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun?
 The angel form that always walk'd
 In all my dreams, and looked and talked
 Exactly like Miss Brown!

The *omne bene*—Christmas come!
 The prize of merit, won for home—
 Merit had prizes then!
 But now I write for days and days,
 For fame—a deal of empty praise,
 Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach—
 The joyous shout—the loud approach
 The winding horns like rams!
 The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
 The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,
 No "satis" to the "jams!" —Tom Hood.

HONESTY AMONGST THIEVES.

"HONESTY amongst thieves" is an old saying, but gratefully expressed on their part is uncommon, so I must tell you about some extraordinary housebreakers.

Not more than thirty years have elapsed since the following address, to a gang of this description, appeared in the *Daily Advertiser*:—"Mr. R—, of Stanhope Street, presents his respectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honour of eating a couple of roasted chickens, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of old Madeira, at his house on Monday night. In their haste they took away the tankard, to which they are heartily welcome; but in a pocket-book there were several loose papers, private memoranda, receipts, &c., which can be of no use to his kind and friendly visitors, but are important to him; he therefore hopes they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them. For an old family watch, which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if any means could be pointed out by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser."

In less than a week after this advertisement appeared, a packet, with the following letter enclosed, was dropped into the area of the house which had been plundered:—"Sir,—You are quite a gemman. Not being used to your Madeira, it got into our upper-works, or we never should have cribbed your papers; they be all marched back again with the red book. Your ale was mortal good; the tankard and spoons were made into white soap, in Duke's Place, two hours before daylite: the old family watch-case was, at the same time, made into gravy, and the inside, new christened, is on its voyage to Holland. If it had not been transported, you should have had it back again, for you are quite the gemman; but you know, as it has got a new name, it would be no longer your old family watch. And so, sir, we have nothing more to say, but that we are much obliged to you, and shall be glad to sarve and visit you by nite or by day; and are your humble servants to command."

TEN MINUTES WITH A BARBER.

A DREAM AND A REVERIE.

A BARBER'S SHOP! Of all the pictures that rise before your mind's eyes at the mention of those words, I venture to say there are none of a very pleasant kind. The face of the smirking assistant—the deep-rooted conviction he exhibits that there is some toilet article you are yearning for without being able to give expression to your wish—his eager and self-sacrificing anxiety to supply this want—his invariable remark that your hair is very dry, and would be better to be anointed occasionally with So-and-so's hair-wash—his greasy hands, &c.—these are things you hasten to banish from your mind, and replace by more pleasing subjects of thought.

But some of my happiest hours have been spent in the Barber's studio, in the company of the aforesaid smirking young man. For there, and there only, do I indulge in day-dreaming. Whenever I enter the ogre's den, I become oblivious to my surroundings. I feel not the greasy fingers wandering through my hair; the disparaging remark as to its dryness falls upon deaf ears; I believe I say, "no, thank you," to the proffer of the hair-wash; and I suppose I answer intelligently any other unctious remarks that may be addressed to me. But that is all done mechanically, for my mind is not there, my wits have gone a wool-gathering. I shall try to write down my recollection of one such visit.

It was a dismal drizzly December day, so it was a pleasant change to close my eyes and be transported to sunny July, and to the deck of the good ship *Tomboy*, bound from the Forth to London. A blazing sun was overhead, but its fierceness was tempered by a steady breeze. The vessel was an interesting one from an antiquarian point of view; it seemed as if it had "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze;" it was probably the same in which William the Conqueror crossed the Channel eight centuries before; and the observant eye could still detect patches of the coat of paint it had no doubt received on the occasion of that memorable voyage.

My friend, Ned, was with me, and for some time we promenaded the deck, feeling an intense sense of animal enjoyment. The deck could not be called spacious, and matters were not improved by the following, among other impediments:—*First*, a large coil of rope with a small anchor attached, handy to throw out to a "man over-board." *Second*, a boat useful for taking passengers ashore if they felt queer. And *third*, a round knob about four inches in height, and a foot-and-a-half in diameter, which now and again elicited strong language from the men and little screams from the ladies, as they one after another tripped over it.

Ned and I at last got tired of our walk, and, seating ourselves opposite the knob, we tried to obtain some amusement by noting the various ways in which the passengers expressed their feelings when they found themselves suddenly arrested by this most disgusting of obstacles. When this occupation grew monotonous we conversed, exchanging views upon the appearance of the passengers. Ned summed up his views by saying, "There's only one pretty girl on board, and there are three fellows talking to her just now." Just as he was speaking, my eye caught sight of something that made me clutch Ned's arm, and whisper, "Look there!" It was the figure of a girl standing on the coil of rope, and

she was truly a "sicht for sair een." Her picture, as she stood there, shading her eyes with her hand, and gazing out over the sea, her dress fluttering in the breeze—a form all grace and sweetness—would have filled no unworthy place in the poetess's "dream of all things free." After a minute she turned and became conscious that we were looking at her, and, hastily stepping on to the deck, she rejoined her friends. I thought the scene charming. I was weak enough to quote Tennyson to Ned. I said,

"Where is another sweet as my sweet,
Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy?
Fine little hands,—"

"Fine big feet?" suggested Ned, and I turned from him in disgust.

He went off, and got into conversation with "the only pretty girl on board." Later on I noticed that he had put to flight her other admirers, and thereafter remained master of the field.

I was thus left free to follow the bent of my inclinations, and it is needless to say where my inclinations led me. For years I have been searching for an ideal woman who should be possessed of every charm that flesh is heir to. This ideal personage always assumed the name of Maud. I don't know why it is; I suppose Tennyson's poem has something to do with it, but the name of Maud has always seemed to me to be the sweetest name a woman can be blest with, to have a concentrated essence of loveliness in it. And now the conviction dawned upon me that I had found Maud at last.

I do not require to describe how I obtained an introduction to her; there is a frankness and freeness about society on shipboard that smoothed the way, and as we sat and talked together, I found that the fondest wish of my heart had been granted—it was Maud.

I know not how long we talked; I know not what we talked about. I know that the shadows closed around us, and the lights shone out, some of them winking knowingly, as if they knew all about it, others steadily staring at us like emblems of propriety. I know that the moon, beloved of lovers, rose in bewitching beauty, flooding sea and sky with her silvery light. But the passengers seemed to have vanished. I saw no one but Maud, heard nothing but the sound of her sweet low voice.

I can only recall one thing she said. It was this—

"To meet, to know, to love and then—to part,
Is the sad fate of every human heart."

As she spoke, I realised for the first time the bitter possibility that she might go away, and I might see her no more, and, driven desperate by the thought, I exclaimed "Maud, Maud, we must not part! Do you love me, Maud?" I gazed into her eyes to read the answer. There was a troubled look in them, but in a moment it cleared away, and was replaced by a joyous brightness. Raising her arms she stroked my hair, and I heard these words:—
—"Is that short enough, now, Sir?"

I opened my eyes, and ugh! it was that confounded greasy smirking hair-cutter!

R. M.

Little Birdie Blue-eyes
Sitting in the sun,
While her older brother
Foolish with a gun.
Soon a loud explosion
Wakes the echoing wood—
All that's left of Birdie
Is her worsted hood.

TRUE LOVE.

NEVER was there seen a handsomer young couple than Jean Gascon, the fisherman, and his bonnie bright-eyed wife Constance. Jean, tall and well-built, bronzed with continued exposure to the sun and sea, was the "*beau-ideal*" of a Picardy fisherman—good-natured, generous, and contented with his lot.

Constance, graceful and robust, with clear ruddy complexion, dark sparkling eyes, and wavy brown hair, was just the kind of woman to show off to advantage the simple and picturesque dress of the French fisher's wife.

They formed as pretty a picture as e'er was seen as they stood, one fresh, dewy summer's morn, at the door of their little cottage at Sangatte, near Calais.

It was scarcely one week since the happy day when they were married; they loved each other with all the ardour of youth's first passion; nor was this surprising, for no two persons were ever better suited to each other. He stood with his muscular arm round her waist; she with her head nestled lovingly on his broad shoulder.

"You will not be late, Jean, my dearest," she said. "I fear for you when you are on the water after night comes on. Promise to come back ere sunset, and I will be on the beach to meet you!"

"There is nothing to fear, loved one," he replied, kissing her fresh, smiling lips; "but I promise to be back before sunset if you wish it. But now, good-bye, Mignon; the other boats are already out to sea, and it won't do for Jean Gascon to be last on the roll."

So saying, he ran down the beach towards the sea.

Constance watched him as long as he was in sight, and then, gaily carolling some love song, she brought her knitting and a chair to the door, and sat in the warm sunshine, working and watching the tiny sails of the distant boats on the bright blue sea.

The morning passed by; evening came. She laid the supper on the deal table, and having carelessly thrown a wrap round her head and shoulders, she opened the cottage door and stepped lightly out.

But while she had been busily engaged within, a complete change had taken place outside. The sea, no longer blue and calm, roared and crashed in angry green white-crested breakers on the shore; the sky was heavily overclouded, large drops of rain began to fall; seagulls screeched and whirled restlessly round in circles; everything, in fact, warned the terrified young woman of a coming storm.

"And Jean," she thought, "poor fellow! perhaps still far out at sea, for not many minutes ago it was fine; but surely he must have seen the storm coming and hurried back! I must go down to the beach and see if the boat is in sight! Ah!" she cried, as she saw one of the little smacks dash bravely through the surf on to the sand, "thank God, he's just in time!" But she was mistaken; it was not her husband, but two old men, who jumped out of the boat and drew her up out of reach of the raging billows.

"Pierre," she asked anxiously of one of them, "have you seen Jean's boat? Is he near?"

"When last I saw him, lassie," answered the old salt, "he was far enough away from land—he was always a venturesome young fellow—and laughed when I told him there was a squall coming on. But," he added, seeing the look of alarm already depicted on the girl's face, "don't fear; he'll be right enough, depend on't, my lass!"

"No light craft could live in such a sea as that," he

muttered, however, to his mate. "Heaven grant Jean may be near land; 'twould be a real pity for him to be lost; only just married, too, to the fairest and sweetest girl in France.

Still Constance stood there, regardless of the now blinding rain which saturated her garments and hair. She had long since been joined by other women, wives, daughters, lovers—all anxious for the safety of their beloved ones.

One by one the boats came in, all more or less damaged, until at last Constance stood *alone* on the shore, for her husband had *not returned*. Nothing had been seen of his craft since first the storm came on.

All that night the poor girl stood on the loose wet shingle, wringing her hands, and straining her eyes into the darkness; now and again rushing towards the water, as she fancied she saw the longed-for boat appear. At length she thought she could not be deceived this time. What but her husband's craft could that black object be to her right?

Joyfully she ran to the spot to find—What? Not her husband's boat, but his *corpse*. Yes, there lay all that remained of the handsome young man who left his lovely wife that morning in strength and hope; there he lay, a lifeless, senseless mass, tossed here and there by the angry waves.

Vainly she drew him out of the water which had already done its work; vainly she cried his name, and tore her hair in her grief, and in vain did she pour upon his cold and already stiffened limbs the warm tears gushing from a broken heart. Her Jean was dead! What need for her to live any longer?

She smoothed his matted hair from his brow, closed his lustreless eyes, and throwing herself upon his breast, with her arms encircling his neck, she breathed the last remnant of her spotless life upon his lips in one lingering kiss, and expired.

There, next morning, were they found, heart to heart, beautiful even in death; and thus were they laid in the green churchyard, to awake again when the hour shall come to a life of eternal love.

First Prize (£5), awarded to "THE BROKEN HAMMER," a Derby Road, Nicholl's Town, Southampton.

ADVENTURES OF A BLUE JACKET.

A TRUE STORY.

MANY years ago it was found necessary to besiege the fort called Budge-Budge, some few miles down the river from Calcutta, which the natives held in spite of our remonstrance, probably supported in their hostile obstinacy by the Dutch and French Governments, who, as all the world knows, had several settlements in the East Indies. These settlements we could wrest from them in an instant, but for some unaccountable reason or other, we had allowed them to remain in their hands, to the no small hindrance of justice and equality, since it frequently happened that characters deserving punishment for their offences crossed the river, and in ten minutes were beyond the pale of British law, having found refuge in Chinamah or some other foreign town. The existence of these little colonies had a still worse effect in case of disaffection amongst the Indians, inasmuch as they were ever ready to pour forth foreign emissaries, who urgently fomented the feud and misled the poor natives by holding out hopes of assistance from their respective countries.

Such had been the case with Budge-Budge, the aforesaid fort, before which a couple of frigates and some armed boats were lying at the time of my sketch. The native garrison, which amounted to about six hundred men, had vainly been summoned to surrender. They vowed they would die rather than do so. For three days long shots had been fired at them; but as the fortress was built of mud, no sooner was the smallest breach made than it was instantly closed up and rebuilt. One of the commanders advised the adoption of a storming party; his brother officer, however, differed from him, urging that the place was too well garrisoned to be easily carried by assault. The opinions of the two leaders were forwarded to Calcutta, and the reply was expected to be returned on the morrow.

James Bunting, an old tar, heard all these palavers, as he styled them, and looked very knowing. He understood that there was a chance of fighting, so he felt perfectly delighted. To his berth he descended, and, as usual, when he was particularly happy, managed to get particularly drunk, and turned in evidently the worse for liquor. Now it so happened that in about an hour after he had thus settled himself in his hammock, he suddenly awoke. A burning fever, an agonising thirst parched his mouth, so he arose and went to his locker; but, alas! he had drunk every drop of liquor he possessed, and where to find more he knew not. On board the vessel he had no hopes; shore was his only chance; so, unseen by any one, he made his way into the water by lowering himself from the chains, or from a port-hole, or some such place, and struck out for the beach, where he landed safely, in spite of alligators, sentinels, and all other similar oppositions.

When he had shaken the water from his hair, and hitched up his trousers, he began to look around for a toddy shop, where he could purchase some of their liquor, or some arrack, to take the chill off the water he had swallowed, but, alas! no building of the kind met his view—not a single habitation could he see. The fort frowned gloomily over him in sullen grandeur; no other place where spirits were likely to be found could he discover, though he peered anxiously round on every side. To lose his time, to be laughed at by his comrades on his return for the wild-goose chase he had undertaken, was by no means palatable to Bunting. To be baulked is a maxim unknown to a British sailor; so rather than lose his grog, he determined to lose his life, or, at all events, risk it. Without further ado he began scaling the walls of the fort. This he easily managed, and in a few moments found himself at the top of the glacis. Elated at his success, he began shouting as loud as ever he could bawl, to the horror of the garrison, who, instantly fancying themselves assailed, started up, and were about to run to the spot where they supposed the attacking party had made a good lodgment, when Jim, who had scampered round the defences, again began to shout from the opposite side, and suddenly lowering himself into the town itself, commenced cheering as loud as he could, intermingling his vociferations with cries for liquor.

Assailed as they supposed, on both sides, the enemy actually in the fortress, surprised in the middle of the night, expecting nothing less than to be cut to pieces in the dark, what could they do? The bravest might well hesitate. Unable to get their forces together, confused and astounded, they naturally believed that they had been betrayed. They had but one course left to pursue. They opened the gates, and fled as fast and as far as their feet would carry them, leaving the town in the quiet and

peaceable possession of James Bunting, who, after shouting vainly for some time, fell down, and slept for a couple of hours. He awoke perfectly sober, though about as much puzzled at finding himself alone, and in the enemy's fort, as the poor man was in the "Arabian Nights," when he found himself suddenly transformed into an eagle.

Jim rubbed his eyes, he pinched his legs, and walking up to a tank, actually drank three mouthfuls of water before he could believe that he was awake. He then strutted up to the ramparts, convinced himself that he was in his proper senses, for there lay the two frigates, and there floated the Union Jack, for which he had often risked his life. Shiver my timbers! but this is a queer go! said he; and with that he hitched up his trousers as usual, and shook the pigtail which then hung from every sailor's head.

The vessels, perceiving a man thus expose himself, began to fire at him.

"Avast there!" shouted Jim; but as they did not hear him, or attend to him, he ran to the principal battery, and climbing up the flagstaff, pulled down the Dutch colours, and hoisted up a ragged old turban he found lying in one of the streets. The commanders of the vessels thought this extremely odd. Something strange had evidently happened, so they sent a boat on shore bearing a flag of truce, carried by the lieutenant of one of the frigates. Unmolested the party marched up to the fort; and, as the gates were open, unmolested they marched into it. Not a soul did they meet till Jim strutted up to them.

"Holloo, you sir, what's the meaning of this?" said the first lieutenant to Bunting in a voice of anger; for it was sadly *infra dig* for an officer of his rank to have been thus sent off to parley with a common sailor.

"What's the meaning of this?"

"Please, your honour, I hope you won't be angry, Lieftenant, but somehow or other I've taken this place. The enemy have cut their painter and sheered off."

"What," cried the superior, "you took the fort?"

Jim nodded.

"And pray, who the deuce gave you leave to do so, I should much like to know? Get on board, sir, directly."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Jim, respectfully, instantly doing as he was desired.

In the meantime the lieutenant went and formally took possession of the place by running up the British colours. Then writing a most pompous despatch, in which he recommended the real captor to be tried for leaving the ship without permission, he sent it back by a young midshipman, remaining behind himself with half a dozen sailors, in order, as he expressed it, to garrison the fort.

Strange to say, his recommendation was attended to, and Jim Bunting brought to a court-martial, who most reluctantly were compelled to find him guilty; adjudging him, however, to undergo the least possible punishment that could be inflicted for so glaring a breach of discipline.

Jim felt highly indignant at the turn things had taken. He could not help fancying himself an ill-used man, but he bore it stoically. When, however, he heard the verdict delivered—when he heard himself pronounced guilty—he once more hitched up his nether garments, and exclaimed in an audible voice as he left the cabin, "Douse my glist if ever I take another fort as long as I live!"

Need I add, that though to satisfy the strictness of the law, to which all in the navy must bow, the verdict of guilty was brought in, he was afterwards amply praised and rewarded by his superiors.

Second Premium (10s.) awarded to Mr. ERNEST H. POORE.

BURIED ALIVE: OR, THE SMUGGLERS' RETREAT.

UP till the date of the events I am now about to relate, my life had been spent about four miles from the South-West coast of Scotland, where I had worked from my earliest boyhood as a collier in one of the mines adjoining our village. Of the danger connected with such an occupation I never had the slightest dread, for no serious accident had taken place in our village for many a year. It is not surprising, therefore, that it was in a gay and jovial mood that I proceeded as usual to my work on the morning of the memorable day of which I am now to speak.

I had been working alone for many hours, fully a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the pit, when I was interrupted by hearing a dreadful crash, followed by the sound of rushing water, which thrilled my soul with horror, and filled my mind with visions of death-like terrors. For a few moments I stood transfixed and motionless, still hearing the fearful roar of the water, which sounded like a death-knell in my ears. It was long before I could summon courage to take a view of my position, but when I did, a feeling of dread and amazement crept over me. On the one side was the solid wall of coal at which I had been working, and on the opposite side was a newly-formed barrier, effectually closing up the exit to the main part of the pit, so that I was, as it were, in a large natural apartment, separated from my companions and the destroying flood by this wall which Providence had reared for my protection. A momentary feeling of relief possessed me; but this feeling was dispelled when I contemplated that, although freed from immediate danger, my position was still a perilous one. My friends would, without a doubt, I thought, imagine that I had met with the fate which I felt sure had overtaken most of my fellow-workmen, and the idea that I had escaped that fate for one infinitely worse rendered me miserable. I shuddered, and almost wished that I had perished with the rest, when I considered that most probably I would pine away from hunger and thirst in my solitary prison.

With such musings as these I looked desperately round the enclosure, examining every crevice for the faintest chance of an escape; but, with a disappointed air, was abandoning the search as vain, when suddenly, by the light of the lamp which I still had in my possession, I discovered that the exact spot which I had been working at presented a loose and unstable appearance. At any other time this would have passed unnoticed by me, but in the situation in which I then was I grasped eagerly at what it suggested. Hastily seizing the pick which I had dropped in my first moment of terror, I gave a few blows, and found that my surmise was correct. The wall gave way, and through the aperture which had been made I crept with eager expectancy. When I emerged on the other side, my heart sank within me, for just at that moment my light flickered and went out, so that I had no means of observing where I now was. I determined, however, to grope my way through the darkness, but could not have gone more than twenty yards when I stumbled and fell with a heavy thud on the ground, which rendered me insensible. On awaking I was conscious only of a ravenous desire for food, and a powerful thirst almost indescribable. A cold shivering, too, had overtaken me by reason of the damp condition of my surroundings, and I resigned myself to what

seemed inevitably to be my fate. For hours I sat in intense agony, praying inwardly that death might come and release me from those terrible sufferings. I had sat, I have said, for hours, and no doubt would never have risen had I not been startled by hearing the sound of voices, and on looking up I beheld a number of men with torches in their hands. My first impulse was to shout for joy, but, on second thoughts, I restrained myself. The appearance of the men in such a place, and their strange demeanour raised some doubts in my mind as to their intentions—doubts which were well founded, as I shortly beheld. The pit—for it was none other than an old unused pit—now became the scene of bustle and confusion. The flaming torches enabled me to see what was going on, and I soon observed that various articles were being deposited in the pit. The truth now flashed upon me—I was amongst a gang of smugglers, who carried on their nefarious traffic in the bowels of the earth, and who had chosen this as a suitable place for hiding their spoil. I lay attentively watching their movements, noting especially how they effected their exit; and after they had left the pit, and all was quiet, I proceeded to the mouth of the mine and succeeded in gaining the open air in the same manner as the smugglers had done. I have only to tell now with what joy I embraced my wife and children, who thought I had perished with my comrades, of whom I learned that only a few had been saved. Of course I did not inform upon the lawless gang, but they were soon entrapped by Government officials, and received the due reward of their iniquities. I retain a lively remembrance of the night I spent in the dire strait, with the smugglers on one side and death on the other.

THE MUSINGS OF BACCHUS.

'Twas Bacchus spake, "One victim more,
His body lies all bruised and sore
Upon the kerbstone, cold, and damp;
His lifeless limbs are stiff with cramp.

"Hard by there is the drunkard's den,
The winsome wine, the merry men;
From thence this wretch, his gold all gone,
Was driven forth to die alone.

"To cure carousing comrades' sin,
And save them from the grievous gin,
This trophy, and his tragic end,
May fill with zeal some temperance friend.

"Why, then, I'll haste—his ardour quench,
These perilled souls theirs none shall wrench,
From out my strong and subtle grasp,
Those reprobates I'll closely clasp."

The expression, as applied to actors and public speakers, of "bringing down the house," originated with Samson. He was the first on record.

♦ ♦ ♦

Emile de Girardin, it is well known, lived on the most unfriendly terms with his second wife. The house was large enough to permit them to dwell entirely separate from each other. One day Madame de Girardin had an important communication to make to her husband. Taking a small piece of paper, she wrote—"The Boudoir to the Library—Would like to go to Switzerland." M. de Girardin, imitating the conciseness of her style, responded—"The Library to the Boudoir—Go."

THE UNCOMMITTED CRIME.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By THEODORE ALFRED CROFT.

CHAPTER IX.

FIRE AND FAILURE.

Slow crept the silent flame, ensnared its prize,
Then burst resistless to the astonished skies;
The glowing walls
In trembling conflict stemmed the burning tide,
Till, crackling, blazing, reeking to its fall,
Down rushed the thundering roof and buried all!

Rejected Addresses.

MR. ARCHER, the managing partner of the firm that owned the mill, was a man absolutely without faults, except one. He knew not what it was to say "no" to anybody, and this fatal facility brought a disaster upon the firm which, followed by another, for which he was not responsible, ruined the firm, and incidentally turned the whole current of my life. In the days of the paper duty, of which the generation that has risen up since its abolition have no knowledge, the paper maker was to a large extent in the hands of the paper dealer. The Excise officer went round the districts once every six weeks, holding his "collection" in the little market town nearest the valley in which Wellpark and some other paper works were situated. Of course the duty had to be paid in cash; but the purchasers of the paper were not so completely bound down to ready-money payments. The result was that as "duty day" came round, every paper maker, unless a man of large capital, was in straits where he should get money, and the wholesale dealers took care to put off all orders until they knew that the terror of the exciseman was on the makers, and then they drove hard bargains, buying perhaps just enough to help the mill owner over the present difficulty, and to carry on the works for a short time beyond. Of course some of the other and wealthier mill owners were able to defy such manœuvres, having capital enough to go on even if the dealers hung back till *they* in turn were in straits for supplies, and perhaps needed new orders from their own customers to enable them to turn over the debt due to the paper makers. I was not at the time aware of all this, but knowledge picked up in after years helped to explain things that happened about the time of which I am now writing, and which had sorely puzzled all the men who took the trouble to talk over the difficulties under which the mill was conducted. We saw that work was constant, sometimes even running the night-shift to get orders completed; yet, once or twice, pay-day (we were paid once a fortnight) would be postponed for a day, and in other ways a want of command of cash could be discerned. I have very little doubt that the public little knew the terrorism which "duty day" enabled unscrupulous stationers to exercise over the smaller or less wealthy paper makers.

One result of this system was that our very facile Mr. Archer got plunged into great difficulties, and from little to large bill transactions grew and grew, until it was with the greatest fight the mill could keep its head above water, and often the firm was on the point of sinking. The person who had the principal hand in bringing about this result lived in London, the business being managed by a brother, who had enormous powers as mandatory of the "friend in the city" for whom he acted. Never could we understand how this feeble-minded, sneaking little dog of

a man could take upon himself such airs, giving orders to the workers in the mill, in presence of the working manager, which we all, men and boys, women and girls, would fain have resented and disobeyed, so little did we like him. The destruction of the influence of this precious pair came about in a curious way, involving, however, Mr. Archer and his partner in the same ruin. This happened about two years after the incident narrated in the previous chapter, and when I had got into a higher stage in the mill, being by that time a lad of eighteen, and finished in my apprenticeship.

"Mr Archer," the manager was heard to call out on the afternoon of this eventful day, "don't you think we should shift those Irish rags that came in yesterday?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr Archer, who was crossing the courtyard on his way to the counting-house, contrary to his usual acquiescing form of mind. "I think that loft will do very well for the Irish: you know we require store No. 5 for the S.P.F. from Hamburg coming in to-morrow."

Johnston, the manager, gave a shrug of annoyance at hearing this, the conduct of both of them attracting my attention at the time, and being very vividly impressed by the events of the next few hours.

It happened that some alterations were to be made on the machine to which I was attached, and Johnston asked me to stay some time after the bell rang, in order to get some hints as to the method of working the altered mechanism. The bell rung at six o'clock as usual, and it was so near winter at the time, that it was almost dark as the workpeople streamed out at the gate. Owing to an order in some haste, twenty women were to work an hour or two late in the cutting room; but besides these, and two or three men in the bleaching and machine rooms, the works were deserted when I went over to the manager's room. This was on the south side, furthest from the river of any part of the mill buildings; and the cutting room, with stores, &c., below, occupied a portion at right angles with it. On the other arm of the square was a range of rag stores, and completing the square there was the house for the beating engines and the "machines," with the bleaching rooms below the former, and over all the store in which the unfortunate Irish rags had been placed. Except at the archway leading from the mill, the latter was connected with the main rag store on the east; and, on the west, again, the cutting places, with drying and sizing rooms on the lower floor, were connected with the store.

I had not sat many minutes, studying the drawings of the new machinery on the manager's table, when a slight smell of charred wood—to which I have always been peculiarly susceptible—struck my nostrils. Johnston, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, pointed to a fire in his grate that had gone out after a feeble endeavour to be re-lighted by some bits of firewood, and I was satisfied, again turning to the plans. Many minutes, however, had not elapsed before a shriek from without attracted us, when we saw the unhappy Irish rags in a blaze, and the smoke filling the staircase by which the women ought to get down from the cutting room.

It was the work of a moment to rush out and shout to the women to remain in their own part of the building till they could be rescued. Poor things! This was more easy to order than to secure, for already flames had leaped high through the wooden roof of the rag store, and only the fact of the wind carrying them away over the machine-rooms—which were on a lower level and to the outside—prevented the rag-cutting-room from being rendered uninhabitable by the smoke. There was one splendid young

woman there, only seventeen years of age, but tall and well developed for her age, who took command, and by her powerful influence enabled us to save every life, before the greedy flames had reached them. The poor women and girls did shriek and lament, and only the stern mental power of Mary Goodwin prevented them from leaping from the windows, a height of thirty feet from the ground. Deliverance for the mill was almost past hoping for, for the nearest large town was seven miles off, the workmen were away, and the same progress had not been made, as in later years, in providing works of that kind with hose and hydrant. One of the engine men ran off to the village for help, and soon a mounted messenger was sent to the town; but meantime the fire made very rapid progress.

My first care was to seek for a ladder, of which several lay about the place, but no one was found long enough to reach the window round which the group of frightened rag cutters was crowded. Time, which seemed hours, but which barely ran to ten minutes, was lost in having two ladders securely lashed together and placed against the wall. Even thus it was a foot too short, and none of the girls would risk being the first to put her feet down from the window to reach the topmost rung. Then the ready wit of Mary Goodwin began tying some of the larger rags together into a rope, and by the time that an old salt, who acted as "time keeper" at the gate, had run up the ladder and hitched himself in by the window, she had a tolerably stout rope twisted together! Jack, however, would have none of this, and called to us below to send up a coil of rope which lay in the stable. It fell to me to run up with this, tying it to Mary's rag rope when I had gone so far up as my inexperience of ladder climbing would permit. By this time a second pair of ladders had been put up, reaching about a foot lower; and the sailor's proposal, to which we below rendered ready obedience, was that one of us should take a place on the shorter ladder and steady each girl, whom he was to lower in a "whip" till she had got her feet safely on the steps of the other ladder. Ascending the ladder accordingly, I found it a difficult matter to "hang on by the eyelids" so high up; but a grasp at the rag rope, which Jack had fixed inside, enabled me to steady myself, and to follow strictly the orders of the old sailor in rescuing the girls. Mary was proposed to be the first to descend to give the others courage, but at Jack's request she remained, and the others were safely lowered, one by one, without mishap; the brawny arms of the sailor, with Mary's judicious help, enabling the whole party, some of whom were elderly women, to reach the ground in safety. There only remained now Mary and the sailor, and we were not a little puzzled how they would both get down, as Mary was a buxom lass, and her stout arms, which had helped Jack to support the heavier of the others, would not now be available. The case was the reverse of the well-known scene in "The Antiquary;" and the question who would "hold the guy?" looked for a moment as puzzling as ever. However, Jack wove the rope round the window frame, and trusting to the power of his arms, lowered Mary over the window, and, amid the breathless suspense of the people below, she got her feet safely on the ladder and came down. Jack's descent was the work of a moment, and then we had time to observe how the fire had progressed, and what the others had been doing to stem it.

During all the operations that have been described, we had splendid light, for the roof on three sides was by this time in a blaze, and only the fact that there was a stone

wall between and a slated roof overhead had prevented the spread of the fire to the cutting-rooms. All the rest of the work had wooden sides, in a kind of louver board, and the dry wood carried the flames round three sides of the quadrangle in less time than it has taken me to tell the story. The floor of the first store had burned through, and the flames had spread from the beating engine-room to the drying machine—a vast wooden structure on the same level, so that the fire was found to be bursting out of the lower windows of the building, at the other end of which we had just seen the sailor safely descend. Half an hour is a long time when fire has got the upper hand, and at least that time elapsed before the last woman was rescued, or the people from the village had gathered to the work. By that time nothing could be saved, except some of the finished and duty-paid paper in the room furthest below the cutting-room; and even what was in the excise-room could not be removed, because the officer was away home with his key, and the reams could not be removed in his absence, lest the revenue should suffer.

About two hours later, engines arrived from the distant town in time to find three sides of the square absolutely in ruin, all the fine machinery rusted and destroyed, and only one corner of the place, that immediately under the scene of the escape of the women, not wholly gutted. The destruction was as complete as it was rapid, and the loss to all concerned—not the least being the loss of employment to such a large number of people—was immense. The firm never again held up its head, for this loss, which no insurance could repay, coming on the back of the financial difficulties, broke up the connection. The dividend paid to the creditors was a small one; and many of us derived a kind of bitter consolation from the knowledge that the rapacious brothers, who had not calculated on this conclusion to their scheme of entanglement, lost so many thousand pounds by the fire and failure that they eventually went into liquidation, and disappeared from the ken of the paper world.

One result of the catastrophe was to change entirely my anticipated career, so that with this chapter closes what may be termed the first part of my history.

(To be continued.)

"Waiter, take away this 'soup'; it is as cold as ice."
 "Oh, you must be mistaken, sir! I tasted it as I was bringing it, and it's nice and hot, sir." "Tasted it!"
 "Oh, no, sir; beg pardon, sir, I wouldn't think of doing such a thing, sir! I only just put my finger into it, sir!"

♦ ♦ ♦

A patron of a horse-car, one day last week, feeling that one of his shoes troubled him, took it off and sat in his stocking-foot. This gave great umbrage to a person sitting by him, who complained not only of the offence it was to the ladies on the same bench, but of other things unnecessary to mention. The shoe, however, was not replaced, and nothing more was said on either side. But, when the remonstrant quitted the car, he contrived to pick up the shoe and carry it away with him unperceived of his victim, who, when he got ready in turn to leave the conveyance, looked for his shoe in vain. The last that was seen of him, as the car passed on, he was hopping on one foot across the muddy street, uttering language which, though fully equal to the occasion, was somewhat too oburgatory for repetition in print. The other passengers were divided in opinion as to whether it was a kindness or not to carry off a shoe which was too tight for its wearer.

PUZZLEIANA.

No. 68—ENIGMA.

(First Premium, 6s. Vol.)

My figure is crooked and curly,
And this I feel bound to confess;
My character, too, is not perfect,
But questionable at the best;
And yet, if I am pleaded as lawyer,
The most conscientious J.P.
Might feel it his most bounden duty
To wind up his sentence with me.
Sometimes when a statement is made,
Of which there perhaps is a doubt,
Do I, by insidious sneering,
Cast hints at untruthfulness out.
Say not, with a proud disavowal,
You know not a scoundrel like me;
For, when you have read my confession,
Pray, whom but myself should you see?

5 New Town Terrace, Bloxwood Road, Walsall. EDWIN ELLIS.

No. 69—STAR PUZZLE.

(Second Premium, 3s. Vol.)

- I give these few directions to solvers of my riddle.
You must choose a letter, and place it in the middle;
And as you find the lights, place place them neatly round.
If rightly done, their finals name a statesman I'll be bound.
1. A sufferer's couch, with loving ones attending;
Behold me here, a soothing influence lending.
 2. Ah, infidel! why unbelieving?
Think not the truth can be deceiving.
 3. "We have men, we have money, we have ships, we are free;
We fight for our rights and liberty."
 4. In spite of all that you may say,
The fact is, I am thrown away.
 5. A parcel, I think, is my next I may tell;
But, friends, you must watch lest it be a par-sell.
 6. A coin of silver, a coin of gold;
An image, and also a building you're told.
 7. One of seven, here is given.
 8. These show unto your senses,
Of truth the evidences.
 9. I sailed o'er the ocean to-day;
I'll sail o'er the same to-morrow;
And bear in my bosom to many,
The tales of joy and sorrow.
 10. My next light is so very dark,
That for small hints are due many thanks;
So thank me for this little spark,
I'm a name for a drink used by Yanks.
 11. Thou'lt get me in the sea;
That's all I'll tell to thee.
 12. In finding me out, no trouble betide you;
I'm part of yourself, and therefore beside you.
- 51 Church Street, Inverness.

A. MACPHERSON.

No. 70—LOGOGRIPH.

To take advantage is my first,
Without my head a screen;
Cut off again, with sickness curst,
My figure will be seen.
Decapitate once more, and see
A Latin pronoun rise;
Cut off again, affix an E,
A small French pronoun lies.
Transpose my second, and a sheet
Will show its mighty face;
Transpose, a word we dread to meet
When striving in life's race.
Transpose, and find an article
Which lies in every house;
Change round once more, a particle
Belonging to a mouse.
Transpose afresh, a speedy train
Will seem to clatter by;
And o'er my next, transposed again,
It now begins to fly.
Fell total's head with weapon keen,
One central letter steal;
Affix an E, a valley green
My final will reveal.

F. G. WEBB.

London.

No. 71—DIAMOND SQUARE.

"'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell."
The unmusical sounds of this instrument make
The mischievous school-boys all tremble and quake.

For more than a thousand long years has his name
Be echoed in many lands, so great is his fame.
Another small instrument here will you see,
Both used by the schoolboys, by you, and by me.
I'm seen with the brooks, and the streams, and the rills,
But am not to be found on the plains or the hills.

J. CRAWFORD.

Glasgow.

No. 72—TANNAHILL'S RIDDLE.

Now printed for the first time.

I am of all shapes, chaste and uncouth,
I'm short, I'm sharp, I'm blunt, I'm smooth,
I'm stiff, I'm supple, I'm thick, I'm thin,
Who falls o'er me may break his shin.
I have no legs, I have no arms,
But oft am bled in war's alarms;
I have no eyes, I have no ears,
Yet I can guess 'twixt pitch and pearls.
I have two mouths, yet teeth and jaws
Were never found in me, because
The sagest sage who pored o'er me
Could nothing in my inside see,
Whereby he could explain my power
To take my meat at any hour.

R. TANNAHILL.

No. 73—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- A true and noble patriot, a hero brave and bold,
A mighty warrior of renown, a king in form and mould.
1. A charming youth *this*, was sweet Mrs. Brown,
For her smiles did bewitch all the men in the town.
2. A certain Greek letter for *this*, please expound;
In English 'tis of little consequence found.
3. The *total* was *this* to the land of his birth,
For to him 'twas the sweetest of all spots on earth.
4. I've heard men assert (though I think it remiss)
That the greater the truth, the greater *this*.
5. His intellect's poor, and his perception quite dull,
Who's not got a *this* beneath his thick skull.
6. A genius and juggler is Teddy M'Snaff,
And has always some *this* to make us all laugh.
7. You may perhaps deem *this* my rhyme very crude,
I trust it is *this*, so think me not rude.

TOM TIT.

Burslem.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN No. 10.

No. 21.

S U P E R F I C I A L
R E V E R B E R A T E
I M P E R F E C T L Y
A M E R C E M E N T S
P R I M O G E N I A L
A C C U M U L A T O R
M I S C H I E V O U S
P I L L O W C A S E S
F O R W A R D N E S S
C O N T A M I N A T E
G A L L E Y S L A V E

No. 22—Eve.

No. 23—Hem-i-sphere.

No. 24—Capital.

No. 25—Fir-lot.

No. 26—Duke of Wellington.

Answered by the following:—J. C. Miller, 5 Clydeview Terrace, Glasgow (who wins the prize for best solution to No. 21); T. Leighton, W. Miller, A. Smith, Catrine; H. Cooper, Edinburgh; T. Aitken, Catrine; R. Irvine, Carlisle; J. Tomlinson, Skipton; T. M'Haffey, Belfast.

Received:—J. Tomlinson, Jun., Skipton-in-Craven; W. C. McDonald, Aberdeen; M. Buchanan, Glasgow; G. S. Smart, Paisley; F. Evelyn, Glasgow (try a different style); E. Ellis, Walsall; F. G. Webb, London; G. Hill, Rutherglen (verbal charades rather easy); W. Stirling, Glasgow (say if original); A. Macpherson, Inverness (thanks); H. B. Thornton, Buxton (appeared before); J. Crawford, Glasgow.

(To give monthly subscribers a chance to compete, we allow an interval of six weeks between the insertion of the puzzles and the answers. See rules.)

The pen is mightier than the sword, but it can never hope to compete with the toy pistol.

It is said that the trade dollar should be called "Japhet," because it is in search of its "par."

"Mamma, what is a furrier?" asked a little girl. "One that deals in furs," was the reply. "Then is a currier one who deals in curs?" was the next question.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE LYRIC BIRTHDAY BOOK. THE "CUP OF BLESSING" BIRTHDAY BOOK. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo & Co.)

IT must be one of the most difficult things in the world now to invent a new idea for a birthday book, or to carry it out well. The two books we have now before us illustrate both difficulties. The Lyric selection, made by D. H., has no appropriateness in any special way. The gleanings of the "gems" from English and Scottish song must have been a labour of long continuance, so that the compiler deserves the reward of industry. The editor of the religious books makes one of the oldest literary blunders we ever met. The book is called "A Cup of Blessing," and on its title is a quotation from a psalm, in which the context "the wicked shall wring out the dregs and drink them" appears to have been absolutely overlooked. So that the "cup" becomes anything but a "blessing." We know from Shakespeare that "the devil can cite Scripture for his purpose;" and since that famous case when he forgot the context in his citation, we have never heard of a more obvious blunder than on the title page of this little book. It is only justice to the publishers to say that the little volumes are well printed and delightfully got up.

WATERSTON'S DIARIES, 1884. (London and Edinburgh: Geo. Waterston & Sons.)

THE "Edinburgh Diaries" by their name point to a local use: but though primarily intended for Scotland, the excellence of the get-up, and the interest and fulness of the information given make them applicable to a much wider area. An excellent idea is the brief synopsis of Acts of Parliament of last session, which, more fully carried out, might make the little books valuable beyond mere local bounds. The tablets, wall calendars, "office," "library," and "desk" diaries are for universal use, and may be commended for clear type and good paper. The firm offers in all forty-four different sizes or bindings, so that it would appear that every kind of need has been provided for.

THE MINIATURE LIBRARY. Six volumes. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo & Co., 1883.)

A FEW weeks ago we noticed a set of six tiny wee volumes of literature of a general kind, and we now have from the same publisher a set of six volumes of a religious character. Pretty little things they are, each more brilliant in blue and purple and gold than the other; and, undoubtedly, if found as cheerful and cheering within as they are on the outside, they should be read with benefit. The volume of poetry is well chosen, with the high and sober thoughts of writers like Herbert, Wotton, Addison, and Cowper. The "Happy Life" of Sir Henry Wotton is a philosophy in brief compass.

AN editor says that when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the gaoler "to give the prison a puff."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OLDHEDEN.—We fear that the science of archæology is hardly yet popular enough. But this greatly depends on "the art of putting things," and we should not despair of making Captain Groves of the greater part of our readers.

BLUE BOY (Clifton).—The "Rambler" says he has been at Clifton Bridge, and, like Byron, "could not gaze a minute without an awful wish to plunge within it." The view from Brandon Hill is very nice.

AUBURN.—Vulgar people call it red. You remember the joke about a popular authoress,—"Her hair is red if her looks are not."

A. Q. B.—We fancy your initials must mean "A Queer Boy," for you are queer.

ASPIRANT.—Our advice to *clever* people who propose to enter the Civil Service is the same as Punch's advice to those about to marry—"doot." The reason is that a clever man has all the world before him, but once inside the Civil Service, he has only a little bit of it, with no other employer to whom he can offer his wares.

W. R. (Derby).—It shall have our consideration.

BETTY B. (Paisley).—You are a very sly puss to try to see the Editor. Would your bright eyes carry your poetry into print with a glance? Nay, verily, for we Editors must have hardened hearts and blood cold as ice. You know why Thackeray gave up the Editor's chair of the *Cornhill Magazine*? Because he had not the heart to withstand widows and bright-eyed Bettys like you.

QUERIST.—We know no reason why THE TATLER should not be obtained all over the kingdom. Order it from a bookseller. Back parts can be had.

GRACE DARLING (Newcastle).—We will use it as soon as possible. Could you ask more?

READER (Edinburgh).—Jean Janbon is simply John Ham, and the writer is John H.A.M. "the heaven-born soldier."

AGNES S.—It is a good plan to let the girls learn house work, even at the risk of soiling their fingers. When a boy goes to learn printing, he begins by sweeping the floor; and we should say no master printer is efficient who could not show the boy how to do it. So with girls that want to learn to be wives and mistresses.

H. W. B. (Exeter).—Quite so.

. The Premium announcements are withdrawn in the meantime. Letters requiring reply in this column must reach the Editor a fortnight before publishing date.

MODERN POETS.

"Poets," says Horace, "who expect
Their verses should for ever live,
Nine years each poem must neglect,
Ere they the final polish give."
This rule might suit the Roman bard;
But will not modern poets smile
To think, if they the sale retard
Nine years, how they must live the while?

. Parts I., II., and III. now ready, containing portraits of—

<p>The Queen. Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. Mr. Henry Irving. The Duke of Buccleuch, K.G. Rt. Hon. Jos. Chamberlain, M.P. Rt. Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart., M.P. Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P.</p>	<p>H.R.H. The Princess of Wales. (From a Photograph by Messrs. Downey). The Earl of Rosebery, K.T. Lady Brassey. Mr. A. C. Maskenize. Madame Marie Roze. Rt. Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P.</p>
---	---

Printed separately on toned paper. Price, 6d. per copy; by Post, 7d.

The LONDON OFFICE of THE TATLER is at 84 FLEET STREET (next door to PUNCH Office).

To be had at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, London, and in the country; also Messrs. WILLING & Co.'s Bookstalls, London, &c.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors by MACRONE & Co. 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—December 22, 1883.



PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 18.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE SONG OF LIFE.

O'ER the turmoil of life there reigneth
A song of triumphant strain;
And the heart of the man-world throbbeth
In a glorious refrain.

From the golden tongue of the morning
Glad droppeth the song, and clear;
And its notes fall brightly and hotly
As a heart's redeeming tear.

Through the twilight-veiling it stealeth
Close to the heart of the night,
And the tide of the darkness breaketh
In ripples of starry light.

While the queen of the night, uprising,
Donneth her crown to the strain:
And its gems to the earth down-quiver,
Like a fall of golden rain.

For the eyes that will dim with watching,
And the hearts too deep in strife
To heed how the song swelleth grandly,
From the sobbing ebb of life!

The grass in yon sweet-sleeping churchyard,
Waveth in tune and in time
To the song that floateth in triumph
From the death-bells' wailing chime.

But my heart—oh! my heart ne'er ceaseth,
But ever singeth to me,
The song with life's glorious cadence—
The sweet—"immortality!"

THE TATLER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 18.—PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

"I LIKE a good hater," said Daniel O'Connell, and of course the reverse is true, that we like a good lover. In our portrait this week we show a man who is both. Outside of Scotland, Professor Blackie is perhaps best known for his exertions, all over the world, to obtain funds for the endowment of the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh University. When this question was first agitated, it was in feeble hands, and excited no general interest. But Professor Blackie took it in hand, and the *perfidium ingenuum Scotorum* existing so largely in him got to be developed by sympathy throughout two worlds, *i.e.*, the world of the "Scot abroad" and

the learned world. Professor Blackie went on a safe basis when he pleaded for the study of the Celtic language on philosophical grounds. He is an enthusiast in that view; and his "three G's"—Greek, German, and Gaelic—soon came to be as well known as the three R's of the educational world.

In 1834, Professor Blackie was called to the bar in Scotland, but he did not do so with the view to become a practising advocate. His first academic appointment was in the chair of "Humanity" at Aberdeen—for the old classic tongue still enjoys that quaint old name in the Scottish Universities—and in 1852 he was appointed to the Greek Chair in the larger, though younger, University of Edinburgh. There for thirty years he lectured to large classes of students on Greek, and human nature, and poetry, and other matters—especially the other matters. Professor Blackie's philosophy is essentially a joyous one, and filled with noble sentiments and high aims. What was the spirit of his teaching, as apart from the direct work of the Chair, may be seen in his little book, "Self-culture"—assuredly the most valuable manual of personal conduct that could be put into the hands of a young man. The large sale of this book shows that the public have appreciated it; but it might be far more extensively circulated in a people's edition.

In his student songs, his writings on the language and literature of the Highlands and, greatest of all, his Homeric translations, Professor Blackie has gained a high place in current literature. In politics, the learned gentleman is perhaps a little erratic. A good many years ago he held a public disputation, in the form of a lecture and reply, with Mr. Ernest Jones, the Chartist leader. We have seen a private letter in which Professor Blackie characterised his opponent's case as "all Jones and no bones." He has taken a prominent part in the discussion of the Crofters' grievances in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and here he has got wrapped in controversies, in which he has borne himself with characteristic good humour and characteristic opinionativeness. Since Professor Blackie became *Emeritus*, he has proved the falsity of the title, for assuredly his work will never be done so long as his tongue can wag, or his arm can wield that Jersey cabbage or "kail-runt" he uses so graphically to point his discourse withal. Professor Blackie is nothing if not enthusiastic. He told the Crofter Commission that "he could not speak calmly about anything," and there never was a truer bit of self-portraiture than was uttered in that remark.

THE CHRISTMAS LESSON.

THE TATLER wishes all his numerous readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New-Year! He hopes the feeling is reciprocal when he adds, "and many of them." May it be his privilege for many years to cater for an annually increasing body of readers, and may they, more and more, look with interest and longing for the weekly issue of his budget of reading and amusement!

Having exhausted the compliments of the season, THE TATLER would like to preach a short sermon appropriate to the occasion. It will be a model sermon—like a kiss, with "two heads and an application." Why do we rejoice at the darkest period of the year? and why should mirth and joviality be associated with a time which is to many a time of privation, misery, and personal suffering? History has so willed it; and whether the date of Christmas be or be not the correct day, or whether, looking at the Scottish usage, the year begins on 1st January merely from an arbitrary arrangement of our calendar, certain it is that our greatest public festival falls at a time of cold and consequent want, of dull trade and consequent idleness, of short days and consequent short wages. That is the reply to the first head—a woman's reason, "It is so, because it is so."

The second head is, that as everything must be somehow, and that some reason lurks under every result, even if we cannot trace it to its cause, there must be some great purpose in that long progress of custom and history which has so linked suffering and festivity together. If it was all to begin anew, THE TATLER would fix the New-Year at the time when the sun enters Aries, and the actual new year of nature begins. For the religious festival, he would rather choose the associations of Easter as the time for rejoicing. But it is not so, and it is not possible to conceive that such results can arise without some very substantial reason.

That reason will be found in the application. We must not keep Christmas as Ebenezer Scrooge wished to keep it. The meteorologists tell us a severe winter is coming on us. Political prophets foretell a time of war and disturbance. The journals without prophetic claims let us know that trade is dull and promises to get duller. Those are not prospects for even the wealthiest of us to make merry upon—how much less those who are on the dividing line between little and want. But the great opportunity still remains—"each help the others"—and if the Christmas is kept, and the New-Year begun, with that word dwelling in our hearts and actions, then our Christmas may be merry, and our New-Year may be happy indeed.

The daughter of a Texan cattle king has just returned from Paris, where she says she walked through the Tooralooral, and visited a shottoe where she saw the statue of Physic and Catherine de Medicine.

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL:
A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. SPIERS sed uncle had best find anuther way than up'ards out of Stokerville. He didn't mene a gully, but a raleway. An' he sed it was 'bout time for pa's trusstese 2 take me in hand. So him an' Mr. Mellor an' Mr. Kane made a metin, an' uncle an' me was there. They pillavur'd a gude dele, an' sed as how suthin' pa thawt warn't wurth anythin' was wurth a hull pile of munny, an' thawt I was rich an' wood be richer nor most of 'em wen I grow'd big, an' that it was 'bout time to luke after my eddykashun. So they 'sided to pay uncle for kepin' me sinse pa di'd. Then, cos uncle was mi gardyun, thro' wot pa rit, they was to pay evry yere plenty to teche me evrythin'. An' nncle was 2 go an' luke after me. They was pretty ruff on uncle. Mr. Kane told him his dooty was clere's kanal watur. He awter kno bettern than take jim-jams an' go nokkin' around 'mong misgided fokes like Millerites, but see after his ded brother's saykrid charge. He hoped he wood. He had got his nerves out of kelter, an' it made him weke-minded, but he'd get all rite if he'd take kare of hisself. So they draw'd up a program wot we was to do. Fust we was to go to Noo York an' find a proppur skule for me, an' a rite place to live in. Then we was to go to Long Branch for uncle's helth. Then we was to travle a spel round by Niagry an' the Lakes an' Kanidy til fall, an' then go bak to Noo York. An' Grace was 2 go evrywhares, but Jo an' mammie and Cesar was to stay till fall in Stokerville, and then go to Noo York 2. So evrythin' was fixt. Jim sed all he cood do now was to go West mong the wild Injuns an' hunt an' sel peltris. So we tuke the cars an' bimeby was put of, cos uncle as had 1 bute outside of his pants coodn't find the tikkets, as he'd giv me to hold, an' I jes stuk 'em in his bute an' forgot. So we found 'em after a spel, an' got anuther car, an' run rite into Noo York in the dark.

CHAPTER XXIX.

UNCLE an' Grace an' me has bin all over kreashun an sum of Kanida. Uncle sez he's klothed an' in his rite mind agen. I didn't like Long Branch much. It's nothin' but a strip of sand an' sum houses. The wimmin dresses an' undresses most of the day, an' the men sits on the virandys an' chaws terbacker. I liked the Falls, tho' uncle was kwarlin most of the time. Uncle don't like payin' things. He sez the morul 'fect of the Falls is 'stroyd by the skowndruls that infest them. The sole is dulld to the pursepsun of ther granjur by the intrikate sistim of blakmale. Payin' hafe dollars an' kwarturs as are takses on sentymunt aint kundoosiv to the apreshiashun of natewr's sublymitti. He got a prechin abuv wots

left of Tabel Rok an' tumbeld in, an' sum men cumd an' fisht him out. He sed he felt like jumpin' in at the whurlpule. The swiftli glidin' watur fassenated him as a snake fassenates a burd. So we didn't stay long. I was allus skared case he did suthin like Blonden or sumbudy. The hotel man thawt he was a gude dele unhinged, an' was trubld with skrusse luce. So we made traks for Kanidy, an' shuted the rappids, an' he cum nere jumpin' overbored, swarin the bote was gwine to get nokt into a kokt hat on a rok. An' we went to hepes of places rownd Montryaul an' Kwebek, an' then to Bostin, an' then bak to Noo York. So I went to skule, an' Ise lurnin' evrythin' 'cep spelin', an' Missis Talboys sez I'm 'bout the quereest speler as she evvr heerd on. Skule's pritty slo. Ther all gurls wots at it. Jo an' mammie an' Cesar is all cumd, an' uncle don't do nuthin' but teche me after skule, an' settl' 'bout Cesar thru the day, cos Cesar don't like sitty life nor niggers. So he's trid wot 1 or 2 of 'em is made of, an' he's killd sum ther dogs, and kepes Uncle pritty bizzy. One day Cesar was takin' a wauk, and he warnt muzeld, an' they wanted 2 take him to a place as is calld the pownd. I gess ther was sum fur flyin', cos the man got his clos tore to rags, an another had his hand most bited of. So Cesar's goin' 2 the kuntri for a while. Them offisers is allus makin' a row 'bout nuthin'.

An old bachelor says: "It is all nonsense to pretend that love is blind. I never knew a man in love that did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I could."

The telegraph companies assure the public that their wires are all right. O, yes; the wires are working all right. It is the unskilled operators that make the blunders.

A correspondent complains that "there are too many lawyers in the country." O, no, my boy, there arent too many lawyers. There aren't half enough clients, that's all.

We learn from unquestioned authority that the Soja bean, according to analysis, surpasses other legumes in proteins. Much of the superstition regarding this matter is passing away.

This anecdote is told of a New York politician accompanied by a lady on the Hudson River train. The conductor came along and the legislator displayed a free pass. "Friend of yours?" "O, no; only my wife," said the law-maker.

An honest farmer receives a visit from a dealer in live stock, who wishes to purchase his pork crop. After chaffering over the price, they go out to the farm-yard to inspect the animals. On the threshold they meet the farmer's daughter—a handsome, strapping lass of nineteen, whose plumpness and colour would have delighted Rubens. "By Jove," says the admiring and gallant dealer, feeling that some compliment is demanded of him, "I say, if your pigs are anything like your daughter, we will have no difficulty in making a bargain."

THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

SAVE for the production of the various pantomimes, there is but little of a very startling nature to chronicle this week. Drury Lane shows us "Cinderella," with "The Procession of Fairy Tales," "The Hunt Scene," "The Carriage and Miniature Ponies," "The Cat Carille," and a very strong cast. Her Majesty's opens its doors again with "Little Red Riding Hood;" the Grand shows us "Jack and the Bean Stalk;" the Standard relies on "Puss in Boots" to please its patrons; the Surrey tells us the old story "How Jack and Jill went up the Hill," &c.; whilst the Britannia, always original in title if not in the story, introduces us to "Queen Dodo."

Pantomime seems to be on the wane, and lessens every year. I always was fond of the youngsters, and now they seem to be very nearly forgotten. I hope the managers of the various theatres, whose lot it is to please the young folks at Christmas, will not follow the majority, and depend on heavy and sensational dramas for their Christmas feast.

Miss Lotta was advertised to appear at the Opera Comique on Saturday in an original dramatic story, in three acts, by F. Marsden, entitled "Musette." Amongst the number of artistes engaged is Mr. George Howard, a gentleman who has been imported from America especially to support this vivacious little lady. More about her next week.

Mr. C. W. Spencer is to play "The Serf" at a Gaiety matinée on January 2d. Miss Myra Holme (Mrs. Pinero) is in the cast.

The title of W. S. Gilbert's new play, written for Miss Mary Anderson, is to possess the suggestive title of "Comedy and Tragedy."

I hear now on good authority that the marriage between the young peer and Miss Fortescue is likely to take place after all, and that all statements to the contrary are false. I thought it was rather curious that the match should be "off," as Lord Garmoyle and his affianced bride were present together at the first performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea" at the Lyceum. Well, "the course of true love never did run smooth," and I do not suppose they will be any the worse for these false and alarming reports.

"The Three Hats," a farcical comedy in three acts, from the French, by Owen Doer and Alfred Maltby, was introduced at the Royalty on Thursday, 20th. Mr. Maltby will be remembered for his long association with the Criterion. The piece has already been produced in the provinces—at Manchester, I believe.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera is in rehearsal at the Savoy, where it will be produced on January 5th. Miss Lilian Russell will play the *Princess Ida*. It is expected that the Poet Laureate will be present on the opening night.

"The Road to Ruin" is now at the Strand. Mr. Compton playing the lively and sportive *Goldfinch*, who is always willing to put his last penny "on."

It is rumoured that the great Salvini intends to shortly visit this country, and will give us an opportunity of witnessing some of his marvellous creations. I hear Covent Garden Theatre is likely to be selected for his efforts, and that the performances will be given sometime next March.

♦ ♦ ♦

The provincial rights of "Fédora" have been purchased by Miss Ewertta Laurence, and she intends taking it round the provinces in February. Miss Laurence is a very charming and natural young actress, and her recent playing at the Adelphi is still fresh in my memory. May success attend her undertaking. Her rendering of the title role will be watched with much interest.

♦ ♦ ♦

"The Crimes of Paris" was to be produced at the Opera Comique on Boxing-night. This seems a very unlucky house, and I heartily hope, now that Mr. Pettitt's "Spider's Web" has failed to catch the play-going public, this somewhat heavy piece may atone for the past.

♦ ♦ ♦

Sadler's Wells has no pantomime this year, so the opportunities which Mr. Robson has of directing the "chucking out" of unruly persons in the stalls who will persist in introducing their own opinions upon the political speeches of the piece, will not be afforded him this year. "Notre Dame" is now being played, and seems to be well appreciated.

♦ ♦ ♦

Again the old Connaught is open once more, this time under the management of Miss M. Dinorben, with the drama by Benjamin Sykes, entitled "Mizpah." Amongst the cast is Miss Agnes Thomas, a very painstaking and competent lady. Miss Dinorben herself will also appear.

♦ ♦ ♦

Good news for the patrons of the pit. All the ground floor has been devoted to their blissful abode, all programmes will be given away, and, in fact, everything done to make this a successful move. May the fair manageress be more in fortune's way than her fore-runners.

♦ ♦ ♦

The success of "The Rocket" is assured, thanks to the inimitable humour of Mr. Terry. Therefore, Burnand's new Christmas piece with the pretty title is to be postponed, and Pinero's comedy will still hold its own.

♦ ♦ ♦

"The Rocket," however, will be followed by a little burlesque on "Pygmalion and Galatea," by H. P. Stephens and W. Warham, with Miss Farren as *Galatea*, and Mr. Terry as the statue. I guess we shall have some fun here.

♦ ♦ ♦

Miss Marion Hood (whom I believe is a Mrs. Charles Hunt) is well again, and now delighting all who hear her sweet voice in "The Golden Ring" at the Alhambra.

♦ ♦ ♦

The performances of the English Opera Company, it is expected, will commence in the first week of the new year. The opening item will be Nester's opera, "The Piper of Hamelin." The company will be under the direction of Mr. T. H. Friend.

♦ ♦ ♦

When "Our Boys" is revived at the Criterion, Mr. William Farren, jun., will play *Sir Geoffrey*. Charles Middlewick will fall to the lot of a very clever young „ juvenile," Mr. H. Reeves-Smith.

A new burlesque is in rehearsal at Toole's, and will shortly be brought to light. The writer is Burnand, who has this time chosen "Claudian" for his little game. The title will be "Paul Clawdian, or the Roman Awry." "Johnny" will try his hand at burlesquing Mr. Barrett, whilst that clever lady Miss Marie Linden will cut her sister out, or try to, and show forth Miss Eastlake's peculiarities.

♦ ♦ ♦

"La Vie" has taken a fresh lease of life at the Avenue, and this merry work goes even better than before. Mr. Arthur Roberts gives us some new songs, whilst the jokes and sayings of Mr. Lal Brough are even funnier than before, so you can just imagine how funny they are. Mdlle. Camille Darville has also some fresh ballads, whilst Mr. Herbert Standing (a younger brother of Mr. Frank Celli) gives his imitations of celebrated actors, and very good they are too.

♦ ♦ ♦

On Thursday, 20th, "Young Folks' Ways" gave place to a revival of "A Scrap of Paper" at St. James's Theatre. It will be remembered this is an adaption of Sardou's work, "Les Pates de Mouche," by J. Palgrave Simpson. Here is the cast:—*Sir John Ingram*, Mr. Herbert Waring; *Colonel Blake*, Mr. Kendal; *Dr. Penguin*, F.Z.S., Mr. Hare; *Archie Hamilton*, Mr. D. S. Boucicault; *Lady Ingram*, Miss Linda Dietz; *Susan Hartley*, Mrs. Kendal; *Lucy Franklin*, Miss Webster; *Mrs. Penguin*, Mrs. Gaston Murray. The comedy was preceded by an original little work by Theyre Smith, author of "Uncle's Will," and entitled, "A Case for Eviction," played by Mr. George Alexander and Miss Dietz.

♦ ♦ ♦

According to a well-informed paper, Mr. Thiaske, the well-known architect, is about to produce Coleridge's play, "Remorse," at a morning performance. It was originally introduced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1813. This piece should prove interesting to those who delight in the manners and customs of "ye good old times."

♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Pinero denies that he has "cribbed" anything from "Ouida," and refers all his enemies to Madame Schwartz's novel, "The Man of Quality and the Woman of the People." Could anything be fairer than this?

♦ ♦ ♦

'Tis seldom I find time to look at amateur shows, but I was fully rewarded for my trouble by the efforts of some ladies and gentlemen in "The Rivals" on Thursday last at one of our suburban halls. Mr. Percy Varley as *Sir Anthony* particularly pleased me, whilst the performances of Mr. Harry Groom as *Captain Absolute* and Mr. A. J. Groom as *Faulkland* were far above the average. Mr. Richard W. Hughes is certainly one of the best amateur *Sir Lucius O'Trigger's* I have seen, whilst *Bob Acres* received due attention from Mr. Henry Gordon. Other parts were fairly well played. The ladies were all good; Miss Ada Vernon an excellent *Lydia*, Miss Howard a really splendid and business-like *Mrs. Malaprop*, Miss Maude Valerie a refined *Julia*, and Miss Blanche Williams a bright and lively *Lucy*. The costumes, by Stinchcombe, were very tasteful.

♦ ♦ ♦

It is rumoured that Miss Mary Anderson will soon enter the bonds of matrimony. But as these little events are so uncertain now-a-days, I will wait until I hear more about it before I credit the truth of the statement. Still, do not be surprised at what may happen.

WHIFFLES.

THE UNCOMMITTED CRIME.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

BY THEODORE ALFRED CROFT.

CHAPTER X.

A NEW CAREER.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honour.
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

Burns—Epistle to a Young Friend.

THOSE who have followed the "short and simple annals" of our poor family will have gathered that, when the mill was burned, not only was I thrown out of employment, but my sister also lost that occupation she had so long followed in the mill. While my mother remained at home, and in fair health, things were kept pretty comfortable, and the earnings of the three of us—for father still followed the occupation of "orra man" on an adjoining farm—kept us all together in food, clothes, and some modicum of enjoyment. But my mother's health was by this time failing, she never having been very robust, and my advancement in the mill might have led to Agnes remaining at home, when we were, all of a sudden, both deprived of income; and for a day or two there were only my father's few shillings coming in to maintain the household. It was impossible that this could continue, and we all began to discuss what was best to be done.

"I fear, Stephen," said my mother, "you will have to try for work somewhere else. Isna' there a lot o' mills in England, where our men get on weel when they gang?"

"Ay, mother," I rejoined as cheerily as I could—though my mind was far from cheery—"and I will get a fine tall English lassie for a wife down in Kent, and you will spend your last years amongst your English oes."

"Dinna gut fish till ye get them, was what my mither aye said."

Here my father joined in with the suggestion that "oes" (grandchildren) werna' so easy to catch as sprats—a local byword, the repetition of which made us all laugh.

Agnes, who sat by our little window knitting, at this time uttered an exclamation, and, assuming as much calmness as she could, she opened the cottage door to admit the Major and Lady Susan —, one of his companions in the visit to the mills two years ago. Their errand was soon told. Sir Hugh had read about the fire, and my name had got into the papers, along with that of Jack Halliday the sailor, in telling the story of the rescue of the women. This I had not learned before—penny daily papers were then unknown, and even yet few men on week's wages can afford to buy one. The name had recalled the former *rencontre*; and as Lady Sarah (who was confined to bed) and Lady Susan had also read the story, a determination had been made to offer us the chance of removal to a neighbouring town, to a shop and business that were in want of a tenant.

How my heart leaped to hear their proposal! My early habit of reading, trained under the schoolmaster who had found in me a pupil that he "understood," had given me a good deal of miscellaneous knowledge, and I had longed to leave the mill for some pursuit more germane to my disposition. The proposal was that I should be placed in a stationer and bookseller's shop in the town

already named, as that where the excise-duty was collected, and that Agnes should be made "postmistress" of the town, that office happening to be vacant at the moment. It was practically in the gift of Lady Susan's father, and the shop had till now been held by an old, old man, a tenant of his lordship, formerly a servant in the house, and now to retire on the pension all such servants enjoyed.

"My father will arrange about payment of the stock," Major Cairnburgh began, when I ventured to interrupt him with the intelligence that I had a few pounds—a very few—which I hoped he would allow me to place in the business, so that it might be my own.

"So much the better, my lad; Sir Hugh never objects to independence where it comes from honest purpose."

"Mr. Gilmore is more than honest of purpose—he is noble in wish and act," said Lady Susan, the name "Mr. Gilmore" startling me by its novelty, not less than her generous remark made me blush from its excess of kindness.

"Oh! my lady, Stephen has been a good son" began my mother, when Agnes happily relieved me from further pain—for it is painful to be praised, whether by equals or superiors—by exclaiming:—

"Lady Susan, we hardly deserve such happiness—I fear greatly it may be too bold to accept it. How can I be a post?"

"Tut," interrupted the Major, "do you think I don't remember the leader of the girls who frightened me at the mill; no fear of you not going through with the Post Office work; you could meet the most irate of Her Majesty's overcharged people without flinching."

Blushing at the oddly-contrived compliment, yet fully appreciating that it was kindly meant, Agnes sunk into silence, which, indeed, was the only refuge any of us could take in the circumstances. The joy that lifted us from fear of separation, or even want of work, was too great, and our parents were especially overcome by the opportune deliverance.

We were only too glad to get rid of the bluff Major and his kindly companion, and with thankful hearts we talked of the great good fortune God had provided for us. Despite the Major's assertion, Agnes shrunk from her new sphere with much doubtfulness of her own power, and although we ever and anon rallied her on her boldness and fitness for the place, she and I that evening set to work to brush up our arithmetic, as we knew that this one of the three "R.'s" had suffered great neglect for years past. Thanks, however, to the careful grounding of our old friend Hume, both of us found that figures did not present so great a difficulty as we had feared.

Ten days after the visit of the Major and Lady Susan, behold us removing, "scorner's chair" and all, from the old cottage, near Hollowglen gate, to a decently large cottage in the burghal town of Munkeith. A busy town at times, and one to which a large country and hill district looked as a kind of sub-capital and centre of supply. It had been arranged that the old bookseller should stay a week or two in the shop with me to show me its contents, and acquaint me with the qualities and prices of the somewhat miscellaneous collection that formed the stock-in-trade of a country stationer in those times. My readers must remember that at this time all the taxes on knowledge were in full force. The rates for postage, of which my sister was to take charge, in a part of the shop rallied off for the purpose, were practically prohibitory. Paper, as I have explained, was subject to a heavy duty, the newspaper stamp was oppressive, and we were still some time from the dawn of that bright day ushered in by the great

Penny Post reform, although the subject was then under agitation. Few people, except the gentry or the clergymen, bought what may be called a book, and popular literature was at the time only represented (but well represented) by the now perennial *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. There was a tolerably large lending library, to which books of fiction or of travel were added from time to time; and if we could not boast a great sale of Mr. Newbury's children's books, there was a capital set of twopenny story books, that were great favourites. "Take care when you order another gross o' the bairns' twopenny books to tell them to send you very few dream books or "Napoleon's Book of Fate" was one of the counsels of my predecessor in business. Prince Lee Boo was a prime favourite, almost as much so as Ali Baba or other less veracious histories; and the realistic story of Harry Sandford and Tommy Merton in an abridged form was as much relished as such adventures as those of Sinbad the Sailor or Daniel O'Rourke's Visit to the Moon.

It may be curious to some now-a-days to know that "note paper," of which so much is now used, was, in my early shop days, almost unknown, except for little ceremonial cards sent per messenger. An absurd postal law made it penal to use two bits of paper in a letter, so that every one in business used square sheets ("quarto post" was the technical name), on which the letter was written, and when folded up, with the ends tucked in, and a wafer placed below the edge, behold a business letter of a kind almost unknown to the present generation. There are even yet some old-fashioned houses that use "letter paper," because the post-mark then comes on the actual letter, and legally fixes its date. When envelopes first came in, they consisted of a single sheet of paper used to wrap the letter in, but they could not be used till the rule as to "single" letters came into play. In postage stamp collections, the "Mulready Envelope" shows very well what envelopes were like a few years after I entered on the business. An old Scots woman of wealth, but not much education, who lived near us in a big house, came in our place one day to speak about a letter she had received, and her expression, in noticing the novelty of the envelope, was that she had got the letter "rowt in a bit o' paper."

Gradually my old precursor initiated me into the various mysteries of the stock, introduced me to the wholesale dealers in the neighbouring city, and to the customers of the shop. We got on pretty fairly at first, and in a year or two came to feel quite comfortable, so far as the means of living provided. Agnes took to her Post Office duties readily. I was happy in a shop that jumped so well with my own desires, as the library gave opportunities for quiet recreation in all spare hours of winter, increasing knowledge without increasing sorrow, and so far proving false to Solomon's maxim. My father found plenty of work as my assistant, ambassador to the town, messenger, and general factotum. Mother revived for a year or two under the brightened circumstances of our home, and all seemed to promise well. In another chapter I will have to tell of how the dream of happiness was rudely broken in upon, and for a time sorrow found our door from a quarter where we least expected it.

(To be continued).

The Guicowar of Baroda has conferred another name on his third spouse—that of "Shrimunt Shobhagwuntie Parvuttesbai Sahib."

SALT FOR THE WALNUTS.

DEAR MR. TATLER,—I have no doubt but that I shall have, separate and distinct from your circle of readers, an inner circle of friends, who will turn to my column with the view of gaining what cannot be gained from pages of dreary "goaks," whose orthography is on a level with their wit,—viz., a hearty laugh. We need that in these times, when so much in Church and State is awry. Some need it for another reason. To *them*, poor souls, life has come to be, not a thing of "joy," but a "fardel," which is heavier than they ever thought it could be, and they are fain to say, in the words of the fine old ballad,—

"An' weren't my heart licht, I wud dee."

For them, and for certain others, these pages exist, in the hope that when the hand that wrote them is at rest, and the aches are all quieted in "God's acre," there may be a kindly thinking of him on the part of those to whom you, MR. TATLER, may think fit to make known my secret.

EDWARD RAMSAY, Junr.

Winns, near Alloa, Clackmannanshire, N.B.,
1st December, 1883.

P.S.—If any of the following have previously appeared in print, it is requested that notice be given to THE TATLER, who has kindly promised to present to the discoverer one of the "Magnificent Single Stone Paris (?) Diamond Rings" which are now so fashionable with mashers.

1. *The Ne Plus Ultra of Cheekiness*.—In the south of Scotland lived, some fourteen years ago, a respected clergyman of the Free Kirk, all whose clergymen are, as is well known, free from uncharitableness to their neighbours. This representative of the rebellion of '43 found that his onerous duties could not be efficiently discharged without the aid of a "*pownie*." Matters in the end wore a somewhat grim aspect for our friend, when, after preaching an eloquent discourse on the Eighth Commandment, it was rumoured that the books of the Deacons' Court were not altogether *comme il faut*. The Presbytery, that instrument of torture to heretics, was called in to sift the matter. In the course of investigating the somewhat serious charge against our friend, it came out that certain "feeds" of oats and hundred-weights of carrots were debited as a lien on the Sustentation Fund. Further enquiry went to raise the suspicion that the "*pownie*," although not known to the late Dr. Robert Buchannan, was as much an annuitant upon the triumph of Dr. Chalmers' financial forethought as the clergyman himself. Called to account before the Inquisition, and brought face to face with the Torquemada of the district Court, the poor fellow turned upon them with the words:—"To think that there should be so many *asses* fed by the Sustentation Fund, and that all this row should be made over my *pownie* and myself!" *Si non è vero; è bene trovato*.

2. *A Practical Joke*.—It was my good fortune to know, some thirty years ago—

"*Eheu fugaces, postume, postume,*"

(How many young friends are now lost to me—lost to me!)

a young student, son of the late Rev. Mr. —, of Weissnichtswo. Visiting his rooms, on one occasion, I found him plunged in deep thought over a cup of the beverage affected so much by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and

others whose crania are of the same remarkable configuration. The twinkle in the student's eye showed that the meditation had reference to some subject which might, could, would, or should end in a farce. Slipping quietly to the door, he pushed the snib into the boss-head of the lock, and returning to the fireside, pulled the bell-rope. The summons brought to the door a maiden of uncertain age, but by no means of uncertain temper. A Highland lady in a temper (and Miss C. was certainly Highland) is a sight for angels and men. A first and second attempt to open the door proved, as might have been expected, entirely fruitless. A succession of appalling kicks was followed up by a flood of Gaelic which would have made the hottest blood turn cold, if only it had been intelligible. Amidst the sputterings of Miss C.'s wrath, and the well-meant but vain efforts of the maid-of-all-work to entice her iracund mistress to withdraw to the kitchen, were heard deep breathings of coming revenge, accompanied by shrieks of a passion which threatened to end in apoplexy; and, at last, by the words which reached the ear like the sound of minute-guns at sea—"Sheffrey, you deevil you! Sheffrey, open the door will ye!" When it suited "Sheffrey's" time, he quietly withdrew the "snib," at the moment, of all others, when the good lady was delivering a violent assault. The boss-head yielded to the pressure, with the result of admitting Miss C. to the room, very much as if projected from Mons Meg. The joker, with a countenance as grave as if a laugh would have been a mortal sin, heaped insult on injury by asking, "why it had not occurred to her to turn the handle of the door?"

3. *Sold*.—I reckon myself to be as quick in apprehending a joke as most people; but yesterday I was caught up by a young shaver (or rather *non-shaver*, for he had not quite attained to the dignity of a pair of whiskers). "Mr Ramsay," said he, "do you know the motto fixed upon by the sons of St. Crispin to adorn their flags?" "No!" I said. "Well, it is 'Everlasting.'" I did not see it for a time, being a man of somewhat slow apprehension, but when I did, I mentally resolved to make a note of it.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.—No. XV.

THE RAMBLER'S EXPERIENCES.

No. 42.—CHRISTMAS FROM HOME.

It happened to the "Rambler" that he had to spend the eve of the chief holiday of the year in a small country inn. It was not "the worst inn's worst room," but the reverse; but what amount of comfort could make up for the misery of being suddenly sent from home on business on such a night?

It was rather frosty, and the "Rambler" had a fire in his bedroom—not so much for the cold, but that it gave him the opportunity of turning all the bed-clothes over the chairs and having them fully aired before he would risk them. Guests were few in such a place in snow and at this time, so the precaution was fully justified.

Well, the heat of the room grew great, and as there was a nice easy-chair in which to wait till the clothes were aired, of course the "Rambler" fell fast asleep. When he awoke it was with that chilled, nervous start that so often breaks a midnight chair sleep, and he sprang

up with an undefined sense of dread, and a tolerably well-defined sense of his comfort. Fire and candle were still burning, so there was no need to fear ghosts, for every one knows that ghosts only appear in country inns when the candle is out and the fire burns low.

But if ghosts can't be seen in those circumstances, may they not be heard?

Not many minutes had the "Rambler" sat up in the chair, to gather himself together to get to bed, when a sound came that almost froze the blood in his veins.

It was the sound as if the palm of a hand was slapped smartly on the other side of the wall, just at his ear, as he sat by the fireside!

What was to happen, or what had happened, the "Rambler" could not say. But as he sat in amaze, again came the inexplicable sound—

One! Two!! Three!!!—each slap heard quite distinctly. In fact, if there had been no light in the room, the "Rambler" would have said it was inside and not outside the wall. For an hour he sat in great terror—happily there were coals and an extra candle in the room. But as the sound came no more, he undressed and got to bed. All night he dreamed uneasily—the nightcap theory to prevent dreams had not been divulged as it was the other day—and in the morning he got his business completed and left the place.

He said nothing to the hotel people about the hand, and to this day the cause of the sound remains as inexplicable as on that terrible night.

WHAT sex contains both male and female?—Middlesex.

DO not run in debt to a shoemaker. It is unpleasant to be unable to say your sole is your own.

THE most polished man in Newcastle just now is a rheumatic grocer, whose wife undertook to bathe him all over with balsam for rheumatism. After the job was well done, she looked at the label on the bottle, and found that it was furniture polish she had been using.

AN old Scots lady gave an evening party, and a young man was present who was about to start for China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak' guid care o' yersel' when ye're awa', my man; for, mind ye, they eat puppies in Cheena!"

A GASCON officer, demanding his salary from the Minister of War, declared that he was in danger of dying with hunger. The Minister, who saw that his visage was full and ruddy, told him that his face contradicted his statement. "Ah, sir," said he, "don't trust to that; this face is not mine; it belongs to my landlord, who has given me credit for a long time past.

LIZST, the celebrated pianist, fell in love with a jeweller's daughter. A Prague journal thus describes the courtship:—One morning the jeweller, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Lizst, "How do you like my daughter?" "She is an angel!" "What do you think of marriage?" "I think so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to it." "What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?" "I would willingly accept it." "Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter; her fortune is ready; be my son-in-law." "With all my heart." The marriage was celebrated the following week.

OUR CHRISTMAS STORIES.

IN an early number, THE TATLER asked for Competitive Stories based on the following well-known scene:—

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—An old-fashioned house.

Enter HARDCASTLE, followed by two or three awkward servants.

Hardcastle. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places; and can shew that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

All. Ay, ay.

Hardcastle. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a shew at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands; they're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them; I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia; and so being upon drill—

Hardcastle. Diggory, you must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Diggory. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees eating going forwards, ecod! he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hardcastle. Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Diggory. Then, ecod! your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the Gun-room: I can't help laughing at that, he, he, he, he! for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years; ha, ha, ha!

Hardcastle. Ha, ha, ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that.

FIRST STORY.

AN UNWRITTEN ACT OF "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

WHEN Young Marlow had made up the match with Miss Hardcastle, and Hastings with Miss Neville, all marched to the dining-room. The cheer was good, every one was in the best of spirits after the varied adventures, and Diggory and the other servants managed to hold their hands and their tongues as their master had told them.

When they had fully enjoyed their dinner and were at the wine, Sir Charles accosted the host—

"I say, Hardcastle, tell the youngsters the story of 'Ould Grouse in the Gun-room.'"

"Oh, Lor'," said Diggory to Roger aside—"There it's comin'; I canna haud in at that, I maun let go. He! he! he!"

Hardcastle. "Well, if you insist, I must tell it, of course. When Tony was a boy, my friend there came down for a few days. It was when Ould Roger, the father of that rascal there, had charge of the horses, and slept above the gun-room. We tried the fishing for a day or two, but it was too late in the season, so we told Roger to put up our rods and tackle in the gun-room. The next morning we took to the partridges, and fine sport we had. Ould Grouse was with us, and never had a dog a better day of it. Eh, Sir Charles! that *was* a day—why we fired right and left, and killed every time."

Sir Charles. "That we did, old friend!"

Hardcastle. "The sport was so good that it was late and darkish before we got back. When Roger went to put our guns in the gun-room, Ould Grouse went in with him. Inside he had smelt a rat, and unobserved by the old man, planted himself by its hole in a corner, behind some lumber. Roger came out, locked the door and we all turned in. During the night Old Roger was awakened by a most unearthly sound, followed by a loud knock upon

the floor beneath him. There had died years before in that room the old servant, a black man, whom my father had got from a friend in Jamaica, and it was said among the servants that his ghost had sometimes appeared; hence it had been made the gun-room. The thought of black Jamaica at once entered Roger's head when he heard the noises. He said his prayers and lay in anxious suspense. Not long had he to wait. He heard it again, whirr! whirr! whirr! then a sharp yell, and then the report of a gun."

"The black devil himself is out and no mistake," he ejaculated in fear and trembling. The report of the gun awakened the rest of us about the house. I got out o' bed and ran to the spot—Mrs. Hardcastle ran through all the rooms screaming robbers! robbers! robbers!

"The other servants half-dressed, stood around me crying, 'Oh, Master, save us, Ould Roger is murdered sure.'"

"We armed ourselves with pitchforks, and made for the gun-room."

"Roger! Roger! are you dead or alive," I called. The old man, somewhat assured by my friendly voice, put his head out of the window, and said, 'Alive I be, Master; but oh, this is terrible—He's been at it terrible.' Another whirr! whirr! whirr! and then a knock upon the floor was again heard. Roger shook from top to toe, and gasped spasmodically. 'Who's been at it? What!' I roared, 'tell me what this means, you old fool, and don't stand gaping there!' Still gasping, he uttered in broken sentences,— 'It's he, Master!—him as we've heard on—the black man—Ould Jamaica!' 'Come down, you blockhead, and see who is in that gun-room,' I said authoritatively. He came, but positively refused to open the room.

"We formed ourselves into an attacking party. One of the younger men was appointed to open the door; Roger was to support him; I was to stand beside him; the others were to be round about us; the women folks came next with pokers, tongs, brooms, and Mrs. Hardcastle herself with a good book opened at the words, 'Fear not the devils, nor all their angels.'"

"Thus supported with material and ghostly arms, the lad opened the door and rushed from it with lightning speed. It was well he did so, for the black man or the devil (in the darkness we could not distinguish which) at once rushed out, ran violently between the legs of Roger, and laid him sprawling upon the ground. He caught at me when falling, and took me with him. 'Oh Lord,' cried Roger, 'have mercy on my soul.' The others, beholding Roger and myself *hors de combat*, turned and fled. Mrs. Hardcastle threw the book at the thing as it dashed past her, and ran screaming into the house. One of the lads, as he turned to fly, was sharply struck on the leg. He declared, whatever it was, it had eyes of fire, a body covered with hair, and a tremendous tail—a tail as long as—

as long as—"

Diggory here broke in—"As a fishing-rod, Master—he, he, he!—ha, ha, ha!"

Hardcastle. "Silence, you fool; who gave you leave to interrupt me?"

Diggory. "But there were a long tail, Master! that I am certain on, and a prong on him, too. It were the tail that tould on the devil—he, he, he!—ha, ha, ha!"

Hardcastle. "Hold, fool, I command you."

"I was about to add, when interrupted by that block-head, that Sir Charles now appeared on the scene. He had slept through all the previous hubbub, but had been startled by the screams of my lady when she returned, crying—'Oh, Sir Charles, get Hardcastle out of that!'"

"He proposed that we should examine the place. He and I went in, and found the guns, which had been piled against the wall, lying on the floor. Strange to say, his fishing-rod was amissing. 'Ay!' said one of the boys, 'I saw it amoving off after the thing.' As there was danger of the spirit or devil returning, we went inside, read the prayer prescribed against the devil and witches, and waited till the morning.

"Then we got further traces of his path. The fishing-rod was found sticking amid the roots of the garden hedge, and Grouse, the hitherto faithful watch, was nowhere to be seen. In the course of next day he returned, crestfallen and weary, as if he had passed through some great trial, not like the same dog at all; a kind of fit was upon him. Every five minutes he turned, seized his tail in his mouth, and twisted round and round.

"The devil is in the dog,' said they; 'Bolster him—bolster him, Master; that is the only cure.'

"We'll see,' I said. I caught him by the tail and lifted him from the ground. 'If he is, I'll shake it out of him.' (Aside.) 'Diggory, you rascal, stop your sniggering there, or I'll shake it out of you.'

Diggory. "He, he, he! I canna, Master, at the thought o' you shaking him out o' Ould Grouse—ha, ha, ha!"

Hardcastle. "No wonder he laughs, for there I found the clue to the explanation of the whole business. There was a bit of the fishing line hanging from the tail, and then at the end of it was the hook firmly imbedded in Grouse's flesh.

"He had been moving about in the gun-room, his tail had caught the hook of Marlow's line; he moved off a bit, and drew the line from the reel—whirr, whirr, whirr! He had got frightened, and knocked down a gun, pulled some more off—whirr, whirr, whirr! again.

"The line caught another gun and knocked it down; the trigger, in falling, caught the end of a salmon spear, and went off; then the other falls and noises which alarmed Roger out of his wits. When we opened the door, the terrified dog rushed out, dragging the fishing-rod after him; knocked Roger down, Roger knocked me down; the fishing-rod struck the lad, and we were all so frightened at the thought of the old nigger's ghost, that we did not in the dark recognise poor old Grouse. What a mess we made, and the old lady bringing the Bible to defend herself from Grouse—he, he, he! he laughed. (All in chorus—he, he, he!—ha, ha, ha!)"

Hardcastle. "Ay, laugh away, you blockheads! for we made a fool of ourselves all over."

Diggory. "But the tail of the story, Master; the tail. Don't forget that, Master"—he, he, he!

Hardcastle. "Well, the tale of the tail is this:—We could not get the hook out. My old lady there got her scissors and clipped the bit as bare as my bald head, but there it still stuck; so we resolved to be done with it. What mattered it though Grouse had his tail a bit shorter or longer? So the lads held the dog, and Roger held his tail over the block: the maid brought the cleaver, and I brought it down with a steady hand. Ould Grouse, with a bark that might have wakened the dead, sprang from the lads holding him. They thought the old ghostly one was upon them, and fell to the earth—the blockheads. (Chorus—he, he, he! ha, ha, ha!)"

"Grouse appeared soon after; the end of his tail was inserted in an old glove filled with my wife's liniment for scalds and sores. He was soon better, and hunted with us many a day after. And so there's the tale of Ould Grouse in the Gun-room. But Roger would never sleep in the room again alone; for he said, that night had showed

him what might a been.—he, he, he! the old fool." (All in chorus.—he, he, he! ha, ha, ha!)

Sir Charles. "A capital story, Hardcastle, and here's your health. Long may you tell it, and long may we laugh at it"—ha, ha, ha!

Premium (One Guinea)—Awarded to MUNRO SOMMERVILLE, Blackfriars House, Westercraigs, Dennistoun.

SECOND STORY.

THE HIGHWAYMEN OF HEAVY-TREE HEATH.

A GENERAL call was now made on Mr. Hardcastle for a story, with the desire, on the part of some, that it should be the "Siege of Denain," whilst others clamoured to know how "Prince Eugene fought the Turks at the Battle of Belgrade." During the clamour Mr. Hardcastle arose, showing the figure of an elderly English gentleman with the somewhat awkward looking habit of holding on to his wig, suggestive of the idea that it had, at some momentous period of his life, been twitched from his head, and now, as if afraid, his hand would take an involuntary hold of the wig to prevent a repetition of the joke. With this exception, he bore himself in a gentlemanly manner; full of courtesy to all, he rose repeatedly and bowed as often, but had to sit down again owing to the increased vigour with which the three parties urged on him to tell their favourite story.

At last, quietness having been partially obtained, Mr. Hardcastle said,—

"The stories you ask for are all three of them good ones, but you all know, ha, ha, ha! what a terrible wiggling and snubbing I got from Marlow and Hastings when I once tried to entertain them with the Siege and the behaviour of the Prince; they fairly upset my taste for story-telling for a long time. It could not be revived, ha, ha, ha! until their young olive branches began to sprout and spread; ah, then, bless their pretty prattle and all their winning ways, they would come toddling round the old man, and as they grew up to be girls and boys, they would have me to tell them stories.

"Ay, ay, 'tis truly said that youth revives the memory of old age, and so, to please, I often set about furbishing up the incidents that had been allowed to rest and rust, so as to make them glitter before the eyes of my young hearers.

"I tried them] once, or oftener, with "the Siege" and "the Prince Eugene," but they took no better with the young Marlows and Hastings than they had done with their fathers.

"One story of the olden time, however, was a great favourite, especially with young Tony Lumpkin, and latterly it became so also with his father. Tony the elder grew to be so enamoured of it, that he seldom missed an opportunity of asking to hear it again; and it got such a hold over him, that he forsook for a time the 'Three Jolly Pigeons,' and set himself diligently to improve his hand-writing; and one morning rather surprised me by coming into the library where I was sitting, when, presenting a few sheets of manuscript, neatly folded, and as neatly written, he asked me to read *that*, and stalked out. I understand that the same night he sat as chairman at a great gathering of his cronies in the bar parlour of the 'Three Jolly Pigeons,' when he told them, although his heart was strong set on the same straightforward English games and sports as his father had loved, though he despised the pedant with his *qui, que, quod*, he had changed a little, and held that, as out-of-door sport was good for the body, so was indoor study good for the mind

"In looking at and turning over the sheets of Squire Tony's manuscript, I found them to be a written version of my tale of the olden time, which had been so often told to old and young to help to wile the tedium from a tedious hour.

"With this preface, I now place before you what the Squire has been pleased to call,—

"THE LAST OF THE FIVE.

"Bagshot Tom, and Spanking Nan,
She was the mare, he was the man;
Spanking Nan, and Tom Bagshot,
He was the man with the mare, I wot.

"These words, to an old English air, broke on the stillness of the night, and awoke the quaint echoes of Heavy-tree Heath with their rollicking sound and mellow sweetness.

"Heavy-tree Heath; the mere whispering of the words had an ominous sound in them whenever they fell on the ear of the traveller who chanced to cross over the wide stretch of common bearing that name. Not that there was any particular danger in its slopes, ridges, and dells, but rather from the fact that the heath was haunted by five highwaymen, who made it their business to hold strict watch and ward o'er all its bounds, so much so, that the travellers had little or no chance of avoiding them turn to what quarter they choose. Once on the heath, after nightfall, few got off without paying toll to one or other of these desperadoes. Go eastward, Captain Swing was sure to slew round the corner of some copse with his ruthless barbarity and his swinging oaths. To the west, Captain Stab was ready to get out his knife, and settle all business in a savage and surly manner. To the north or to the south, Captains Tightrib and Slack were found to be no ways backward in keeping their bounds and exacting their tribute; whilst round, round, round, like the horse in the corn-grind, rode the fifth of these night-riders, a free-lance, always on the outlook for a patient to bleed his purse of its guineas. There was this peculiarity in the tactics of the fifth robber, that it was purses, not persons, he bled. True, he was prompt with his pistol, and profuse with his threats, but for the twelve months or nigh that he had robbed on the heath no outrage on the person could be laid to his charge. When fired upon by the bold traveller and missed, his reply would be a blow from his whip, and—'Had you done that to Swing now, he would have trussed you for it, or 'Don't do that if you happen to meet Tightrib,' or 'You'll get carved if you give Stab your loose fire.' All the time the muzzle of his pistol was pressing hard and cold on the temples, till out came the purse; and then, with a gay laugh, the rider was off and away—circling over the heath as fleet, as light, and as lightly as a bird.

"Now, about the period of my story, time took to overhauling, checking, and counting the strands in the lifelines of these rascals. Strange as it may seem, Captain Swing got sunk in a slough, whilst he was trying to out-vault his pursuers, and was drowned therein. Captain Stab was caught red-handed, and there was no need for perjured witnesses, or the packing of a jury, to enable Lord Ordinary Stringemup to pass sentence; and Stab was sentenced and duly hanged till he was as dead as any door nail. Captain Tightrib in topping, under pursuit, a five-barred gate, broke his neck; and Captain Slack, coming within the line of a pistol, found, when thus brought up, that its bullet was a tight one, for it gave him no time even to loosen his hold on the reins, so he died in the saddle—died game. The body of Captain Stab was taken to Heavy-tree Heath, the scene of his many crimes, where a gibbet was erected, and there, for many a day

and night, his bones swung and creaked within an iron frame.

"These timeous incidents made the heath much more safe than previously, and, in fact, the risk to travellers was reduced to one, and that one was the free-lance before mentioned. His name was unknown; therefore, amongst the general public, he had no name, but was called 'The Last of the Five.'"

First Ordinary Premium, (200s.) awarded to Mr. GEO. CELON SMART,
The Daffodil Rhymer.

THIRD STORY.

MR. HARDCASTLE'S STORY.

(Not in Competition.)

"HA! ha! ha! very good, indeed, Mr. Hardcastle," exclaimed Sir Henry Blanchet; "I remember the old fellow well when he was your father's gamekeeper, and a right good chap he was."

"Yes, Sir Henry, but that is not nearly such a good story as our adventure with him when poor Ned and I were lads, when we locked him into one of the cases. Did I ever tell you that?"

"I don't think so."

"Ah, he was a good fellow, Tomkins—'Ould Grouse,' we boys called him—and there was nothing he would not do for us, especially for dear Ned, who was his prime favourite, as he was of all while he lived."

"Well, you know," resumed Mr. Hardcastle, as he pinched another walnut between the crackers, "Ned and I got up a great lark at poor 'Grouse's' expense. It was not intended to be at his expense, but to frighten Mary Rasper, the housekeeper, who had, as we thought, used Ned and I very shabbily about some apples we stole. Boys will be boys, you know—ha, ha! how I laugh to think of how we missed the crow and hit the pigeon that time!"

"You didn't shoot the old boy, surely?"

"Oh no, it is only the way of speaking. Well, we persuaded 'Ould Grouse' to let us lock him into one of the upright cabinets in the gun-room—the room at the left, you know, as you enter the old house. It was here our dad, the old squire, used to see his tenants, and keep his books and papers. Properly, it was the charter-room; but, then, as we had it ornamented, of course everybody at the hall called it the gun-room instead. But this is rather dull detail."

"Never fear, Mr. Hardcastle, I dote upon these fine old memories. But what happened to 'Ould Grouse' in the gun-room?"

"Aha! Well we had heard the housekeeper lamenting that day that there were no grouse for the cook. So we enticed poor old 'Grouse' to let us lock him in the box, and arranged to send Rasper to the room to find the 'Grouse' we had assured her she would find there. You may be sure some of our pocket-money went next day for 'bacca' for the poor old soul. Well, Rasper was easily persuaded by Ned's innocent air to go off for the grouse we assured her we had seen in the room, and we followed stealthily after her to witness the fright she would get when she found no grouse, but heard instead most unearthly moans coming from the cupboard, as we had arranged."

"Poor 'Ould Grouse!' said Sir Henry! "But how did he get the worst of it?"

"Oh, there comes the catastrophe, for the Squire had meantime entered the room unknown to us. Rasper bounced in—we had told her there was nobody in the

room, only some 'grouse'—and when she saw the Squire, she gave a bit scream, and dropped a curtsey."

"As ill-luck would have it, something had ruffled the Squire, and he asked, very sharply, what she wanted there. 'Oh, sir, the boys told me there was grouse in the gun-room.' At first my father got angry, and then he laughed, when from inside the cupboard he heard the tremulous voice of 'Ould Grouse,' 'Yes, sir, I am here; oh, do let me out!' With that Rasper screamed and rushed out, knocking over Ned in her exit, while I set up a shout of laughter, in which the Squire joined when he unlocked the cupboard and released the woe-begone Tomkins. From that day we always called him not 'Grouse,' but 'Grouse in the Gun-room.' And you never would hear the old Squire tell the story, but he set it off in such a way as to put the table in a roar."

FOURTH STORY.

"OULD GROUSE IN THE GUN-ROOM."

"WELL, look here, Jeames," exclaimed the Colonel, his rubicund face gleaming with pleasure as the footman concluded, "even at the risk of over-exerting your risible powers, I really must tell my guests the story of 'Ould Grouse in the Gun-room.'"

The footman at once leaned his arm against the mantel-shelf, as though preparing to support himself, while the veteran Colonel went on as follows:—

"It was in the year 17— that the incident I am about to relate occurred. We were at that time quartered in Dumfriesshire, undergoing very severe reviews in expectation of a long war with France. Our barracks were spacious and food plentiful, however, so that the hard work we were having made but little impression upon our spirits. Jeames (here the footman grinned) was at this time acting as a sort of confidential body-servant to me, and both being young and foolish, many and various were the exploits we went through.

"On Christmas afternoon in the year referred to, Jeames and I were left in charge of the barracks while the others were marched off to church. Our orders were to serve up the Christmas dinner in the gun-room, as the ordinary mess-room was under repair. Slipping into our work with a will, we quickly had it finished; the hot vegetables steaming up splendidly from the long table. Then, instead of waiting till the others returned, we locked the door, and went off for a stroll. On our return, at about 6-50 p.m., we found the whole of the regiment trying to enter the gun-room, which, however, owing to the door being locked, they were unable to do. The nipping Scotch air had had such an effect upon the men, that the smell proceeding from the savoury viands within the apartment nearly drove them frantic. Jeames and I were busily pushing our way through them, the key in my hand, when suddenly a terrible sound fell upon our ears—a horrible and inexplicable sound. The half-starved men, forgetting even their hunger, shrank back with feelings of alarm. I myself, despite the fact that I hated all kinds of superstition, fell back with them. As we did so, such a hammering and clattering was heard, that our fear began to increase. 'Shure and the very dhivil must have got in there,' cried Pat Fearly, a jolly young Irishman of our regiment. The clattering noise visibly increased, and was intermingled with shrieks of pain from the inmates of the room, whoever they were. Presently Jeames and I, mustering up courage, shouldered our way to the door and opened it. The room was in total darkness, the light from the window opposite being obscured by red curtains. As my eyes became used

to the darkness, I distinctly saw upon a chair near the table, a ghostly shadow flitting backwards and forwards. Just opposite stood another shadow, and the two seemed to be darting at each other, while a screeching sound filling the air at the same time, added additional curiosity to the affair.

"Jeames, the Irishman, and I had crept a short distance into the room when one of the shadows shot down from the table towards us, and, as we flew madly to the door, the Irishman yelled out in agony, 'Och, shure, the ugly black crathur has bitten a piece out of my leg.' As the poor fellow limped out after us, groaning with pain, we slammed the door, and began to hold a consultation. Almost everyone agreed that either the devil himself, or some of his satanic majesty's agents, were infesting the room; the Irishman, however, was a notable exception to the rule, declaring emphatically that no imp of darkness could bite anybody in that fashion, and affirming that if none would accompany him, he would solve the mystery himself. Encouraged by the Irishman's words, a few of us determined to follow him, even to the death, and slowly we advanced into the room. The worst of the business was that our matches were lying upon the mantelpiece, and the fire, by which our dinner had been cooked, was now extinct. The ghostly shadows were still flitting about, and their appearance struck so deep a chill to the hearts of some of the men, that they forthwith bolted. Just then our attention was diverted from the shadowy visitants to the Irishman, who had dashed boldly to the mantelpiece and secured the matches. As he began to strike one, however, the shrieking and clattering increased to such an alarming extent, that the frightened man dropped the matches and fled. Jeames managed to snatch one up though, and as he lit it, the mystery was explained. There, perched upon the chairs, the table, anywhere in fact where a perch could be obtained, stood, or rather fluttered about, a flock of tame grouse, who had strayed into the barracks from a neighbouring farm, and were fighting each other, scattering the hot dinner all over the place, and screeching like owls. One or two had nicely scalded themselves with the hot vegetables, and were adding their cries of pain to the general clamour. The half-maddened soldiers then went for the birds with roars of rage. The Irishman had secured a broom, and with this weapon he made sad havoc among the frightened grouse, who quickly flew one by one through the window, which had been unfortunately left open, leaving the soldiers to enjoy their well-earned dinner, or rather the remains of it, undisturbed by what the Irishman styled, "Ould Grouse in the gun-room."

Second Premium (10s.)—Awarded to Mr. F. S. WEBB, 148 Spa Road, E.C.

A wise father to his son:—"Now, John, I do not object to your being a fool and an idiot. Be a fool and an idiot if you want to, but what I do not wish you to do is to let everybody know it."



OH, WOMAN! WOMAN!—Mamma—"Both Smythe and Robson were most attentive to Celia last night, papa! Robson's as good as gold, with the temper of an angel—like herself!—and Smythe's a heartless, selfish, dissipated young fiend! I do hope it will be Robson!" Papa—"Well, I don't know. If Robson's really all you say, she'll precious soon get tired of him. Whereas, from the description of Smythe, I fancy she would be able to love him faithfully all her life long. Any woman would!"

INNER LIFE OF THE GREAT CITY.

V.—PETER GORDON'S PECULIAR WAY OF DOING BUSINESS.

TOWARDS the latter end of August, three years ago, the firm of Millon et Fils, wine merchants, Bordeaux, advertised in the *Times* for a London agent. Not satisfied with the large and lucrative business they did in their own country, they wished to sell their wines and make their name known in England. They were prompted to the extension of their boundary by the fact that they had in the cellars in the Rue Montaigne an immense stock of claret partaking of the Pauliac character, which they thought would please our insular palate. The advertisement offered liberal terms to a duly qualified party.

Amongst the numerous answers sent to Bordeaux was one from a Mr. Peter Gordon, giving an address in Leadenhall Street, E.C., which appeared more suitable than the others. Judging from his letter, the writer had evidently been cut out by destiny to act as the English representative of the house of Millon et Fils. He was the cadet of a noble family that had met with vicissitudes—so he said—and had unequalled opportunities of disposing of the wines privately. He would use his influence to bring any *specialité* under the notice of the Prince of Wales. He was well acquainted with the proprietors of the principal hotels, not only in London, but in the chief towns of the three kingdoms, and would no doubt be able to get any particular vintage included in their wine lists.

To oblige managers of hotels, he had on several occasions corrected and reconstructed their faulty *cartes des vins*. He was trading largely in cigars, so that the two businesses, instead of clashing, would be of great mutual assistance to each other. One or two merchants—whose addresses were quoted—would, he ventured to say, be glad to bear testimony to his aptitude for and attention to business, and to his unblemished honour.

That letter—which is open before us—is about the most plausible missive we ever read. No wonder the Millons were greatly taken by it, and if Mr. Peter Gordon had restricted his desires to getting a large quantity of wine for nothing, we would probably have never heard of him and his doings.

The Bordeaux firm sent an acknowledgment of Gordon's letter, and said that he would probably hear from them again. The three referees were written to, and each and all of their replies spoke in the highest terms of the business capacity and straightforward conduct of Mr. Gordon. One of the referees had known the young man from his boyhood, and could therefore write with the greatest confidence about him and his trustworthiness. The second had always found Mr. Gordon punctual to a moment and accurate to a penny in all his transactions. And the third, knowing from personal observation what a number of influential friends Mr. Gordon possessed, and the select circle in which he moved, did not hesitate to say that it would be very difficult to find a more suitable gentleman for the Messrs. Millon's purpose in the city of London.

But the Millons were plodding, cautious people—they had heard of the many pitfalls always ready to catch the unwary east of Temple Bar—and although the referees' letters were eminently satisfactory, they took the precaution to send a letter of enquiry to a Trade Protection Society. In this letter they, unfortunately for themselves, omitted all mention of the referees, and confined their questions to Gordon. The name of Gordon, Leadenhall Street, was not in the black list of the Society, and they

knew nothing whatever about him. The messenger they sent to have a look at Gordon and his office could not do otherwise than make a favourable report. Things were prepared for such a visit in Leadenhall Street. Two or three gentlemen were in the office apparently doing business, and there were several large packing cases, presumably holding cigars, addressed to the Langham and other hotels, ready for delivery when the Society's official entered the room to enquire after a Mr. Warburton. If this official had returned the following day, he would have seen the same cases but with different addresses, which were altered regularly each morning with the date. The Society wrote in reply to the Messrs. Millon that, so far as they could find out, Mr. Gordon was a respectable man, and that he seemed to be doing business with the principal hotels. It is about the easiest thing in the world to hoodwink these self-qualified trade protection associations.

The Bordeaux wine merchants did not ask for a banker's reference, but if such a request had been made, I have no doubt a sum of money could have been got and deposited by Gordon for a few days. Gordon and his confederates—the three referees—were seldom without means, and they had rich backers for all illegitimate purposes likely to yield handsome profits; but although these backers took their share of the gains, they were careful not to incur any risk. They were of a retiring disposition, and lived in good houses in a respectable neighbourhood; but the initiated knew that they were always prepared to find money to provide a burglar with tools, to offer a certain price for stolen goods, or to back up a house of straw like Gordon's.

The Millons were perfectly satisfied with the result of their enquiries, and Mr. Peter Gordon was appointed their London agent. A liberal commission was arranged, and a case of samples was despatched to him. Extensive cellars were taken near the river: Mr. Gordon had evidently made up his mind to do a good trade. From the large and numerous orders sent to Bordeaux, his expectations were likely to be realised. During the first two months of his engagement he had received wine and brandy to the extent of fifteen hundred pounds. As both the wine and brandy were moderate in price and of good quality, there should have been no difficulty in disposing of them at a fair profit, but the humdrum ways of doing business were not in accordance with the views of Mr. Gordon. He adopted very simple plans of getting rid of the goods for ready money, but at a considerable loss.

Men versed in city life know that it is not difficult to raise money on any kind of tangible security, and that there are certain warehousemen always open to receive textiles or hardware, indigo or champagne, and advance money on them to the extent of one-half or two-thirds of their value. This is called hypothecating goods. In the various auction rooms of London there are from time to time sales of private cellars of wines and liquors, and it is not unusual to include in the catalogues parcels of wine which never belonged to the deceased nobleman or gentleman. There are scattered all over London no end of pawnbrokers who are only too happy to lend a fair sum on a hundred dozen of any decent wine. It was in these three ways Mr. Gordon prevented his cellars from being overstocked, and supplied himself and confederates with money. But sooner or later the day of reckoning was sure to come, and the Messrs. Millon would have to be settled with. The bills given by Gordon were about to fall due, and he had received notice from Bordeaux that M. Henri Millon might be expected in London in a day or two.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

TRANENT AND ITS SURROUNDINGS. By P. McNeill.
(Edinburgh : J. Menzies & Co., 1883.)

TRANENT is chiefly notable as the scene of the memorable battle of Prestonpans in 1745, when the Jacobite forces, under "the Young Chevalier," inflicted a defeat on the king's troops, under Sir John Cope. The event is celebrated in the Jacobite song of "Hey, Johnnie Cope," which tells how—

John sent a letter frae Dunbar—
"Charlie meet me if ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art of war
If you meet me in the morning."

The events of the engagement are pretty well known—how the Prince's troops, led by a man who knew the ground, unexpectedly attacked Cope's forces from the west, and caused the king's officer to perform that dangerous manœuvre of changing front in face of the enemy. There was made in 1726 or 1738 (the year is differently stated) a railway to convey coals from Tranent colliery to the small harbour near, and the embankment of this early railway formed an important part of Cope's alignment. Such facts may give this little country parish an amount of interest to our English readers which otherwise it might not possess. The writer of this excellent book has other grounds on which to base the claim of his parish to attention. It was the earliest, or one of the earliest, spots in the kingdom at which coal was dug from the earth. The charter of Newcastle to dig coals dates from 1234, but the monks in Newbattle, near Edinburgh, obtained a charter to dig the coal (*carbonarium*) at Tranent in 1210. Coal was known earlier, but it is remarkable to find the little Scots village coming a quarter of a century sooner to obtain the right to work coal than the great Tyne head of the industry. There was a very curious incident at Tranent in 1547, when an English army was advancing under Protector Somerset to fight the famous battle of Pinkie. The coal was then wrought at Tranent by levels taken in from the hillside, and not by shafts; and as the workings extended, the "waste" became rather extensive. When the English army approached, the whole of the inhabitants, with all their live stock, in horses, cattle, fowls, pigs, &c., took refuge in the waste, and the invaders found nothing living or eatable in the village but one old scranky ox. They tried to smoke the people out of their retreat, but the workings were too vast, and the population remained in safety till their enemies had gone. There are many old castles, ruins, chapels, and other remains, brimful of family legend, of weird story, or of bloody foray, and the story of these affords the author of this volume the opportunity of enriching his local chronicle with much interesting detail. It appears that the colliers of the district are great sporting men; and a story is told by Mr. McNeill, as not many months old, of the collieries standing still one day, the masters not knowing why, when the men had secretly arranged a cock-fight between two adjacent villages, which came off in a secluded corner!

WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS. Vols I. and II.
(Edinburgh : J. Gemmell.)

THIS is a reprint of a series of stories which appear to possess perennial vitality, and which will doubtless be as popular in their new and showy dress as in their original style. We remember when "Wilson's Tales of the Borders" were coming out in large sheets at a penny or two-pence—alas! how many years ago we fear to say—and

though all recent reprints are in a more handy form, we should be disposed to say that their re-publication in weekly numbers in something like the old shape would take well even yet. However, those large pages were unwieldy for binding—and for this reason old copies are "scarce" at the bookstalls—and so we may be glad to have them in the handy form in which Mr. Gemmell here presents them.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PONS ASINORUM.—Unfortunately your suggestion came too late, so we could not give extracts from Euclid to enhance the interest of our Christmas week's issue. The only attempt we ever saw to construct a Comic Euclid was in the *St. Andrews' University Magazine* long ago, when a problem was thus stated—"Let A. K. H. B. be a rum-Boyd," &c.

ANNIE S. (Carlisle).—We dare not advise on such a matter. If he is a good man, even though poor, we should say the parents are wrong to prevent the match.

PLOUGHBOY (London).—Your *nom de plume* is scarcely appropriate, as there are few ploughboys in the great metropolis. Are you sure you are not a Harrow-boy?

JOHN SMITH (Bath).—Hannay wrote some very clever epigrams, but the point of an epigram supposes a knowledge of the persons referred to. But we will see if any of them are quotable.

GRAMMARIAN.—"Who they got to put it on" is hardly accurate. Ask your boy who is learning parsing and analysis in the modern fashion, and he will tell you why.

J. S. S. (Dundee).—Thanks; very much obliged, indeed. You cannot help better than by recommending us to your friends.

WALLACE WIGHT.—We think "a blast of that dread horn" might do good. But who dare blow it?

CANTERBURY.—Decidedly.

HARRY M.—Not suitable.

A. B. C. (Grantham).—The subject has already been treated. You should read up the back numbers, which can still be had.

NINCOMPOOP.—You chose the title, and must be the best judge of its suitability. But the lines are not bad—we can go that length.

JESSIE.—We must decline it—very sorry.

FRANKENSTEIN.—Apply to any bookseller, and insist on being supplied.

HOPPER.—We cannot.

. The Premium arrangements are withdrawn in the meantime. Letters requiring reply in this column must reach the Editor a fortnight before publishing date.

THE UNDECIDED MAN.

My indecision—people say—

Has always been my bane,
I'm small and modest in my way,
Although a little *vane*.

For fancy lures me here and there,
Nor lets me form a plan—
I'm swayed by every passing air—
An undecided man!

When with my wife I shopping go,
My misery is keen :
I first say "yes," and then say "no!"
And don't know what I mean!
And what I purchase in the end,
Within a few days span
I much regret you may depend—
An undecided man!

Which road to take? How far to go
To walk, to drive, to ride?
To hunt or shoot? To bathe or row
I never can decide.
E'en now I fear I've penned too much
(But publish if you can!)
Nor spurn my lay, because I'm such
An undecided man?

PUZZLEIANA.

No. 74—DIAMOND SQUARE.
(First Premium, 6s. Vol.)

In vestures bright we take delight,
A title, too, we proudly wear;
With smiling face we take our place,
And welcome the incoming year.

1. New plans and inventions the old are supplanting;
Improvements are many, still this is awaiting.
2. A binding agreement, from which we can't back;
'Tis very secure, tho' held by a tack.
3. If this amusement you pursue,
You'll soon find me—you have a clue.
4. The nurse with firmness holds the nose,
The patient sickens at the dose.
5. That to succeed THE TATLER shall,
Is the opinion of us all.
6. We find all puzzles most amusing,
But this one, really, is confusing.
7. Of drugs and stimulants take heed,
Ere yet their use becomes a need.
8. Behold! the mighty torrents bound
From dizzy height to depths profound.
9. Round and round each quickly flies,
That hungry man may have supplies.

Edinburgh.

HENRY COOPER.

No. 75—CHARADE.
(Second Premium, 3s. Vol.)

Had I been in my *first* instead of *you*,
A stately scene would rise;
A knightly title would appear in view,
A thousand eager eyes.
As forth a champion goes to lands afar,
Armed with the might of right,
Boldly 'gainst Turk and infidel in war
For sacred ground to fight.

Alas! a maiden's eyes smiled brave farewell
Among the admiring train;
She listen'd to the music's martial swell,
But never smiled again.
The gorgeous banners waved, the glory passed,
The joy of life—with him—
Only my *second* now could comfort cast
On earth, to her now dim.

Ah, well for him for whom the world is wide!
Who love forgets in war!
My *third* is in his hand (to fame his guide),
Than maidens dearer far.

Ah! woe to her whose world is all regret,
And bounded by my *whole*!
Who, in a weary round of duties set,
Seeks calm for her poor soul!

Glasgow.

MARION BUCHANAN.

No. 76—NUMERICAL.

I commence with a hundred, a pretty round sum,
In my trousers fifty you'll sight;
For the centre just count all your fingers and thumb,
Either hand, which you like, left or right.
Number one in the spaces yet empty insert,
Then the puzzle at once is complete;
The sensitive feelings of no one you'll hurt.
If you're *total* to all that you meet.

Burslem.

TOM TIT.

No. 77.

"Your pardon," the Professor cries;
"Sure, this will never do.
Within my *first* there are full four.
You make it only two.

"My *second* most are striving for—
Not still obtained with ease.
The reading of THE TATLER
May bring both *it* and please.

"My character is doubtful, still,
When these two parts are joined,
I may be either *bad* or *good*,
According to your mind."

Belfast.

T. M'HAFFEY.

No. 78.—CHARADE.

My *last*, my *first*, my *first* my *last*,
And will remain till time is past;
We're both obtained from the pine,
My *whole* deposited from wine.

Glasgow.

J. CHALMERS.

No. 79—DECAPITATION.

So *first* my rhyme, please let me say,
It is to be a fable;
And one so easy that you all
To guess it should be able.

Two boys were fighting o'er a *next*,
To prove who was the owner;
They gave it to a friend to hold,
A youth named Johnny Rhoner.
Their conflict o'er, the fighters found
Young John the prize had eaten;
The *last* they saw of getting it,
Was not in getting (b) eaten.

London.

E. HOLLAND.

No. 80.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

This is the cause of many a fierce debate,
Narrow-minded people with it can ne'er agree;
Still our great masses it helps to elevate.
Read what is said by a now well-known D.D.
1. A simple letter this you'll surely find,
Most people take it daily, bear in mind.
2. An exclamation now is laid before your eyes,
Denoting triumph, pleasure, or surprise.
3. Within this place, even in an early age,
In combat fierce, men often did engage.
4. And here, oh horror! men will calmly stand,
And see the victim fall by the ass-assin's hand.
5. A den or cavern, this you'll surely say,
Where lurks the wild beast, waiting for his prey.
6. Three-fifths of my third in this you ought to see,
It is the plural of the verb "To be."
7. I am a part of every loving wife,
You'll also find 'tis me that ends your life.

Aberdeen.

WM. C. M'DONALD.

No. 81.—CHARADE.

I have not all my buttons got,
In fact I'm very *first*;
I sometimes get it rather hot,
And come off much the worst.
But what can anyone expect,
Of such a fool, and *whole*
In *terminals*, a weight detect,
Which once I tried to roll.

Burslem.

TOM TIT.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN No. 11.

No. 27.—A bridge.

No. 28.
S H A R P E R
P I S T O L E
B E N U M B S
N E P T U N E
C R A T E R S
T R U S T E E
B R I B E R Y

No. 29.—Tatler.

No. 30.—Sling, Dart, Sword, Spear, Sabre, Dirk.

No. 31.—North-coat.

Answered by the following:—W. Mountford, Burslem; R. Irvine, Carlisle; H. Cooper, Edinburgh; T. Aitken, Catrine; T. M'Haffey, Belfast; W. C. M'Donald, Aberdeen.

Received:—T. Aitken, Catrine; J. Tomlinson, Skipton; E. Ellis, Walsall; W. Mountford, Burslem; T. M'Haffey, Belfast; H. Cooper, Edinburgh; E. Holland, London; J. Chalmers, Glasgow.

* * Parts I., II., and III. now ready, containing portraits of—

The Queen.	H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.
Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.	(From a Photograph by Messrs. Downey).
Mr. Henry Irving.	The Earl of Rosebery, K.T.
The Duke of Buccleuch, K.G.	Lady Brassey.
Rt. Hon. Jos. Chamberlain, M.P.	Mr. A. C. Mackenzie.
Rt. Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke,	Madame Marie Roze.
Bart. M.P.	Rt. Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P.
Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P.	

Printed separately on toned paper. Price, 6d. per copy; by Post, 7d.

The LONDON OFFICE of THE TATLER is at 84 FLEET STREET (next door to PUNCH Office).

To be had at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, London, and in the country; also Messrs. WILLING & CO.'s Bookstalls, London, &c.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors by MACRONE & Co. 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—December 29, 1883.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

BY



NEW YORK

WILEY & SONS

1890

NEW YORK

WILEY & SONS

NEW YORK

WILEY & SONS

MITCHELL'S

FAMED OLD IRISH WHISKY
OBTAINED HIGHEST AWARD AT MELBOURNE EXHIBITION
Principal Agent for Scotland—D. MITCHELL, 167 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.


BELFAST

POSSESSING ALL THE PROPERTIES OF THE FINEST ARROWROOT.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

Makes Delicious Puddings, Custards, Blanc-Mange, &c.

The First Manufactured in this Country, and of world-wide reputation for uniformly superior quality



Forsyth & Co.

CLOTHIER, HOSIER & BOYS' OUTFITTER

RENFIELD ST., GLASGOW.

THOMPSON'S CONCENTRATED NERVE TONIC

A very Powerful Brain Feeder. A Nerve and Muscle Strengthenener. A Stomach Reviver. It is the great cure for Nervous Exhaustion, Lassitude, Weakness, Loss of Appetite, and General Debility; also, for all Nerve pains, Neuralgia, Gout, Rheumatism, &c. Phials, 1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; by Post, One Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

TOOTHACHE OR NEURALGIA

In the Gums instantly cured with Thompson's Toothache Specific. Phials, 1s. each; by Post, One Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

The above Preparations GENUINE ONLY at

M. F. THOMPSON'S, Central Homœopathic Pharmacy,
17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

CAREFULLY NOTE THE ONLY ADDRESS.

THOMPSON'S ESSENCE OF PODOPHYLLUM

The most effectual remedy for Sluggishness of the Liver, Biliousness, Glandular Disease and Jaundice, which is indicated by a Sallow Complexion, Furred Tongue, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Sickness and Giddiness, Bitter Taste in the Mouth, Offensive Breath, Tendency to Bilious Vomiting and Purging; Dull Heavy-pressing Pains on the forehead, temples, and vertex, relieved by pressure. It has been successfully used by many Physicians of eminence, and is confidently recommended as a safe and efficient remedy in the above cases. Phials, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. each; by Post, One Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

Inflamed Toe Joints, Enlarged Toe Joints, CORNS, BUNIONS, &c.,

Effectually Cured with Thompson's New American Solvent. It relieves the pain instantly, and in a few days removes Corns, Swellings, &c. Bottles, 1s. 1½d. each, Post free for 15 Stamps.

Cadbury's Cocoa

ASK FOR

By Appointment.

Cadbury's Cocoa Essence

Pure

THE TATLER

A ONCE A WEEK JOURNAL.

1^D

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1883.



PEARS'

(TRANSPARENT)

NEEDHAM'S POLISHING PASTE.



JOSEPH PICKERING, SHEFFIELD.

(SOLD EVERYWHERE)

SOAP.

ONE PENNY.

LONDON OFFICE: 84 Fleet Street (next door to PUNCH Office), and all Railway Bookstalls



IRISH not only EXCEL
FOREIGN LINENS as "DAY-
LIGHT DOTH A LAMP," but are
CHEAPER—ROBINSON and
CLEAVER, Belfast, Manufacturers by Special Appoint-
ments to Her Majesty the Queen and H. I. and R. H.
the Crown Princess of Germany, send Price Lists and
Samples of any of their following Specialities, post free.



IRISH LINEN COL-
LARS and CUFFS.—COLLARS
Ladies' and Children's three-fold, 3s 6d
per doz. Gentlemen's four-fold, 4s 11d
to 5s 11d per doz. CUFFS—For Ladies, Gentlemen,
and Children, 5s 11d to 10s 9d per doz. "Their Irish
Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of
excellence and cheapness."—*Court Circular*.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S IRISH SPECIALITIES. Address--BELFAST.

Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET-

HANDKERCHIEFS, Hemmed for Use.
All Pure Flax. "The Cambrics of Robinson
and Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—*The*
Queen. Per doz.: Children's, 1s. 10½d.; Ladies',
2s. 11d.; Gentlemen's, 3s. 11d. Hemstitched
—Ladies', 5s. 11d.; Gent.'s 7s. 9d.

IRISH LINENS—REAL

IRISH LINEN SHEETING, fully
bleached, 2 yards wide, 1s. 11d. per yard;
2½ yards wide, 2s. 4½d. per yard (the most
durable article made, and far superior to any
foreign manufactured goods). Roller Towel-
ling, 18 inches wide, 3½d. per yard. Surplice
Linen, 8½d. per yard. Linen Dusters, 3s. 3d.;
Glass Cloths, 4s. 6d. der dozen. Fine
Lins and Linen Diaper, 10d. per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE

LINEN.—FISH NAPKINS, 2s. 11d.
per dozen; Dinner Napkins, 5s. 6d. per
dozen. Table Cloths, 2 yards square,
2s. 11½d.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5s. 11d. each;
Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each; Strong
Huckaback Towels, 4s. 6d. per dozen.
Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials,
&c., woven and embroidered.

IRISH MADE SHIRTS.—

Best quality **LONG-CLOTH BODIES**
with four-fold all-linen fronts and cuffs,
35s. 6d. the half dozen (to measure, 2s.
extra). New designs in our special Un-
shrinkable Flannels for the Season.

IRISH LINEN UNDER-

CLOTHING. — **CHEMISES**, Trimmed
Embroidery, 5s. 6d.; Night-Dresses, 8s. 6d.;
Combinations, 6s. 11d.; Baby Linen, Dress
Materials, Flannels, Blankets, Hosiery,
Gloves, Under-vests, Pants, Calicoes; also
Lace and Linen Curtains, and Lace Goods
of every description.

IRISH LACE.—COLLARS, SETS,

and Trimming Laces, in Crotchet, Guipure,
Appliqué, Point, and Limerick, at Lowest Wholesale
Prices.

IRISH EMBROIDERY.—Ladies

should write for our New Illustrated Sheets.
Real Irish and Madeira Embroidery; also Machine
Work. All buttoned edges, on best cloth, from 2½d.
per yard.

SHETLAND WOOL SHAWLS.—

"THE MARVEL," White, two yards square,
post free, 1s. 8d. Pale-Blue, Black, Cardinal, Pink,
or Grey, 1s. 10d. Write for Illustrated Sheet.

IRISH LINENS, &c.—ROBINSON

and **CLEAVER**, Belfast, **SEND SAMPLES**
and **PRICE LISTS** of the above, Post Free. Goods
shipped to any part of the world.

THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 19.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1884.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE SONG OF "THE SCOT ABROAD."

Wha wadna love that mountain-land
Where Bruce and Wallace drew the brand
That first gave freedom to her sons,
And made their mem'ries hallow'd ones?
Wha wadna love ilk flowery dell,
O'er which Scott threw his magic spell,
Where poesy enraptured reigns,
And sweetly sings in Doric strains?
Wha wadna love the land which gave
To Truth sae many martyrs brave,
That didna fear to draw their sword
To fecht the battles o' the Lord,—
Wha for their conscience boldly stood,
Drenched to the very knees in blood,
And fearless shed their own, that we,
Their sons, should be for ever free
To worship God, by nicht or day,
As our ain conscience points the way?
Wha wadna love its hills and dales,
Its blooming haughs and fertile vales;
Its broomy knowes and heath-clad fells,
The sweet sound o' its Sabbath bells;
Its grand auld kirks and worthy men,
Its martyrs' cairns on hill and glen;
Its bonnie, blooming, black-e'd queens,
Ilk ane o' them like "Jeanie Deans;"
Its bards wha sang o' bonnets blue,
O' pibroch plaids and mountain dew?
A recreant loon that Scot must be
Wha disna love and honour thee.

DYNAMITE.

THE harvest of convictions for the terrible dynamite conspiracy is probably now complete, and in the New Year upon which we enter, it is probable we shall hear less about it. Few men will, we fancy, be anxious to share the fate of the eighteen who now languish in prison for their share in those misdeeds.

There is much to rejoice over in the knowledge that such conspiracies are always unmasked; and even if an informer's testimony is needed to help in this, it is a case where desperate circumstances may well make us content to employ desperate remedies. But in the Glasgow trials it was remarkable that the whole story was told by evidence apart from that of confederates. The policeman who watched the men who *always stopped speaking when he came near* had his eyes on the gang for months before the direct acts of the dynamite

mitards were performed, so that when evidence from within the circle came, the authorities had already the persons written down as "suspects," and the course became clear to imprison and accuse them. Much praise is due to the scientific witnesses, the Home Office representative, who so clearly showed that there must have been an outside explosion at the gaswork, and the Professor who, by cautious experiment, ascertained how the unusual taps and pipes were to be applied.

But in those dynamite trials there is one main regret. Whose was the mind who conceived the plot? Whose was the money that paid for carrying it out? Those men who have been caught and punished are rightly punished, because the most ignorant man amongst us knows right from wrong. But they are the mere tools and servants, or at best the mere executive officers of some inner powers, whose personality has not yet been unmasked. For the safety of society, it is to be hoped that an informer will yet be found amongst the higher ranks of the conspiracy, and that the "policy of dynamite" will be for ever crushed. At present all that the authorities can say—"We have scotched the snake, not killed it;" it may yet, unhappily, "close and be herself." Let us hope not.

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL:

A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER XXX.

We was at a garding parti an' danse, an' uncle sez I must ha' put mi fute in it proppur. I luv dansin', an' can lurn it kwikkern spelin', as is teejus. I gess I lurned it all in 'bout a month, an' danced one as Jo teched me all by myself. Uncle was mad wen we cum'd home, an' sez I awter tauk to yung fokes an' leve gro'd fokeses a-be. It was all 'bout a noospaper man. He cum'd often to our house, an' him an' uncle was kinder chummy, an' I used listen to wot they sed, an' uncle told me piles o' things 'bout the skurrilus jurnulism of the kuntri. So I kno'd the eddytur wen I seen him at the parti, an' I wanted to tauk to him wen uncle warn't lookin'. So I told him all 'bout the Stoker-ville noospaper man, an' wot he'd gone an' did, an' wot a mene cuss he was, an' I askt him, sez I,—

"Air all you noospaper men as mene's him? I kepes a jurnal, but I don't put no lies in it."

"I hope not, littel gurl."

"But do you put enny in yourn?"

"Not if I kno it, mi dere. Sumtimes we gets a stori by the rong end, but 'taint offen. An' wot kind of a jurnal is it you kepe?"

"O, I jes puts down evrythin' in it 'bout skule, an' uncle, an' fokeses, an' things. But do you print skurrylus pursenalytis?"

"No, never."

"An' do you lissen at keeholes for noos?"

"Certingly not. Wot put that into yer hed?"

"O, nuthin'. An' do you go rownd by fokeses bak dore to find out skandels 'bout them?"

"Why, you've got me fixt like a witnus under xamina-shun."

"An' dye ete humbel pi in kitchins, so's to pump survants 'bout wots goin' on upstares?"

"Why of corse we don't. Nobuddy with enny self-respekt wot do enny of these things."

"That's jes it. Mebbe you ain't got no self-respekt?"

"Praps not," he sed, laffin', cos there was lots o' fokes lissnin'; "but as you kno yer a puffikli drefful littel gurl."

"Mebbe, but I want to kno 'bout yer jurnal. Wen fokeses won't tel you nuthin', d'ye evvur tel li's 'bout 'em, sos to make 'em speke out wot you want to kno?"

"O, cum now. That's 'bout enuff for 1 sittin' of the Kort; we warn't all brawt up in that Stokerville man's place."

"But wot makes you ware long hare, jes like him, an' turn-ovur collurs, an' queer mussed-up ti's?"

"O, jes cos it's more comfortabl."

"An' aint yer hare durty an' greecy wen it's long? An' aint it all a peece of purfeshnul dandiism an' afik-tashun?"

"Rathur a peece of pursnal prefurunce an' gude tast. You woodn't hav us luke like pri's fiters?"

"No, but don't genlemen want to be sum like uther fokeses, so's not 2 tract atenshun. Yer hare's 'bout's long as a gurl's."

"Well, I don't kno 'bout that. I like long hare, so I jes let's mine gro."

"An' 'bout libuls an' things; was you ever tuke to kort for owtrayjs libel? Did you evvur go to prisn for pullin' a gude kariktur 2 peece, cos o' pollytiks? Did ye evvur sling mud at a man on the uther side of the fence? Did you evvur thro your friends ovur for munny? Air you in the markit? Wot's 'bout yer price wen you nok yerself down 2 the hi'est bid? D'ye vally principul more'n a old cud?"

"My dere gurl, you don't seme to kno wot an insult is."

"No, I don't. All I want 2 kno is if the journals of this grate kuntri is all rottun to the core. I want 2 kno hepes o' things 'bout 'em?"

"But who on airth told you all this rubish 'bout 'em?"

"Wel, you aint to tel, but it was uncle. He sez nairy 1 of you don't kno wot truth is, that evry 1 of you has his price, an' he gesses your 'bout tard with

the same stick as the rest. An' I want to kno, cos I'm 'bout tired kepin a jurnal, an' I want to by 1, an' sumbuddy to kepe it rite."

He went away home an' sed jes nuthin'. I gess he aint no gude. He don't cum nere our house no more. Wen uncle went to see wot's up, he got kikt out of the offis. So uncle, as don't kno nuthin' 'bout it, sez he's shure I'se bin puttin' mi fute in it agen.

"STALKING" BLACK JACKALS.

WHILE going across a bit of country seldom travelled I fancy by Europeans, on an open waste of high ground, with here and there a few rocks, I saw a black animal running along which I thought from its peculiar gait was a mad dog; and, just as I was about to proclaim what I thought to my horse-keeper, who carried my rifle, the talliard in front of me, who was showing a short cut across country to my camp, turned round and said, "Look, sar, black jackal!" "But," said I, "who ever saw a black jackal?" "Oh yes," said the talliard, "it is jackal; there are four on this maidan." On looking at the animal again more closely, I saw that it was a jackal with its hot weather coat on. I dismounted, and began to stalk the beast, wishing to get its skin as a curiosity, when I observed a second black jackal, and then a third, all having the same mad dog look, and so wretchedly thin were they that I could see their ribs protruding, and the stomachs of all three had a tucked-up starved appearance. So with their jet-black colour in the dusky evening, I regarded them with a certain amount of horror, as they stared at me in company. They exhibited no fear, keeping a hundred yards or so away from me as I tried to approach, evidently regarding me as a curiosity. They seemed to say to each other, by tone, "that's a *white man*." At times they would lie down, or roll on the grass, or in a sitting attitude scan the maidan; in fact, they looked for all the world like three fiends. Having only one cartridge, and wishing to make the most of my chance, I took advantage of a rock close by the three jacks, made a circuit, and when well under cover of the rock I slipped off my boots and ran as I thought very cleverly up to my game under the shelter the rock afforded. On reaching the spot I peeped over, but the jacks were not to be seen! I felt riled at not having caught a weasel asleep with its tail in the fire for once. Once more I looked over my cover, wondering where the jacks had gone, when I thought I saw something move on a stone. Then I twigged three small black heads just visible over a rock some 60 yards off. With a rest, and deliberate aim I fired at the easiest of the three marks and killed the largest. The skin was black, with a few silver grey hairs along the back and sides of the belly. Its teeth were partially black, and the only peculiarity about the animal besides its colour was its ears, which in shape were foxy and full of hair.—PETHUR in *Madras Mail*.

JONES met a friend of his in the street, and said angrily, "Is it true, sir, that in a certain house where I have the reputation of being witty, you have said I was a fool?" "There is not a word of truth in it, sir," replied his friend; "I have never been in a house where they thought you witty, and consequently could not have called you a fool there."

WHAT IS DONE AT PUBLIC DINNERS.

"The company make a most brilliant appearance,
And ate bread and butter with great perseverance; Pem,
All the wine, fruit, and cakes, which were then set before
They also despatched with the greatest decorum."

Anstey's New Bath Guide.

SOME time of the day, and some time of the year, towards the latter end thereof, a double knock, a feeble imitation of the artistic knock of the postman, lets you into the secret that a letter from a public institution (charitable, of course) has been addressed to you. You open it, and find a printed circular, which informs you that the "Anniversary Festival" of the "Paperstainers' Benevolent Institution will take place at the Stonemasons' Tavern," and that Whitey Brown, Esq., Prime Warden of the Worshipful Company, will be in the chair. Enclosed also is a ticket setting forth, in addition to the above, the names of the various stewards, John Bagcap, Wove Draft, — Cartridge, Double Smallhand, Elephant Pot, and G. H. Post, Esqrs., together with Messrs. Demy and Foolscap; in the corner of the ticket is the name of the secretary, Mr. Blotting Pad, and underneath is the significant line—

TICKETS, 15S. EACH, INCLUDING A BOTTLE OF WINE.

In the circular there is, moreover, a notice to the effect that, unless the ticket is returned a full week before the "festival," it will be considered as taken, and the stewards will provide accordingly.

If you are a single man you put the paper upon your mantelshelf, with a strict determination not to go; if married you pass it to your wife, declaring "you have no money for these things;" "Tom's schooling is expensive, &c." It depends upon the temper you are in if you do or do not add, also, something about the last new bonnet or dress. I *have* known some men so ungenerous as to talk so. But in either case you forget to return the ticket—of course you do; these things are always so; and you make a martyr of yourself by going, although the wine is so "abominable," and always makes you ill; so that the day appointed finds you, after some fuss about your white "choker" and waistcoat, progressing in a cab to the "Stonemasons'."

There is a slight crowd around the door, but these things are usual in Great King Street, and so don't attract much notice; the crowd consists of two cabs besides your own, and three charity boys. You rush up the stone steps, being conscious of looking "like one of the waiters," and produce your ticket to a man with a large voice, who shouts out, "That way, sir."

You find a very fine room, with an elegant raised ceiling; before the door is a large screen, behind which a waiter takes the ticket presented and gives you a wine ticket, entitling you to the afore-mentioned bottle of wine, at the same time he disposes of your hat, &c., and leaves you to proceed into the room. There are plenty of people loitering about. Men with frill shirts and plain shirts, some young dandies in white

satin waistcoats and glazed boots, and elderly, easy-going old fellows, who have come there with a purpose of serious dining. The tables elegantly spread, with old plated epergnes here and there—the copper showing through the silver, "grinning," as they call it—are arranged in the form of the *triclinium*, or three sides of an oblong—the top one being taller than the rest, and destined for the "chair." There's a scramble to get at these, for you know all the best dishes are sent there first. You see here and there an acquaintance, but the dinner is almost exclusively confined to "Paperstainers." They have a little trade talk, and brighten up a bit when Mr. Blotting Pad, the secretary, moves noiselessly in his pumps down the room; they all know him, and are glad, being uncommunicative Englishmen, to meet with anyone they know, rather than speak to a stranger; besides, many of them are rivals, and rather scowl at each other. Then comes the finding of seats; you try to get near the chair and find every place occupied; and, at last, succeed in getting a pleasant place near the door, with a sharp breeze blowing into your ear from the key-hole; an Irish military gentleman on one side, Capt. O'Boyle Boyle, and a linen draper, who thinks he can make a joke, on the other.

"Room for the chair!" cries the toast master, a gay fellow, in a dingy white waistcoat and red face; and, bowing to the company, with a few plaudits from those who had white kids, in comes Whitey Brown, Esq., short, fat, and excited; blushing at unwonted honours, and followed by the stewards carrying long white wands, and looking preciously ashamed of themselves. He is soon seated; the toast master stations himself behind the chair, the singers, of whom there is a small body in the centre of the room, rise, as well as the whole company, and a Latin grace is sung, and then listen to the music of the knives and forks!

We are not going to tell you what the Paperstainers had for dinner; there were some cries of soup, of *bouilli*, *pates de foies gras*, *dindon aux truffes*, beef, fowl, fish—the *carte* is before the horse, but *mutatis mutandis*, and 'tis all right. We are not a French cook, nor an alderman; we never read *Soyer* in bed, or take the *Complete French Cook* to church; if we did, or if, indeed, we only had one near us, we could astonish you with our culinary knowledge.

"Jones, my boy! a glass of wine."

"Most happy! how are you?"

"Hearty, thank you; Mrs. Peppermint quite well?"

"Never better!"

Such are our hearty greetings!

"Hush, gentlemen, for the chair."

"Bother the chair!" cries Peppermint.

"Bother yerself, sir-r!" cries the O'Boyle Boyle, "the noble chair-r-man's going to speak."

"SILENCE, GENTLEMEN, FOR THE CHAIR!" shouts the toast master.

And Whitey Brown is on his legs. You hear a weak, thin voice, while pads, inkstands, and slips of

paper containing "subscription," and "annual donation" (ominous words), with blank spaces for the residence of the donor, printed on them, are noiselessly passed down the board. The waiters then retire, and the speech begins; but not before some practical joking, consisting of writing down a stingy friend's name on the paper, and pretending to pass it to the chair, is gone through. But the chairman's voice waits to be heard.

"Gentlemen, the awful responsibility which rests upon me in this situation you may conceive, but not feel—(Hear, hear). I am before you in the attitude of supplication, but not for myself—that I would scorn—(Hear)—but for others; for our distressed fellow-labourers, the Paperstainers."

But here we refuse to proceed further, or you may think we jeer at the purpose of the dinner. Hang it, no! We are glad to say that those charities have done wonders, that many a man has opened his heart with the second bottle of sherry, and subscribed like a gentleman. No! we won't say, like that ill-natured fellow Robinson did, that the chair made a mistake when he said "that the Paperstainers were fond of their species," and that he meant "*specie*," or, like Smith, cut jokes—vile trade jokes—upon them; full "quires," "outsides," and say that they were the most loyal subjects in the "*ream*," quite suppressing the letter *L*. No! we will record that the chairman made a little honest speech much to the purpose, and that it was well responded to. Of course, after this, the Queen's health, that of her loyal Consort, and the Royal Family, are drunk; then the singers do their work with the Anthem, and then the "Army and Navy" are toasted; then comes "Rule Britannia," and Captain O'Boyle Boyle, who came here for the purpose, returns thanks:—

"Mister Cheerman—Jontlemen, it would ill become me, as a member of the gallant purfession ye have just done the honour of toasting, to sit still and silent like the aild harrup (harp) of Erin, when I have the abilitee to open me mouth—(Hear). Jontlemen, in a societee, a poloight assemblee loike the preshunt, united in benigntee, in kindness, and in charitee, I *cannot* be silent—I must let the pent-up wathers of my heart flow like one of the mountain torrents of my own beloved countree—(Hear, hear, and 'beautiful!' from the ladies in the gallery). Jontlemen, we talked about foighting. Now I've been in many actshuns, but I never, when the bullets were flying as—('Order! subject!' cries a voice, seeking, probably, to recal the Captain to his ideas). Who says subject? What does the blaggard mane?—(Order, order). I mane to say that, amidst the horrors of the battell-field I never felt that I was doing my juty more than at the preshunt moment, surrounded by this honourable societee. Jontlemen, let me assure you that the heart of Erin palpitates with a noble affectshun towards you; and that, whilst you are making the money here, she'll be foighting for your roights in the far distant land.

(Great applause, in the which the ladies join). I beg to propose in conclusion, the health of the ladies."

We need not say that the gallant Captain's wish was warmly responded to—"The ladies, God bless them." Those five words are enough to make every British heart thrill with pleasure, and nowhere more so than at a charity dinner. A young-voiced fellow, with a red face, and a tone which might have belonged to a cherub, here warbled forth, "On a bank beside a willow," for which he was deservedly encored; then the chairman made a statement strictly financial, from which it would seem that the amount subscribed was, beyond measure, liberal; and after a speech, in which he bade us recollect that a few hearts at least would be permanently gladdened, a few old heads sheltered, by that night's proceeding, Whitey Brown, Esq., vacated the chair, and, amidst many plaudits, departed. Then came the gathering, of those who stayed, into little knots and clubs; five shilling bowls of punch were loudly called for; Captain O'Boyle Boyle grew hilarious, and volunteered "Nora Creina," which he executed very sweetly, and then launched into that popular Irish melody, "The night before Larry was stretched." The sober people went home, it being past eleven o'clock, but many others stopped, amongst them the aforesaid gallant "Captin," but *not* the humble scribe who has just now narrated his experiences of a public dinner.—*Laman Blanshard*.

The other day two Highland drovers arrived at Leith in the boat, and when travelling up to Edinburgh were overtaken by one of the new steam omnibuses out on trial. As the two drovers had never before seen carriages impelled by any other power than horse, they stood lost in wonderment for a time as the engine puffed smoothly past. "Bless me, Donald, did you ever see the likes o' that pefore? There is ta coach run awa' frae ta horse! Run, run, Donald, like a good lad, an' fricht him back again."

WANTED, ONE LAWYER.—The bench of the District of Columbia is not entirely without humour, and especially when Mr. Justice MacArthur is on the bench there is always fun ahead for the lawyers. Recently an attorney named Davis had an important case before Justice MacArthur, but unfortunately his honour had not the highest opinion of Davis's abilities. The case was complicated, and Davis went ahead and introduced his witnesses, made his argument—in which he brought forth about a cord of law books, and laid them before the court. Davis saw, nevertheless, that the judge was not impressed with his efforts, and at last he said, "May it please the Court, I have brought testimony here to prove the facts which I stated in my opening speech. I have shown your Honour the law bearing upon this case, but if your Honour is not satisfied, and will make a suggestion that I produce anything further, the Court may rest assured that I will cheerfully comply." Judge MacArthur, who, by the way, stammers badly, said: "Y-y-yes, there is one t-t-t-thing m-m-more you should p-p-p-produce here, and I t-t-t-think that p-p-p-perhaps you m-might win your c-c-case." Davis at once responded, "Anything that your Honour can suggest will be furnished." "Well, t-t-then," said the judge, "I would r-r-r-recommend that you hire a f-f-first-class l-l-l-lawyer."—*Boston Traveller*.

THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

THAT Miss Lotta's cool reception at the Opera Comique is due to a miserable piece, in every way badly constructed, there can be no doubt. Not only had it no literary merit, but the skits on religion would not be tolerated by the honest pit and gallery; and when the well-known air from Moody and Sankey's collection, called "The sweet by and by," was introduced as a duet, the annoyance of the audience knew no bounds. This has taken with the Americans, and, doubtless, Miss Lotta thought she was quite right in giving it here; but although some bigoted members of the religious community would endeavour to make one believe that theatre-goers are a "bad lot," this little instance has proved that they are not altogether devoid of religious feelings. Things of this kind will not be tolerated, and by this time Miss Lotta will have had a very fair proof of the fact.

Of her capabilities there can be no doubt. She is a merry little creature, full of fun, ever ready for games, has a delightful way of swinging her legs to and fro, sings sweetly, dances nimbly, and I am in no way disappointed as to the rumour of her talents. Still, it is not fair to her to pronounce a decided verdict on her efforts until I have seen her in something better than this dreadful "Musette." Truly our Yankee friends are queer fishes; how they ever managed to stomach such a dish of stupidity and nonsense as this work I cannot make out.

Mr. George Howard, from Wallack's, is nothing more nor less than a nigger with a white face. A pair of bones, or a tambourine, would complete his outfit, and then I should not think much of him. Excellent support was given by Mr. James Fernandez, Mr. Arthur Wood, Mr. Howard Russell, Miss Fanny Coleman, and Miss Kate Bishop. Mr. Arthur Dacre, as I expected, came in for a little hooting. This was hardly the thing, for an audience should not let a man's private life interfere with his public one. He certainly got it pretty hot.

I do not altogether agree with Mr. Hollingshead's principle. When a man finds himself in a tolerably good position, it is considered the thing to turn round on your less fortunate friends and snub them. John is now pitching into the critics; but surely he does not forget that he was once a "quill driver" himself? Times are changed.

About twenty or so years ago a young man showed such a mastery of elocution, that when he was not at work—cabinetmaking was his trade—the vicar of a west-end church placed the vestry at his disposal for the purpose of giving lessons in elocution. He turned out some excellent pupils, and his fine method was sufficient to secure him a theatrical engagement. He worked hard, and now in his line of parts stands unequalled. John Maclean is his name, one of our finest and most fluent speakers.

"Nita's First," a story with a baby in it, by T. G. Warren, was played for the first time on Wednesday fortnight at the New Cross Hall. It is a capital little piece, and I hope we shall not lose sight of it. The author played the part of *Fred. Figgleton* with plenty of dash and "go," and was well supported by all concerned.

Mr. Wilson Barrett—always earnest in his work—himself superintended the production of his pantomime at Leeds. He closed the Princess's for a few nights during his absence.

Miss Marie de Grey, a lady who, about twelve months' back, appeared at the Olympic in a round of standard plays with no small amount of success, has left for Calcutta. Her leading man is Mr. J. K. Murray.

Mr. Edgar Bruce purposes opening the new Prince's Theatre on January 12th with a revival of Gilbert's "Palace of Truth." The Prince of Wales has promised to be present.

Those who enjoy a good laugh should not miss seeing the "Three Hats" at the Royalty. They will then be able to form some opinion as to what trouble a naughty man may get into when he takes advantage of his wife's absence to have a little spree, and to take somebody's hat in mistake. Umbrellas are generally the things now-a-days for collaring, and I wish I could collar the person who made off with my yellow silk and left me a pretty alpaca, of a colour resembling what is known as sandy-grey-russet, a few nights back, at the Gaiety bar. If "Practical John" knew this, he would be inclined to call me a "perverter of the truth."

The rumour that Mr. James Willing had undertaken the management of the Aquarium is contradicted.

Compton and Company leave the Strand on Saturday, January 12th. His *Charles Goldfinch* is the best thing he has given us. Miss Bateman, if I remember rightly, played *Sophia* about six years ago, when it was revived at Sadler's Wells. On that occasion Mr. Charles Warner was the *Harry*, and Mr. R. C. Lyons the lively *Charley*.

I regret to say that Mr. Lewis Ball has been suffering from the gout again, his old enemy preventing him from playing as I know he can. To see him bravely fighting through his part the other night was wonderful, and yet he was in the greatest pain.

The Novelty Theatre was to open its doors on January 5th with a revival of "The New Magdalen." Of course, Miss Ada Cavendish is the *Merry Merrick*. Miss Louise Willes is cast for *Grace Roseberry*, Miss Le Theire, *Lady Janet*, whilst Mr. Frank Archer resumes his original character of *Julian Grey*. May it prove a good move on the part of the pretty young manageress.

Arthur Law's new comedy, "A Mint of Money," is down for production at Toole's on January 3rd.

There are one or two American items. The sale of seats for the first two weeks of Booth's engagement reached the nice little sum of 10,000 dols. "Estrella," which you know did not take at the Folies Dramatiques, is now playing at the Standard. "The Glass of Fashion" will be introduced to our American cousins on 7th Jan. I wonder how they will like it. The ever young and lively Dion Boucicault is appearing in the "Shaughraun" at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn. It is announced that Madame Ristori will accompany Sig. Salvini in his next American tour. Jefferson is, I am glad to hear, right again, and as merry as ever. The *New York Herald* speaks of "The Spider's Web" as a theatrical penny-dreadful.

Mr. Burnand is to have a rival in his burlesque on "Claudian." According to a weekly, a couple of gents. are on the same track.

♦ ♦ ♦

A Paris paper speaks of Miss Minnie Palmer as "*une petite active Mini-ature*." Minnie, you will remember, has been enjoying herself a little bit in the gay city, and whilst there she has purchased some very pretty dresses. Don't forget she opens at the Strand Theatre on Monday, January 14th.

♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Edmund Gerson has engaged a great number of Continental artistes for the coming production of "Excelsior" at Covent Garden. This piece, which has had a very successful time at Niblo's Gardens, New York, has given place to "The Pavements of Paris" there.

♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Thomas Mallamy a musician, who has made himself very popular across the herring-pond, will very likely introduce some of his compositions to the British public before long.

♦ ♦ ♦

The versatile Charles Du Val gave some new "skits" in his capital entertainment at St. James's Hall, on Boxing-day. I have witnessed this gentleman's performance three or four times, and it is certainly one of the most refined and artistic entertainments to be met with in a day's march.

♦ ♦ ♦

Might I suggest to a certain weekly contemporary, that when they copy my "pars," if they don't like to acknowledge they obtained them from a gent. possessing the name of "Whiffles," would they kindly mention the paper? It's only a hint.

♦ ♦ ♦

"Cribbing," now-a-days, is carried to a very long mark. *The Referee*, a few weeks back, made a remark that if Mr. Hollingshead went on at the rate he was now going, instead of being known as "Practical John" he might be nicknamed "Independent Jack." This was copied into the *New York Spirit of the Times*; and when that paper arrived here, a small dramatic paper actually copied the same remarks. Doubtless the editor of the "small dramatic paper" flatters himself he was the first to inform London of this fact. Ignorance is bliss.

♦ ♦ ♦

On February 20th we are to have a new comic opera submitted for our approval. It will be produced at a Gaiety matinee. The name and composer of the work is not known.

♦ ♦ ♦

When "Lords and Commons" has tired the patrons of the Haymarket, in all probability "Peril" or "Diplomacy" will take its place. A new comedy by Mr. Morfyus, entitled "Pampus Grass," will also shortly see light here.

♦ ♦ ♦

The opening of the International Theatre, in a certain sense, cannot be said to be successful. True, everything has been done to make the house comfortable and worthy the patronage of the theatre-going public, and for this Miss Dinorben deserves many thanks; but certainly such a poor and incoherent piece as "Mizpah" is not a good start, and will not help to make the fortunes of the house. There is absolutely nothing in the piece to make it at all palatable; and if Miss Dinorben intends going in for melo drama, I would strongly advise her to give us something worthy our attention. How some of the absurdities

of the piece could have escaped the notice of the stage-manager at the dress rehearsal, I cannot imagine.

♦ ♦ ♦

Taken all round the acting was good. The manageress herself was contented with a small part, and she was pleasing. Miss Agnes Thomas was vigorous and earnest as *Lucy Bower*; at times her acting was really powerful. Mr. John Benn was a villain and no mistake; Mr. J. H. Darnley worked hard as *Ernest*; and Mr. Claude Trevor made a good impression as *Charles Bower*. The scenery was very half-and-half, though it was all new. Some of it was miserably coloured.

♦ ♦ ♦

All about the pantomimes next week.

WHIFFLES.

A RIGHT TO BE PROUD.

You will sometimes hear people say that Blank is self-conceited, because he has made a success of some undertaking and is proud to point to his achievement, which he feels was the cause of his elevation in wealth or, may be, station. A boy in school may feel like telling of his progress, but he never does it without some jealous person rising up to tell him he has the "big head." This is not right. Neither is it right for a man to be everlastingly blowing his own horn. But every man has a right to be proud of his good work, be it in any department of life. The mechanic is justified in feeling proud of a finely-finished piece of work. The labourer has a right to be elated over a job he has done in a skilful manner. So it is with the professional man. Pride of this kind is not egotism, and he who would so term it is actuated only by jealous motives, feeling his own inferiority and incapacity. It is this pride that stimulates man to do his best in everything he undertakes. A man that is not, at least to a certain degree, exalted over a piece of work, mechanical or otherwise, is not above the mediocrity—he is nothing more or less than a human machine set upon a track and kept running in the same rut all his life as when he started. Young man, do the very best you can in whatever you undertake. Strive to excel, regardless of the sneers of croakers. Remember, it is your own superiority that has made you prominent, and attracted their criticisms. Remember, it is not the work that makes the man, but the man makes the work. If you swing a pick or axe, swing it so that each blow will increase your pride—build steps for your elevation. If you pound iron, be actuated by the same motive to excel. Let the hammer play a grand triumphal march on the anvil, while you are marching, as it were, to victory. If you are engaged in any profession, work for the good of humanity, and glorify in a work well done. Put your whole soul in the work you have to do, and be proud of a good piece of work. This is honest pride, and the man who cultivates it is bound to succeed in spite of disparaging remarks of those who are jealous of his success, and realise their own inferiority.

A DARKEY on a Pecano plantation not long since was much tried by the obstinacy of a mule. After much urging and kindness to the brute, he broke out with: "Look hyar, now! mebbly you think 'cause I jined the church last Sunday that I can't use big words; but I'll hab you know I'm gwine to make a 'ception in your special case."

THE TATLER AT THE FIRESIDE.

It is not always right for a man to be his own chronicler.

But circumstances are not always the same, and so I propose to tell what I have been saying lately.

"At the warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted," I am not always alone, for my friend *Idler* drops in occasionally, also *Mr. Rambler*, whose acquaintance you have made, and *Mr. Spectator*, with a few other cronies.

I was saying to *Idler* the other day, as we sat over a draught of—no, not *Pomerey sec*, it is only the editor of *Punch* who drinks that—but a draught out of those cups that cheer but not inebriate, "Was it not strange in *Romeo* to wish to 'hang up philosophy, unless philosophy can make a *Juliet*?' The fact is that the object of philosophy is to teach us to want our *Juliets* when they are beyond our reach."

"Very true," remarked *Idler*, "but philosophy does not extend to everything. I can want that extra lump of sugar in my tea that you would not give, but what good would philosophy do if I had no tea, or no bread and butter, or worse still, no bread at all?"

"The best philosopher I know of, I resumed, was the father of Jacob Faithful, who went through life with three phrases, one or other of which made him contented in every disappointment or trial he had. One was 'No use crying,' and another 'Better luck next time.'"

"But what of the toothache? Does not Shakespeare tell us there was never yet a philosopher that could endure it patiently?"

"Of course, I exclude toothache; all the poets are agreed on that, and that little woodcut I showed you of "Toothache in the Middle Ages," shows how united men are in bodily frame, however differently they may dress in different ages. Mr. Philosopher stops at pain, *while the pain lasts*; but when it is gone, philosophy returns, because no man can describe a pain, or imagine it after the twinge has ceased."

"There is a kind of morbid philosophy in the Poet Laureate's declaration, that it is 'better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.' As well say 'It is better to have bet and lost than never to have bet at all!'"

"Hold you there," shouted *Idler*. "I can't let that pass. But did you ever study that phrase of Tennyson's, 'I feel it when I sorrow most.' In my copy there is a pencilled comma put after sorrow, because without it the words mean that he does not feel it all except when in the extreme of sorrow. He holds it true whatever befalls, but only feels it when he 'sorrows most.' Is not that so?"

"You have hit on something new, I replied, if you have found a comma too few in any printed book."

"Commas are certainly small things to make a worry about, but they do form a serious burden in the editorial mind. Macaulay used to say his printers set up the type, and then shook a pepper-box filled with commas over each page."

"Here is notable instance of how absurd the use of commas. I was reading a nice little novel, and found this sentence:—'The chamber in which I sit has three windows, two looking towards the village street and one towards the green,' then I get a comma, and read on, "shady yard that lies," &c.; or this, "We shall now have a garden for my leisure hours and a green," only to find out that it is not a green at all, but "quiet spot for the children to play in." How absurd it is to read a

clause in a sentence like, "He was a short," and then to find "dark man, with curly hair," in the next clause. Of course it should read, "He was a short dark man, with curly hair," without pause or break. And the funny thing is that occasionally the printer puts it all right, though in nine cases out of ten the pepper-box is shaken, and down come the commas!"

"If I were you, *Idler*, I would not say it. I know by the expression of your eyes, you were just about to say something about a 'Comma-ic paper.' But it will not do."

"Can I throw any light on luminous paint? Well, that is a thing that the more light you throw on it the more it throws light upon you. If I were a sun—"

Idler—"You are your m—"

Tatler—"Now do not attempt it; your mother's son will for ever cease to make light of serious matters. Yes, I have tried luminous paint, and found it very useful in some places."

"But a better thing than that is the asbestos paint, by the use of which wood and cloth become incombustible. Asbestos, as you, *Mr. Idler*, know, is the plumage of the Phoenix made into various substances, and it always rises from its ashes as lively as ever. This is one of the 'things not generally known.'"

"The reason the London Liberal Club got a marble statue of Mr. Gladstone was because they could afford it. Mr. 'Try-it-on' was the Chairman of the Committee that provided the statue, so I thought I might try this on. If you were in some parts of Scotland you would hear it called a 'marvel' statue, and all admit that it is marvellously like the 'grand old man.' So, by the way, is Jack Bannister in the *Royal Pantomime* at Edinburgh."

"The connection between the Bannisters and the Stairs is a very old joke, but it has been revived. But there is a nearer guess for Gladstone than that the Stairs are a Liberal family."

"Bannister is from baluster, and that means the flower of the wild pomegranate. Then we have pomegranate, stone-apple, or apple-stone, softening down to appy-stone or happy-stone, hence Gladstone. So that Jack Bannister is actually of the same family as Gladstone, which accounts for his resemblance."

"To return to our talk about philosophy, Pope tells us that 'man never is but always to be blest,' and from Addison we learn that most men spend their lives in expectation. He says:—'Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honours; then to retire.'"

"This is a singular truth, and might suggest a whole scheme of philosophy."

With a heart for any fate,

Still pursuing,

Learn to labour and to wait."

TATLER.

A Chicago wholesale house sent out three female drummers by way of experiment. One of them wore all her samples to a picnic, and got lemonade, pie and grass stains all over them; another got mashed on a brakeman, and followed him off, and the third reported three new dresses, a lawn tennis suit, a garden hat, and a Langtry bang in her expense account. The house is so well satisfied with the result of the experiment that it will not repeat it.

THE UNCOMMITTED CRIME.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By THEODORE ALFRED CROFT.

CHAPTER XI.

LOVE IN A LIBRARY.

The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:
And we with singing cheered the way,
And crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May;
But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the shadow . . . —*In Memoriam.*

It must have occurred in the life of most people that an event which seemed not only innocent of evil, but was the source of great joy, should in the end prove to be the prelude to sorrow and loss and suffering. It is with the remembrance that this was so that I now enter on one of the happiest periods of my life, and speak of one who exercised for some years an unnamable influence over me. It would be to anticipate my story were I to say here what grief and suffering were, innocently, associated with Caroline Handley, the proprietress of Eastfield House, whose acquaintance Agnes and I made in our new sphere of life at Munketh, and whose family history has been referred to in an earlier chapter.

Eastfield lay about a quarter of a mile from the town, and was a beautiful little bit of property, in sole possession of Miss Handley. It lay on the sloping bank of a little stream tributary to that which flowed through the grounds of our generous titled friends, and around it the deep dell made by this burn showed beautifully wooded banks. The interior and the appointments of a mansion such as hers have been too often described in fiction, and are, I hope, sufficiently familiar by actual knowledge by so large a portion of my readers that I need not here attempt a description of the place. Miss Handley—who was an orphan, handsome, wealthy, well-educated (as women's education then stood), and well-travelled during the last three years of a doating father's life—was twenty-one when we reached Munketh, and was then but a few months in mourning for the loss of her father. She enjoyed a handsome competency, was absolute mistress of herself, and delighted, but for her new grief, in boasting that she walked "in maidenish meditation fancy free." Her establishment, of four women servants indoors, and a man who was gardener, gatekeeper, and coachman at the gate, was ruled with judgment; and although she had occasionally an aunt or cousin to stay with her, she practically kept herself solitary, except in the exercise of a generous hospitality to some few acquaintances round about.

It may seem strange that I, the under-forester's assistant's son, the millworker, the struggling village librarian, should have a word to say of intimacy with a woman so far above me socially, and my fall from a place in her regard may seem the proper sequel to my presumption. Those who follow my fortunes, however, may judge differently, and I think I can promise that the sequel will prove quite as romantic as the greatest devourer of fiction could require.

It was just a week after our settlement in the shop, and while the old man was still giving me the benefit of his

instruction, that a shadow fell on us as we were looking at a glass case near the door, and my neighbour, turning round, saluted the lady who entered.

"Miss Handley," he said, speaking in a tone of friendliness he had learned to adopt with a few of the higher class of customers, "what can I do for your ladyship this day? Is your last beau not to your mind?"

A curious silence followed, as we looked at each other. Sighing, and hesitating a moment, she then replied gaily—

"Beau! no, indeed, Mr. Bibliopole, if you can't give me a better fellow than the hero of *The Favourite of Fortune*, he shall be no favourite of mine, I can assure you. What is your latest enormity in story-book literature?"

"Ah! he would be an enormity that would please you on paper, Madame. *Paul Clifford*, or some such black-avised rascal, would be handsome enough; but you must not fall in love with a robber."

"Fall in love, old man; do you not remember you were never to mention love to—"

"Your pardon, ladyship, I humbly beseech," said the bookseller, with much humility. The "ladyship" applied as jest was a little bit of familiarity he was allowed to take.

"Here is an admirable work just out," he resumed, in a different tone. "It is 'Personal Perils in Patagonia,' by a countryman. Or would you like 'Brawls in Borneo' better—there is no end of blood and murder in this gaily-decorated book."

"Ah! now you speak sensibly, you horrid man," she exclaimed, looking at one of the pictures, "I shall never have one of your books again. Look how they are making that poor brown fellow dance, and you expect me to enjoy it."

"Perhaps you would better enjoy seeing on your table this nice book," and he handed her a sober-looking volume in drab boards.

"'Things Thought Thoughtfully,' by Cogito. Sweet and pretty, I think. Yes; I shall certainly buy that book, and it will frighten all your ruffianly three volume heroes out of my mind."

All this time, although Miss Handley spoke in a vivacious tone, I was conscious, looking away from her as I was, that her eyes had been fixed steadily on me, and I suppose my tingling ears showed her that I knew this. Her voice was like music to me. Had she been black as night and ugly as Hecate, when I turned and saw her, it could not have been otherwise than that I was bewitched and ensnared in the toils of "love at first sight," or rather of first hearing.

I was conscious of the supreme folly of my feelings, but powerless to check them. She spent some further moments in the shop over a trifling purchase of stationery, and directing the books she had chosen to be sent home to Eastfield, was about to leave the shop, when the bookseller recalled her.

"Miss Handley, Miss Handley," he called, "I should have told you sooner—this is Mr. Gilmore, who is to carry on the business when I go away a few days hence."

Miss Handley turned back—I thought, readily, poor fool that I was!—and while I bowed humbly to the recognition she was pleased to bestow, I had the opportunity of seeing her face to face.

It may seem but the ravings of a hopeless passion when I say that the angelic voice that had thrilled me was the tenant of a hardly less attractive face and figure. She was of the Scottish type of beauty, despite her purely English name. Thick auburn hair, a brilliant complexion, marked

features, an expressive smile, a stately figure, somewhat over the middle size. This was what met my eye, and what dwelt on my brain ever thereafter. That she had looked steadily at me I knew, and there was just a little consciousness that I knew it in the slight blush that brought out the unrivalled clearness of her ruddy bright cheeks. Did I fancy this? The blush was a fact that even my old friend the bookseller noticed, for he rallied me on it a day or two afterwards—the cause of the blush was Miss Handley's secret, *and mine*, for somehow I never hesitated in interpreting it in a way that caused my blood to course through my veins that day as it never had done before.

Let me say here that, though humbly born, moderately educated, and taught to labour with my earliest ability, I was not devoid of some claims to good appearance. Although in height of small size, and in figure slight, yet I was, for a worker, well "set-up." With jetty locks and whiskers of the regulation "mutton-chop" pattern of the day, I fancy or I fancied I was not a bit a bad-looking fellow. And when my better judgment rebuked the wild thoughts of Caroline Handley, which our first interview created, I would find myself crooning over a stanza in "The Laird o' Cockpen"—

"For ane she'll get better, its waur she'll get ten;"

and the mischief-loving god Cupid had fully snared his victim.

Not many days after this first meeting. Miss Handley called on some post-office business, to which, of course, Agnes was very new, and my sister called me to her to help in clearing up some rule that puzzled them both.

"I think it is only ninepence-halfpenny" was what I heard Caroline—I mean Miss Handley—say, and I found that my sister wished to charge her letter fourpence more. Finding I agreed with her, Miss Handley broke out with profuse thanks, tinged, as I thought—for what will not a man in love think?—by a desire to smother in a multitude of words thoughts to which she had no desire to give expression.

Time passed on, and in the end of summer Miss Handley had asked Agnes to visit her at Eastfield one evening. This was to me delightful—almost as delightful as if I had been the person asked—for Agnes was not very robust, and the kindness Miss Handley had shown to her, as well as to my mother, had smoothed some of the rougher bits of their new life. It was our custom—Agnes's and mine—to take long rambles in the summer twilights; and on the night she first went to Eastfield, I arranged to be near the gate at ten o'clock, at which hour Miss Handley had promised to send John Gardener home with her. This, by the way, reminds me of her habit of calling everyone in her household by their occupation—a system she extended to all her favourite tradesmen about the town. It was a mark of favour when Miss Handley first addressed my sister as "Miss Postmaster;" and although she scrupulously avoided calling me anything else than "Gilmore," an accidental forgetfulness when she began to reply to some remark of mine as "Stephen Stationer," and paused on the "sta"—showed me that I was, perhaps, not wrong in thinking her avoidance of this mark of respect indicated no want of favour, but rather the reverse.

Why should I continue the mystery by detailing our lives from month to month? Agnes had not gone many times to Eastfield—which she visited, perhaps, once in a month or six weeks, and always by express invitation—when my errand to convoy her home out of the care of

"John Gardener" came to be spoken of. Once I was bid to come to the house for her. The invitation came out hesitatingly—"And, oh! Mr. Gilmore, you might come up later for Agnes. We have just a little bit of supper before she leaves, and if you will join us about half-past nine, I should be glad—be obliged." This limited my stay to half-an-hour, but then I was to be her guest. I was to sit at the same table, to share the same food, to speak, not as the humble shopkeeper, but on the footing of friendly equality to which Miss Handley had promoted Agnes. *C'est ne que le premier pas qui conte*. Once admitted to her table, the affair galloped apace; and, before we had been two years at Munkeith, the gossips of the little town had it that Miss Handley had found her hero, not in the library, but in the librarian. What cared I how elbows nudged, and voices spoke low as I passed home with Agnes, when, upon the Royal birthday, when her office was shut, we had spent the day at Eastfield. On that very day Caroline and I had come to an understanding. No words were spoken, but she knew, and I knew, and she knew that I knew, and I knew that she knew, that Eastfield and its gentle mistress could be mine for the asking.

Those who have thought over all my past will understand why I hesitated to ask and obtain. My parents were honest, my life had been, to human eyes, one of comparative blamelessness, and I was in the possession of an income, derived from a business which, if still it was, like all trade, sordid in its nature, had the elements of nobility in it, because it was intellectual. But with it all, I knew that I was of the people, while she had birth, wealth, and social status, that lifted her far above the hopes of a poor country bookseller.

You will say, "but she was a consenting party." Truly she was—that I had no doubt, but this increased my hesitation rather than removed it. And her singular isolation, to say nothing of my unwillingness to be the mere dependant of the woman I loved, helped to put off all action till what must be called my tragedy happened.

In the third year of my Munkeith life, we had the grief to lose my dear mother, who died after a brief illness, cold having suddenly settled down on her weakest part, the chest, and carried her off. This sad event, and the necessary period of mourning, put off all thoughts of love or marriage. Thus it came to pass that nearly four years passed away. Caroline—whom I had never yet addressed by that name—remained constant in her kindness to Agnes, giving her support and help in the great trial of mother's death, with the affection of a sister, and treating me with a curious mixture of trust and *hauteur*. She had plenty of offers of marriage. I believe even my friend Major Cairnburgh was a candidate for her hand, and he did give me a look about a month after his rejection, when some gossip in the town had told him of the current rumour.

It was a strange life of doubt and happiness, of trust and deferred hope, of pain and joy mingled, and when the crisis came, who can tell whether I was most glad or sorry to take leave for a time of a difficulty I had neither the courage to face nor the boldness to solve?

(To be continued.)

The *Parsee Punch* gives an illustration of a tipsy native holding on to a lamp post and saying "How a-a-a v-v-very kind of a-a-a Government to have a-a so many supports on the r-r-road."

A JEW CHECKMATES A THIEF.

NEAR one of the principal wharfs on the Thames, there was a bazaar, occupied by about a dozen merchants, who mostly all dealt in Eastern goods. They were all on friendly enough terms with each other, as far as business competition would allow, with the exception of a Jew, named Isaac Jacobs, who held himself aloof from his fellow traders. This man was noted for extraordinary acuteness, it having been discovered that in his youth he had taken great interest in the wiles and stratagems of thieves, and had once or twice acted the amateur detective pretty successfully.

One evening, some time after the usual hour for closing business, a clever thief entered the bazaar. He appeared to be our friend the Jew; the bunch of keys, the walking-stick, the cloak, the very accent of the old man's voice, were all imitated to great perfection.

The rogue approached the watchman of the bazaar, and coolly said, "Take this lamp and light the court. I've some accounts to make up to-night." Without waiting a reply, he opened the door of the Jew's warehouse. The watchman, quite unsuspecting, soon returned with the lamp. The thief took it from him, in such a way that the light did not fall upon his face, and in silence seated himself before some papers, which were intended to represent the Jew's accounts.

Later on in the night he called for the watchman and said, "Find a porter for me, and tell him not to forget his knot; he shall have to carry some bales to my house to-night. Here is some money for your trouble. Now, make haste." The watchman soon returned with a porter, who found several bales of valuable stuffs all packed. Swinging them on his back, he followed the thief.

Jacobs, the real Jew, arrived as usual at the bazaar early next morning. He met the watchman, who thanked him very much for his gift last night. The Jew was very much astonished at this gratitude, but had the presence of mind to keep silent. He immediately suspected something was wrong, and hastened to open his store. At the first glance, he saw that some of his most valuable goods had been carried off. However, he gave no alarm, but kept his sad discovery to himself.

Jacobs sat down and quietly thought the matter over. After a little he called the watchman, and said to him in a calm voice,—

"Who assisted me last night to carry away those bales?"

"Eh! what! have you forgotten that you told me to fetch a porter, and this porter left the place along with yourself?"

"Yes, I remember that quite well, but the night was so dark, that I cannot remember the porter's face; will you look for him and bring him here again! You can recognise him?"

"To be sure I know him," was the watchman's answer.

When the porter came, Jacob's locked up his store, and told him to follow him. After walking some distance from the bazaar, he began to question him in a confidential tone.

"Can you point out the place where you carried my bales to last night? See, my good fellow, between ourselves, it is a sad confession to make, but if a man drinks too much he is apt to forget everything."

"I remember well enough," said the porter; "you led me to one of the wharfs; there you ordered me to call a

boatman, who assisted me to arrange the bales in his boat."

"All right! let us go to the wharf: you will find the boatman, and ask him to speak to me. If you do this, I shall pay you for it."

The porter had no objection, and the pair made their way to the wharf, where the boatman was soon found.

"A few hours since you assisted my brother to remove some bales?" queried the Jew.

"Yes, just at dawn," was the boatman's reply.

"Ah, well, let us set off: I wish to go as far down the river as the place where you disembarked the goods."

The boatman at once pushed off, and set himself to work vigorously at the oars. In about a quarter of an hour the boatman brought the barge to its destination, and called the porter that the thief had engaged at this place to assist in landing the stolen goods. The Jew, after ordering the boatman to wait his return, led the porter aside and said to him,—

"Conduct me to the storehouse where you took my brother's bales to this morning."

They walked to a low-built house at some distance from the river side; and, on the porter pointing it out, Jacobs went up to the door and knocked. No one answered; but our friend the Jew managed to open the door without a key. He left the porter at the entrance and went in. He found his goods still unpacked, and immediately ordered the porter to carry them to the boat.

Within a short time all the valuables were placed in the store of the Jew again; thanks to the prompt measures he had taken towards their recovery. The thief, knowing that his clever personation of the Jew had been discovered, fearing apprehension, betook himself to other haunts.

Jacobs remained satisfied in having regained possession of his stolen goods, and did not bring the matter before the authorities; and the story only became known accidentally.

A LIVING BRIDGE.

THERE was a small, close court-yard in one of the suburbs of a large city in France, round which were such very high houses that the sun could scarcely ever be seen in it, even on the brightest days in summer. In these houses dwelt at least thirty families, much crowded together.

The court was so narrow that a carriage could scarcely drive through it, and that four men abreast could hardly find marching room.

It was night, and all had retired to rest, weary with the hard work of the day; even the children who had been selling lucifer matches in the street had in their sound sleep forgotten both hunger and cold, and thought not of the sorrows of the coming day.

In the midst of this dark night, there was a terrible cry, "Fire! Fire!" All in the houses had awakened, and in a moment were on their feet; faces pale with terror appeared at the windows, and the narrow court was filled with men who saw the conflagration with horror, and had made several vain attempts to extinguish it. But it was impossible to get a fire-engine through the narrow passage which led up to the court. Already the large red flames were rising from one old house, the staircase and inner walls were being consumed, parts of which every now and then fell in with a crash. The people hoped that every one in the house had escaped;

but now a child's voice was heard from the highest window, with a shrill cry of, "Oh! father, save me!"

But there was no one there who knew how to help or to save; the women sobbed, the men wrung their hands, for it seemed as if the little one up there must perish without an attempt to help him. At this moment a tall, strong man advanced, and looking up at the fire, he exclaimed, "Where are my boys? Where is William? where is John?"

Instead of an answer, he hears a cry of agony proceeding from the house. The father knows at once from whom it comes, he rushes into the house, but with a crash the last remnant of the staircase has just fallen; a ladder is nowhere to be found in the court.

Utterly appalled, the poor father stands there not knowing what to do. But then the cry is again heard from the flames, "Father! father! save me!" Then an idea seized him; he rushed into the house which stood opposite to the burning one, and hurrying up the stairs, he reached the room opposite to that in which his children were. Then he tore out the window and its wood-work, and with a bold jump sprang into the opposite room, where he lifted his children, half-dead with terror, into his arms. But not a moment is to be lost; what shall he do now? With both his children in his arms, it is impossible for him to spring across again; he will not leave either of them for a moment behind him. Neither can he venture to throw them over into the opposite room, where there is no one to catch them. He stands on the window-ledge, and with wonderful skill he manages to stretch across from one window to another, holding with his hands one sill, and with his feet the other, so as to form a bridge with his body. Now he calls out to his lads, "John, my boy, you can trust your father, can't you?"

"Yes, father," replies the child, with tears.

"Well then, go across on my back. Don't be afraid, but do exactly what I tell you. Make haste; trust in me."

The boy, terrified as he was, knew that he could trust his brave father, so he boldly placed his foot upon him, and went with slow but certain steps across into the other house.

"And now, you, William; you have only one minute!" cries the father to the elder boy. The flames had already penetrated into the room, and the smoke and heat almost took his breath away. But William, too, full of confidence made the venture, and hastened over the living bridge formed by his father's body into the room, where he was safe.

The bystanders raised a shout of joy when they saw this; but then they asked themselves how the father would be able to save himself after he had saved his children. If he withdrew his hands, he must fall down; he could not return back, for the flames now burst forth out of the window, scorching his head and arms. He could only cry out once more, "I commend you to God, John! I commend you to God, William! God bless you both!" and then he fell down to the pavement of the street, and when they took him up he was dead. The noble father had sacrificed himself for his children.

SOME one was talking to Jerrold of a certain gentleman's strange addiction to beer. "It's a great pity," said he "that he does not keep a check rein on himself, for he is a marvellous fellow otherwise—I mean for talent. I hardly know his equal." "Yes," assented Jerrold, "he is a man. Take him for half-and-half, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

CHURCH AND THEATRE.

ABOUT twenty years ago, more or less, the play of "Macbeth" was being performed at Drury Lane Theatre, with Miss Helen Faucit (now Lady Martin) in the part of *Lady Macbeth*. Additional interest was imparted to the performance, as it was generally understood to be Miss Faucit's last appearance in that particular character.

I was then a dramatic critic on a leading daily and weekly newspaper, and consequently regarded as one of the theatrical brotherhood. Dining one night with a distinguished friend and editor, whose profession, not to say nationality, at that time, compelled him to avoid all theatres as sinks of iniquity, something like this conversation arose:—

"I am told Miss Faucit is playing *Lady Macbeth* in London. I have not seen her since I was a student in Edinburgh, and should like (but that is impossible) to revive my youthful recollections of a very intellectual actress."

"Why impossible?"

"Because I am not desirous of being burned in effigy in Scotland."

More conversation of this kind followed, but at last I persuaded my host to go to the theatre the following night, by assuring him that I could secure him the utmost privacy. I obtained a private box with a private entrance; we entered and left without being recognised, and my friend and visitor was thoroughly delighted with his theatrical evening.

On our return from the theatre we naturally talked about the prejudice against the stage which existed in the Church of Scotland, and, to a large extent, in Scottish society. It was easy to explain the origin and history of the prejudice, but not so easy to suggest a remedy. I made a few feeble suggestions, and one of these was adopted by my friend and editor. I was to write a story in such a form in *Good Words* that, without the excision of one line or the addition of ten, it could be produced verbatim on the stage, and arrangements were to be made for its first production in Edinburgh. The story was written and published under the title of "Shop." It was bought by my old friend Mr. J. L. Toole. He knew the plan—not to say the compact. Perhaps he considered and hesitated, and small blame to him. Though only twenty years ago, these were not the days in which the praises of Mr. Henry Irving were worthily preached from a Scotch pulpit, or in which the abstract and brief chronicler of the time could say that "Mr. Toole's diverting representations were attended by Dr. Kay and family." While Mr. Toole hesitated, others were more bold, and a practical version of the story was produced with success by a travelling company. A lawsuit began, which is recorded in the law books as "*Toole v. Younge*," instituted by Mr. Toole and myself to see how far the custom of unauthorised adaptations of novels was sanctioned by no law or bad law. We were defeated at every point, and paid about £600 to establish a "test case," and to call into existence a "Royal Commission on Copyright." The friend and editor, whom I have alluded to above, was one of the finest specimens of all-round humanity ever created. His statue is an honour to Glasgow, and his name was the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod.—*John Hollingshead, in the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

During a heated discussion—"Sir, I would have you understand that I do not share your opinion of yourself." "Delighted to hear you say so; if you did it would lessen it."

REMINISCENCE OF THE AERONAUT GODARD.

ON one of his many successful ascensions M. Godard took with him, as his *compagnon de voyage*, a wealthy private gentleman, who paid 1,000 francs for the privilege of sharing in the perils of the expedition. The weather could not have been more propitious, and the balloon shot up rapidly to a considerable altitude.

"What effect does that produce upon you?" asked M. Godard of his companion.

"Nothing!" said the latter, laconically.

"My compliments to you," said M. Godard. "You are the first whom I have ever seen arrive at such an altitude without betraying some emotion."

"Keep on mounting," said the traveller with a gravity supreme.

M. Godard threw over some ballast, and the balloon ascended some 500 feet higher.

"And now," added M. Godard, "does your heart beat?"

"Nothing yet!" replied his companion, with an air which approached closely to impatience.

"The deuce!" exclaimed M. Godard; "you have really, my dear sir, the most perfect qualification to be an aeronaut."

The balloon still ascended. When 1,000 feet higher, M. Godard interrogated a third time his companion.

"And now?"

"Nothing, nothing; not the shadow of a fear whatever!" answered the traveller, with a tone positively discontented.

"Goodness me! so much the worse, then," said the aeronaut, smiling; "but I must renounce all hopes of making you afraid. The balloon is high enough. We are going to descend."

"To descend!"

"Certainly; there would be danger in mounting higher."

"That does not make the slightest difference to me; I do not choose to descend."

"You what?" asked M. Godard.

"I say I wish to ascend higher; keep on mounting. I have given 1,000 francs to experience some emotion; I must do so, and I will not descend before I have felt some emotion."

M. Godard commenced to laugh; he believed at once that it was all a joke.

"Will you ascend once more?" demanded the traveller, seizing him by the throat and shaking him with violence; "when shall I feel some emotion!"

M. Godard relates that at this moment he felt himself lost. A sudden and dreadful revelation broke upon him in regarding the strangely dilated eyes of his *compagnon de voyage*; he had to do with a madman!

If even the unfortunate aeronaut had had any defensive weapon he would scarcely have been capable of defending himself; but it is not usual for people to furnish themselves with pistols for a voyage in a balloon, and certainly one would not dream of meeting with a warlike encounter in the stars. The earth was 5,000 feet beneath—most horrible depth—and the least movement of the now furious madman might cause the car to capsize.

"Ah! ah! you are mocking me my fine fellow," continued the madman without loosening his grip. "Ah! you think to rob me of 1,000 francs, as well as my emotion. Very well, be quiet. It's my turn to laugh. It's you now who are going to cut a caper."

M. Godard did not even attempt to defend himself. "What do you wish from me?" asked he, with a calm tone and submissive air.

"Simply to amuse myself in seeing you turn a somersault," answered the madman with a ferocious smile. But first (the madman appeared to bethink himself) I have my idea. I wish to see if I can't find some emotion up there. I must put myself astride on the semicircle."

The madman indicated with his finger the upper part of the balloon. Just in speaking he commenced to climb along the cords which held the car attached to the balloon. M. Godard, who had not before trembled for himself, was forced to do so now for the madman.

"But, miserable man, you are going to kill yourself. You will be seized with vertigo."

"No remarks," hissed the madman, seizing him again by the collar, "or I will at once pitch you into the abyss."

"At least," observed M. Godard, "allow me to put this cord around your body, so that you may remain attached to the balloon."

"Be it so," said the madman, who appeared to comprehend the utility of the precaution.

This done, furnished with his cord of safety, the madman commenced to climb among the ropes with the agility of a squirrel. He reached the balloon, and placed himself astride the semicircle, as he had said. Once there, he rent the air with a shout of triumph, and drew his knife from his pocket.

"What are you going to do?" asked M. Godard, who feared that he might have the idea of ripping open the balloon.

"To make myself comfortable forthwith."

Uttering these words, the madman cut slowly the cord of safety which M. Godard had attached to his body. With a single puff of wind to shake the balloon, the miserable creature must roll over into the abyss!

"And now," yelled forth the madman, brandishing his knife, "we are going to laugh. Ah, robber, you thought to make me descend! Very well. It is you who are going to tumble down, in a moment, and quicker than that!"

M. Godard had not time to make a movement or put in a single word. Before he was able to define the infernal intention of the madman, the latter, still astride of the semicircle, had cut—oh, horror!—four of the cordages which suspended the car to the balloon. The car inclines horribly—it only holds by two.

"A word, a single word," cried M. Godard.

"No, no pardon," vociferated the madman.

"I do not ask for pardon, on the contrary."

"What is it you wish, then?" said the madman, astonished.

"At this moment now," continued the aeronaut, hurriedly, "we are at a height of 5,000 feet."

"Stop," said the madman, "that will be charming to tumble down from such a height."

"It is still too low," added M. Godard.

"How so?" asked the madman, stupefied.

"Yes," said M. Godard; "my experience as an aeronaut has taught me that death is not certain to ensue from a fall from this elevation. Tumble or no tumble, I much prefer to fall from such a height as to be killed outright, rather than to risk being only lamed—have the charity to precipitate me from a height of 9,000 feet only."

"Ah, that'll do!" said the madman, whom the mention of a more horrible fall charmed amazingly.

M. Godard follows heroically his purpose, and throws over an enormous quantity of ballast. The balloon makes

a powerful bound, and mounts 5,000 feet in a few seconds. Only—and when the madman surveys this operation with a menacing air—the aeronaut thinks to accomplish another, in a sense quite contrary.

The quick eye of M. Godard had remarked that amongst the cords spared by the madman figures the one leading to the valve. His plan is taken. He draws his cord, it opens the valve fixed in the upper part of the balloon for the purpose of allowing any excess of the hydrogen gas to escape, and the result which he hoped for was not long in making itself apparent.

Little by little the madman becomes drowsy, asphyxiated, and insensible from the vapours of the gas which surround him. The madman being sufficiently asphyxiated for his purpose, M. Godard allows the balloon to descend slowly to the earth. The drama is finished.

Arrived on *terra firma*, M. Godard, not bearing any hatred to the author of his perilous voyage, hastened to restore him to animation, and had him conveyed, hands and feet bound, to the neighbouring station.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"CROCODILE LEATHER" PAPER AND ENVELOPES : MURCIAN CORK STATIONERY. (London : John Walker & Co.)

It was wont to be said that there is nothing new under the sun. But Messrs. Walker & Co. seem to have set their wits to work to devise something new, and in the stationery they offer there is much that is original—new substance, new shapes, new ornaments, new methods of correspondence. As to substance, the peculiarity of the firm's "Morocco" and "Russia leather" note-paper is exceeded by the new "crocodile leather" paper. The imitation of the grain in the skin of those horrid water monsters is perfect, and as the colours adopted are tasteful and nice, the paper is very tempting to one who desires something out of the common "cream-laid" run. But not only in substance but in shape does the paper differ from ordinary stationery. The "wallet" envelopes are wonderful to look at, and being, like the notepaper, in different sizes and colours, there is a completeness in the arrangement that is very nice. But the firm has now brought out something more novel than the unusually-shaped paper and envelopes in the form of "correspondence cards" to be used. They are in form like post-cards, but to be placed in envelopes provided. The substance of this crocodile paper is so solid that the sheet thus cut has all the firmness of a card. In ornamenting their new stationery, the firm has fallen on not less original and striking features. We have packets of paper and envelopes, each bearing an embossed figure of a crocodile in gold, bronze, silver, and other metallic hues, each size of envelope having an appropriate size of figure on it. The Murcian cork stationery is another distinct novelty, consisting of hand-carved cork ornaments in flowers, crosses, &c., fixed on notepaper and envelopes. The effect is unique, and so far as can be judged, the curious ornament is firmly fixed, and will carry through the post.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE. By O. W. Holmes. 2 vols. (Edinburgh : D. Douglas. 1884.)

This completes the trilogy of the chatty American philosopher, whose table-talk has charmed readers for many years. It is difficult to criticise a book of the kind, be-

cause if you come across an opinion that seems wrong, the writer has always the retort that that is his opinion, and that he was only engaged in a general talk, in which every word must not be taken seriously. But we find on page 31 an opinion that seems contrary to experience, when Professor Holmes says :—

"A mellowing rigorist is always a much pleasanter sight to contemplate than a tightening liberal, as a cold day warming up to 32 deg. Fahrenheit is much more agreeable than a warm one chilling down to the same temperature."

In our snowy climate a rise in temperature makes us feel colder the while. The surrounding air is warmer than the roads and buildings, and those latter draw heat from every available source, so that a person in the street thinks it is colder, although the thermometer shows the reverse. The principle is the same as that by which ice is made in front of a roaring fire. This is but a trifle, and the "Autocrat" would have silenced us had we said it at that famous breakfast table.

The "triple tyrant" (autocrat, philosopher, poet) takes leave of his readers in lines picturing the finding of his own books at a second-hand book-dealer's stall in 1972. And this is what the buyer says :—

What have I rescued from the shelf?
A Boswell writing out himself !
For though he changes dress and name,
The man below is still the same ;
Laughing or sad by fits and starts,
One actor in a dozen parts ;
And whatso'er the mask may be,
The voice assures us, this is he.

The idea of "every man his own Boswell" is taken up in the completed set of the little volumes. It is a well-known principle in literature that no man was ever written down but by himself, and there is no chance of Professor Holmes doing this with his Boswellising. The books are beautifully got up, as all Mr. Douglas's miniature American volumes have been.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BENGAL TIGER.—Can you give date when sent and title? The conditions did not include such returns, but we shall endeavour to oblige you.

J. M. P.—We have read it before.

E. H. (Glasgow).—See notice below.

JONATHAN.—We have seldom known it fail. But it may not act the same in every case.

BELLA B.—When two people quarrel the chances are that both are to blame. You know the proverb. "It takes two to make a quarrel," and there is a double truth in the saying.

J. R. V.—Mentmore is in Bucks, but Leighton Buzzard is in Bedfordshire. There is only a short distance between them. The Aylesbury junction—namely, Cheddington—is the station for Mentmore.

EBENEZER.—A stone of help truly.

CONSPIRATOR.—We have expressed our opinion on the dynamite trials in another column. It is impossible to *report* such a trial in a journal like this.

A DISAPPOINTED ONE.—You should ask till you get it. Back numbers can be had from the office should any of the dealers not have them.

NAVAL NEDDY.—We like "Peter Simple" the best of Marryat's novels; then "Midshipman Easy," "Jacob Faithful," "Japhet," and "Snarley Yow." There are many others, but those are five admirable books. Many of the incidents are true, and in one conspicuous case the writer had the satisfaction of making things true, for the *custom* of one of his captains was, owing to the novel, made a *rule* of the service.

*. The Premium arrangements are in the meantime suspended. Correspondents desiring answers in this column must write a fortnight before the printed date at least. Earlier where practicable.

FROM YEOVIL, ZUMMERZETSHIRE.—*Surgeon to his patient:* "Now, my boy, take this when you go up stairs to bed." *Boy:* "But e got noo stairs, zur; what mus e do then?"

MUSIC FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.
GRAND CHRISTMAS PRESENT & NEW YEAR GIFT.

THE LATEST MUSICAL MARVEL,
THE AUTOPHONE

Is unequalled for Durability, Power, and Sweetness of Tone.

Style A, with 22 Notes—six more than is contained in any other like instrument, and plays in three different keys; both Melody and Accompaniments being perfect.

A mere child of six years
can play it.
Hundreds of tunes now
ready for it,



Must find its way into
every house where har-
mony is prized.

To the Readers of "The Tatler."

The **Autophone** with six tunes, or ten feet of sacred or secular music, free per Parcel Post, on receipt of P.O.O. for **25s.**

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.

The **Autophone** is the most marvellous Musical Instrument of the Age, and is protected by Patents all over the world. No more **Organ Grinding** or **Crank Motions**, as viz:—The Organena, Organette, Cabinette, &c., so distasteful to all players on these instruments. The **Autophone** is played by simply opening and shutting the hand, a movement at once both natural and elegant.—*See Drawing.* We put this instrument before you solely on its own merits, and with confidence that it will **give you complete satisfaction.**

The leading journal, *The Scientific American*, says:—"The most remarkable feature of this invention is the regularity and perfection with which the music is rendered. *All of the parts are played, and the music is of no mean order.*"

ENORMOUS DEMAND—SELLING IN THOUSANDS.

SOLE AGENTS FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND:

CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers,
103 TRONGATE, GLASGOW. [Established 50 Years.]

N.B.—Before purchasing a *Musical Instrument of any description*, send for our "CUSTOMERS' PRIVILEGE PRICE LIST," with numerous illustrations of the leading and most popular Musical Instruments of the day, containing COUPONS entitling the holder to receive our **New Patent Broad Reed Melodeon**, with *Double Valves, patented July, 1883, at HALF THE USUAL PRICE.* Sent on receipt of Penny Stamp.

ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,

Bowmore Distillery, Islay

COUNTING HOUSE—

41 Ann Street, City, Glasgow.



The above Whisky to be had by ordering through Wholesale Houses and Brokers.

10,000 PIANOS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

CONDITIONS OF THE GIFT.

MESSERS. A. CLARENCE & COMPANY, of 20 HIGH HOLBORN, in thanking their Patrons and the Public generally for their kind support and favours during past years, beg to state that to inaugurate the commencement of the Christmas season, they have decided to give away to all persons applying within one month from the date of this paper, A **DRAWING-ROOM PIANETTE**, as per conditions below, feeling sure that their liberality will be well appreciated, and orders for other of their numerous novelties given with confidence.

THE DRAWING-ROOM PIANETTE

is
SOFT IN TONE,
ELEGANT IN APPEARANCE,
NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER,
SELDOM REQUIRES TUNING,
IS NOT A MODEL,

but a perfect musical instrument constructed upon the same scale as an ordinary piano. We have been to considerable expense in producing this instrument, which needs only to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. Made of the best material and highly finished, it will be guaranteed to give the greatest satisfaction. It is constructed to stand upon the drawing-room table or other suitable support, the key-board is similar, and the keys are almost as large as in the ordinary piano, so that any person learning to play upon this Pianette will not be at a loss when placed before any other. The sound is softer in this instrument, a fact that may be accounted for by the absence of supports; but this is often an advantage, especially to a learner.

TO SECURE THIS INSTRUMENT,

send full name and address distinctly written, together with the name of the paper in which you saw this advertisement, and to partly defray the cost of this advertisement and the carriage of the Pianette, a postal note for half-a-crown must accompany each application, upon receipt of which the instrument will be immediately forwarded to any part of the United Kingdom.

(Signed) **A. CLARENCE & COMPANY,**
Inventors and Manufacturers,
20 HIGH HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C.

Send stamped directed envelope for Catalogue.

A LADY, having a **RECIPE** of the most simple nature, that will at once safely **REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS**, preventing their appearance, will have pleasure in forwarding it upon application to Mrs. GRACE NEWTON, Verwood Villa, New Thornton Heath, Surrey.

In the Press, and will be ready shortly,

"PAULUS CHRISTIFER,"

And other Discourses, by

REV. JOHN KAY, D.D.,
EDINBURGH.

WM. PATERSON, Edinburgh, and the Booksellers.

THOMPSON'S CONCENTRATED NERVE TONIC.

A very powerful Brain Feeder. A Nerve and Muscle Strengthen-
er. A Stomach Reviver. It is the great cure for Nervous Exhaust-
ion, Lassitude, Weakness, Loss of Appetite, and General
Debility; also, for all Nerve Pains, Neuralgia, Gout, Rheumatism,
&c. Phials, 1s 1½d, 1s 9d, and 4s 6d; by post, one stamp extra.

Genuine only
from

M. F. THOMPSON, The Central Pharmacy, 17 Gordon St., Glasgow.

* Beware of all
imitations.

ROYALTY THEATRE,

and Manager, SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

[MR. E. L. KNAPP.

EVERY EVENING AT 7.

FIRST "ROYALTY" GRAND PANTOMIME

TITLE RED RIDING HOOD,

OR, HARLEQUIN BOY BLUE,

LITTLE BO-PEEP,

AND THE BOLD BARON OF GLENVALE.

Scene 1.—DISMAL DEN OF THE WICKED WOLF.

Scene 2.—THE BARONIAL DOMAIN OF GLENVALE.

Procession of Village Children—

The Bad Boy's Diversions—The Festival of Harvest Home.

Scene 3.—THE WOODLAND TRYSTE.

Scene 4.—THE FAIRY AQUARIUM.

Scene 5.—A GLADE IN GLOWWORM GLEN.

CASCADE OF REAL WATER.

GRAND BALLET BY THE FAIRY GLOWWORM.

Principal Danseuse—Mlle. ADA LAURANT.

Scene 6.—WITHOUT THE COTTAGE OF LUCKIE MACBLUE.

Scene 7.—WITHIN THE SAME.

The Delicious Tremblings of the Demon.

JIM JAMS—PERSIVANI TROUPE.

Scene 8.—THE GATEWAY OF THE CASTLE OF GLENVALE.

Scene 9.—BANQUETING HALL OF THE SAME.

Entree of the Wedding Guests and Fête.

Scene 10.—THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSE.

Grand Procession of the Trades—Address by the Lord P.—v.—t.

Scene 11.—AGAIN WITHOUT THE COTTAGE OF LUCKIE
MACBLUE.

Scene 12.—GRAND TRANSFORMATION—
A PARADISE OF BLOSSOMS.

PRICES OF ADMISSION—

Private Boxes, £3 10s; Stalls, 5s; Circle, 5s; Boxes, 3s; Pit Stalls, 2s 6d;
6d; Amphitheatre, 1s; Gallery, 6d. Second Price for Children under Ten—
and Circle, 2s 6d; Boxes, 2s; Pit Stalls, 1s 6d; Pit, 1s; Amphitheatre, 6d.
Boxes open from 6-30 till 7—Price 6d extra to all parts, except Stalls
and Dress Circle.

Can be secured at Messrs. J. Muir Wood & Co.'s, Buchanan Street, from 11
till 4, or at the Theatre from 11 till 3.

COMFORT FOR THE FEET.

INFLAMED TOE JOINTS, CORNS, BUNIONS, &c., quickly
cured with Thompson's New French Corn Plaster. It is thin
as silk, and comfortable to the feet. (No Pain.) Packets, 1s. each; by
post, one stamp extra.

THE GAIETY,

General Manager.]

SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

[MR. T. T. BRINDLEY.

EVERY EVENING.

THE BRILLIANT DRURY LANE PANTOMIME—

BLUE BEARD,

Written by HORACE LENNARD. Produced by AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Esq.

Mr. JOHN WAINRIGHT as Blue Beard; Mr. FAWDON VOKES as Shacabac; Mr. FRANK
HINDE as Ibrahim; Miss LILLIAN FRANCIS as Selim; Miss ALICE HAMILTON as
Fatima; Mr. WILLIAM MORGAN as Sister Anne; Miss JESSIE MAYLAND as
Silvanna.

Mesdames OTWAY, STAPELTON, LINDSAY, T. HEPPWORTH, C. HEPPWORTH, HOLLAND,
RHODES, BANCROFT, BAUDRANT, V. BAUDRANT, DARRELL, FRAMPTON, DAVIES,
DON, &c., &c.

Grand Ballets by Madame Katti Lanner. The Children of the National Training
School for Dancing, in the Doll's Dance. The great little Rowella as the Clown.

Box Office Now Open at Paterson & Son's, Buchanan Street, and at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....MR. H. CECIL BERYL.

THE MOST POPULAR THEATRE IN THE CITY.

Grand Success of Mr. BERYL's Fourth South-Side PANTOMIME of

SINBAD THE SAILOR.

EVERY EVENING!

Box Plan at Messrs. R. J. & R. Adams' Music Warehouse, 81 and 83 Buchanan St.

GRAND THEATRE,

COWGADDENS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD, GLASGOW.

Managing Director,.....MR. THOMAS W. CHARLES.

Brilliant Success of the GRAND PANTOMIME of

CINDERELLA.



BURN'S AL SOAP

ABSOLUTELY

TRADE MARK

LANCEFIELD

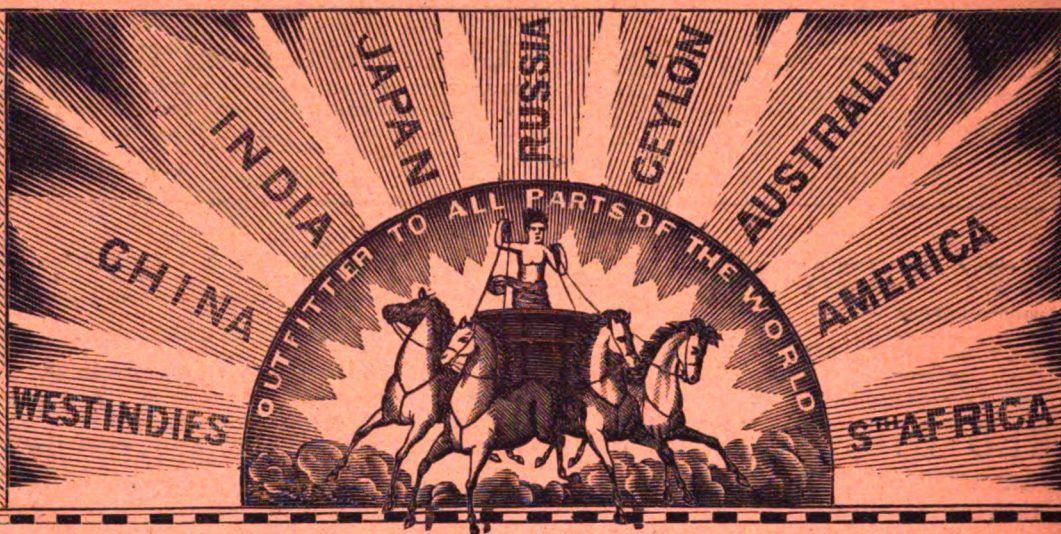
GENUINE

GLASGOW

SOAP WORKS

REGISTERED N° 31479

WILKESPIE BROS. GLASGOW



R.W. Forsyth

CLOTHIER

&
BOYS'
OUTFITTER

HOSIER

SHIRT MAKER



13 & 17, RENFIELD ST. GLASGOW.

ASK FOR **Cadbury's Cocoa**

to the Queen
By Appointment.

Cadbury's Cocoa Essence

GUARANTY
Absolute
Pure.

THE **TATLER** 1^D
A ONCE A WEEK JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1884.



PEARS'

(TRANSPARENT)

NEEDHAM'S POLISHING PASTE.



JOSEPH PICKERING, SHEFFIELD.

(SOLD EVERYWHERE)

SOAP.

ONE PENNY.

Digitized by Google



IRISH not only EXCEL

FOREIGN LINENS as "DAY-LIGHT DOTH A LAMP," but are CHEAPER—ROBINSON and CLEAVER, Belfast, Manufacturers by Special Appointments to Her Majesty the Queen and H. I. and R. H. the Crown Princess of Germany, send Price Lists and Samples of any of their following Specialities, post free.



IRISH LINEN COL-

LARS and CUFFS.—COLLARS Ladies' and Children's three-fold, 3s 6d per doz. Gentlemen's four-fold, 4s 11d to 5s 11d per doz. CUFFS—For Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, 5s 11d to 10s 9d per doz. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—*Court Circular*.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET-

HANDKERCHIEFS, Hemmed for Use. All Pure Flax. "The Cambrics of Robinson and Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—*The Queen*. Per doz.: Children's, 1s. 10½d.; Ladies', 2s. 11d.; Gentlemen's, 3s. 11d. Hemstitched—Ladies', 5s. 11d.; Gent.'s 7s. 9d.

IRISH LINENS—REAL

IRISH LINEN SHEETING, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 1s. 11d. per yard; 2½ yards wide, 2s. 4½d. per yard (the most durable article made, and far superior to any foreign manufactured goods). Roller Towelling, 18 inches wide, 3½d. per yard. Surplice Linen, 8½d. per yard. Linen Dusters, 3s. 3d.; Glass Cloths, 4s. 6d. der dozen. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 10d. per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE

LINEN.—FISH NAPKINS, 2s. 11d. per dozen; Dinner Napkins, 5s. 6d. per dozen. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 2s. 11½d.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5s. 11d. each; Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each; Strong Huckaback Towels, 4s. 6d. per dozen. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c., woven and embroidered.

IRISH MADE SHIRTS.—

Best quality LONG-CLOTH BODIES with four-fold all-linen fronts and cuffs, 35s. 6d. the half dozen (to measure, 2s. extra). New designs in our special Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season.

IRISH LINEN UNDER-

CLOTHING.—CHEMISES, Trimmed Embroidery, 5s. 6d.; Night-Dresses, 8s. 6d.; Combinations, 6s. 11d.; Baby Linen, Dress Materials, Flannels, Blankets, Hosiery, Gloves, Under-vests, Pants, Calicoes; also Lace and Linen Curtains, and Lace Goods of every description.

SHETLAND WOOL SHAWLS.—

"THE MARVEL," White, two yards square, post free, 1s. 8d. Pale-Blue, Black, Cardinal, Pink, or Grey, 1s. 10d. Write for Illustrated Sheet.

IRISH LINENS, &c.—ROBINSON

and CLEAVER, Belfast, SEND SAMPLES and PRICE LISTS of the above, Post Free. Goods shipped to any part of the world.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S IRISH SPECIALITIES. Address--BELFAST.

Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

IRISH LACE.—COLLARS, SETS,

and Trimming Laces, in Crotchet, Guipure, Appliqué, Point, and Limerick, at Lowest Wholesale Prices.

IRISH EMBROIDERY.—Ladies

should write for our New Illustrated Sheets. Real Irish and Madeira Embroidery; also Machine Work. All buttoned edges, on best cloth, from 2½d. per yard.

THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

No. 20.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1884.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he, born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.
Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath.
Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of State, but rules of good.
Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.
Who God doth late and early pray,
Nor of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.
This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And being nothing, yet hath all.

HENRY WOTTON.

CHARITY.

THE confusion of charity with the giving of money in alms had had a great deal to answer for in the deterioration of the moral fibre of men. If Carlyle had treated this question as fully as he has done that of wages, he would have found that here, too, "cash payment is not the sole *nexus* between man and man." There is one old writer who very fully appreciated the difference, for he said that though he should give the whole of his goods to the poor and lack charity, he would be but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

There has been observable some slight movement towards a better state of things, and under the strong pressure of necessity more must yet be attempted. To subscribe to a society gives a man the sense of sharing, with many others, in doing what may be good in itself, but yet which gives to each subscriber, and to each beneficiary, only an infinitesimal share of

benefit, and an infinitesimal sense of gratitude. One-half the sum given direct to a poor man in his poor home would do far more good. Like mercy, such a deed is twice blessed—blessing him that gives and him that takes. Thus, if every man with a heart to help his neighbour would, instead of putting money into the hands of a collector, or even putting it into the "plate" or offertory bag, seek out some lone and needy person, in his or her poor home, and take thereafter a personal interest in that home, poverty—deserving poverty—would have its burden made light; and undeserving poverty, the poverty of drink and depravity, would be unmasked and made more hideous even to its victims.

There is, it would appear, the risk that doing good directly might be overdone. We read that in America, the country of extravagance, it has become "fashionable" to do the benevolent, and such scenes as this are described:—

"One Fifth Avenue heiress is fond of heading a kind of procession of twenty uniformly-dressed little boys from their place in a Sunday-school room to her residence, where a luncheon is served to them. Another makes some tiny girls picturesque by putting them into costumes of Mother Hubbard cut. A third has industriously sought out bandy-legged and knock-kneed youngsters, of impoverished parentage, and out of her private purse they are maintained in a hospital while recovering from operations which usually result in straightening their members."

This kind of ostentatious "charity" is not what we have been contending for. But to help the bairns, with less show, is always a benefit to them and to society.

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL:

A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

I HAVE my dowts 'bout uncle. I think he's tuke to bad kumpy an' skallywags wen I'm at skule. He has fokes cumin', an' then wen they goes he tauks bad 'bout 'em same's he did 'bout that jurnal man. One's a clergyman, same's uncle was. Uncle sez he's a-lukin' a gude dele more to savin' pelf nor to savin' soles. He thinks more 'bout sallerys nor dootys. So I ask'd him how much a hed he charg'd for salvashun.

He sed 'twern't in the market, an' a gude dele 'bout bein' a humbel laburer in the vinyard, wich ther ain't nun in the hole sittin' of Noo York. He spekes thru his nose, same's he kep his mouth jes for use at diner-time. Uncle cum'd in wen I was beginnin' 2 put him thru his kattykism, an' kinder choked me of. I gess he ain't much gude. Uncle sez he preches klap-trap. It tikkels, but it don't hele. He has an orgin an' a brass instrymment in his church, an's a kind of klesyastikil mountybank generly. He b'leaves in kepin' his herers wide awayk, an' if he can't do it no uther way, he makes 'em laff. Laffin's gude at mele times. Uncle sez it helps dygestyun, but ther ain't much 'ligun in it wen it cums off in church. Ther's a time for all things, 'cep lernin' spellin'. Life's 2 short for them long wurd. I don't b'leeve uncle knos wot he's taukin' 'bout haf the time wen he tauks furrin'. 'Tleastways I don't.

Pollytishuns is bettern minysters. Ther gude fun. Ther 'bout as mene, but they ain't as solum. They laff at ther own wikkidness. Mr. Spiers shood ha' bin a pollytishun. They're most all 2 funny to be gude. They laffs at evry virtcheu, uncle sez, an' thinks ther kuntri nuthin' but a cow for them to milk. They rubs ther faces with brass, an' wares a false frunt both to frens an' foes. They've got ax to grind every 1 of 'em, but I gess they kepes 'em at hum, cos I ain't seen 1 with an ax 'cep a fireman. Uncle's down on 'em like a lode of briks. So 1 of 'em kep a-cumin' here wantin' uncle for to stump. Uncle kep makin' speches to him 'bout patrytism, an' krupshun, an' evry sittyzen's dooty 2 his kuntri, an' votin' erly an' offen, an' a rele yuniun of all sekshuns, suthin' like the speche wot was burned. An' the pollytishun kep klapin' his hands, an' tellin' uncle he was a born stump orrytur, he'd sech a way of taukin' big, an' that was jes the way to get votes. I gess he thawt same's me. It didn't mene nuthin'. So uncle went wunce on the sly. He warn't to do nuthin' 'cep teche me, so he didn't want Mr. Spiers to kno he'd gone on the stump. So the fust thing he done was to tumbel thru the hed of a barel he was a-standin' on, an' the hood lums march'd him around inside the barel, a-holerin' as he went in for free likker for the milyan. An' uncle was run in by the purleece an' fined 10 dollars for a breche of the peace. So he cum'd home sayin' pollytikis had 'vaded the bench, an' that a Demykratik judge had fined him cos he warn't on the same side of the fence. So the pollytishun didn't come bak to our house for a gude spel, an' wen he cum'd uncle was out, an' I went for him. I allus want to kno things. So I sez—

"Don't it hurt rubin' your face with bras?"

"Wot are you taukin' 'bout, littel girl? rubin' my face with bras!"

"Yes; don't it hurt, an' how do you do it, an' d'ye use a kandel-stik?"

"No, my dear, I take a bras pan an' turns it inside out, an' t'en lays on hard. It's nice an' smooth, you kno."

An' he was laffin', cos he cood hardly speke. So wen he was thru I askt him—

"Why don't you ware hole shirts?"

"Ther ain't no holes, I can see," a-lukin' at hisself in the glass.

"No," sez I, "but 'bout the frunts. Don't you ware a false frunt to frend and foe?"

"O yes, of course I does; but that's jes to save the washin'." An' then he tuke anuther fit of laffin', an' sed I was the curryusest kind of a girl. He laff'd till he cried, an' wen he'd dri'd his eyes I askt him if he was cryin' cos he was bad an' ded to evey sense of shame.

"That's jes it," sez he; "I ain't cried afore sinse I was a littel fellow. I'm cryin' cos I'se that wikked."

"Well," sez I, "you shood kepe a jurnal, an' marshal your sins and fite 'em, an' repent in sakkloth an' ashis."

"An' so I will," sez he. "I'll begin a jurnal this very minit, an' do no end of fitin' 'fore I get home, an' then I'll go into the ash biznis. Per'aps they'll giv me a strete cleenin' kontrakt."

"Yer funnin'."

"No, I ain't. I'll nede hole piles of ashis. I ain't so sure 'bout the sakkloth. You see ther ain't no kontrakts now fur armi tents. I gess I'll try the navi yard. Will salekloth do as well?"

"If you ain't funnin'," sez I, "wot's makin' you role around an' cry?"

"You'll brake my hart if you don't kwit, that's a fact. It's the agony of remorse makes me I can't sit still. It's jes awful." An' then he went off agen a skwirmin' an' wipin' his eyes.

"Well," sez I, "will you give up the false frunt an' the bras?"

"Surtinly I will. I'll tare the frunt off an' put it in the fire."

"O no, jes ware it till you get home. An' wot 'bout yer ax? Ware do you kepe it?"

"Wot ax?" sez he.

"Wy, you've got an ax to grind, ain't you?"

"O yes, of course, haf-a-duzen of 'em an' more. an' they want grindin' bad, evry wun. Lor', you'll be the deth of me if I stay here. I nevvur was shown up in this stile before."

"But you ain't told me ware you keepe 'em."

"O! in a cubbard, all in a row."

"Don't you think you'd better berry 'em. You mite hurt yerself if you ain't used to axis."

"O, I'm used to 'em," sez he; "I'm a reglar old stager in that line of biznis."

"An' d'ye think yer kuntri a milk cow?"

"I've bin wikked enuff, but," sez he, kwite solum-like, "twene you an' me, it don't giv milk wurth a cent. It's bin runnin' dri a gude while. But, luke here, who's bin a-crammin' yer littel hed 'bout pollytikis an' pollytishuns?"

"Well," sez I, "if you want to kno, it was uncle. He sez pollytishuns is bad eggs. He thinks yer 'bout

wusser nor most, a-thinkin' an' a-skemin' 'bout nuthin' but the spiles of offis. So I wanted 2 kno."

He sed suthin' low 'bout a durned old hyppykritikl snuzer. Then he giv a long whissel, an' went away. He ain't bin bak yet. I gess ther's suthin' rong 'bout him. Mebbe he's tuke to grindin' his axis-agen.

THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR AT THE FIGHT.

"Look here!" exclaimed the managing editor, his hair rising on end. "Did you write this account of the prize fight?"

"You're right, I did!" replied the religious editor. "I wanted to go, and the city editor said if I would get up an account of it he would give me a ticket. What's the matter with it?"

"Listen to this!" groaned the managing editor, reading from the copy.

"Quite a congregation of worshippers assembled yesterday to participate in the fistic exercises between Messrs. Sheriff and Mitchell. Mr. Harry Hill presided with marked solemnity, and from the arrival on the ground of the belligerents, to the going down thereof, the multitude were seized with a fervour of enthusiasm seldom seen outside of the camp-meetings of the hosts."

"What kind of a way is that to describe a fight?"

"Better hire a man another time!" growled the religious editor. "But you haven't got to the fight yet. Read on, and you'll find that I was there."

"I suppose that is what you mean by the fight," grinned the managing editor.

"1. And now, when the men were placed in the temple, lo, him which they called Sheriff, arose in his wrath and smote him that they termed Mitchell on the nose, even the bridge thereof, so that he bled sore and was staggered thereby. And the multitude shouted apace. And it came to pass, in less than a minute, that he that was known as Mitchell speedily recovered and smote back, much as Moses smote the rock, and Sheriff was hit grievously on the mouth, so that he fell and waited until they that were his friends raised him up and comforted him!"

"Was this a prayer meeting?" inquired the managing editor, sarcastically.

"Were you there?" demanded the religious editor, in some heat. "If you were you can fix it to suit yourself, but I'm telling you that's the way it happened."

"What's this next paragraph all about?" sneered the managing editor.

"2. Then it was revealed, when the men stood up again, that Sheriff had been evilly treated, so much so that there was a lump upon his visage, while Mitchell wore the smile of the man that prevaileth against his foe. And the multitude made a great clamour, some saying after the manner of Matt. xxiv. 13, and others beseeching that they do go in and slug their adversary. Whereupon they wrenched and tossed each the other, even like unto him that slew the lion in the pit on a snowy day, bending each the other with great blows and loud sounds and much dust."

"Perhaps you left something out of this round," suggested the managing editor, sardonically. "Wouldn't this be a good place to insert the Pentateuch?"

"Put in anything you like," replied the religious editor, with an air of indifference. "But if you think the revised version of that prize fight is going to convey

any intelligent idea of what happened to the religious masses, you're much off."

"Does this run all the way through by sample?" asked the managing editor, turning over the pages. "What's this all about?"

"5. Now, it was plain that Sheriff had been wounded sore, and Mitchell, notwithstanding the which, clove him again and again with his hand, both upon the head and the body, whereat Sheriff remonstrated with his clenched fist, so that Mitchell fain stopped and looked after himself a little. And so it was unto the end, when Harry Hill bade them go and punch no more, declaring all bets off, even unto the stakes, in his great haste making no disposition of the ropes."

"That's intelligent isn't it?" commented the managing editor.

"I understand it," replied the religious editor, simply. "It is all plain enough to me, and will be to the people I know best. You publish it, and you'll see a flock of clergymen a mile long around this office after papers to send to their friends."

"Very likely," returned the managing editor, dryly, tearing up the manuscript. "I guess you'd better stick to your own line of journalism, and let the sporting editor look after the fights hereafter."

"That's all right," growled the religious editor. "But, I say, I had a hard time of it, and if the closet beareth anything calculated to take away the taste, it's no more than fair for you to set 'em up!"

"Nay, nay, not so," smiled the managing editor. "Go to, for know that Coloss. ii. 21, forbiddeh it in thee. Go look it up, and the next time you start out to do a prize fight, you get a boy to go along and show you how it ought to be done."

And the religious editor hied him out, nor even smirked till well out of reach, and then he sold an accurate account to another paper for shekels, wherewith he purchased forgetfulness of his sins and made merry after the manner of his kind.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

CHINESE GALLANTRY.

A YOUNG mandarin, an attaché to the Chinese embassy in Paris, was in a conversation with the beautiful and elegant Madame de B., who had him introduced to her one evening at a fashionable *reunion*. Curious to know whether it was worth anyone's while to attempt a little flirtation with this son of the Celestial Empire, she asked him, among other things, what qualities his countrymen valued most in women. "Her domestic virtues," was the reply. "Oh, indeed," the lady continued, in a slightly contemptuous tone; "then you don't like your ladies to go into company and enjoy a little gossip?" "No, madame, a Chinese husband has the right to get a divorce from his wife if she is a great talker." The charming Frenchwoman here thought she detected a covert allusion to herself, and sarcastically enquired, "I suppose that would have been my fate in China?" The Chinaman at once replied, bowing low, "You may be sure that from the day of your arrival in China the law that inflicts this mode of punishment on the loquacity of women would be abolished."

Husband: Was the Ladies' Club lively to-night?—
Wife: no; awfully dull. Every member was present, and of course one can't speak of people before their faces; so we had nothing at all to talk about.

THEATRICAL TATTLE.

(BY OUR INDEPENDENT CRITIC.)

THE pantomimes and other Christmas entertainments are now in full swing, and things are pretty merry just now. I cannot do better than refer to "Old Drury" first, for there can be no doubt "Cinderella" is a wonderful show. E. L. Blanchard has for years past provided the book, and he has certainly lost none of his charms. "Gus," Harris has, I hear, spent close on £10,000 over the little transaction, and if you cannot get a good pantomime for that, I should like to know what they do cost. Everybody seems to have worked hard, pioneered by the irrepressible Augustus, and they are to be congratulated on their success. The scenery almost defies description. Mr. W. R. Beverley and other excellent artists have shown us some very fine pictures. "The Moonlight Glen" (Emden) is beautifully effective, whilst the Transformation, for which Beverley is responsible, is another good specimen.

Miss Kate Vaughan, I need hardly say, is a very graceful *Cinderella*; her dancing is too well-known to need description here. It is rather a pity her voice is not stronger; but then, if people will wear such very tight stage costumes, I do not wonder at it. Messrs. Herbert Campbell and Harry Nichols appear as the two sweet-tempered sisters, but they have not half enough to do. They are well up in that very helpful attitude, known as "gay," and they get plenty of laughter. Mr. J. W. Hanson does something as *Hobbledehoy*. Misses Minnie Mario and Dot Mario are very nice and fetching as *Prince Pastorelle* and *Pousette* respectively; Miss Kate Sullivan proves herself to be a very artistic vocalist; Mr. Fred. Storey makes me think he is made of India-rubber, or some other pliable substance; and Mdle. Cœnea astonishes all by her wonderful flights in mid-air. The principal dancer is Mdle. Palladino, who, for graceful movements and intricate figures, I have never seen equalled. "Cinderella" is bound to crowd Drury Lane for a long time, and two performances are being given daily, and even that is not enough. In order to meet the wishes of all, "Gus," contemplates giving a special performance for 'bus-conductors, tram-drivers, and the like, commencing at two a.m.

Her Majesty's, too, has a capital entertainment in "Little Red Riding Hood." Limited space forbids me going into detail as I should like, but the leading features—here they are:—Mr. Frank Green, who has written no less than five of the London pantomimes, and I do not know how many of the provincial ones, has provided a neat and concise little book. True, the story of the little girl who trusted in one of the wicked creatures of this world is not very closely followed; but we have the proverbial red hood, the bold, bad wolf, and the bed-room all complete, so the youngsters are satisfied. The great hit of the piece is a pretty little song given by a lot of children, called "We are merry fat boys." Everybody will be singing this soon, not forgetting Mr. J. W. Hill himself. The Vokes Family are here, and they are as lively and energetic as ever—full of fun. A very clever pantomimist is Mr. James T. Powers. He will, doubtless, prove a great acquisition to this department, which, alas! is falling off considerably. Miss Marie Williams and Miss Clara Jecks are in the cast, and many others work with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and the result is a pantomime full of harmless

fun, in fact, "one of the good old sort." There is nothing adapted from the French, so nurses may take their charges, young ladies their young men lodgers, and I'll warrant not a blush will arise.

Mr. Frederic Maccabe, who has been absent in the Colonies, has returned to England, and contemplates opening his shop again. Now, Du Val, keep your spirits up, and prove yourself a man, my boy.

I hear that Mr. Edward Terry has accepted a new comedy by J. J. Henson, entitled, "My Cousin." It will be produced in the country first.

Mr. John Douglas completed his twenty-first pantomime on Boxing-afternoon; this time he calls it "Puss in Boots." Let those who think that East-ender's do not do the thing in style, pay a visit to the Standard, and they will soon think differently. One of the best mechanical changes I have seen is that of a burning castle and army being bodily taken off the stage, giving place to a truly beautiful country view. This so astonished the audience, that they were completely silenced; and when they did pull themselves together, they let Mr. Douglas know they were present. The great scene is that introducing a ballet of cats. Black cats, white cats, tabby cats, kittens, "old toms," got up as mashers, and even a brass band of cats are all to be found. The transformation, entitled "The Dreamland of the Stars in the realms of Blue Ether," is novel in design, and clever in contrivance. Where would a Standard pantomime be without Mr. John Barnum? He is the life and soul of the piece, and is never for a moment still; his dancing is very nimble, and his topical song, "We ought to be truly thankful," is *encored* again and again. Sprightly Miss Emma Chambers is simply delightful as *Harry*; but of Miss Eunice Vance the less said the better. Mr. Marcus Girard's antics cause roars of laughter, and other parts are in safe keeping. A funny idea is that of a gentleman in a private box, interrupting one of the characters, which, of course, is resented. The gallery boys get most excited—of course they are not in the secret—and are not pacified until the gent. is pitched from the box on to the stage.

Dion Boucicault evidently thinks a very great deal of his daughter, to judge from the following he has written to a friend. Speaking of his daughter Nina's *debut* in America, he says—"You will be pleased to learn that my daughter made a very great success with the audience and with the company. Her personal charm—a natural gift—seems to be greater on the stage. I do not think I am inclined to over-estimate, nor do I feel that she owes to me any of the reception she met with. She was very nervous and subdued, but she nestled (if I may use the term) in the hearts of the audience, especially the female part of it. She promises to be a great acquisition to our art." Of course, dear friends, we may take this for gospel, as it comes from such a master of "the art of acting" as Dion.

Miss Lillian Russell will not appear at the Savoy after all. She has been showing a little bit of temper, I regret to say, so Miss Leonora Braham will play the part intended for Miss Russell.

The burlesque by H. P. Stephens, entitled "Galatea: or Pygmalion Re-vers'd," is a capital little work, and has proved very attractive to the patrons of the Gaiety. Needless to say, it is a skit on the piece being played

"opposite." Miss Nelly Farren is *Galatca*, and she is as merry as ever she was. She has a wig made something like Miss Anderson's as *Parthenia*, and it goes immense. Miss Farren and Mr. Terry bear the whole work on their shoulders, and certainly there is not a dull moment whilst they are on the stage. The mere mention of Mr. Terry as the statue will be sufficient to tell you what a treat he is. Imagine his form—handsome, he calls it; fancy him admiring his beautiful features in a hand-glass, and think you hear him giving a parody on "The Masher King." The other characters have but little to do; but they are entrusted to such people as Miss Connie Gilchrist, Miss Maud Taylor, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Mr. W. Ellon, and Mr. E. J. Henley.

* * *

Mr. Kyrle Bellew has finished his tour in the provinces, and he goes to the new Prince's Theatre. As a little token of the esteem in which he is held by his company, previous to his saying good-by, they presented him with a very fine edition of Knight's "Illustrated Shakespeare," enclosed in a handsome oak case, accompanied by an illuminated address, bearing the names of all the subscribers.

* * *

Mr. J. A. Cave has produced a very capital little pantomime at the Elephant and Castle; and, considering the size of the stage, it is really well-mounted. *Dick Whittington* is the young gentleman who pleases the audience, excellently played by Miss Laura Sedgwick, who, although rather buxom, looks very handsome. On the night of my visit the transformation, a good bit of colouring, was rather troublesome, and it looked rather funny to see four or five pairs of legs peeping underneath one of the front cloths. However, by this time things go more smoothly.

* * *

Those who like plenty for their money—and in these hard times who does not?—cannot do better than pay a visit to Sangers', where not only have they a capital pantomime on the story of "Cinderella," by F. W. Green and Oswald Allan, but we are introduced to many different items in the ring. I hope by this time the various artistes have managed to get the lines in their heads, for on the afternoon of Boxing-day, they depended more on their own powers of invention than on the book. The transformation is only passable; but the costumes are very tasteful and choice. Amongst the company will be found the ever-lively Miss Polly Randal, who, as *Prince Par Excellence*, justifies receiving such a name. Miss Julia Bullen (that's Mrs. George Lewis, you know) plays with plenty of go; Miss Carlotta Zerbinì is a good *Volcena*; and a crowd of other fair ladies lend good aid. Little Sandy, of course, is all there. Master O'Brady is a very clever youngster; and Jolly George Lewis is not behind in providing the fun as clown.

* * *

At the Marylebone we have "St. George and the Dragon," and a very merry show it is, too. The scenery—a very important item in these Christmas productions—is excellent; and the fun is that of the good old-fashioned sort, and plenty of it. Mr. L. Meadows deserves much credit for his work, for I learn he has arranged and produced the entire entertainment, and plays a very arduous part in *Tell-Tale Tit*. Mr. G. Beyer is the merry *Clown*, Mr. Morris the *Pantaloon*, Misses Louise and Maud Elliston the *Columbines*, and Mr. H. Elliston the *Harlequin*.

From America.—Young Lytton Sothorn has been doing "Dundreary" with considerable success. Mr. Tom Thumb is at the Mechanics' Hall, Boston. "The Glass of Fashion" is a success. One of the papers, *The New York Herald*, says—"The moral to be derived from the piece is that card-playing, except on a cash basis, is very unwise." (Hear, hear.)

* * *

Messrs. Holt and Wilmot have produced their first pantomime at the Grand, depending upon "Jack and the Beanstalk" for filling the house. I offer them my congratulations, for they have done their work well. One of the prettiest scenes I have seen for a long time is a view of "Merrie Islington" in the olden time, where a very pretty ballet takes place. "The Home of the Birds of Paradise" is another good example of what can be done with the brush. Miss Elsie Phyllis as *Jack* soon made herself a great favourite with the audience, who vigorously *encored* all her songs and dances. Miss Bertie Stokes (Mrs. Medley, I believe) looks very handsome as *Dolly*, Miss Annie Brophy does well as the *Man in the Moon*, and several other ladies, if they are not particularly good in their acting, look very pretty in their costumes. Mr. Harry White is very droll as the *Wicked Squire*, Mr. Frank Manning is well-suited as *Juggias*, and that clever comedian, Mr. G. P. Carey, gives a very funny bit of business in his imitation of Minnie Palmer.

* * *

On Boxing-night Mdle. Amy Lucille set fire to her skirts, and had it not been for the sharpness of Mr. Levans, the harlequin, something serious must have happened.

* * *

"Blue Beard," produced under the direction of Mr. Augustus Harris, is delighting lots of youngsters at the Crystal Palace. A lot of properties will be found here from Drury Lane; but they come in very handy. Mr. John D'Auban, Miss Emma D'Auban, Miss Annie Poole, Mr. J. H. Millburn, and others, keep the game alive, and all is in capital working order.

* * *

A new four-act melodrama, by Alfred F. Robins, entitled "Over the Cliff," is to be produced at Grimsby in a month's time.

* * *

The Pavilion has had crowded houses since the production of "Sinbad the Sailor;" whilst the Imperial has presented a new burlesque, entitled "Prospero, or the King of the Caliban Islands," which is far too long to be acceptable. Mr. Mathew Monck bears the whole burden of the play upon his shoulders, and at times is humorous. The gentleman who tries to imitate Mr. Irving is absurd.

* * *

At Sadler's Wells we had the late Andrew Halliday's drama, "Notre Dame;" and a little distance off all the fun of the fair at the Agricultural Hall.

* * *

The title of the Britannia show is "Queen Dodo, or Harlequin Babill and the Three Wonders." The good folk of Hoxton and the neighbourhood have shown their appreciation of Mrs. Lane's enterprise by coming down in shoals, and no mistake. Mrs. Lane herself appears as *Miss Vere de Vere*, and is amusing. Our friend Mr. Chirgwin, or, as he prefers to be called, the "white-eyed musical Kaffir," plays on any number of instruments, and a competent company all work away with spirit.

WHIFFLES.

LITTLE BELL AND HER BIRTHDAY GIFT.

CHAPTER I.

"LITTLE BELL, come down ; I'm skeered," cried a feminine voice, with an unmistakably nervous inflection ; and somewhere from an upper region floated back the ready answer, "I am coming, mammy." Scarcely had the echo died away before Little Bell, quick in all her motions and bright as a sunbeam darting in and scattering the fog of a metropolis November, bounded down the narrow staircase of her apartments in the dingy lodging-house at Kensington. Standing transfixed, coal-black, fat old Chloe, with two hands outstretched towards a basket on the threshold step, pointed to an animate bundle therein. "Look and see, honey ; ders somefing rich to pay for some one, I kalklate." Bell moved nearer towards the basket. "Is it a live goose, mammy, or a turkey, or—?" She was asking merrily, when for response came a low, faint wail from the depth of its coverings. She pulled with rapid touch the neat brown paper hiding what the basket contained, revealing the tiny form and puckered features of a child so wizened—so wretched-looking—that had not its pitiful wail sounded louder and more pitiful now it was exposed, Bell must have started from—not gone to—the helpless creature. Her woman's instinct—that divine pity planted in every breast—made her catch the little stranger to her holding. "Baby—baby, who are you? Who has forsaken you, you poor wee mite?" For answer there was a prolongation of the wail, first assuring her of his existence, and a doubling up of the small body, cold and nude, as she lifted him from his nest in the basket into the keen wind of an early December morning. Quick as thought she snatched a thick woollen antimacassar lying across the banister rails, and wrapped it about him. "Oh, Chloe! what does it mean?—what must we do?" she asked.

Old Chloe rolled the whites of her eyes impotently. "Wall, I'se been dun fur, Little Bell ; many's a while I'se eddikated difficulties, and 'nough has I seed of chillen, but nebber, no nebber in all my long life, has I seed a piccaniny lef in a basket at my frunt door afore. De good Fader of Abryham, tell us what's de ting to do!"

"Do, mammy, do! The first thing to *do* is to feed him of course. Look how he sucks his poor, thin fists. Mammy, how shall we feed this frail waif? What shall we give him to eat?"

"Dar, dar, hab dun, chile. You'se a colour like de rose in June. What fur yer get so eksited ; if de debbil leff de piccaniny on de step, he'll no want feeding in a hurry."

"Mammy, mammy, *don't talk—act.*"

"Wall, I'se dun far gone to be told to act," replied old Chloe wrathfully, tossing the yellow bandanna gracing her round head, as she stalked behind her young mistress into the sitting-room, where Bell drew a low stool near the fire, and seating herself thereon, warmed the wailing stranger in the grateful crimson blaze. Mammy fetched a sauce-pan from a closet at the rear of the room, poured in some milk, and warmed it. When ready, Bell essayed to make the infant drink. Chloe looked down on the twain, rolling her eyes, and satisfied with revenge.

"Mammy, he will not drink!"

"No, coorse not, child ; you'se holding de piccaniny wrong way. How kuld yer drink side ob yer froat? Drink trabels down de middle, don't it?" Bell raised a

pair of blue eyes glistening like violets bathed in dew. Her voice was very meek—her face sad with disappointment.

"Mammy, will you please take baby?"

The tearful blue eyes were beyond Chloe's power to withstand.

"Yes, chile, yer gat up and let me sit dar. I'se goin' to sattle de brat in dubble quick march time." Cradling the tiny form on her ample breast, she rocked it to and fro, dipping her black finger into the milk, and burying it in the hungry mouth. Soon the dismal wail ceased, and he slept.

Bell sat at Chloe's side, resting her head on the faithful bosom. She glanced from the pinky wizened flesh into the dark face. "What must we do, mammy?"

"Little Bell, I dun fur gwine tell. De Lord knows, or de debbil, which the piccaniny 'longs to."

She was silent for a moment, then whispered, "Chloe, I asked God in my prayers last night to send me a birthday present to-day. It seems so lonely to be in England and have no one save you to say, 'Happy returns of the day, Little Bell ;' and I thought if He would let some one remember me, I should be so glad. I did so wish one of Papa's old friends might have found us out, and kissed me. Do you think He would have sent that baby in answer to my prayer?"

"Don't gwine for to say, honey chile. De Lord does quare tings somewhiles. I'se not gwine to pertend I unnerstands His workings, cos I don't."

"But listen, mammy. Now the baby has come, we must look after him, must we not?"

"Dar you go, jimping like a Injun on de new rails. How you know de piccaniny's fur yer? Ain't dere ubber peepie in dis house 'cep you and me? P'raps de lodgers know who de basket 'longs to, and p'raps day'll be med we're goin' fur to feed him, and—"

"Oh, I did not think of that. I am very impulsive, mammy, very."

"Zes, so you is. You was 'pulsive wif yer teefing, yer measles, and in everyting. Yer can't help it, Little Bell. You'se downright cut and run, you is. Ah! yer want ole Chloe, dat you do, my honey sugar-cane."

There was a knock at the door. Bell rose to open it, and give entrance to Miss Dalton, the landlady. "I am so glad you have come," she said. "I was just coming to you. See here, what Chloe found on your doorstep a few minutes since." Miss Dalton raised hands in pious wonderment. Bell had to repeat three or four times consecutively the story to her petrified ears. Then stiffly she rung the bell, and summoned her maid to request the other "house visitors" (so Miss Dalton styled her lodgers) to kindly go to her best parlour.

"Let them come here and see the baby," urged Bell ; and Miss Dalton graciously inclined her head. Five ladies of the usual annuity-pinched school of English middle-class life entered. Four were scandalised at what they heard and saw.

Miss Thomas, the eldest of the old maids, whose curls bobbed like electrified cork-screws on either side of her kindly old face, bent over the child.

"My dear," she said gently to Bell, "what are you going to do with it?"

Bell shook her head. "If I had some one to advise me, I should be so thankful. Chloe will not tell me what to do?"

"No, I'se gwine to be mum till I knows whose brat 'tis. Chile, chile, if de debbil sent it?"

"If God did?" answered little Bell reverently.

Miss Dalton and four of the spinsters were unanimous in their decree—"Send it to the workhouse."

Bell lifted her blue eyes amazedly.

"To be fed on bread and water! Oh, poor baby, he is thin enough now. What would he become on such dietary?"

"My dear," murmured Miss Thomas, "will you come into my room with me?"

Leaving the ladies to Chloe's entertainment, she followed the spare, lank figure into a chamber so crammed with antiquities that for a moment she was not sure she lived and moved and had her being in the nineteenth century. Miss Thomas closed the door. "My dear," said she, in the quiet accents habitual to her, "you confessed you wished you had some one to counsel you; will you confide in me, dear? If (ah! this big world of ours is composed of *ifs*)—if I had married as I once hoped to do, I might have had a daughter something like you instead of degenerating into the solitary woman you see. Dear, I am old and wrinkled now, and stiff with the lack of home-ties and the burthen of a disappointment borne more than forty years, but my heart is as full of love for the fresh, sweet grace of your girlhood as yours is of pity for the stranger in Chloe's arms!"

Little Bell threw both arms about the old maid's neck. "I love you, I love you!" she cried, in the impulsive fashion mammy stigmatised. "I love you, and do please kiss me!"

Many were the warm kisses falling on her upturned face. Ah, it was long ago since the thin lips had touched cheeks so fair, so soft as those they met to-day.

Bell cradled at Miss Thomas's feet as she sat in her lounging chair. "My real name is Isabel Fotheringay," she explained simply, "but no one ever called me anything save 'little Bell,' or 'honey-sweet,' or 'sugar-cane.' I was born in the West Indies. Papa was an officer. I never knew my mother. Chloe is the only mammy I ever had to guide or nurse me. We lived for the most part of the year on the mountains, and everyone was very good to me, very; for I'm only a teasing, nasty girl, Miss Thomas, not a bit like the women in Holy Scripture—without it is Martha. She was always in a hurry—so am I. When I was seventeen papa died. We buried him on the hills; and the officers and men cried as I did; and the sound of the muffled drums and the volley travelled down the dales, and the negroes came up to know why the guns were fired. When they heard they grieved, and kneeling at my feet, placed my two hands on their heads, signifying that they were my servants. There, under the blue of the canopied sky, and amidst the sighing of the trees we left papa, and I came to England. All, all alone, save for Chloe, who will never leave her foster child. We have a little money—enough for our wants; but I am not rich, Miss Thomas."

"Have you no relations; no friends, dear?"

"No relations at all. Papa and mamma were only children. Friends, yes; if I could find them. General Oldfield resides somewhere in London; but the city is so full of people I cannot hope to find him."

"Yes, you can; we will get a directory and soon discover his retreat."

Little Bell's eyes brightened. "Thank you, how nicely you are helping me out of my difficulties. Now, please, tell me what I must do with baby?"

The elder woman hesitated before replying.

"Dear, if you can afford to keep it I think you ought to do so, at all events until he is strong enough to take, in some small measure, his own part in the race of life.

People are fond of saying things happen by 'chance'; 'providence' is my word, and, granted that some person with a wicked or a desperate intent left their little one to the charity of a cold and selfish world, *God leads you* to wish to fructify the tiny existence. May not he be one of those angels whom, unawares entertained, heap blessings on our souls?"

Little Bell listened to every word. "Miss Thomas, I shall keep baby; my mind is quite resolved; he may be my best birthday present."

The directory was found, General Oldfield's address discovered, and Bell wrote to him, preferring to write rather than to run the risk of visiting him at Lurliton and finding him from home.

(To be continued.)

A GOOD "SWALLOW."

MULES, and donkeys, and camels have appetites that anything will relieve temporarily, but nothing satisfy. In Syria, once, at the head-waters of the Jordan, a camel took charge of my overcoat while the tents were being pitched, and examined it with a critical eye all over, with as much interest as if he had an idea of getting one made like it; and then, after he was done figuring on it as an article of apparel, he began to contemplate it as an article of diet. He put his foot on it, and lifted one of the sleeves out with his teeth, and chewed and chewed at it, gradually taking it in, and all the while opening and closing his eyes in a kind of religious ecstasy, as if he had never tasted anything as good as an overcoat before in his life. Then he smacked his lips once or twice, and reached after the other sleeve. Next he tried the velvet collar, and smiled a smile of such contentment that it was plain to see that he regarded that as the daintiest thing about an overcoat. The tails went next, along with some percussion caps and cough candy, and some fig-paste from Constantinople. And then my newspaper correspondence dropped out, and he took a chance in that—manuscript letters written for the home papers. But he was treading on dangerous ground now. He began to come across solid wisdom in those documents that was rather weighty on his stomach; and occasionally he would take a joke that would shake him up till it loosened his teeth. It was getting to be perilous times with him, but he held his grip with good courage and hopefully, till at last he began to stumble on statements that not even a camel could swallow with impunity. He began to gag and gasp, and his eyes to stand out, and his forelegs to spread, and in about a quarter of a minute he fell over as stiff as a carpenter's work-bench, and died a death of indescribable agony. I went and pulled the manuscript out of his mouth, and found that the sensitive creature had choked to death on one of the mildest and gentlest statements of fact that I ever laid before a trusting public.—*Mark Twain.*

DAN REGAN, the coffin-maker, was at work in his shop when to him entered Pat Mooney. "Fine day, Dan. Who are ye makin' the coffin for?" "Why, thin, for Tim Holohan, to be shure," says Dan. "Och, murther, Tim Holohan!" exclaims Pat. "Why, the man's alive an' well, an' it's meself was shpaking wid him not wan hour ago." "Niver you mind *that*, Pat; 'twas Doctor Rafferty, that's attindin' him, that towld me to make the coffin—an' *shure he knows what he gave him.*"

THE UNCOMMITTED CRIME.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By THEODORE ALFRED CROFT.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ROBBERY AND THE FLIGHT.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

—Longfellow.

LITTLE by little Miss Handley had broken down the social barrier that cut us off from her natural associates, and her companions had come to know that they had to recognise in the gentle postmistress of the town one who was a gentlewoman by right divine if not by right of birth or education. Agnes had soft tender ways about her, in spite of her rough training at the mill, or the lead she had spirit enough to take in such a jest on visitors as I have described in a previous chapter. There was one upstart of a girl, daughter of a man with wealth, but no birth or breeding, who declined to meet Agnes. "Does not her brother keep a shop, and she works in it?" she had indignantly asked. Her reward was perpetual banishment from the pleasant evenings at Eastfield, and in time Miss Purse-proud found she had the worst of the bargain.

There was greater difficulty in my case, because a woman more easily rises or falls in the social scale than a man can do. If, as a poet, now famous, sung after the time of which I now write, "the grossness of his nature" has power to drag down a well-born wife to the level of a clown, it is not the less true that a girl of good feeling and natural gentleness can rise to the highest level of society without betraying strongly her humble origin. Of course a naturally uncouth or boorish woman is worse to raise even than a clownish man, for the latter goes about and picks up things which an "odious woman" never can learn. But assuming that both Agnes and I were blessed with the power to rise, her chance of doing so was greater than mine, especially that I really did commit the sad offence against society of "keeping a shop." To be postmistress was to hold office under the Crown, but to sell letter-paper and lend out books was trade, and trade in all well regulated circles is *tabu*.

But Miss Handley would not so regulate her circles, and as I could dress well, and talk moderately well, and was on the whole presentable, those who wished for her society, or for the delights of her elegant hospitality, had perforce to see me—me, Stephen Gilmore, the "flying stationer," as some proud ones called me—sharing occasionally in that society and that hospitality.

This breach of all social law culminated—and, as will be seen, terminated—in a grand "dance" given at Eastfield, when the presence of an aunt, and an uncle with his wife, gave Miss Handley the opportunity of inviting a large party to the house.

It was a purely local gathering, but principally of people of good rank, the town's people being only represented by two clergymen, good old "Dr. Doctor" (as she called him) and his wife, the Sheriff, the Procurator-Fiscal, the postmistress, and—and—I fear to say it—and Stephen Gilmore.

What had happened before my formal presentation to Miss Handley by her aunt Miss Sybella Handley (aged 57), I never learned exactly, but I saw from her eye that some-

thing had been said or done to ruffle her usually easy good nature. Standing near her was the Hon. Capt. Seabrook and his sister, and conversing with Mr. George Handley and his wife were young Mackintosh, son of a neighbouring laird, and a young "Middy," Jack Hartree, son of a retired admiral, who had settled in the neighbourhood. I think that Seabrook had made some slighting reference to me, but could never discover the exact truth. Caroline's will was supreme in the house. Seabrook knew that, and so did I. Yet I would fain have revolted when, at the first dance, a command reached me through Uncle George that I was to take the leading place. The act was done in a pet by Miss Handley, and she knew it was a blunder, but some uncontrollable impulse caused her to do it. Although I had often been present at lesser gatherings, and at small dinner-parties, and certainly had enjoyed, in association with Agnes, a closeness of intimacy which no gentleman there could claim, it was my first appearance on a real state occasion. I had, in short, gone with some reluctance, and Caroline's imperious order to conduct her through the leading dance was a piece of refined cruelty, had she but thought of it. But I had no recourse but to obey, and by this time I had picked up sufficient *savoir faire* not to let Seabrook or other men, whose jealous looks I met, know that I felt the honour more than a compliment, offered, as a thing of course, to the greatest stranger in the company.

How the evening passed after this need not be detailed. Young Jack Hartree paid Agnes some attention—that is to say, he saw she was likely to be neglected, and as an introduction and a few words of intercourse had shown her to be a conversable person, the gallant tar seemed to devote himself to her, as sailors will do when they see the bigger swells of a party neglecting a comely girl. I, of course, took but a quiet part, dancing with one or two ladies to whom Caroline introduced me; and at supper things were so arranged (accidentally, *of course*), that while Uncle George sat at the right of the hostess—she would give up her seat to no aunt—I was next her on the other side, with a very nice girl, Miss Jane Montague, on my left. It was a happy, brilliant meeting, and no single event of the evening, no word spoken by her on that occasion, has ever escaped from my memory.

On the following night I was inexplicably restless. Late as had been our break-up—for in these days late hours were much in vogue—sleep deserted my eyes, and about one in the morning, impelled by what feelings I know not, I got out of bed, dressed, and took a long walk round the neighbourhood of the town. This, as it proved, was unfortunate for me. I left the town on the opposite side, but the attraction was too great, and just about two o'clock in the morning I passed Eastfield on my way into town. Entering the town, I remember passing the constable of the watch, who, with his lanthorn over his arm, was drawing out his "ha-alf-pa-ast two-o." Returning home, my absence having been unknown to Agnes, I got into bed, fell into a sound sleep, and did not wake till I was roused by the watchman, and commanded to follow him before the Sheriff. In blank amazement I got on my clothes hurriedly, the constable watching me as if he fully expected me to run away if he did not closely overlook every action.

It was only eight o'clock in the morning when I reached the office of Mr. Robertson, the Sheriff. He was a kindly man, and knowing my story and the favour I was believed to be in at Eastfield, he was much perturbed when I was shown into his room. I was warned, in a kindly way, not to criminate myself—not to criminate myself!—as what

I said would be written down and used against me. Where had I been at one o'clock? where at two o'clock? I told my story of the sleeplessness and the midnight ramble, but I saw I was not believed.

"You know your duty, doubtless," I said to Mr. Robertson, "but for the sake of mercy tell me why I am thus questioned?"

To this appeal no immediate answer was given.

"You remember where we last met," I exclaimed, bursting into tears. "For the sake of her whose house we were in, will you not say what this means?"

"Young man," replied the officer of justice, "I fear you know too well what it means. But never say I was cruel to you. Even though I believe I am assisting in your hypocrisy, I may tell you that you have to account for the theft of Miss Handley's jewellery this morning."

Do men who are innocent behave as if they were guilty? I think they must—that the flush of innocence and the blush of guilt are so like, that Mr. Robertson read a confession of guilt in my crimsoning cheeks, and that of alarm as I thought on the untoward fate that had taken me abroad that morning.

An order to search my house and shop was given, and meantime I was held in custody as a suspected person, although the only evidence against me was that of the watchman who saw me enter the town, and my own confession of having been on the ramble during the hour when the burglary was committed.

Two events quickly followed each other. From a house in the opposite direction came the story of a rattle being heard at a window, and that a person who looked out saw a man he thought to be me walking quickly down the lane that led thence to Eastfield. Here was seeming confirmation, and the word quickly spread through the town that Gilmore the bookseller should properly be called Gilmore the burglar.

Half-an-hour after this Caroline arrived, astounded, indignant, incredulous. Of course I did not see her, but I heard from Agnes that she had gone to the shop and expressed her most profound conviction of my innocence.

Agnes had opened the shop and post-office as usual with father's help, and was going through her duties dazed and confounded. An express into the city brought out, in the course of three hours, an inspector, who took over the post-office, "for the protection of the revenue," while the investigation went on. And the agents of the public prosecutor, pursuing their investigation over every nook and cranny of house and shop, sought in vain for proof of my guilt. In whatever corner I had hidden the stolen jewellery, it was not in the house or shop, that was clear; and the body not being found, no charge of murder could lie.

About two o'clock, just twelve hours after I had passed Eastfield and gazed so lovingly at its windows, I was liberated. But my character was blasted. Conscious of right I strove to walk quietly and erectly over to my shop: but the eye of scorn and contumely I everywhere met fairly broke me down, and I went into the back shop—every customer flying when I entered the front door—and sat down, a broken and ruined man. Long did I meditate what to do. Should I strive to see Miss Handley, and protest my innocence? That she already professed to be satisfied about. Must I wind up my affairs and fly, I knew not where, starting life afresh?

Caroline! Caroline!! Caroline!!! Thus my heart yearned with increasing emphasis. Yet to Miss Handley I must be a stranger for ever. Of that I felt certain, and with that feeling all other matters seemed trivial. Even

suicide presented her horrid suggestion to my brain, but her advances I resisted, for amidst all my thoughts there arose confidence that my innocence would yet manifest itself. My vacillation was set at rest and flight determined upon by a dreadful visitant I had just after dark.

Jael Josephs was an old Jewish woman who kept a shop for second-hand furniture and clothes in a bye street. Agnes had had a few dealings with her, chiefly in clearing out some of the older articles we had brought from our old cottage, and that morning she had, by appointment, been at our back door just at or about the time I went over to the procurator's. By appointment! Agnes had some clothes as well as some old articles of furniture to sell, and after handing over the things, she had run upstairs to my room and brought down an old coat and waistcoat of mine, which had been added to the heap to be sold. This was Jael's story to me in the back shop. The coat and waistcoat were undoubtedly mine, and in every respect her narrative was correct. Imagine then my horror when the old Jewess, fixing her eyes on me, asked whether I did not think I would be off before she told the police about it.

I sprung up in alarmed consciousness. Too well did a story of my second or third visit to Eastfield rush back to memory, and catching hold of the waistcoat I felt in the corner of an inner pocket, and through the lining felt the curious old torquoise ring that had belonged to Caroline's ancestor—a family relic, and of great import to its owner. The possession of the ring I could well explain, for it had fallen into my hands in a very simple way. I was being shown some antiques when, the evening being fine, some of Caroline's young friends had called to her from the lawn, and rushing off, after laying carelessly away the drawer full of *curios* I had been shown, she did not notice that the old torquoise ring had fallen amongst the long wool of a mat in the study where we were. This ring I lifted, intending to give it back to Miss Handley, you may be sure, but somehow I got no opportunity that night; I did not care to make Agnes my *confidante*, and then no subsequent opportunity arose to return it. Two years had passed over, the garment had fallen out of use, and here was it now sold to an old clothes woman on the very morning after a robbery of jewellery from Miss Handley's house. But who, except perhaps Caroline, would believe such an unlikely explanation? The mere possession of the ring was an undoubted theft—so the law would term it. And to a judge, Agnes' act in running upstairs for the vest would hardly appear as aught else but the act of a confederate, anxious to get rid of the clothes the burglar wore, but too clumsy to take care that the pockets were empty of the spoil.

Old Jael eyed me with a grim smile, in which pity for a fellow in a scrape, and amusement at the simple way in which, as she thought, I had been trapped, were mingled.

"Five pounds, and I *won't find the ring* till the morning."

In my misery I jumped at the offer, and the old woman went off. Then I regretted I had given her the money so readily. How did I know she would not sell me after all, and go straight off to the police to inform? And then my mind, getting full of knavery with the mere thought of what I was accused of, suggested how much better it would have been to have kept her in play for a little, and run off when absent upstairs on the pretence of getting the five pounds.

Jael was true to her bargain. That night I took leave of Agnes with a heavy heart, the poor girl, attributing my fervent kiss and hard pressure of her hand as tokens of grief, when they were in reality tokens of the overwhelming sadness of a farewell.

All evening I had been gathering together every penny that was in the shop—it had happened that day that there was about twenty pounds in all, of which Jael got five. At eleven at night, watching the constable's passage westward, I slipped from the house, took a last fond look at Eastfield as I walked into the country; and behold me, a fugitive and a wanderer on the face of the earth, flying like a guilty man from all that the world held dear to me, and yet bearing in my heart the sense of absolute innocence of the terrible crime of which I was supposed to be guilty.

(To be continued).

THE TATLER AT THE FIRESIDE.

"WELL, *Rambler*," I said one day, "what do you think of this story I picked up in a jest book?" (It was a queer place for the story, as its subject was *no joke*.) And I read to him how the scattering of salt upon snow and ice was, in the anecdote, characterised as "benevolent."

Rambler—"Malevolent, rather. I go about a great deal, as my name shows, and wherever I see snow melted by salt, and not swept clean away at once, then I say the man who did it is a friend in disguise, and deserves, as *Dogbery* says, "to suffer salvation body and soul."

I quite agree with my friend *Rambler* on this most pernicious practice, and hope none of my readers will ever be guilty of it.

The fact is that our town medical officers should get the act declared to be a police offence, and yet I have often seen the police engaged in the reprehensible practice.

The reason against it is, that when the salt and water get into your boots, not only is the mixture colder than snow, but your boots are ever afterwards *deliquescent*, and on a damp, muggy day, you have wet feet, through the salt attracting the moisture in the air, although the streets are dry.

"More colds and consumptions arise from damp feet thus caused than from trudging through mud and mire, slush and snow, where there is no salt. Note that, *Rambler*, and tell it to everybody you meet."

I have always taken a great interest in misprints or telegraph errors, which are sometimes so very comical.

One of the latest was an error made in telegraphing a critique on one of Mr. Irving's first nights in America. The critic was made to say next morning:—"The toast for Irving, like the toast for olives, must be cut elevated." The editorial mind was perplexed for several seconds, but with characteristic keenness decided at length that the message had intended to say that the *taste* for Irving, like that for olives, must be *cultivated*."

Speaking of the proposed new Covent Garden Market the other day, a newspaper stated that "after the 25th of March, 1884, the block of houses adjoining the *flour* market" would be pulled down.

This reminded me of younger days, when, in search of lodgings, I saw an announcement that at a certain house the "ground flour" was to be let.

But such things are not always funny; they are sometimes quite alarming, as in an intimation like this:—"Sir Robert Peel has invited a few fiends to shoot peasants."

There was a very good blunder nearly crept into a newspaper in Scotland, when the *Tatler* was on the staff there. Reporters frequently use contractions, and in a report of a speech at a religious meeting, there occurred a reference "to all those who call on the L. J. C. in

sincerity." In Scotland the chief criminal and second civil judge is called the Lord Justice Clerk, and the compositor had perhaps met the initials in some law printing office. So the proof came up:—"All those who call on the Lord Justice Clerk with sincerity."

It sometimes happens that "as the fool thinks the bell clinks," for the editor of an Indian paper complains, in a recent issue, that in his account of the Umballa Races the printer's devils converted "last week" into "lost much." Verily, printers' devils are enough to make a poor unprotected editor's hair stand on end, but this one had, perhaps, lost two or three annas on the races, and so he put his feelings into print—or rather into misprint!

THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD OAK CHEST.

"It's the strangest noise I ever heard. The house must be haunted, for only a ghost could be guilty of making such an unearthly sound."

"Nonsense!" replied my sister Jane, with a little nervous laugh; "it's only the wind, or a mouse stirring in the—"

Jane glanced apprehensively over her shoulder in the direction indicated, quite white and startled.

"How foolish it was of us to think of staying two whole nights in this great old house alone! I wish Jack were here, for if a ghost were really to make its appearance, what should we ever do?"

"I am not so much afraid of ghosts troubling us as I am of robbers. Thank heaven all the doors are locked below, and no one can get in without our hearing them, were they to walk ever so softly," said I.

During the absence of our parents, who had gone to visit a sick relative living in a neighbouring town, my sister and I had volunteered to remain at home and take charge of affairs until their return. The only person besides ourselves in the house—a great rambling old structure, with innumerable chimneys and gables, and weather-stained porches—was a woman servant, who slept in a remote chamber on the first floor. We went up to our rooms early in the evening, for we felt a little timid in spite of the often expressed assertion that we were not a bit afraid.

The silver was kept in a small safe in my mother's apartments, which communicated with ours, and could not be reached otherwise without going through a long hall, the door of which was both locked and bolted from the inside. The noise that had so startled us was unlike anything I had ever before heard—a kind of stealthy, uncertain rustling, as if made unintentionally and entirely against the will of whatever or whoever it was that occasioned it.

Naturally courageous, and accustomed to acting as well as thinking for myself, I arose, locked the door, dropped the curtain, and took a look around the room. No sign of either ghost or robber was to be seen.

"A brave pair we are, I must say," said I, taking a volume of Scott's poems from the table and beginning to read aloud from the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'; but I had scarcely read three lines before the same low, strange, rustling sound was heard again.

Jane quickly turned round and looked inquiringly at the closet, the door of which stood partly open. A large old-fashioned oak chest was in one corner, and above it hung a numberless array of garments—dresses, skirts, wraps, and ladies' apparel of all kinds.

"It must surely be a mouse, Grace, for there can't be anything else in the closet," she said, in a frightened whisper.

I got up, flung the closet-door wide open, and gave the skirts a vigorous shake. I even mounted the old chest and took a prolonged survey of the upper shelves, moving bonnet boxes, and shawls, and everything movable within my reach; but mouse there was none, nor any indications that one had ever been there.

"It is very odd," observed Jane, in a low tone, noting anxiously the result of my search. "I wonder if there truly are any such things as spirits?"

"Of course not. We are only a little nervous, for there is really nothing here," and I gave the skirts another shake, by way of adding point to my words.

She said no more, and I resumed my seat, firmly determined not to again allow my fears to get the better of my reason.

Jane, after a while, said she would go to bed, and I might have Scott and the ghost all to myself. But it was rather lonely sitting up alone, so I thought the wisest thing I could do was to follow her example, but not until I had again made sure that the door was locked, and had placed a shaded chamber-lamp on the stand at the head of the bed.

It must have been near eleven o'clock, when I was wakened, not by a sound—for I did not hear any—but by something that seemed like a shadow passing between me and the light. I sprang up, without disturbing, Jane, and looked everywhere about the room for some sign of the mysterious presence, or whatever it was that had so unpleasantly awakened me; but I saw nothing.

I drew up the curtain and looked out on the lawn. Absolute silence reigned everywhere. With a sigh of relief I let fall the curtain and returned to bed, but could not sleep, and lay for more than an hour gazing absently at the faint ray of light that shimmered across the carpet and drifted, wan and shadow-like, on the wall.

Presently I saw the lid of the old oak chest slowly rise, and two fierce, black eyes, framed in a matted web of long, jet-black hair, peered cautiously forth. My heart stood still, the blood seemed freezing in my veins, and I felt, for a moment, as if I should die of terror.

A large, muscular hand next appeared, holding up the lid of the chest noiselessly, and the sight of it aroused within me a mad kind of desperate daring, such as I never supposed I possessed. With a wild cry to Jane to awake, I sprang from the bed, and, with all the strength I was master of, forced down the lid.

"Help, Jane—help, quick!" I cried, "or we are lost."

With a single bound she was by my side, her face as white as a sheet, and trembling like an aspen.

"Oh, Gracie, for heaven's sake, what is it?" she gasped.

"A man—a burglar—a murderer, for all I know! Hold hard for your life!"

The half-smothered wretch, by a superhuman effort, succeeded in forcing off one hinge in such a manner as to admit air enough to preclude the possibility of his being suffocated outright in his strange prison.

Another wrench, and the remaining hinge was started. A second convulsive movement, so violent as to make the stout old chest fairly quiver, and five grimy fingers were thrust out in a vain attempt to clutch my throat.

I bore down with all my might, but the terrible hand maintained its advantage, and inch by inch the lid was slowly shoved aside, until only our united strength held it in place.

Jane did her best to aid my efforts, but when two glaring

black eyes appeared on a level with the fearful hand, she lost all control of herself, and with a wild, piercing shriek, she let go the lid.

The nearest neighbour lived half a mile away. We were utterly alone, and entirely at the mercy of the ruffian in the chest, who, should he escape, would doubtless murder us both, and burn the house afterwards, perhaps, to hide the double crime.

The thought was appalling, and though she had no hope of help reaching us, Jane continued to scream at the top of her voice, and every shriek was like that of one in mortal agony.

Hark! some one was coming. An answering shout from the porch below, a shivering of glass and window-sash, and up the stairs, three at a time, came cousin Jack.

Jane flew to the door, unlocked it, and then fell to the floor in a dead faint.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Cousin Jack, as he entered. "What in the— Eh?"

The man sprang from the chest, and made a dash for the door. Jack instantly seized him, clapped his revolver to the villain's ear, and in no gentle tone admonished him to surrender, if he did not want to die there and then.

The ruffian, seeing that resistance was of no further avail, sullenly permitted himself to be bound. He did not speak a word, but his glittering eyes told plainly of the fury raging in his heart.

A plentiful use of cold water quickly restored my sister to consciousness, and, as soon as she was able to walk, we threw on our wraps and went out into the hall, where the burglar lay prone on the floor, and securely bound, hand and foot.

"I happened to be passing the house at the moment, and I heard your screams," explained Cousin Jack; "so I made all haste to see what was the matter, little expecting to find you in quite so perilous a fix, though I felt sure you must be in sore need of help, for never before did I hear such a series of blood-curdling shrieks as those with which Janie has just been favouring us."

Jane shuddered, and crept closer to strong, courageous Jack, and not till the next day did we know that the man we had held captive in the old oak chest for two mortal hours was Nick Billings, the most daring burglar and bank robber in Britain.

THE LOVERS.

THE lovers stood at the garden gate,
They stood till the night was wearing late,
For parting was such pain;
The moon, from her point of vantage above,
Looked down on the twain and blessed their love
Over and over again.

The maiden stood at the garden gate,
Sighing and doubting, disconsolate,
For she now stood there alone;
The moon, in pity, looked down from above,
And whispered, "My dear, don't question his love,
He's still, he's still thine own."

The lovers stood at the garden gate,
The maiden was happy, her heart elate,
For all her fears had fled;
The moon looked down on the twain from above,
And said, "In the Autumn I blessed their love,
And now in the Spring they wed."

J. E.

THE HONOUR OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

AN amusing story is told of Barrington, an Irish barrister. Having to appear for a plaintiff in a case at Clonmel, he assailed the defendant in unmeasured terms. The man inveighed against, not being present, only heard of the invectives. After Barrington had got back to Dublin, the defendant, a Tipperary man, named Foley, lost no time in paying his compliments to the counsel. He rode all day and night, and, covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence in Harcourt Street, Dublin. Throwing the bridle of his horse over the railing of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and, opening the street-door, beheld the apparition of the rough-coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up?" demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.

"No," answered the man.

"Then give him my compliments, and say Mr. Foley—he'll know the name—will be glad to see him."

The valet went upstairs and told his master, who was in bed, the purport of his visit.

"Don't let Mr. Foley in for your life," said Barrington.

The man was leaving the bedroom, when the man in his rough wet coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said, "By your leave," and at the same time Mr. Foley entered the bedroom.

"You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington. "I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it's not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body," and at the same time he cut a figure of eight with his shillelah before the cheval glass.

"You do not mean to say you would murder me in bed!" exclaimed Barrington, who had as much honour as cool courage.

"No," replied the other, "but get up as soon as you can."

"Yes, that you might fell me the moment I put myself out of the blankets."

"No; I pledge you my word not to touch you till you are out of bed."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Upon your honour?"

"Upon my honour."

"That is enough," said Barrington, turning over, and making himself comfortable, and seeming as though he meant to fall asleep. "I have the honour of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as though I was under the Castle guard."

The Tipperary man looked marvellously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Barrington began to snore.

"Holloa!" said Mr. Foley, "aren't you going to get up?"

"No," was the reply, "I have the word of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken. I will never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently, but be sure and air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches cold as reading a damp journal," and he affected to go asleep.

The Tip. had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the counsel. "Get up, Mr. Barrington, for in bed or out of bed, I have not the pluck to hurt so droll a heart."

The result was that in less than an hour afterwards, Barrington and his intended assailant were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon punishing a dish of smoking chops.

A MARRIAGE STORY.

A GOOD joke was perpetrated on a bachelor, residing at Dog Creek, on the waggon road. An emigrant waggon from Oregon came along and encamped near his place. The owner soon made himself acquainted with the farmer, and asked him why he didn't have a woman to keep house for him. The answer was that he intended to marry just as soon as he could find a woman willing to enter into the bonds of matrimony. The Oregonian remarked that he could find him a partner, if he would take her. The bachelor said that was right into his hand, and the emigrant invited him to his camp. The Oregonian called up a bouncing damsel of about twenty years, and informed her that the gentleman accompanying him was "on the marry," and willing to take her for better or for worse. The damsel, delighted at the prospect, advanced, and seizing our friend by the hand, assured him that she was right glad to see him, and was ready to marry him at the "drop of a hat," while the old lady hastened up to congratulate her "darter" on her good luck. Surprised and alarmed at the serious turn matters had taken, the farmer, who was constitutionally opposed to the institution of matrimony, endeavoured to explain, by saying that he was only joking and did not want to marry. At this the Oregonian became indignant, and the would-be bride requested her father to take his rifle, and "drap the varmint in his tracks." At this affectionate suggestion the bachelor left for his fortifications, the last thing he heard being the voice of the old lady consoling her "darter" with the remark that it was best to "let the poor-hearted critter go."

HOW TO SERVE A QUACK.

A CORRESPONDENT tells us how he served a quack doctor who annoyed him by sending him pamphlets through the post. "I got a large hamper, filled it full of rubbish such as bricks, and straw, &c., and in the middle I put the last book I had received, and outside the book I wrote, 'Sold again;' I directed the hamper to the author of the books—'Dr. Quackleben, &c., from a grateful patient,'—stuck some hare's legs under the lid, so as to let him see what was inside, and sent it by express train. I never had another book."

A young woman is threatening to get a divorce on the novel ground of "protracted festivities." She says her husband celebrated his marriage by getting drunk, and has kept up the festival ever since!

♦ ♦ ♦

Two travellers were robbed in a wood and tied to trees. One of them in despair exclaimed, "Oh, I am undone!" "Are you?" said the other joyfully, "then I wish you'd come and *undo* me."

PUZZLEIANA.

Commencing with Puzzles in last week's issue, we propose making our solution competitions monthly instead of quarterly. A prize volume will, therefore, be awarded to the sender of the best set of solutions to riddles inserted in this column during the month of January.

No. 89.—CHARADE.

(First Premium, 6s. Vol.)

Upon the rocky mountain
Far from the shady grove,
Beside a limpid fountain
Where daily oft I rove.
Where murmuring brooks meander
Through fields and forests green,
Or where I daily wander,
My *first* is ever seen.

When autumn, sweet and mellow,
Comes with its golden hue,
My *first* in blossoms yellow
You frequently may view.
In winter, dull and dreary,
When winds are whistling cold,
Or in summer, mild and cheery,
My *first* you will behold.

Upon the heath-clad hillside,
Where grows the heather green,
Or by the sparkling rill side
My *last* is ever seen.
Where the mountain torrent rushes
Along the rocky ground,
Or 'mid the verdant bushes,
My *last* is ever found.

Where the mountain flower reposes
Beneath the shady tree,
Or in the bed of roses,
My *last* you'll doubtless see.
Now, if you've rightly reckoned,
The spell you will unlock;
My *whole* is just my *second*—
'Tis harder than the rock.

Catrine.

No. 90.—SQUARE WORDS.

(Second Premium, 3s. Vol.)

1. None ever into *primal* get
That I have ever heard or met,
But's anxious to get out.
2. Colds will, I think, my *second* show—
At least I find Webster says so;
So therefore banish doubt.
3. Here is a thin, flat piece of wood,
Its use will best be understood
By printers, who use same.
4. Now what I *fourthly* please to state,
My meanings to insinuate,
You surely know my name.
5. This has relation to a shop,
Of which there is but little hope
Of thrift, who'er deals there.
6. I will think it a favour kind,
If you will only try to find
This simple, solid square.

Galston.

91.—CHARADE.

I'm lively, brisk and airy, glittering like a fairy,
Rising like a bubble in the air;
Vivid, clear, and bright, pleasant to the sight,
Watch me lest I prove a beauteous snare.

1. I live for a moment, the next one I die.
Then spring up like meteors in showers;
I fly in a trice from the earth to the sky,
And sometimes lie dormant for hours.
2. I ridicule darkness, yet live in gloom,
And often appear in the silvery dell;
I'm supposed to be thousands of miles from the moon,
And exist in the musical sound of the bell.
3. My *third* when transposed is a trap or a snare,
And heavy indeed are the weights that I lift;
When drunk to excess I bring sorrow and care,
And to some I am certainly dear at a gift.

Skipton-in-Craven.

No. 92.—ENIGMA.

I fly o'er the sea,
And in houses I'll be;
To carry I also am used,
If you go to the fair
You will sure see me there,
And often, indeed, I'm abused.

Carlisle.

T. AITKEN.

J. ALCORN.

J. TOMLINSON, JUN.

R. IRVING.

No. 93.—DECAPITATION.

Whole, I am what all would dread,
Yet often like to see me spread;
But now *behead*, and you will see
What none of us would wish to be.
If you *behead* me twice again,
You'll find a pronoun does remain.

Walsall.

E. ELLIS.

No. 94.—RIDDLE.

I am a word of letters three,
My *whole* is ever in the sea,
My *final* will a river name,
In Scotland you will find the same.
My *second's* nought; my *whole* curtain,
You've more than one to tell the tale.
Restore my tail, drop off my head,
A queer word you will find instead.
This simple word curtain again,
And nothing surely will remain.

Glasgow.

J. CHALMERS.

No. 95.—VERBAL CHARADE.

My *first's* in jail, but not in cell,
My *next's* in house, but not in dwell;
My *third's* in hear, but not in sight;
My *fourth's* in grown, but not in height;
My *first's* in bird, but not in fish,
My *next's* in year, but not in wish;
My *third's* in mist, but not in rain;
My *fourth's* in grief, but not in pain;
My *fifth's* in night, but not in day;
My *last's* in straw, but not in hay;
My *whole* will name an eminent man,
Reveal my answer if you can.

Rutherglen.

G. HILL.

No. 96.—CONUNDRUM.

Ye puzzlers, tell me, if you can,
Why Shakespeare, of immortal fame,
Was like an idle, lazy man,
Who at no job would long remain?

Burslem.

TOM TIT.

No. 97.—GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

A City in Italy; a River in Germany; a City in the United States; a Country of South America; a City in Holland; the Turkish name for Constantinople; a Town in Bothnia; in Sweden; a Town in Greece; and a Great Circle in the Heavens. The initials (if read forwards) and the finals (if read backwards) will name a town in England, and what it is celebrated for.

Yarnfield.

Miss ELTON.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN Nos. 14 and 15.

No. 46.—Malice-Alice-Lice-Ice-Acme.

No. 47.—Pat-riot.

No. 48.—Tit-monse.

No. 49.—Gladstone.

No. 50.—Garnet Wolseley.

No. 51.—Sport-spot-sot.

No. 52.—Wall-ace.

No. 53.—Chance.

No. 54.—Herdsman.

No. 55.—Words.

No. 56.—Wigton.

No. 57.—The Tatler-portraits.

No. 58.—On-i-on.

No. 59.

S A T I N
A T O N E
T O N G S
I N G O T
N E S T S

Answered by the following:—T. Aitken, Catrine; A. Cooper, Edinburgh; R. Irvine, Carlisle; J. Chalmers, Glasgow; W. C. McDonald, Aberdeen; T. M'Haffey, Belfast; J. Tomlinson, Jr., Skipton; E. Ellis, Walsall (we do not care for the kind of questions you mention); J. A., Galston; Tom Tit, Burslem; Miss Elton, Yarnfield; G. Hill, Rutherglen (always welcome).

It is asserted that chopping off a dog's tail will seriously impair his eyesight. Some folks may believe it, but you can't talk that way to a chap who has been sighted in a melon-patch by a bog-tailed dog forty rods away.

X. has just returned from Naples. "Have you had any startling adventures?" asks a friend. "No." "Not with brigands?" "Oh, no, I have cheated them cleverly. Wherever I saw a doubtful-looking man I went and asked alms of him."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

HOW WE DEFENDED ARABI. By A. M. Broadley. Illustrated by F. Villiers. (London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.)

THE mere possibility that Arabi had really a national movement at his back, as Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has urged, and as Lord Randolph Churchill has so recently tried to enforce, must make the perusal of this book one of great interest. It is an able "speech for the defence"—a clever statement of every plea that was furnished or suggested in his brief—but in reality nothing more. Mr Broadley's appointment to defend Arabi gave that rebel the very best opportunity of proving his case; and the idea cannot fail to suggest itself that, had even one-half of what is urged against Twefik and his Ministers been true, the prisoner would have been better to insist on the trial going on, and trust to his exposures having their due effect. But, in fact, Arabi pleaded guilty to an offence—rebellion, the punishment of which was death, under a covenant that the penalty would not be exacted. This is not the way the heroes of national movements have behaved in the past. A genuine leader, having taken his life in his hand, and raised such a movement, would have "loved not his life unto the death," and trusted that

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

We know that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," and this is probably a true in State affairs. As it is, we have Arabi living in quiet plenty in the paradise of Ceylon, and the "nation" he sought to serve delivered once more to Twefik. In this view, despite Mr. Broadley's able argument, and while thanking him for putting the case so fully before the world, we cannot, in any sense, recognise Arabi as a hero. The illustrations by Mr. Villiers, artist to the *Graphic*, add to the value and interest of the book.

ALMANACS—1884.

OF the making of many almanacs there is no end. Zadkiel is of course to the front, and he gives us a nice "bill of fare" for the twelve months. As it is an axiom that every theatre is bound to be burned sooner or later, is it a safe prophecy that perhaps in January we may expect the destruction of a metropolitan theatre by fire? In February all persons who were born on the 1st or the 22nd will find either their health or their affairs go wrong. In March the 20th day will be extremely lucky for persons born on the 17th July. In April Russia will make advances on the Sick Man's property. In May the Government will be in great straits, and the attempt to overthrow them will nearly succeed. In June, about the 23rd or 25th, there will be an *émeute* in Paris. The 12th of July will be a remarkable day for proposals of marriage. In August we learn with dread that London is to suffer under the incubus of Satan. In September there will be a general naval engagement in the East, in which the arms of Britain are to be victorious. In October Europe is to be convulsed by mighty events. In November, on the 25th, London is to be the scene of turmoil. December will be a particularly bad month in the East, especially in Afghanistan, Persia, and South-Eastern Europe. Bah! Commend us to those almanacs that deal with the known. In this respect *Whittaker's Almanac*

and *Paterson's Scottish Almanac*, both of which are out, may be named as giving in express and compact form all that information as to "who is who" and "what is what" in the two kingdoms. In *Whittaker* great care is taken to provide all conceivable information of an official and statistical kind. In *Paterson* also, the history and vital statistics of the empire are given, while the Scottish Church and law lists give it great value. Anyone in England who desires to possess, in the most convenient form, information about Scotland, should procure *Paterson's Scottish Almanac*, which is a marvel of completeness and cheapness. To our readers in Scotland the work now hardly needs recommendation. The larger *Oliver & Boyd*, in its well-known bright red leather cover, grows bulkier each year as the demands of its numerous readers grow. It is useless to praise *Oliver & Boyd*. It is a necessity of life with many thousands of persons, and we know of no book in which it can be so truly said, as regards Scotland, that it is a book without which no library can be called complete.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TRAVELLER.—There are few who have strength of mind to resist an unjust demand when it is made by a woman and no witnesses were present. The "Rambler's" story of travelling in the smoking carriage for safety is being put in practice we see.

EUCLID.—The "Rum-Boyd" problem was issued about twenty years ago, we should say. Although contributing to the magazine (whose editor was Mr. Farnie, now well-known as a dramatic writer), we have not a copy beside us.

ALEXANDER S. (Liverpool).—It was Mark Twain who first pointed out that the street was only called "straight." The narrative does not say it was straight.

BIBLICAL CRITIC.—The context referred to is "the dragon he shall trample under foot"—a significant omission, and showing how well-advised Shakespeare was to add the words "for his purpose."

ELIZA (Aberdeen).—We have thought of it, and may carry it out. Unhappily, such schemes have got a bad name by being associated with swindling, or worse.

AXON.—It is in Gray's "Elegy," one of the most perfect gems in our poetry. The line is capable of about fifteen different inversions, and nearly all equally rhythmical.

BARY (Bath).—(1) We know the place you mention, and have been at the top of "Vathek's" tower. The story is that the dog had to be exhumed, and the ground re-consecrated. (2) Muller's Orphanages are, in our mind, the most extraordinary thing in Britain. The wedlock rule presses hard on some children no doubt, but they can be otherwise provided for. The rule is a sound one, and, moreover, donors of money know the rule, and cannot object. If they are mean enough, they can refuse to give more.

WHYMPER (Southampton).—Apply to the publisher in Glasgow for back numbers or parts.

. The Premium arrangements are in the meantime suspended. Correspondents desiring answers in this column must write a fortnight before the printed date at least. Earlier where practicable.

"YOU'VE destroyed my peace of mind!" said a lover to the young lady who had jilted him. "Then I give you a piece of my mind!" she exclaimed; and she did, but the young man did not consider it an equivalent for the destruction of his own.

A GENTLEMAN travelling homeward from Atlanta met an old negro on whose hat was encircled the crape of grief. The gentleman said: "You have lost some friend, I see?" "Yes, massa." "Was it a near or distant relative?" "Well, pretty distant, massa—'bout twenty-four mile!"

Printed and Published for the Proprietors by MACKENZIE & Co., 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communications must be addressed.—January 12, 1884.

T. & H. SMITH'S
ESSENCE OF
COFFEE WITH CHICORY.
Exhilarating and Delicious.

SINCE this Preparation was INTRODUCED by T. & H. SMITH, more than a Dozen Years ago, it has steadily increased in demand for these reasons—

ITS EXCELLENCE OF QUALITY.
ITS SURPASSING ECONOMY.
ITS SAVING OF TIME.
A CUPFUL OR A GALLON AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.
ITS PREVENTION OF WASTE.
IT KEEPS IN ALL CLIMATES.
IT REQUIRES NO COOKING, SIMPLY BOILING WATER.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

T. & H. SMITH & CO.,
EDINBURGH & LONDON.

T. & H. SMITH'S
COFFEE AND MILK,
For the Instantaneous Production of a
DELICIOUS CUP OF COFFEE,
Upon addition solely of Boiling Water.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

T. & H. SMITH & CO.,
EDINBURGH & LONDON.

T. & H. SMITH'S
ESSENCE OF COFFEE
AND
ESSENCE OF COFFEE WITH CHICORY.

CAUTION.

TRADING UPON THE REPUTATION of those our well-known Preparations, certain persons have adopted our peculiarly-shaped Bottle, which was designed and introduced by us, and with which our Essence accordingly became alone identified. The PUBLIC are therefore hereby CAUTIONED to beware of such imitations, and to insist upon being supplied only with such Bottles as bear upon the Label our Registered Trade-Mark—

The Device of a Group of Prize Medals.

T. & H. SMITH & CO.,
EDINBURGH & LONDON.

ADULTERATION ACT,
35 and 36 Vict., C. 74.

T. & H. SMITH & CO. guarantee their ESSENCE of COFFEE to be PURE. The nature of the Preparation requires the presence of a little Pure Sugar, excepting which there is NO ADMIXTURE.

"The Essence of Coffee is very Good, Cheap, and Portable."—
Report of the Jurors, Philadelphia International Exhibition.

EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

"RHI KA TEL"
MUSTARD SEED OIL,
Imported from the E. Indies by R. D. CRUICKSHANK, Indian Produce Merchant, 12 Dixon St., Glasgow.

IN England the curative and other properties of the Oil derived from Mustard Seed have never been duly appreciated, while Mustard, in the form of an adulterated powder, has long been an indispensable requisite in every house, and on every table throughout the known world.

To rely upon an adulterated compound for such purposes as Mustard is commonly used is a mistake; but on account of the large quantity of Oil contained in the Seed, it is necessary, for the prevention of fermentation, that Farina (Potato Flour) be added to absorb the superfluous Oil. It will at once be seen that Mustard, in powder, is not suited for medicinal purposes, on account of the uncertainty of strength in which it is offered to the public.

Mustard Oil, on the contrary, is absolutely pure, and free from all adulterations, being obtained from fresh, ripe Seed, and under the supervision of Her Majesty's Indian Government. It is therefore guaranteed genuine.

In India the use of Mustard Seed Oil dates back almost beyond record, while the demand for it is still on the increase, being used to rub the body as well as in culinary purposes. It is used by the Hindoos principally in cooking vegetables, fish, rice, &c., and has proved all along in their case a notable flesh-forming condiment.

It is an effective remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Headaches, Sprains, Bruises, Chilblains, and Neuralgia.

It is entirely free from all the disadvantages of Mustard in the form of leaves and poultices; always ready for use; is easy of application, and more agreeable and certain in effect than Mustard in any other form.

As an application for Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and all Affections of the Chest, its virtues are truly marvellous; it never fails in giving instant and permanent relief, while the use of it does not entail any risk of getting cold. It does not blister.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

In Rheumatics, Gout, or local pains, the Oil ought to be well rubbed into the painful part twice or thrice daily. If the complaint does not give way to the above, a piece of flannel, soaked in the Oil, and applied to the part for 15 or 20 minutes will be found to have the desired effect.

For Sprains, Bruises, Frostbites, Bronchitis, and Whooping Cough rubbing with the Oil will generally be found sufficient, but applications in this way ought to be continued for 10 minutes or so.

In cases of Inflammation in the Lungs, or where a smart irritant is required, the Mustard Oil will be found to be specially suited by soaking a piece of flannel in the Oil, and having applied it to the part, now take another piece of flannel, slightly larger, dip into very hot water, withdraw it and press it almost dry, then, while hot, spread it over the flannel soaked in Oil, and allow both to remain for 15 or 20 minutes.

Should small vesicles, viz., pimples or blisters, be raised, allow these to disappear before renewing the application; by fomenting the part for a few minutes with warm water they will be found to disappear.

"TATLER" COUPON, 1883.



(Signed) RICHARD D. CRUICKSHANK.

On receipt of this Coupon, accompanied by 13½d. in Postage Stamps, I agree to forward, Carriage Paid, to any address, in the U.K. One Bottle Mustard Oil, or on receipt of 38 Penny Stamps, or P.O.O. for 3/-, I shall send to any address as above, Three Bottles of the same.

MUSIC FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.
GRAND CHRISTMAS PRESENT & NEW YEAR GIFT.

THE LATEST MUSICAL MARVEL,
THE AUTOPHONE

Is unequalled for Durability, Power, and Sweetness of Tone.

Style A, with 22 Notes—six more than is contained in any other like instrument, and plays in three different keys; both Melody and Accompaniments being perfect.

A mere child of six years
can play it.

Hundreds of tunes now
ready for it.



Must find its way into
every house where har-
mony is prized.

To the Readers of "The Tatler."

The **Autophone** with six tunes, or ten feet of sacred or secular music, free per Parcel Post, on receipt of P.O.O. for **25s.**

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.

The **Autophone** is the most marvellous Musical Instrument of the Age, and is protected by Patents all over the world. No more **Organ Grinding or Crank Motions**, as viz:—The Organena, Organette, Cabinette, &c., so distasteful to all players on these instruments. The **Autophone** is played by simply opening and shutting the hand, a movement at once both natural and elegant.—*See Drawing.* We put this instrument before you solely on its own merits, and with confidence that it will **give you complete satisfaction.**

The leading journal, *The Scientific American*, says:—"The most remarkable feature of this invention is the regularity and perfection with which the music is rendered. *All of the parts are played, and the music is of no mean order.*"

ENORMOUS DEMAND—SELLING IN THOUSANDS.

SOLE AGENTS FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND:

CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers,
103 TRONGATE, GLASGOW. [Established 50 Years.]

N.B.—Before purchasing a *Musical Instrument of any description*, send for our "CUSTOMERS' PRIVILEGE PRICE LIST," with numerous *Illustrations* of the leading and most popular Musical Instruments of the day, containing COUPONS entitling the holder to receive our **New Patent Broad Reed Melodeon**, with *Double Valves*, patented July, 1883, at HALF THE USUAL PRICE. Sent on receipt of Penny Stamp.

ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,

Bowmore Distillery, Islay

COUNTING HOUSE—

41 Ann Street, City, Glasgow.



The above Whisky to be had by ordering through Wholesale Houses and Brokers.

10,000 PIANOS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

CONDITIONS OF THE GIFT.

MESSRS. A. CLARENCE & COMPANY, of 20 HIGH HOLBORN, in thanking their Patrons and the Public generally for their kind support and favours during past years, beg to state that to inaugurate the commencement of the Christmas season, they have decided to give away to all persons applying within one month from the date of this paper, A **DRAWING-ROOM PIANETTE**, as per conditions below, feeling sure that their liberality will be well appreciated, and orders for other of their numerous novelties given with confidence.

THE DRAWING-ROOM PIANETTE
is

**SOFT IN TONE,
ELEGANT IN APPEARANCE,
NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER,
SLLDOM REQUIRES TUNING,
IS NOT A MODEL,**

but a perfect musical instrument constructed upon the same scale as an ordinary piano. We have been to considerable expense in producing this instrument, which needs only to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. Made of the best material and highly finished, it will be guaranteed to give the greatest satisfaction. It is constructed to stand upon the drawing-room table or other suitable support, the key-board is similar, and the keys are almost as large as in the ordinary piano, so that any person learning to play upon this Pianette will not be at a loss when placed before any other. The sound is softer in this instrument, a fact that may be accounted for by the absence of supports; but this is often an advantage, especially to a learner.

TO SECURE THIS INSTRUMENT,
send full name and address distinctly written, together with the name of the paper in which you saw this advertisement, and to partly defray the cost of this advertisement and the carriage of the Pianette, a postal note for half-a-crown must accompany each application, upon receipt of which the instrument will be immediately forwarded to any part of the United Kingdom.

(Signed) **A. CLARENCE & COMPANY,**
Inventors and Manufacturers,
20 HIGH HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C.

Send stamped directed envelope for Catalogue.

A LADY, having a **RECIPE** of the most simple nature, that will at once safely **REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS**, preventing their appearance, will have pleasure in forwarding it upon application to Mrs. **GRACE NEWTON**, Verwood Villa, New Thornton Heath, Surrey.

In the Press, and will be ready shortly,
"PAULUS CHRISTIFER,"

And other Discourses, by

REV. JOHN KAY, D.D.,
EDINBURGH.

WM. PATERSON, Edinburgh, and the Booksellers.

THOMPSON'S CONCENTRATED NERVE TONIC.

A very powerful **Brain Feeder**. A **Nerve** and **Muscle** Strengthen-
er. A **Stomach Reviver**. It is the great cure for **Nervous Exhaustion**,
Lassitude, **Weakness**, Loss of **Appetite**, and **General Debility**;
also, for all **Nerve Pains**, **Neuralgia**, **Gout**, **Rheumatism**, &c.
Phials, 1s 13d, 1s 9d, as 9d, and 4s 6d; by post, one stamp extra.

Genuine only from **M. F. THOMPSON**, The Central Pharmacy, 17 Gordon St., Glasgow. * Beware of all imitations.

ROYALTY THEATRE,

(See and Manager), SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW. (Mr. E. L. KNAPP.

EVERY EVENING AT 7.

FIRST "ROYALTY" GRAND PANTOMINE

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD,

OR, HARLEQUIN BOY BLUE,

LITTLE BO-PEEP,

AND THE BOLD BARON OF GLENVALE.

Scene 1.—DISMAL DEN OF THE WICKED WOLF.

Scene 2.—THE BARONIAL DOMAIN OF GLENVALE.

Procession of Village Children—

The Bad Boy's Diversions—The Festival of Harvest Home.

Scene 3.—THE WOODLAND TRYSTE.

Scene 4.—THE FAIRY AQUARIUM.

Scene 5.—A GLADE IN GLOWWORM GLEN.

CASCADE OF REAL WATER.

GRAND BALLET BY THE FAIRY GLOWWORM.

Principal Danseuse—Mdlle. ADA LAUBANT.

Scene 6.—WITHOUT THE COTTAGE OF LUCKIE MACBLUE.

Scene 7.—WITHIN THE SAME.

The Delicious Tremblings of the Demon.

JIM JAMS—PERSIVANI TROUPE.

Scene 8.—THE GATEWAY OF THE CASTLE OF GLENVALE.

Scene 9.—BANQUETING HALL OF THE SAME.

Entree of the Wedding Guests and Fête.

Scene 10.—THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSE.

Magnificent Procession of the Trades—Address by the Lord Provost.

Scene 11.—AGAIN WITHOUT THE COTTAGE OF LUCKIE

MACBLUE.

Scene 12.—GRAND TRANSFORMATION—
A PARADISE OF BLOSSOMS.

PRICES OF ADMISSION—

Private Boxes, £2 10s; Stalls, 5s; Circle, 5s; Boxes, 3s; Pit Stalls, 2s 6d;
1s 6d; Amphitheatre, 1s; Gallery, 6d. Second Price for Children under Ten—
1s and Circle, 2s 6d; Boxes, 2s; Pit Stalls, 1s 6d; Pit, 1s; Amphitheatre, 6d.
Doors open from 6-30 till 7—Price 6d extra to all parts, except Stalls
and Dress Circle.

Seats can be secured at Messrs. J. Muir Wood & Co.'s, Buchanan Street, from 11
till 4, or at the Theatre from 11 till 3.

COMFORT FOR THE FEET.

INFLAMED TOE JOINTS, CORNS, BUNIONS, &c., quickly
cured with **Thompson's New French Corn Plaster**. It is thin
as silk, and comfortable to the feet. (No Pain.) Packets, 1s. each; by
post, one stamp extra.

THE GAIETY,

General Manager.] SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW. (Mr. T. T. BRINDLEY.

EVERY EVENING.

THE BRILLIANT DRURY LANE PANTOMIME—

BLUE BEARD,

Written by HORACE LENNARD. Produced by AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Esq.

Mr. JOHN WAINRIGHT as *Blue Beard*; Mr. FAWDON VOKES as *Shacabac*; Mr. FRANK
HINDS as *Ibrahim*; Miss LILLIAN FRANCIS as *Selim*; Miss ALICE HAMILTON as
Fatima; Mr. WILLIAM MORGAN as *Sister Anne*; Miss JESSIE MAYLAND as
Silvana.

Mesdames OTWAY, STAPELTON, LINDSAY, T. HEFORTH, C. HEFORTH, HOLLAND,
RHODES, BANCROFT, BAUDRANT, V. BAUDRANT, DARRELL, FRAMPTON, DAVIES,
DUN, &c., &c.

Grand Ballets by Madame Katti Lanner. The Children of the National Training
School for Dancing, in the Doll's Dance. The great little Rowella as the Clown.

Box Office Now Open at Paterson & Son's, Buchanan Street, and at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr. H. CECIL BERYL.

THE MOST POPULAR THEATRE IN THE CITY.

Grand Success of Mr. BERYL'S Fourth South-Side PANTOMIME of

SINBAD THE SAILOR.

EVERY EVENING!

Box Plan at Messrs. R. J. & R. Adams' Music Warehouse, 81 and 83 Buchanan St.

GRAND THEATRE,

COWCADDESS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD, GLASGOW.

Managing Director,.....Mr. THOMAS W. CHARLES.

Brilliant Success of the GRAND PANTOMIME of

CINDERELLA.



BURN'S AL SOAP

ABSOLUTELY

TRADE MARK

LANCEFIELD

GENUINE

GLASGOW

SOAP WORKS

REGISTERED N° 31473

Digitized by Google

MITCHELL'S

FAMED OLD IRISH WHISKY
OBTAINED HIGHEST AWARD AT MELBOURNE EXHIBITION
Principal Agent for Scotland—D. MITCHELL, 167 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

BELFAST

POSSESSING ALL THE PROPERTIES OF THE FINEST ARROWROOT.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

Makes Delicious Puddings, Custards, Blanc-Mange, &c.

The First Manufactured in this Country, and of world-wide reputation for uniformly superior quality

5s. SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF "THE TATLER" 5s. MAGNIFICENT SINGLE STONE PARIS DIAMOND RING

SELECTED PARIS BRILLIANT OF EXCEPTIONAL PURITY, HARDNESS, AND LUSTRE.

GUARANTEED EQUAL IN APPEARANCE AND WEAR TO AN 18-CARAT GOLD-MOUNTED BRILLIANT RING, COSTING 25 GUINEAS, and to which it bears so perfect a resemblance that experts have frequently been deceived. The stone is of medium size, and of such hardness that it will stand the ordinary test of a diamond. IT WILL CUT GLASS! It is of the first water, and can be worn by any one, lady or gentleman, however fastidious in such matters, without fear of detection. The mount is of gold-cased alloy (a trade secret), so beautifully finished, and of such similarity to bright 18-carat gold that it is PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE to determine that it is other than the genuine metal it is intended to represent, and its durability is such that no matter how dirty it may become, its original appearance can always be restored by wiping with a soft leather, and this after any amount of wear. Size of finger obtained by cutting hole in card.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY.

"Dear Sir,—We have pleasure in submitting to you a special offer relating to the above descriptive advertisement. During the next few days, with a view to your further kind patronage, we agree to supply one of the rings therein mentioned, as a sample, in exchange for the Coupon and the nominal sum of Two Shillings (2s.) as a contribution towards expenses. Delivered free on receipt of Coupon, with stamps or Money Order. The ring is everything that is claimed for it; its 'appearance' is undistinguishable from *genuine*, and its wear is guaranteed *satisfactory*. The numerous testimonials we have received, *all entirely unsolicited*, and speaking highly in their praise, warrant our assertion that they only require to be better known to obtain a very wide popularity and deserved success, and with this idea we make the enclosed offer. We can only supply one ring in exchange for the Coupon, after which further orders must be accompanied by full ordinary price. At the present time, when the same stones are obtaining almost fictitious amounts, we are confident that our offer will be appreciated. We are not anticipating a profit, our object being to introduce an article that will ensure future patronage and recommendation. We have made these rings our Specialty, and we strongly urge you to take immediate advantage of this offer.—Waiting your reply, we are, yours truly,

Kilburn, London, N.W.

"DOREY, LESTER, & CO."

No. _____

KILBURN, N.W.

London.

Available until

January 31, 1884

Messrs Dorey Lester and Company
This Coupon certifies that the holder is entitled to
One Single Stone Paris Diamond Ring
in payment of the sum stated at foot
£ 2 0
Dorey Lester & Co

"THE TATLER."

NOTE.—This offer being intended solely for the holders of Coupons, it is necessary that the Coupons shall be returned, and before the date named, otherwise it will be void.
DIRECTIONS.—Cut out this Coupon, write your name and address across the middle, and return it to us before January 31, 1884, accompanied by 2s. in Stamps or Money Order.

DOREY, LESTER & CO. 115, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.

ASK FOR **Cadbury's Cocoa**

Makers
to the Queen
By Appointment.

Cadbury's Cocoa Essence

Guaranteed
Absolutely
Pure.

THE **TATLER** 1^D
A ONCE A WEEK JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1884.



PEARS'

(TRANSPARENT)

NEEDHAM'S POLISHING PASTE.



JOSEPH PICKERING, SHEFFIELD.

(SOLD EVERYWHERE)

SOAP.

ONE PENNY.

LONDON OFFICE: 84 Fleet Street (next door to PUNCH Office), and all Railway Bookstalls.



IRISH not only EXCEL
FOREIGN LINENS as "DAY-
LIGHT DOTH A LAMP," but are
CHEAPER—ROBINSON and

CLEAVER, Belfast, Manufacturers by Special Appoint-
ments to Her Majesty the Queen and H. I. and R. H.
the Crown Princess of Germany, send Price Lists and
Samples of any of their following Specialities, post free.



IRISH LINEN COL-
LARS and CUFFS.—COLLARS
Ladies' and Children's three-fold, 3s 6d
per doz. Gentlemen's four-fold, 4s 11d
to 5s 11d per doz. CUFFS—For Ladies, Gentlemen,
and Children, 5s 11d to 10s 9d per doz. "Their Irish
Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of
excellence and cheapness."—*Court Circular*.

to 5s 11d per doz. CUFFS—For Ladies, Gentlemen,
and Children, 5s 11d to 10s 9d per doz. "Their Irish
Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of
excellence and cheapness."—*Court Circular*.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S IRISH SPECIALITIES. Address--BELFAST.

Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET-

HANDKERCHIEFS, Hemmed for Use.
All Pure Flax. "The Cambrics of Robinson
and Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—*The*
Queen. Per doz: Children's, 1s. 10½d.; Ladies',
2s. 11d.; Gentlemen's, 3s. 11d. Hemstitched
—Ladies', 5s. 11d.; Gent.'s 7s. 9d.

IRISH LINENS—REAL

IRISH LINEN SHEETING, fully
bleached, 2 yards wide, 1s. 11d. per yard;
2½ yards wide, 2s. 4½d. per yard (the most
durable article made, and far superior to any
foreign manufactured goods). Roller Towel-
ling, 18 inches wide, 3½d. per yard. Surplice
Linen, 8½d. per yard. Linen Dusters, 3s. 3d.;
Glass Cloths, 4s. 6d. der dozen. Fine
Linens and Linen Diaper, 10d. per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE

LINEN.—FISH NAPKINS, 2s. 11d.
per dozen; Dinner Napkins, 5s. 6d. per
dozen. Table Cloths, 2 yards square,
2s. 11½d.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5s. 11d. each;
Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each; Strong
Huckaback Towels, 4s. 6d. per dozen.
Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials,
&c., woven and embroidered.

IRISH MADE SHIRTS.—

Best quality LONG-CLOTH BODIES
with four-fold all-linen fronts and cuffs,
3s. 6d. the half dozen (to measure, 2s.
extra). New designs in our special Un-
shrinkable Flannels for the Season.

IRISH LINEN UNDER-

CLOTHING.—CHEMISES, Trimm'd
Embroidery, 5s. 6d.; Night-Dresses, 8s. 6d.;
Combinations, 6s. 11d.; Baby Linen. Dres-
Materials. Flannels, Blankets, Hosiery,
Gloves, Under-vests, Pants, Calicoes; also
Lace and Linen Curtains, and Lace Goods
of every description.

IRISH LACE.—COLLARS, SETS,

and Trimming Laces, in Crotchet, Guipure,
Appliqué, Point, and Limerick, at Lowest Wholesale
Prices.

IRISH EMBROIDERY.—Ladies

should write for our New Illustrated Sheets.
Real Irish and Madeira Embroidery; also Machine
Work. All buttoned edges, on best cloth, from 2½d.
per yard.

SHETLAND WOOL SHAWLS.—

"THE MARVEL." White, two yards square,
post free, 1s. 8d. Pale-Blue, Black, Cardinal, Pink
or Grey, 1s. 10d. Write for Illustrated Sheet.

IRISH LINENS, &c.—ROBINSON

and CLEAVER, Belfast, SEND SAMPLES
and PRICE LISTS of the above, Post Free. Goods
shipped to any part of the world.

THE TATLER:

A ONCE-A-WEEK JOURNAL.

NO. 21.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1884.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED.

Region of life and light !
Land of good whose earthly toils are o'er !
Nor frost nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore !

There, without crook or sling,
Walks the Good Shepherd ; blossoms white and red
Round His meek temples cling ;
And, to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath His eye is fed.

He guides, and near Him they
Follow delighted, for He makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow,
Deathless, and gather'd but again to grow.

He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long-sought Good.
And fountains of delight ;
And where His feet have stood
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

And when in the mid skies,
The climbing sun has reach'd his highest bound,
Reposing as he lies,
With all his flock around,
He witches the still air with numerous sound.

From his sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,
A wandering breath of that high melody,
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transform'd and swallow'd up, oh love ! in thee.

Ah ! then my soul should know,
Beloved ! where thou liest at noon of day,
And from this place of woe
Released, should take its way
To mingle with thy flock and never stray.

—William Cullen Bryant.

WIFE-BEATING.

It is a saddening reflection that of late, and throughout the festive season, the offence of wife-beating has been very conspicuous in the newspaper and police reports. Such a phenomenon is distressing as a social symptom, showing, as it does, a callousness of feeling and a blindness to obligations that can never be for the moral improvement of the community. It may be said that this kind of offence is confined to a very low stratum of society, and that the educated or the well-to-do are free from it. We are not so sure about this. It is true that the educated man may not blacken his wife's eye, or jump upon her body; and when he does, the woman rather suffers in silence than making a row about it, and calling in the police. She is restrained by a moral sense from which her brutal husband is free, and "for the children's sake" she hides from public gaze the shameful skeleton that exists at home. Actual cases of gross physical cruelty are thus unknown, or even non-existent. But we have a theory that the moral strength of the people is, like a chain, only as strong as at its weakest part; and that what comes out of a coal-heaver in kicking with heavy boots is showing itself in more subtle, and, perhaps, even more cruel, forms in a better class of society. Is it not the case that many suffering women at this hour say to themselves, or even to their husbands, "Oh if he would only strike me, rather than this torture?" In this respect education, as in other walks, only makes cleverer devil; and as the highwayman of old becomes the embezzler of our day, so the strain of coarseness in man that makes low fellows use pokers or heavy boots to chastise their wives, induces the more cruel villain who can devise more galling mental torture to do so.

It must be confessed that, while cruelty to any one is an evil passion, and to strike a woman is cowardly in the extreme, the offence is worse when the victim is the person whom a man has vowed solemnly to love, cherish, and protect. "With all my worldly goods, I, thee, and thou" was the form of obligation heard by a curate in the black country not long ago; and the ignorant people who thus make the marriage service a bit of *munbo jumbo*, cannot have a very clear idea of what it means. Yet the most brutalised man knows that the law has put a "weaker vessel" into his hands, with tremendous powers and privileges over her, and so much the more should even such a man feel what he owes to his wife. We do not suppose, as some do,

The high-school girl severely reprimanded her brother yesterday for using the phrase "not to be sneezed at." She says he ought to say, "occasioning no sternutatory convulsions."

that giving a woman votes would cure this evil, but the cat would be a terror to evil-doers of that kind. If every wife-torturer could have his back welted by a cat-o'-nine-tails, that might impress the marriage obligation on his mind. It is one of the difficulties of the case that many crimes of the kind are never heard of. Wives do not complain in many cases, and in all the neighbours are loth to interfere, partly because of the risk of the "redding stroke," and partly from a feeling of sympathy with the right of a man thrashing his own missus. As *Punch* sang many years ago—

"The neighbours never stirred,
For the beating of my own wife
Was all the sound they heard."

JOURNAL OF A YANKEE GIRL: A NAWTY-BIOGRAPHY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

THER's a noo man cum'd to Noo York, the possul of the lily and the sunflour. His mother's a lady, so sum fokes takes him seryus. His name's Oscar Wild, sum sez, an' sum sez it's Sharlatan, as is a girl's name. He's an awful sel. Mrs. Talboys, as draws that lovely you can tel wich is cows an' wich is fokes evry time, an' wich is rite side up 'thout her saying 1 wurd, sez he's allus taukin' 'bout art, an' art, an' doesn't kno no more 'bout it nor a white-washer. The art he knos most 'bout is fixin' hisself to luke pritty, an' he don't kno an awful hepe 'bout that, cos he makes a guy of hisself evry time. He thinks he's cum 'mong savidges an' kno nuthins, so he wants evrybuddy clos cut 2 his pattern, as is rediklus. Wot he sez is jes so. Wot ennybuddy else sez don't 'mount to chuks. He's 'bout's full of himself as an egg's full of meat, an' he's a suffrabel puppi. Nobuddy's house is gude enuff for him. The cullurs is paneful, an' the ornymments wuss nor nuthin'. Mrs. Talboys sez that may be his idea of wots asthetik, but 'tain't manners. An' he ain't much of a 'posle, cos sumbuddy she knos sez "He never heerd in his'n life that the 'posles rig'd out in ther swaller-tailed cotes." Mr. Spiers, as had cum'd to see how we was gettin' along, an' uncle an' me saw Oskur at a parti. He's pritty long, an' he ain't spri. He's 'bout's limp as a wet kloth. Ther ain't no more gumshun in him nor in a yung calf. He lols around same's his hed an' fete an' arms an' lims belonged to different fokes. He's suthin' like Laffyet in Yunyun Skware, an' Laffyet's 'bout half a French dansin' master, an' half aktur in comedy. He wares long hare like a girl, same's the jurnal man. I gess he'd make a pritty nice gurl. He lukes soft like sum of 'em, an' he likes havin' pettycotes around him, Mr. Spiers sez. He wares pants as only cums 2 his nees, an' b'low that he has stokkins an' patent leather pumps. An' he wares lase round his nek, an' down his buzum, an' round his rists, 'bout as much as a girl wares on a dress. I

thawt his legs luk'd like my noo aunt's, but he skwurmed sum wen the pin as I tried 'em with got in a gude dele, an' nokt ovur a bottel of wine, an' 'most jump't ovur his chare bak. Mr. Spiers sed it was asthetik gimnastiks, but evrybuddy was laffin' so I didn't say nuthin'. Bimeby I wanted to ask him sutthin', so I sez—

"You're an Englishman, bean't you?"

"I hav that honor."

"An' do all Englishmen dress same's you do?"

"No, my dere yung lady, they don't; but they will wen they bekum eddykated enuff to stingwish 'tween wots joyus an' graceful, an' wots ugli an' destructive of the floin' outlines of the human figger."

"D'ye think your outline is floin'?"

"Evry pussons is. They cannot help it, you kno. They can only hide it."

"So Englishman ain't all guys?"

"Guys! Do you think I'm 1?"

"That's 'bout it, I rekkon. That's wot more fokeses think. But say, wot's yer name, anyway?"

"Oskur Wild, to be sure. Evrybuddy knos my name."

"Mebbe; but I ain't evrybuddy, an' I wasn't sure. I heerd it was suthin' else."

"Wot did you here it was? Cum now."

"Charlatan."

"But that's either a girl's name or a mis'ble joke."

"An' ain't you a gude dele of a girl?"

"Ah! that's a lovely compliment cumin' from sich a pritty littel girl. I must rite an' tel my muther 'bout that."

"An' 'bout them pattys, ain't that so?"

"Wot pattys. I ain't bin etin' no pattys, an' don't kno wot you mene."

"O them oistur pattys. You kno ther's a oister-man down the sitty as makes oister pattys, an' has rit in his winder Oskur sez these pattys air 2 2 utterly oisterful. Ain't that so?"

"No, my dere, I nevvur saw either the man or his pattys."

"Then it's a lie."

"Evry wurd of it. I'll tel you how 'tis. Ther's sum fokes here as don't understand me an' my mishun. So they tries to laff at me. My mishun is to teche men to luv the bootiful. Now a patty ain't noways bootiful, an' konsikwentli it lies outside the pale of my observashun."

"That's so sumtimes; but its bootiful wen yer hungri."

"No, its nevvur bootiful. Booty appeles to the sole of man, pattys to his stumak; an' the hunger of the stumak ain't to be mix'd with the hunger of the sole, an' its dyvine thirst for booty."

"Will you let me rite that down? I kepes a jurnal, an' I wants to put it in."

"Surtinly, rite all I say. I'm glad to find a dysipul in 1 so yung."

"Taukin' 'bout dysipels, Are you a 'posle?"

"A mishunary rather, spredin' the gospel of the bootiful."

"But mishunarys is pure, ain't they, 'cep wen they gets a gude chance to nok down at an agency job?"

"O, I'm not 1 of those men. My mishun don't lede me to swindel the pure Injuns out of ther flour an' bakun an' befe. My mishun is to egsalt mankind by fillin' ther harts with luv, an' ther lives with booty."

"An' hav you allus got to ware that yuniformal?"

"It's not a purfeshunal dress, my dere. Its the result of my personal choyce of pryvate habillyment. It helps me, cos it shos men I act upon my ideas."

"An' d'ye like bein' a but an' a guy? Is that pursonal choyce 2?"

"There are men who laff at evrythin'. Nuthins 2 solum for a joke. They even laff at 'ligun."

"That's so. An' is it troo yer gwine to kepe up the joke allus for evvur an' evvur, amen?"

"I sed wen that kwestyun was askt me afore that it warn't no joke. It's my life."

"That's funny. You ain't goin' to kepe on warin' short pants wen yer dun groin', are you?"

"Dun groin'! I'm dun groin' now. I mene to ware wot you calls short pants jes as long as I live."

"An' go maskeradin' to yer grave?"

"Who told you that?"

"O, it was sumbuddy. I ain't goin to tel. I gets into trubbel evry time I tels things. Maskeradin' menes warin' quere clos."

"Well, I'm not maskeradin'. I wares clos as I thinks evry man shood ware."

"An' wot did you fele like wen all them stoodents cum'd marchin' into the hall at Boston, with short pants an' stokkins, an' with sunflowers and lily in ther cotes?"

"I felt hi'ly complymented. I thawt they show'd grate gude sense an' a fine konsiderashun."

"Why, they was a-laffin' at you."

"It nevvur struck me in that lite afore."

"You takes jokes awful seryus, don't you think? You ain't very smart wen fun's goin' on. I gess you shood liv here awhile an' get britened up. Will yer muther let you?"

He loked a kind o' quere. I thawt he was goin' to cry. So I askt him—

"'Bout them miners as you saw. D'ye think ther dress was that luvly?"

"O yes, very. It was picturesk, cumf'ble, an' graceful."

"An' wen you said tuther nite that you made 'em promiz to ware it wen they'd made ther fortunes an' cum'd east; an' you think enny of 'em wood?"

"P'raps they mite."

"D'ye think a man in a slouch hat an' short clos and hi boots wood luke nice here to-nite?"

"He wood look well anywhere, but——"

"Then why don't you ware 'em?"

"Wel, I was jes goin' to say that they kompose a

praktikal kostume sootable for workin' in the mines; but they wood hardli be in keepin' with the more refined surroundins of a Noo York drawin'-rume."

"Then wot did ye want to make 'em promiz to ware 'em wen they cum'd east for? D'ye kno wot a pikaninny is?"

"No."

"Don't you? Its same's a papoose; only a papoose is a littel Injun, an' a pikaninny's a littel nigger; an' Mr. Spiers sez if he wanted to pik-a ninny he'd pik you."

He jes sed, "Oh!" an' went away, an' sed to uncle my hed was a hepe older nor the rest of me.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

As I rose from the stone on which I had been seated, my eyes encountered something which made me start, and nearly drop my bicycle. There, not forty yards off, was a tiger. I knew the animal well enough, but how different he looked from the lean, half-starved little beast I had seen at home. He had just come into the open space from a dense jungle brake, and sat there washing his face, and purring in a contented way like a huge cat. Was I frightened? Not an atom. I had my bicycle and a start of forty yards, so if I could not beat him, it was a pity. He had not seen me yet, and I stood for another minute admiring the handsome creature, and then quietly mounted. The tiger was directly on my right, while the road stretched straight away in front of me. The noise I made roused him; he looked up, and after deliberately stretching himself, came leaping with long graceful bounds over the rank grass and rock which separated him from the road. He did not look a bit angry, but evidently wished to get a nearer view of such an extraordinary object. Forty yards, however, I thought was quite near enough for safety. The tiger was on the road behind me now, so I pulled myself together and began to quicken pace. Would he stop disgusted after the first hundred yards, and give up the chase, or would he stick to it? I quite hoped he would follow me, and already pictured in my mind the graphic description I would write home of my race with a tiger. Little did I think what a terrible race it was going to be. I looked behind me; by Jove, he was "sticking to it," I could not judge the distance, but at any rate, I was no further from him than when he started. Now for a spurt; I rode the next half-mile as hard as I could, but on again looking round, found I had not gained a yard. The tiger was on my track, moving with a long, swinging trot, and going quite as quick as I was. For the first time I began to feel anxious, and thought uneasily of the ten long miles which separated me from safety.

However, it was no good thinking now, it was my muscle and iron steed against the brute; I could only do my best and trust in Providence.

Now there was no doubt about the tiger's intentions; his blood was up, and on he came, occasionally giving vent to a roar which seemed to make the ground tremble. Another mile had been traversed, and the tiger was slowly but surely closing up. I dashed my pouch to the ground, hoping it would stop him for a few seconds, but he kept steadily on, and I felt then it was grim earnest. I calculated we must be about seven miles from camp now, and before I could ride another four, my pursuer, I knew, must

reach me. Oh! the agony of those minutes, which seemed to me like long hours. Another mile passed, then another; I could hear him behind me now—pad—pad—pad—quicker and quicker, louder and louder. I turned in my saddle for a moment, and saw there was not twenty yards separating us. How enormous the brute looked, and how terrible! His huge tongue hung out, and the only sound he made was a continuous hoarse growl of rage, while his eyes seemed literally to flash fire. It was like some awful nightmare, and with a shudder I bent down over the handles and flew on. As I now sit quietly in my chair writing, I find it hard to analyse the crowd of memories that were rushing through my brain during that fearful ride. I saw long-forgotten events, in which I had taken part, rise up distinctly before me; and while every muscle was racked with my terrible exertion, my mind was quite clear, and my life seemed to pass before me like one long panorama. On, on; the slightest slip, I knew, would be fatal; a sudden jolt, a screw giving way, and I should be hurled to instant death. Human strength would not stand much more; the prolonged strain had told on me, and I felt it would soon be all over. My breath came in thick sobs, a mist gathered before my eyes, I was stopping, my legs refused to move, and a thousand friends seemed to be flitting about me holding me back—back; a weight like lead was on my chest, I was choking, I was dying. A few moments, which seemed like a lifetime, and the crash—with a roar like thunder the tiger was on me, and I was crushed to the ground. I remember no more. It afterwards appeared that two of the officers had been walking out from the camp with their guns, for any chance game. While walking along they had seen me coming towards them, with the tiger close behind me. They then crouched down behind a small clump of jungle, and just as the tiger had sprung on me, they fired together, and shot him dead.

A GIPSY'S TRICK.

THERE is at the present time a butcher belonging to the commune of Montrouge, near Paris, who would very much like to have a five minutes' talk with a certain wandering gipsy, with whom he concluded a bargain the other day, much to his own disadvantage. The latter with a band of Bohemians had encamped for the night on a plot of waste ground near Montrouge. Early on the following morning the butcher passed by and was accosted by one of the men, who offered to sell him a sheep for twenty francs. The price was declared too high; eighteen francs were offered and refused; after which the butcher went on his way. The moment his back was turned, the gipsy took the sheep out of the sack in which he had placed it, put a little boy into it in its stead, and running after the butcher, called out—

"Make it twenty francs, and the sack is yours into the bargain."

This time consent was given, the money paid and the sack carried away. On reaching home the purchaser opened it, only to catch a glimpse of a diminutive urchin, who took to his heels with the bag before the other had recovered from his amazement. As a matter of course, he lodged a complaint with the police, but when the spot where he had met the gipsies was visited, there was no sign of them left, nor have they since been heard of.

A joint affair with but a single party to it—Rheumatism.

THE TATLER AT THE FIRESIDE.

IN the festive season just gone, I read a great deal of newspaper matter, telling us how Christmas and New-Year were passed in various places. None of them struck me so much as the report from a little village in the South, where the penny-a-liner said—"Much private charity was indulged in." This called up at once Portia's "twice-blessed" character of mercy; and unusual as the phrase seemed to be, it indicates a good condition of mind in the village community. A good deal of private charity was "indulged in." Remember that, my readers, who may be wondering whether they can afford this or that gift to some needy or deserving person.

At this point my friend the *Spectator* popped in, and he had in his hands a New-Year's card, on which was inscribed, in words professing to be in the Scots tongue—

"A GUID NEW YEAR TAE ANE AN' A'."

With the sentiment we both cordially agreed, but one word made my feelings very acute. *Spectator*, as you know, is an Englishman, and knows no better, and no doubt he bought the card (in Liverpool he got it) believing it was "guid braid Scots." But the "tae" is hopelessly coarse, vulgar, and incorrect. The "Scots," I know, is the Scots of Sir Walter, and Burns, and Ferguson, a refined dialect, the possessor of which is bi-lingual, for he can express himself in both Scots and English. If the word "to" is to be rendered into the Scots tongue, it must be by its pronunciation and not by its spelling. The sound is not expressed by "o," but still less by "ae," and it lies half-way between the French "u" sound heard in "guid," and a subtle "a" sound, for which our alphabet has no representative.

"By-the-by, *Tatler*," said Mr. *Spectator*, at the same time, "when do you mean to take advantage of the new train to our place?"

"My dear *Spectator*," I replied, "I wish you would not use that most objectionable expression."

My friend stared, for he was ignorant in what way he had offended good taste.

"For many years I have had a great objection to that phrase 'take advantage of.' In my opinion, to take advantage means to obtain some undue benefit. You take up a position in front, a point of vantage, to which you are not entitled. If a man gives a concert, and a large audience assemble, you are told in newspaper English, that many persons took 'advantage of' the occasion. Now, if they got in without paying, then they took an advantage; but if each person paid for his ticket, it was a fair exchange, 'grippy for grippy,' and there was no advantage taken.

"You may say that a large audience came together, or that many persons travelled by such a train, but do not, in ordinary common sense, use that horrid phrase."

Spectator had no time to do more than begin a new subject, when I again went on with my tirade against newspaper English.

"What does this reporter mean," I asked, "by saying that in the collision two carriages were made into match-wood?"

"'Tis a matter of fact, the match makers only purchase the best wood and in the best condition, for the purposes of their trade, and the attempt of the reporters to convince people that splinters and wreck will do for that trade, is wholly absurd.

"For a soldier, you want a man in his prime of strength and vigour, and free from physical defects.

"Suppose that in the next railway accident six men should have a leg or an arm broken, and the newspapers were to inform the public that a number of men were 'knocked into recruits,' people would at once know, of course, that having broken legs and arms, they were exactly what is desired to make soldiers of.

"This illustration should 'make matchwood' of the expression objected to, and reporters are hereby warned off the premises."

Spectator had been all this time only an auditor, and he was dying to tell me of something so very funny he had seen on the streets.

He said that he had been standing in a shelter during a great pressure of traffic on the streets, and there seemed little possibility of anyone getting across to the pavement. From one side there came a constant accession of people, for the up traffic was lighter till the shelter got inconveniently full. There was no policeman there to secure a passage, and at last three strong-minded women, each with a big gingham, resolved to storm the road. Rapidly opening up their three green umbrellas with a snap that sent the nearest horse back on his haunches, they boldly adventured into the road, opening and shutting their weapons of offence as they went. The drivers were convulsed with laughter, and despite the pressure from behind, the cabs, waggons, and omnibuses stood still, while "go it, old ladies," was shouted by some of the 'bus men. The whole party, including Mr. *Spectator*, escaped by the passage so valorously won by the Amazons.

A REMARKABLE SHEBEENER.

W. L. ROSEKRANS, of Albany, while on a trip during the past week, performed the remarkable feat of being in three counties at one time. He sat on a stone in Fulton County and rested his right foot in Saratoga County and left foot in Montgomery County.—*Albany Times*.

Remarkable as the above may seem, a feat still more remarkable can be performed by any person who will take the trouble to ascend the mountain which separates the towns of Pownal, Vermont, and Petersburg in New York State. On top of this mountain there is a stone which marks the spot where the States of Vermont, Massachusetts and New York come together. A person can stand upon the top of the stone with one foot, being not only in three counties at the same time, but in three States as well. During the time when the Prohibition Law was not a dead letter in Vermont and Massachusetts, the people of those States who resided along the York State line were in the habit of crossing over to purchase their alcoholic beverages. An enterprising resident of Petersburg, to meet the wants of his neighbours across the mountains, leased a small strip of ground which cornered at the stone spoken of, and erected a three-cornered shanty thereon, the stone being in the centre of the building. He then put up a bar in the shape of a triangle, one side of which was in Vermont, another in Massachusetts, and the third in the State of New York. To save expense he took out no license, but laid in a good supply of liquors, which he sold by the drink or jugful, according to demand. The fact that he was violating the laws was reported to the authorities in due time, and a constable armed with a warrant and a pair of handcuffs was sent out from Williamstown to arrest him. When the officer arrived at the shanty he found a number of the residents of Massachusetts standing at the bar on their side of the line, treating each other in true Yankee style. The constable stepped up to the bar, and pulling out his legal document,

hurriedly read the contents to the dispenser of corn-juice and added:

"I arrest you in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and by virtue of this warrant."

The bartender, pointing to the corner-stone which stood inside the counter, laughed in the face of the New England peace preserver and replied:

"That's all very fine, old man; but it strikes me that your warrant doesn't reach a man in the State of Vermont, and I call your attention to that official certificate that I'm out of your jurisdiction."

A few days after the bartender received an official visit from a Vermont constable armed with a warrant for his arrest for selling liquor in that State. But the same tactics were employed as on the occasion of the first constable's visit. The two constables not long after the first visit happened to meet, and a plan was agreed upon for the capture of the defiant rum-seller. The Vermont officer appeared at the mountain top in disguise, and remained about the shanty during the forenoon, drinking now and then with those who came in to replenish their jugs. About noon the Massachusetts constable arrived, and proceeded to again read his warrant and reach over the bar for his man. The latter stepped into the Vermont corner of his domicile and just as he did so he was seized by the constable from that State, but while the latter was pulling out his warrant and handcuffs the New Yorker broke away from him and got over into the State of New York, where he was beyond the jurisdiction of both. After a time, however, it came to the knowledge of the authorities on that side of the line that the man was selling liquor without a license, and a warrant was obtained for his arrest for violating the laws of the great Empire State. When the Petersburg constable appeared upon the scene, he found that the man had removed his stock to the Vermont side of his house and was retailing drinks to the State of Massachusetts. Of course the officer was powerless to go across the line to arrest him, and he again escaped. The affair was the talk of the country for miles around, but finally the officers of the three States moved upon the shanty at one and the same time, and the defiant rum-seller was now in hot water. He carried out the "joke" to the end, however, for getting on top of the stone which stands partly in the three States, he shouted: "Come on and divide me into three parts, but I'll make it hot for him that takes the two-thirds of me that don't belong to him!" He had, however, taken too large a quantity of his own medicine to enable him to preserve his equilibrium on the top of the stone, and while still defying the constables he fell off and rolled over into the State of Massachusetts, where he was secured by the officer from that State and taken to Williamstown in triumph. The other two constables concluded that the liquor was partly in the State of Vermont and partly in the State of New York, and they made an equal division, each confiscating one-half of the stock in trade.

A soldier about to be sent on an expedition, said to the officer directing the draft, "Sir, I cannot go, because I—I—stutter." "Stutter!" says the officer, "you don't go to talk, but to fight." "Ay, but they'll p-p-put me on guard, and a man may go h-h-half a mile before I can say 'Wh-wh-wo goes there?'" "Oh, that is no objection, for there will be another sentry placed along with you, and he can challenge if you can fire." "Well, b-b-but I may be taken and run through before I can cry Qu-qu-quarter!"

LITTLE BELL AND HER BIRTHDAY GIFT.

CHAPTER II.—*Concluded.*

Six months passed by; no answer had come to Bell's letter. Patiently she had waited day after day, then she gave up hopes.

"He has forgotten papa and me," she said, and busied herself with the child.

Miss Dalton had strongly advised his removal to the seclusion of the work-house. "He may come of thieves' parentage," she said, in horror-stricken accents; but Bell was not to be turned from her ownership.

Chloe's motherly love waxed stronger as he thrived under her care; now his merry laugh rang out clear and sweet when her yellow bandanna loomed near to him. He was a chubby-cheeked, dainty boy, his round limbs wonderfully changed from the day Bell took him from the basket, half frightened at his wizened appearance. No clue had been traced to those who had deserted him so mercilessly; baby's birth was shrouded in a mystery he knew little about and cared less for.

The summer flowers were full of fragrance. Bell possessed no garden, but she had window sills, and on these she had placed boxes where mignonette, geraniums, and lovelies flourished. A small watering-can was in one hand, with the other she detached dead leaves, and was so busily employed she gave no heed to the ringing of the door bell, or to theappings on the panels of her own room, until Chloe touched her on the shoulder.

"Chile, honey, here's de visy-tore we fought was de-funct."

Bell turned hastily, and confronted an elderly man who introduced himself as General Oldfield. Down went the watering-can, and stretching out both hands, her face lighted with a thousand smiles of welcome, she advanced to him. He drew her gravely to his side—kissing her.

"Little Bell, I am so sorry your letter did not reach me before. I only had it yesterday."

"I wrote it six months ago."

"I have been out of England, and my servants did not forward all my letters. Yours was among those they kept at home for me."

He was a tall, square-shouldered man, with iron-grey hair, and eyes so bright, his men declared them to be twin meteors. To all the world he might be stern; to Little Bell, the orphan child of his dead brother-in-arms, he had never been aught but gentleness personified.

"And you remember me?" he questioned, smilingly laying aside the curls creeping over her white forehead.

"Ah! I shall never forget you. I used, in the old Indian days, to hear you shout to your men, looking fierce and determined until you turned to me. Then, even papa was not more tender to me than were you."

An expression, half wistful, half sad, stole over the rugged features.

"Ah, Little Bell," he exclaimed, "men are not always what they appear to their kind."

She did not fully understand him.

"Come and see my waif," she said brightly, and took baby from Chloe's arms, and tossed him high for the General's observance.

"Whose child is it?" he questioned.

Bell laughed unconstrainedly.

"I don't know, and we never could find out. I hope his people never will come to claim him. You are all mine now, baby boy; all mine, are you not?"

"Little Bell, tell me all the particulars."

Then softly she told him what she knew; how in the December month, and on her birthday, mammy had found a basket on the doorstep containing the nude and chilled babe; how it had been taken in, was warmed and fed by them; and how it ultimately thrived, and was as bonnie a bairn as ever gladdened the heart of natural parent.

General Oldfield listened with an earnestness his narrator never guessed. Buried in a fauteuil in his own drawing-room, he dreamed of how, in the Christmas-tide, a comrade had come with haggard-drawn face, crying aloud, in the bitterness of his spirit, "We have lost him—lost him, our only son." Major Cannon had had occasion to punish one of his soldiers; the man vowed vengeance. Major Cannon made light of the threat, as one would of the spitting of a cub. But his revenge showed a bad heart. The little son was cunningly stolen from his loving home, and his mother was broken-hearted for his loss. As the General dreamed, he saw, in the light of prophecy, the possibility that the child Bell was rearing was the stolen infant. What more likely thing than the thieves would strip it of its costly robes, and leave it where they cared not. Through the long night, smoking countless pipes, the General thought. Early in the morning, he was travelling to the north. His journey was a fruitless one—the Cannons had gone to India.

"I won't be premature," said the cautious veteran; "I'll watch Little Bell." And as he kept his watch, the conviction grew daily upon him that the child indeed belonged to his old friend.

He found them, and then wrote in such fashion to the Major that the next mail brought the intelligence that the happy hope could *not* be kept from the mother, and that they would return to England without delay.

"I must prepare *her*," said the General; "as yet she guesses nothing."

Gently as he broached the subject, little Bell, with rapid intuition, divined his intention.

"Some one is coming to claim my baby," she said, with a sob in her voice.

The child crept close to her: his wee fat fingers stroked her cheeks.

"I cannot give you up," she cried tearfully, "I cannot give you up; not now, baby dear, not now!"

"What fur yer gwine cry, honey luff," ejaculated Chloe, wrathfully glancing at the General; "gwine ter make my Little Bell sad, yer'd better make yersel scarce, Massa—golly scarce, in dese yer parts."

He turned from her to contemplate her mistress. Little Bell, with a new-born sadness in her mien, was also regarding him. He went to the window where her flowers bloomed, thinking how much fairer was she than they, even in their glory.

Christmas bells were reverberating in the frosty air. "Happy Christmas" sounded everywhere. Old Chloe stood looking down on Bell as she tossed the merry child; both had crimsoned cheeks, both were laughing in the sweet clear intonation denoting almost perfect happiness.

"Wall, yer's spruce de boff ob yer fur Kusmas day; de Lord abuf keep yer boff; like yer look, my honey chile."

A shadow fell over the doorway. Simultaneously they glanced upwards. A woman with clasped hands and white strained face was held in a tight embrace by one whose eagle eyes were watching beyond her to a small form in a girlish lap. Behind the twain gleamed a quiet kindly countenance. The true mother's heart would not be still. She broke from her husband's keeping and passed into the room.

Little Bell saw, wonderingly, a lady in clouds of furry garments kneel at her feet, not so much as glancing at herself, but, with hungry orbs, devouring the laughing, chubby babe, as he cradled fearlessly to her breast. "My little one! my own child! my boy! my pretty boy!!" she exclaimed; and though Little Bell would fain have kept him, she was lifted from her arms, and taken to another's shelter. It was hard, after the months of love, the tender care which had nourished the fading life, to find him *gone*. Little Bell laid her head on Chloe's ample shoulder and let the pearly tears fall fast.

General Oldfield came forward.

"Have you nothing to say to *her*," he asked the happy parents. And for a moment the mother left her infant in his father's arms and kissed the girl on either cheek, blessing her for her pity and mercy. "God do to yours and you as you have done to mine and me," she said, and Bell was satisfied to lose the child.

"Will you come to me?" queried a low voice. Little Bell nodded her head, and followed General Oldfield into a smaller and quieter chamber. He took her two hands in his: "Look straight in my face and tell me what you read there."

"I see in your eyes, as windows to a kind soul, my best friend written."

"Nothing better than friend?"

"What can be better?" she asked him.

"Love," he whispered; "love, Little Bell; true love for you. Will you come and gladden an old man's heart with the beauty and witchery of your presence, or know you not yet the full significance of what love means?"

"Oh, I know what love means," she replied softly, "and I will come to you and be your child wife."

Tenderly he gathered her to his great heart, and there she found her resting-place.

"Wall, I'se gwine fur to fine I'se dun fur now," Chloe declared; and Miss Thomas wiped a stray tear with the corner of her handkerchief when she heard the news, but Little Bell laughed.

"Nay, nay," said she; "you both are coming to live with us, and we are going to be happy ever after!" And it all happened because Little Bell refused not her birthday gift.

A CONQUERED SQUATTER.

A WELL-KNOWN engineer, while engaged in the survey of a railroad line through a wild and sparsely-inhabited part of Arkansas, left the camp one day to make, as he termed it, a social call on the natives. He suddenly ran upon a small "clearing," near the centre of which stood an unpretentious habitation of "daub" and log. A raw-boned man emerged from a patch of yellow-bladed corn, and exclaimed—

"Hello thar!"

"Good morning," said the engineer, advancing. "As I happen to be transacting peripatetic business through your community, I thought I'd call around and see you."

The squatter looked at the engineer critically for a moment, and replied—

"I had 'lowed ter keep the peace as I was boun' over by the Simmon boys, but I reckon I'll have to break over, fur I don't see no other chance."

"I don't understand you."

"I reckon not, but turn about is fair play, fur I don't understan' you. Ef my boys wuster hear you, they'd be

wild afore night, an' we'd hafter blow the ho'n when we wanted to see 'em. 'Peripatetic,' and he began to roll up his sleeves.

"I meant no insult by the word, sir, and used it thoughtlessly."

"Yas, I reckon so, but it wont do to let a feller go on that way."

"What do you intend to do?"

"Fight yer."

"What for?"

"Partly because I don't like your shape, partly 'case you come aroun' here like a travellin' school-house, and partly becace I want ter keep my han' in. I ain't had no jenny-wine exercise sence I jined the church an' laid by co'n."

"Well, if you must fight, I am with you. Come on."

The two men "pranced" around each other for a few moments and began pugilistic dodges and devices. The squatter possessed the old time knock-down theory, from which the science of boxing evolved, but the engineer was a man with all the modern appliances.

About the first thing the squatter realized after the engagement opened was a sudden jar, a giddiness about the head, and a fall without having made any special selection as to the place. He quickly regained his feet, but as quickly went down again.

"Hole on," he said. "Ain't thar some mistake here?"

"I don't know," replied the engineer. "Look around, and if you discover an error, we'll endeavour to correct it."

The squatter approached again, but was again knocked down.

"Say, blamed if things ain't gittin' sorter tiresome ter me."

"You'd better rest awhile."

"Look here, ain't yer one o' them fellers what they read about?"

"Well, not particularly."

"I b'lieve yer air. Come in the house," and they entered the cabin. "Wife, this is the boss. Sot down, sah. Come here, Tildy, an' see the cap'n. Whar's the boys? Out, yer say? Wall, they're missin' a treat. Look un'er the house, Moll, an' see ef some o' the boys ain't thar. Capt., here's some red lickin'. Hep yersef."

A FRENCH FINANCIER.

"So you love my daughter, eh?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"And you have money to support her in good style?"

"I have 120,000 francs in bank and an income of 20,000 francs per year."

"Money in bank! Ah, I see you are no financier; you should have invested in bonds and doubled your interest. For instance, I have securities paying ten per cent."

The young man hurried off to get his cash and buy bonds of his father-in-law. After he had departed, Lucy enters the library and asks—

"Father, did William ask your consent?"

"He did, dear."

"And you said yes?"

"No, darling; he has no wealth to give you station."

"But he has 120,000 francs."

"Oh no; I just raked that in for bonds that wont be worth a sous on the franc six months hence. I love you too well to see you marry a poor man, and have to live in sixth-storey rooms."

THE UNCOMMITTED CRIME.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By THEODORE ALFRED CROFT.

CHAPTER XIII.

MY FLIGHT.

Like a guilty thing,
Yet pure at heart and destitute of guilt.
Oh! cruel fate, o'erclouding thus my name
With brand-like jail-bird's, while to me
A jail-bird's heart is strange.

Hence
From love, and life, and hope why must I fly?
The Reprobate's Warning.

THE weather was mild, and most part of my first night's walk was under the rays of a brilliant moon. At the town I reached about breakfast time, I had no hesitation in presenting myself at the little inn, and having breakfast, as it lay about ten miles off the mail coach road, and it was not uncommon for people, leaving the coach at a halting place reached in the early morning, to walk the ten miles and put up for an hour or two at this inn. All I had to observe was to leave the town in such a direction that, in the day-time, I might not seem to be other than what I pretended, while a cross road soon brought me back to that southern direction in which I had resolved to travel.

My first concern was about money. Of what I had gathered only five pounds were in gold or silver, and changing a one pound note at this place made the sum six. At Carlisle I might get another note changed, making seven in all at my command, for I could not risk the discovery which the act of carrying one pound notes from Scotland across the border might occasion. There might even be at Carlisle, before I reached there, a hue and cry against me, and, in my strange alternation of feeling, I had hoped I might be caught, while yet determined to make every effort to avoid capture.

It may be asked, why did I run off at all, being innocent? The resolution was the result of a hasty conclusion that that unhappy ring would certainly condemn me. There was the chance of Caroline recalling the circumstances I have described, and of her declaring that the ring was not amongst the jewellery stolen. But even the officers of justice might suspect her testimony, seeing the relation we were believed to stand in, and I could not bear that she should come under such a thought. What might become of my sister and of my business I hardly dared to conjecture. The business was quite clear financially, and could doubtless be sold, if, indeed, the lawyers could determine whose it was. But the result as regards Agnes and the shop belongs to another chapter.

Meanwhile, having got a good night's rest in the house of a hospitable cottar, my second day's walk found me nearing Carlisle, which I reached on the evening of the third day. It was dusk when I entered the town, and my first errand was to buy a common cloth cap, to substitute the "Glengary bonnet" in which I had left home. This I got at a small shop off the Botchergate, and then in English Street I bought a light overcoat, at both places changing, without suspicion, one of my one pound notes. This left me with seven notes which I determined to send in a letter to Agnes. Putting them inside a cover, and paying the heavy charge then made on letters that were not "single," I sent them to my sister, enclosing only a

slip of paper on which I wrote, in trembling characters, "not guilty—oh, not guilty." After I had posted the letter I walked across the bridge to Stanwix, and while on the bridge, threw my Scottish cap into the river—an act which, as will be seen hereafter, seemed to solve some problems at home.

Timing myself by the arrival of the mail coach from the north, I went to a small hotel not far from the top of English Street, and there took a bed and some supper. There were no Scottish travellers there that night, although one or two from the south were in the common room with me. From a newspaper published in Carlisle that morning, I found that the robbery of the jewels and my arrest and discharge were described, but the news of my flight had not apparently reached the place, and I felt free from suspicion for another day or two. My companions in the hotel were burly Cumberlanders, and from them I picked up—without seeming to pick up anything—a few hints that were of value when I left the hotel next morning and took my seat on the outside of the mail coach. The traffic was light at the time, and no one asked me whether I was going all the way to London or only to the next village. To the guard who took my money I confided my intention of going to a village about eight miles out, my ostensible destination being Armathwaite in the Eden valley.

The next two or three days found me trudging, wearily enough sometimes, through Cumberland and Westmoreland, my act of walking into England from Scotland seeming to excite no surprise, and my story of being a poor clerk in search of a situation being implicitly believed by the few to whom it proved necessary to explain anything. I was able to time my journey pretty well, so as always to have a decent village to stay in, and before a week was over my beard had grown, and had so changed my aspect that I even felt confidence in escaping suspicion of being the fugitive Stephen Gilmore. My proposal was to assume the name of Samuel Gibson, the preservation of the same initials not appearing to be of much consequence, while it would prevent the possible awkwardness I foresaw if at any time I should begin to sign my name wrong. In part of the journey I had the company of a rough Cumberland tyke in a primeval cart, and enjoyed, even in my still unsubdued conflict of emotions, the series of glorious days spent in traversing the wilds of this mountainous district. It was a great advantage to get a lift for so many miles of mountain and moorland; and my companion, although a man of no education, knew the country thoroughly. After passing Kirkby Stephen I went by a hill road, and put up one night at a humble roadside inn, the "Moorcock," which for many years served as a place of refreshment in this wild region. The inn stood at the head of three valleys. Wensleydale going eastward toward Hawes, Garsdale running westerly to Sedburgh, and Mallerstang, through which we had come part of the way from Kirkby Stephen.

This was a rough place, yet the rough people were honest and kindly. The host came to my rescue when one of the more inquisitive Yorkshiremen, who had come across the hills, wanted to put me under cross-questioning, and in his big mouthful of Westmoreland words told them that if the Scot did not want to give them all his history it was no business of theirs, and that his rule was to ask no questions of men who had money to pay their score. My journey over Wharfedale was done on foot, my former companion having gone in another direction with his old-fashioned cart, and as I descended that hill, and saw before me the splendid panorama of scenery

there opened up, I almost forgot my position as a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth, and rejoiced in the opportunity opened up to me to see the world. Such is the perversity of the human mind.

It is needless to detail my adventures. Within three weeks I had reached the city of Chester, and found employment in a stationer's shop in one of the "rows" of that quaint old city. What I did know of the trade I had ingeniously put forward, and what I did not know I strove to pick up. Mr. Manders asked me one or two questions as to whose shop I had been last in, and I named those two wholesale shops in our own chief city which, *literally*, I had been last in when in town making purchases. For six months I served Mr. Manders for a small pittance, out of which I saved something to add to the eight half-sovereigns I still carried. In the meantime I used what little time I had to spare in making inquiry, and hearing of a fine paper work, about twenty miles from Chester, I took means to ascertain whether a machineman was wanted, and, quietly working out the necessary warning to the stationer, I went off to the mill, and resumed my old occupation. It gave me better pay, and the little store of money might grow more rapidly.

It will be believed how I yearned for news from home, yet I could not muster courage to write to say where I was. I had behaved cruelly, thoughtlessly, in running away. Of that I was now convinced, but it was too late to be remedied. And so my heart-hunger died gradually down, although it never died wholly away, and it was some years after till I discovered that my sacrifice had been needless. But this was only when a story came out of which, at the time of which I now write, no one had the slightest suspicion. And it remained true that, had I stayed at home until Jael made her disclosure, I would certainly have been accused, perhaps convicted, of the crime of which I was absolutely innocent.

(To be continued).

ANOTHER FAILURE.

FIFTEEN or twenty years ago there was no man in Wisconsin whose name was more familiar, or whose presence created a pleasanter feeling among a company than the name or presence of S. Park Coon. A few days since the gentleman died penniless in a Milwaukee hospital, and was buried by friends who had known him all these years, who respected him when he was at the top of the ladder, and who pitied him when at the bottom. He had been Attorney-General of the State when a young man, and contracted convivial habits which caused him to be the wrong man at the head of a regiment, which was soon discovered when he was placed at the head of a thousand brave Wisconsin soldiers. He was a man good at heart, a man of ability, a man loved best by those who knew him best, but the fatal defect was his entering the lists to wrestle a catch-as-catch-can match with whisky, a trial which ultimately beats every man who tries it. When the writer first saw S. Park Coon he was the orator at a political meeting, had been met at the depot by a band, wore a slouch hat, and was admired by five thousand people as a thoroughbred. He could talk splendidly, had been a colonel, and his cordial greeting on being introduced to a stranger captured the stranger at once. Though he went to bed with his boots on that night, and got up the next morning with his hair pullings to take the

train, his getting full was looked upon as an eccentricity of genius; boys talked about it and said, "Well, he's a daisy, anyway," and they forgot his eloquence of the evening before in admiration at his don't-care-a-darnativeness as he took the train that morning, knowing that every man, woman and child in the country village knew he had been full as a goose the night before. There was an independent air about him that boys could not help admiring, and we wish the boys who put their hats on one side and winked at each other at the country depot that morning, and admired the orator, could know how the poor man turned out. All who stay by whisky are as liable, and more so, to die in a hospital, than S. Park Coon was fifteen years ago. It always seems hard to speak of men's mistakes when they are dead, but if more good can be done by speaking of them than was ever done by the man when living, it seems as though we should not shrink from speaking. No harm can be done to the deceased, and no more chagrin can be felt by the relatives than has been felt for many years; so while admonishing young men to beware of the fate that befel our friend who is dead, we shall not forget the kind heart the man always carried when alive. No matter how great, or brainy, or educated a man may be, if he ties his cart to the rum locomotive, he will have his cart tipped over, and the greater the man in his profession the worse his example is to the boys. A boy who has read, and heard his father talk of the greatness of a statesman, and who would give more to see the statesman than he would to see a circus, is injured more by seeing that statesman drunk than he would be in any other way. He is more liable to imitate the drunkenness of the man, because he sees people laugh at that, while they take his oratory without a smile. The greatest orator that Illinois ever produced, who is now dead, did more harm once to young men by appearing before an audience in a presidential campaign in a state of intoxication than he could do good in a lifetime. There is something about whisky that catches the best of them, and the largest-brained man in the State or country is about as liable to be captured by a lariat rope around his appetite as the narrowest-headed creature. Boys are great imitators, and if they learn that their favourite lawyer, doctor, merchant, or editor get too full for utterance, and they see them courted and petted, the boys think there must be a heap of fun in it. But there is not, boys. What you think is fun is often slavery of the worst kind. You ask an honest man, who is so addicted to drink that it is noticeable to all, if he would advise you to follow in the same course, and he will tell you for God's sake and your mother's sake never to touch a drop of the poison. But talk as we may, and with examples before us every day of the brightest men murdered by indulgence in whisky, men will go right along down hill, each year a little nearer the bottom, until finally the bottom flies up and hits them a death blow. Some of the brightest men in the country are going the same way, their friends know it, and their families grieve over it, and at times the victims think about it, when such a case as the above is brought to their minds, but they don't stop. As Josh Billings has said, "When a man gets to going down hill, all Hades seems greased for the occasion." We have no doubt that if the honest sentiments of the man who was laid at rest, a few days since, from the hospital, could be known, the advice he would give would make the hair stand on the head of many an able man of his profession, as well as other professions of educated men, and certainly his advice to boys would be, "Never look at the stuff."—*American Paper.*

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

IN the present day, a man may have reasonable hope that his body will be allowed to rest quietly in its appointed grave. But it was not so formerly; and men who would scarcely like to be considered more than middle-aged can recall the days when the *Resurgam Homos*, as they styled themselves, or Body-snatchers and Resurrectionists, as they were called by the outer world, carried on a flourishing trade.

In the ancient practice of surgery, anatomy was little regarded, and the corpses of murderers and other criminals afforded a sufficient supply of "subjects" for the few students who held that examination of the dead human body was absolutely necessary; but toward the close of the eighteenth century, the progress of surgical science on the Continent, and the discoveries of John Hunter in England, caused men to turn their attention more and more to the study of nature; hence arose an increased demand for subjects, and the resurrectionists came forward to meet it.

The graveyards in the more outlying parts of the cities were their usual haunts, and from these, in spite of every precaution, they carried off bodies innumerable. In many instances, the gravediggers, sextons, and persons appointed to take care of the burial-grounds, were in the pay of the body-snatchers, and would leave their gates unlocked, and turn their backs when the deed was being accomplished.

So little confidence did the public have in these official guardians, that in many instances the friends of the deceased person were wont to keep watch, night after night, by the side of the grave, until such time had elapsed as to render the body no longer fit for the purposes of the surgeon. Even their kindly vigilance was too often baffled. A very short period of inattention was sufficient for the resurrectionists, whose boast it was that they could remove a body from a grave of the ordinary depth in forty-five minutes. They never removed the whole of the earth from the grave, but simply dug a hole at the head of the coffin, until it was bared to view. Inserting a peculiarly shaped crowbar between the lid and the coffin, they prized up the lid, which generally broke in two from the superincumbent weight of earth. The body was then drawn out, stripped of its clothing, and carried away in a sack. The body-snatchers were most particular in replacing every article of clothing in the grave, and merely carried off the naked corpse. The reason for this was, that body-snatching was by the law merely a misdemeanour; but taking the clothing was felony, and would have subjected them to transportation. They were extremely careful, also, to replace everything in the grave in the same order as they had found it.

The friends of the departed were in the habit of putting private marks on the grave, to discover whether it had been desecrated; such as a piece of stick, a flower, or an oyster-shell. These were replaced with the most rigorous exactitude; and consequently many a mourning survivor fondly believed that the grave still contained the remains of his beloved one, while in reality it was only tenanted by an empty coffin.

The surgeons were not without their share of risk in these affairs, as they frequently had to take the bodies from the houses of the resurrectionists to the hospital. On one occasion, a student was conveying a subject, carefully packed in a hamper, in a hackney-coach, from one hospital to another. To his surprise and alarm, the coach stopped in front of the police office. The coachman de-

scended from his box, and putting his face in at the window, said in a low but significant tone:

"Sir, my fare to the place you want to go to is £5, unless you wish to be put down here."

The student took the hint, and paid the money.

The leading men among the resurrectionists were wont to strut about the dissecting-rooms, and give themselves no small airs. At the commencement of a certain session, one Murphy, a noted character, presented himself before the house-surgeon. After some unimportant conversation, he said:

"Well, doctor, this season I must have £20 down, and £10 for every 'thing' I bring you."

("Thing" was the cant phrase for "body.")

"Nonsense," replied the surgeon; "'tis downright extortion. I shall employ some one else."

"Very well, sir," said Murphy, turning on his heel; "but you won't be able to do without us."

The event proved that Murphy was right. The new men were either bribed off by the old gang, or else were exposed and detected by the police; so the doctors, in despair, were obliged to re-employ Mr. Murphy.

Here is a genuine extract from a diary kept by one of this gentleman's fraternity:

Dec. 24th, 1811.—At 12 midnight, party went to—got three small. Came back, and got two large—. Came home, then settled at Ben's. Each man's share, £10. *Friday, 27th*—Went to look out. Came home; met Ben and Dan. Went to Harp's; got one large; took it to Jack's house. Jack, Bill, and Tom met with us, getting drunk. *Saturday, 28th, 4 a.m.*—Whole party to Guy's and St. Thomas's crib; got six; took them to St. Thomas's; packed up three for—; took one over to Guy's.

The two kings of this unhallowed craft—for it was in but a few hands—were the above-mentioned Murphy and one Patrick. The following story is told of the latter, as a specimen of his untiring activity.

He was one day strolling about a country village, with nothing particular to do, when he heard that a female body, supposed to be that of a pauper from the work-house, had been found in the canal, and was then lying in the stable of an adjoining public-house. Having always an eye to business, he entered the public-house, called for a glass of ale, and entered into conversation with the stable-boy, who remarked:

"Catch me sitting up with another dead body."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Patrick.

"Because, last time, the parish officer gave me next to nothing for my trouble."

Patrick chuckled inwardly, and apparently out of pure absence of mind, began playing with the lock of the stable door. He presently left, and went straight up to the city. He returned the same night with a trusty friend and a bunch of keys.

Next morning, a jury of twelve honest fellows was impanelled by the coroner, and with him went to view the body.

The boy led the way into the stable; a cloth which covered some object in an empty stall was removed, and disclosed to the eyes of the astonished jury a truss of straw. On another occasion, a footman, who was acquainted with Patrick, informed him that his master was dead, and that he thought something could be done with the body. Patrick declined to have anything to do with the affair until the coffin was screwed down, which was accordingly done on Saturday night, the funeral being ordered for the following day. The footman and Patrick then removed the body, placed it in the garden, and filled

up the coffin with earth. Patrick actually attended the funeral, and afterwards stated that he could not help smiling when the clergyman alluded to "our dear departed brother."

A number of persons who died in the metropolitan workhouses had no relations or friends near at hand, and Mr. Patrick took advantage of this circumstance to assume a variety of disguises, and boldly claim the bodies of the deceased. He was aided in this scheme by one Conchman, a strong, broad-shouldered fellow, who was employed by Patrick to carry the subjects to the hospitals. This system had been carried on at the workhouse with great success for some time, when Murphy, the rival monarch of the *Resurgam Homos*, grew jealous of Patrick's prosperity. By plying Conchman with drink, he wormed out the secret from him, and advised him to inform the Board of Guardians of the affair, as they would reward him handsomely. Conchman accordingly turned traitor, and Patrick was arrested by the police, but eventually discharged for want of sufficient evidence.

On another occasion, Murphy and Patrick were working amicably together as partners in a most lucrative undertaking. There was a private burial-ground belonging to two old women, who resided in a cottage hard by. They employed one Whackett as grave-digger and watchman. Messrs. Murphy and Patrick concluded an arrangement with this man, by which the graveyard was placed at their disposal. Whackett used to leave the gate unbolted, provided them with a private key, and even made secret marks on such graves as he deemed it advisable to rifle, for the purpose of guiding them in their nightly rambles. Unfortunately, however, two rival resurrectionists, named Vaughan and Hollis, got scent of the affair, and calling one day upon Whackett, threatened to expose him unless he gave them a share in the job. Whackett made no reply, but crossing immediately over to a public-house which was full of labourers, shouted out to the assembled company:

"Do you see those two men? They are body-snatchers, and have come to bribe me to let them rob the graveyard."

The labourers, excited to fury by these words, rushed out, and chased Hollis and Vaughan for their lives. The baffled scoundrels, in revenge, went to a magistrate, and told him that if he examined the burial-ground at Holywell, he would find the graves, in numerous instances, despoiled of their dead. The rumour spread, crowds of people assembled, the graves were opened, and found tenantless. The mob were enraged beyond measure: they gutted Whackett's house completely, dragged his wife and children through a horsepond, and seizing Whackett, attempted to bury him alive. The miserable wretch was half suffocated when he was rescued by the constables. Even the two old proprietresses, who were totally innocent of the whole affair, had their windows broken.

The difference between the business of a circus advance agent and a druggist seems to be this: the first spends much of his time in the posting of his bills; the latter in boasting of his pills.

◆ ◆ ◆

Dr. Brown courted a lady unsuccessfully for many years, during which time he every day drank her health; but being observed at last to omit the custom, a gentleman said, "Come, doctor, your old toast." "Excuse me," said he, "as I cannot make her Brown, I'll toast her no longer."

IN JUDGE LYNCH'S HANDS.

A FRONTIER LYNCHING SCENE VIVIDLY DESCRIBED.

DID you ever see a lynching? A genuine Joaquin Miller sensation, stripped of its unreal mountains, impossible trees and unimaginable rocks, and done out in the bare browns and reds of a sullen spring morning in the barren, desolate gorges of the Rockies? Just follow the crowd as it gathers at the Post Office, and at last, in silence and seriousness, moves slowly over the hill to the jail. Everybody knows there is death in the air.

The "solid citizens" stand at the doors of their respective saloons and see the "mob" go by, a mob in which are their sons and brothers. A drunken Justice of the Peace, old 'Squire O'Mara, who tried to kill himself last week, braces blearily up in a doorway, and calmly, even smilingly, regards the men who are about to take the law into their own hands. They mount the hill and surround the palisades which fence in the pen where three murderers and many thieves and "bums" are confined.

One corner of the jail is honoured by a double row of slabs along its sides, and around this corner cluster most of the men, according to their preconceived plan, while the ringleaders go around to the wicket to interview Jailer Fish. They know the answer they will get, for Jim Fish is true as steel, and tells them they'll get his prisoners after they've gotten the best of him, and not before. It's a dangerous game, but the *vigilantes* play to win at all hazards. Convinced of the firmness of Fish's purpose, they leave him, gather once more around "Murderer's Corner," and in a moment the crackling of tiny, creeping flames is heard, heavy smoke stifles the wretched prisoners, and their cries and shouts form a terrible accompaniment for the short, sharp blows of deftly-wielded axes cutting into Jim Murphy's cell.

In ten minutes he is out writhing, terror-stricken in the grasp of a half dozen men, some of whom, possibly, asked him only last week for a "job." The jailor is forced to busy himself in releasing his other prisoners, and has no time to check the mob even if he could. But can this wretched, dwarfed, carrot-haired, sandy-bearded and altogether villainous-looking ruffian be the dapper, black-browed gambler, whose broadcloth was wont to be no blacker and smoother than his own locks? The transformation has indeed come, and the king of Secret Gulch stands revealed as the tramp who killed the Frenchman on Cut-Throat Flat.

How curiously the boys stare at him as they hurry him along to the old shaft on the hill where once stood the windlass and hoist of the Mory Mine, out of which Jim Murphy swindled the widow of its discoverer. The splendid new works yonder cannot help their miserable owner now, for it is at the mouth of the deserted shaft that he meets his fate. The windlass chain still holds the bucket over the sullen water forty feet below, and a 200-pound weight is easily and quickly slipped into the bucket without Murphy's seeing it.

"Have you got anything to say before you die?" says Big Bill, and for a moment all is silence. The murderer's coat, hat and boots have been stripped from him for the first time since he went to prison, three weeks ago. His small, greenish eyes look eagerly about for a chance to escape, but two six-shooters stare him in the face. He vents a volley of oaths and imprecations, but begs no mercy, makes no denial. "Jim Murphy, alias California Roddy," says Big Bill, "the *vigilantes* of Secret Gulch condemn you to instant death. You know why, and it's no use to

take up time telling you." Half a dozen hands bind the still struggling wretch to the bucket, in which he is forcibly seated. Years ago he went down this shaft at night, secretly, when it belonged to John Rowand's widow, to see what it had at the bottom; and the next day he bought its riches from the widow for a song. Now he is to go down it again, in broad daylight, but never to come back.

The chain is wound up, and now, over the yawning shaft and its black bottom of water, hangs the wretch, between earth and heaven, an object to gods and men. At a signal the handles of the windlass are released from the hands that hold them, and, with the rapidity of lightning, the bucket, with its shrieking human freight, shoots downward to the very bottom, striking the water with a loud splash, but never staying its headlong course until the very bed-rock below is reached.

After ten minutes the dripping, distorted, slimy body is hoisted to the surface and the remainder of the *vigilantes'* sentence carried out. The remains of the gambler king of Secret Gulch, at this writing, hang from the big telegraph pole in the Placer Mines. Nobody is likely to cut it down soon, for on his breast is pinned a notice, which reads—

"To all the thugs, thieves, cut-throats, horse-thieves, and disreputable loafers of Secret Gulch:—You are hereby given six hours to leave the camp, and warned by the example of Jim Murphy. We mean business, and shall execute the commands of 3-7-77."

Six hours have elapsed since the posting of this notice, which now adorns the church door and the saloon screen alike. The trails down the gulches and southward to Idaho are already lined with swift fleeing-men, some of whom have diamonds and broadcloth, but no hats.

THE GHOSTLY EARL.

WHILST on a journey last year, I picked up the acquaintance of a fellow-traveller, a young solicitor. In the course of his conversation, he told me he was going to Scotland to try to trace out the claims a young man affirmed he had to some property belonging to the late Duke of Z—, in Ireland. In reply to my question, "How came the young man to claim it?" he told me that one morning, Mr. C—, a client, came into his office, and, calling him into an adjoining room, began the following narrative.

"Three months ago, being in Ireland, on a walking tour, I came to a small hotel which originally formed part of an old castle belonging to the Earls of K—. All the beds were taken except a small room, known as the 'haunted room,' of such bad repute that no one would sleep in it. The idea of walking six miles to the next town late at night, I did not relish, and I decided to remain and sleep in the so-called 'haunted room,' thinking an encounter with ghosts better than the walk. Having refreshed myself, I called the waiter, and requested him to show me my room. I followed him up some winding stairs, to a large room, hung with very fine family portraits and with tapestry. 'Tis twenty-five years since anyone has slept in this room, and the last gentleman was found dead in the morning,' said my guide. 'Oh, I am not afraid,' I answered; 'Call me in the morning; good night.' Promising to do so, the waiter left the room, and left me to my cogitations and any possible ghosts. Sitting down on the bed, I leisurely began to undress, gazing awhile

at the family portraits hanging on the wall. 'Found dead in the morning,' I muttered to myself, 'what a fine prospect!' One portrait attracted me, that of an old, venerable-looking nobleman, dressed in the style of the seventeenth century, under which was written, 'James, tenth and last Earl of K—, murdered 1692.' I examined the tapestry and other paintings, and having finished my survey, I got into bed, leaving the candle burning, but still my eyes seemed fixed on the picture, and still gazing on it, I fell asleep.

"I could not have slept more than two hours, e'er I awoke with an idea that some one was in the room; and, as if by instinct, I looked towards the picture. Something hid it from me. It was no dream—no fancy, but reality. There, between me and the picture, was the figure of the Earl himself, dressed as in the picture in every respect, but his throat was bleeding, and in his hand he held a knife. I was speechless, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, drops of perspiration stood on my brow, and I stared at the figure of the Earl. Slowly raising the knife, he addressed me,—'I am the tenth Earl of K—, I was murdered by a villain who wished to gain my estates.' Seeing I did not intend to answer, with a strange look, he continued, pointing across the bed, 'There is my murderer!' By instinct, as it were, I gazed in the direction indicated, and there I saw the figure of a young man, standing looking at me, with almost a demoniacal grin on his face. 'He murdered me, and carried my infant heir to England, hoping to gain the estates,' continued the Earl; 'but he was drowned, and my mother's descendants have grown up and passed away without claiming the estates. Once in twelve years I am allowed to visit this land, in the hopes that I may meet some of my descendants; to-night I am successful—you are my heir!' 'I am?' I stammered. 'Yes, you; contest it, and you will be successful.' His sentence was broken off at this moment, for I became unconscious, and was found so in the morning."

"And so this young man thinks he is the rightful heir," I said, laughing. "He does," replied the solicitor; "'tis a strange story." "Some dream or madman's story," I exclaimed. "I should think so, but I shall know soon," replied my friend.

A few months afterwards, I had occasion to visit Bedlam, and there I found the young man—a raging maniac.

After all, what is more harrowing to the sole than a peg in one's boot?

♦ ♦ ♦

Entertaining knowledge—Learning the cost of a heavy feed.

♦ ♦ ♦

Once on a time a Scotch pedestrian was attacked by three thieves. He defended himself well, but was overcome, when the thieves found out that he only owned the small sum of sixpence. "The devil's in the fellow," said one, "to fight thus for sixpence; if he'd had a shilling he'd have killed us all."

♦ ♦ ♦

SERVANT-GAL-ISM.—"Mr. Jones," said a clergyman, on a pastoral visit, "I don't see you and Mrs. Jones at church on Sunday evenings." "Well, no," replied Mr. Jones: my wife has to stay at home to take care of the children, and as it comes rather hard on her, I stay to keep her company." "Why, how is that; don't you keep any servants?" "Oh, yes, we keep two; but they don't allow us any privileges."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE YEAR'S ART. By Marcus B. Huish, and D. C. Thomson. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington. 1884.)

THE compilers of this most valuable handbook have unexampled facilities for such a work, the first-named being editor of the *Art Journal*, and his coadjutor being known as the biographer of Bewick, and, as we understand, one of the literary staff of the *Art Journal*. The importance of art becomes greater each year, and this book seems of equal value to every class in the community. The rich man who can afford to buy pictures here gets information of every Exhibition, and the address of every artist in the country. The artist himself learns where and when to send his work, and what encouragement in state aid or private endowment he may hope to enjoy while his powers are maturing. But to a still larger class, the men and women who wish to add artistic merit to their handicrafts, or who seek for artistic education for its own sake, here find everything on the subject that they can desire. A copy should certainly be in every popular library and reading-room. In the present issue, the fifth, there is added a new feature, in a large number of reproductions, minute but clear, of the principal paintings, water-colour drawings, engravings, and the works of art produced during the year. The volume thus promises to become a permanent record as well as an annual handbook, and as such will be not less interesting a century hence than it is useful now.

STRAWBERRY HILL. By Clara Vance. (Edinburgh: James Gemmell. 1884.)

ANY one who purchases this book under the impression that it treats of Horace Walpole, will be as much disappointed as the Shropshire farmer who bought "Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls," or the flock-master who read "Ruskin on the Construction of Sheep-folds." This is an American story, and Strawberry Hill is a poverty-struck and crime-haunted village, where the people of the story find their mission in doing good. Viewed critically, the second half of the story is better written and better constructed than the first. Somehow the good folk are just righteous over much, and the bad folk are over much wicked, so that it is evident the authoress had not Solomon's warning in her eye when she drew her characters. The volume forms one of the "Anchor Series," a collection of well-printed, nicely got up books, including such well-known works as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the *Prince of the House of David*, &c. They form a remarkably cheap series of books of a serious and improving kind.

THE PINK OF POLITENESS.—A man who enjoys a high reputation for courtesy to all with whom he comes in contact, quite outdid himself in politeness a few days ago. While walking by the side of a river, he was startled by a horse popping its head over the hedge. Supposing, in his confusion, that the head belonged to some person to whom honour was due, he gracefully raised his hat with a genial "good morning, sir," but instantly discovering his mistake, he turned quickly round, and, anxious to save even a horse the slightest embarrassment, exclaimed, "Beg pardon, sir."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NELLY BLY (Sunderland).—We have not heard of such a law. Many persons think breach of promise actions should not be allowed, and we agree so far—the reporting of them should not be allowed.

ARTHUR, J. B.—We cannot advise on legal subjects, but should not suppose that your claims would be good under the Employers' Liability Act. Consult a solicitor.

COMPETITION WALLAH.—Sorry we cannot oblige.

DUNCAN GRAY (City Road).—It is a fact, complimentary or the reverse, just as you think, that *The Tatler* is next door to *Punch*.

KOSMOS (Bath).—Yes, some spell it with a "k," and so they do *Kikero* of course, though we hardly recognise our old friend Cicero in that guise.

ENQUIRER (Liverpool).—Your name is legion, and a better *nom de plume* should be adopted. As to your questions, get the early numbers (they can be obtained through any agent) and judge for yourself. We will send you the numbers on receipt of stamps for the amount and postage.

YOUTHFUL ANNIE.—*Trench on the Study of Words* is a valuable book, which we commend to your notice. *The Queen's English* is a stupid phrase but handy, and of course it gave the opportunity for a rhyming title in reply, *The Dean's English*.

DIRTY BOY.—Pears' Soap is of world-wide use. Try it, and perhaps you won't be a dirty boy any more.

Q. Q. (Manchester).—The ship canal mania may be carried too far. See *A Book about Travelling*, published by Nimmo.

CONSTANT READER (Edinburgh).—It is a fair attempt to live on merit without adventitious aid of great names. The public must decide, and against that there is no appeal.

NEVERMORE.—There is a great deal of meaning in applying the term *Salle des pas perdu* to the hall in which members of the bar promenade when waiting on the Courts. There is a very fine hall with that name in Rouen. The Parliament House in Edinburgh is never called a Hall of Lost Footsteps, but it is used for like purpose. It has a fine timber roof, and many good statues and pictures.

WILD FOWL SHOOTING.

AN old writer says:—"Cold and bleak as the weather must be for good sport, the enthusiastic wildfowler, fully prepared, dreads it not, but with spirit rising with the occasion sallies forth, well knowing that 'Unwearied patience, persevering toil, alone can crown the fowler's eager hopes, whate'er the season or whate'er the sport.' Nevertheless the man should be an animal 'of large comprehension, looking before and after.' The young sportsman who does not take all proper precautions is simply a simpleton. Warm clothing, aye, and good living, are indispensable to him who goes wildfowl shooting; and above all things he should keep his feet and body dry, especially from the ill effects of fresh water. A self-indulgent man can never be a duck-shooter, for it is necessary that he should be on his ground, or fen, or ooze, as it may be, at earliest dawn, at eve, or at night, as occasion may demand." This is true of most employments—health, industry, foresight, all contribute to success.

A medical student, who put in the session on the eighth floor of an Edinburgh lodging-house, truthfully insisted that his time had been passed at a "mountin' resort."

Everybody knows that carts are inanimate, yet who has not seen a cart follow a horse? Jones thinks perhaps it is because they are attached to each other.

The other day two ladies were driving down Piccadilly. Suddenly said one, "Oh, how unfortunate! I came out on purpose to go to Miss—— about my new dress, and I must not, for I got this bonnet elsewhere." "Never mind," said her friend, "she'll think you got it in Par——," but the name of the great millinery capital refused to pass her lips when she looked at the wonderful headgear. It showed every sign of home manipulation.

Commencing with Puzzles in last week's issue, we propose making our solution competitions monthly instead of quarterly. A prize volume will, therefore, be awarded to the sender of the best set of solutions to riddles inserted in this column during the month of January.

(First Premium, 6s. Vol.)

The trophies of her former years
She still reviews with pride and tears—
In youth they were a snare;
The golden gifts and diamond rings,
And letters like the gushing springs,
Are well kept in my care.

The horticulturist plies his trade
With knife and hoe, and with the spade,
And raises flowers rare;
Renews with sand the walks between,
And trains the rows of evergreen;
I circumscribe each square.

The stage—a world in miniature,
Where virtue, avarice, motives pure
Are shown—a transient view ;
A motley audience crowds each space,
High and low, and middling place ;
I'm honoured by a few.

Graceful form, and garments new
Not always are an index true,
Of honour, love, sincere ;
He spoke in accents low and sweet,
And, knowing that he was deceit,
He gave me to his ear.

EDWIN ELLIS.

(Second Premium, 3s. Vol.)

In a neatly-order'd garden sat my charming Jane and I,
The many-coloured flowers bloomed beneath the azure sky ;
Her pretty hand I held in mine, 'twas injured by my *first*,
It came soon after Adam fell, the day the earth was cursed.

I took her to the "outcast" side of our metropolis,
Her spirit grieved for human-kind bereft of earthly bliss--
For those within my *second*, full of filth, and sin, and shame ;
Her tears fell freely as she asked, " For *all this* who's to blame ? "

"Tis sad to think that all this woe with carelessness is viewed—
The "Priest and Levite *passes by*," but do me little good;
When you have found my riddle out, as I've no doubt you can,
Relieve my *whole*, and prove yourself a "Good Samaritan."

T. M'HAFEEY.

On a visit one day to a neat little cot,
Where a friend was laid up very ill,
Though 'tis years now since then, I have never forgot
What within me he tried to instil.
Called forth to his bed where the wasted form lay,
He began in a sorrowful tone,
"You see, now, dear youth, though it grieves me to say,
What a life *lost* in follies hath done.

"I was *first* just like you, but a few years ago,
But where, now, alas! is that health?
It has gone, and why not (don't we reap as we sow)?
And with it, too, the bulk of my wealth.
"What belongs me on earth I commit to your care,
And this is the wish of my soul;
That when death draweth nigh you'll can freely declare,
I go hence from a life truly *whole*."

JOHN ALCORN.

The morning of life is the time for to *me*,
Then the mind is most pliant and easy to guide ;
Curtail, an unfortunate king you will see,
Whom ingratitude drove to roam far and wide.

Again, and reveal a large expanse of land,
Whereon cattle graze so peaceful and free ;
With the lucid description you have at command,
You should name me at once without hope of fee.

Wm. MOUNTFORD.

My *first* instead of doctor
Is very often seen ;
My *second* is a liquor,
And often used I ween.
The curse of this our nation,
It surely is my *whole* ;
For it has ruined many a home,
And also many a soul.

I. CHALMERS.

My first is in fowl, but not in hen,
My next is in ink, but not in pen ;
My third is in loaves, but not in bread ;
My fourth is in tin, but not in lead ;
My fifth is in hand, but not in arm ;
My sixth is in plough, but not in farm ;
My seventh is in stool, but not in chair ;
My eighth is in two, but not in pair ;
My ninth is in flour, but not in mill ;
My tenth is in pint, but not in gill ;
My last is in quiet, but not in still ;
When you this puzzle have come to know,
There is one who travelled long ago.

G. HILL

My *first* is most bitter, and foul to the taste.
Of time busy *last* makes but very small waste ;
Our brave *total* army, when led to the field,
Go to conquer or die, but never to yield.

WM. MOUNTFORD.

1. In bygone years my birth was hailed with pride
By all the Christian nations far and wide ;
For by its advent freedom held the sway,
And truth alone more beheld the light of day.
Age after age had passed, and I was sent—
The burning cry before our Parliament ;
In politics I took the foremost place,
And prov'd a blessing to the English race.
2. The foremost of a very useful band,
And centre of privation, understand ;
I go with man across the stormy wave,
And share his death when lower'd to the grave.
3. Some years ago the noted "Grand Old Man"
Was dubb'd a member of this wondrous clan ;
My *whole* by explanation you will see
Is where I hope and trust you'll never be.
- 4.

J. TOMLINSON, JUN.

No. 60.—Peace.
No. 61.—Arthur-Alfred.
No. 62.—Page-ant.
No. 63.—Stour.
No. 64.—Won-der.
No. 65.—The letter S.

G R A N D
R U L I N G
A L I C E
N E C K
D R E S S

No. 68.-- Point of Interrogation.

No. 73.—William Wallace.

Answered by the following:—H. Cooper, Edinburgh; T. M'Hahey, Belfast; R. Irvine, Carlisle; T. Aitken, Catrine; W. C. M'Donald, Aberdeen; J. Chalmers, Glasgow; G. Hill, Rutherglen; E. Ellis, Walsall; J. Alcorn, Galston (solutions to hand); J. Tomlinson, Junr., Skipton; W. Mountford, Burslem; G. J. Bell, South Gasforth (yes, discontinued; shall be glad to hear from you often).

Printed and Published for the Proprietors by MACRONE & Co.,
28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, to whom all Business Communi-
cations must be addressed.—*January 19, 1884.*

T. & H. SMITH'S
ESSENCE OF
COFFEE WITH CHICORY.
Exhilarating and Delicious.

SINCE this Preparation was INTRODUCED by T. & H. SMITH, more than a Dozen Years ago, it has steadily increased in demand for these reasons—

ITS EXCELLENCE OF QUALITY.
ITS SURPASSING ECONOMY.
ITS SAVING OF TIME.
A CUPFUL OR A GALLON AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.
ITS PREVENTION OF WASTE.
IT KEEPS IN ALL CLIMATES.
IT REQUIRES NO COOKING, SIMPLY BOILING WATER.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

T. & H. SMITH & CO.,
EDINBURGH & LONDON.

T. & H. SMITH'S
COFFEE AND MILK,
For the Instantaneous Production of a
DELICIOUS CUP OF COFFEE,
Upon addition solely of Boiling Water.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

T. & H. SMITH & CO.,
EDINBURGH & LONDON.

T. & H. SMITH'S
ESSENCE OF COFFEE
AND
ESSENCE OF COFFEE WITH CHICORY.

CAUTION.

TRADING UPON THE REPUTATION of those our well-known Preparations, certain persons have adopted our peculiarly-shaped Bottle, which was designed and introduced by us, and with which our Essence accordingly became alone identified. The PUBLIC are therefore hereby CAUTIONED to beware of such imitations, and to insist upon being supplied only with such Bottles as bear upon the Label our Registered Trade-Mark—

The Device of a Group of Prize Medals.

T. & H. SMITH & CO.,
EDINBURGH & LONDON.

ADULTERATION ACT,
35 and 36 Vict., C. 74.

T. & H. SMITH & CO. guarantee their ESSENCE of COFFEE to be PURE. The nature of the Preparation requires the presence of a little Pure Sugar, excepting which there is NO ADMIXTURE.

"The Essence of Coffee is very Good, Cheap, and Portable."—
Report of the Jurors, Philadelphia International Exhibition.

EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

"RHI KA TEL"
MUSTARD SEED OIL,
Imported from the E. Indies by R. D. CRUICKSHANK, Indian Produce Merchant, 12 Dixon St., Glasgow.

IN England the curative and other properties of the Oil derived from Mustard Seed have never been duly appreciated, while Mustard, in the form of an adulterated powder, has long been an indispensable requisite in every house, and on every table throughout the known world.

To rely upon an adulterated compound for such purposes as Mustard is commonly used is a mistake; but on account of the large quantity of Oil contained in the Seed, it is necessary, for the prevention of fermentation, that Farina (Potato Flour) be added to absorb the superfluous Oil. It will at once be seen that Mustard, in powder, is not suited for medicinal purposes, on account of the uncertainty of strength in which it is offered to the public.

Mustard Oil, on the contrary, is absolutely pure, and free from all adulterations, being obtained from fresh, ripe Seed, and under the supervision of Her Majesty's Indian Government. It is therefore guaranteed genuine.

In India the use of Mustard Seed Oil dates back almost beyond record, while the demand for it is still on the increase, being used to rub the body as well as in culinary purposes. It is used by the Hindoos principally in cooking vegetables, fish, rice, &c., and has proved all along in their case a notable flesh-forming condiment.

It is an effective remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Headaches, Sprains, Bruises, Chilblains, and Neuralgia.

It is entirely free from all the disadvantages of Mustard in the form of leaves and poultices; always ready for use; is easy of application, and more agreeable and certain in effect than Mustard in any other form.

As an application for Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and all Affections of the Chest, its virtues are truly marvellous; it never fails in giving instant and permanent relief, while the use of it does not entail any risk of getting cold. It does not blister.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

IN Rheumatisms, Gout, or local pains, the Oil ought to be well rubbed into the painful part twice or thrice daily. If the complaint does not give way to the above, a piece of flannel, soaked in the Oil, and applied to the part for 15 or 20 minutes will be found to have the desired effect.

For Sprains, Bruises, Frostbites, Bronchitis, and Whooping Cough rubbing with the Oil will generally be found sufficient, but applications in this way ought to be continued for 10 minutes or so.

In cases of Inflammation in the Lungs, or where a smart irritant is required, the Mustard Oil will be found to be specially suited by soaking a piece of flannel in the Oil, and having applied it to the part, now take another piece of flannel, slightly larger, dip into very hot water, withdraw it and press it almost dry, then, while hot, spread it over the flannel soaked in Oil, and allow both to remain for 15 or 20 minutes.

Should small vesicles, viz., pimples or blisters, be raised, allow these to disappear before renewing the application; by fomenting the part for a few minutes with warm water they will be found to disappear.

"TATLER" COUPON, 1883.



On receipt of this Coupon, accompanied by 13½d. in Postage Stamps, I agree to forward, Carriage Paid, to any address, in the U.K. One Bottle Mustard Oil, or on receipt of 36 Penny Stamps, or P.O.O. for 3/, I shall send to any address as above, Three Bottles of the same.

(Signed) RICHARD D. CRUICKSHANK.

MUSIC FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.
GRAND CHRISTMAS PRESENT & NEW YEAR GIFT.

THE LATEST MUSICAL MARVEL,
THE AUTOPHONE

Is unequalled for Durability, Power, and Sweetness of Tone.

Style A, with 22 Notes—six more than is contained in any other like instrument, and plays in three different keys; both Melody and Accompaniments being perfect.

A mere child of six years
can play it.

Hundreds of tunes now
ready for it.



Must find its way into
every house where har-
mony is prized.

To the Readers of "The Tatler."

The **Autophone** with six tunes, or ten feet of sacred or secular music, free per Parcel Post, on receipt of P.O.O. for **25s.**

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.

The **Autophone** is the most marvellous Musical Instrument of the Age, and is protected by Patents all over the world. No more **Organ Grinding** or **Crank Motions**, as viz.—The **Organena**, **Organette**, **Cabinette**, &c., so distasteful to all players on these instruments. The **AUTOPHONE** is played by simply opening and shutting the hand, a movement at once both natural and elegant.—*See Drawing.* We put this instrument before you solely on its own merits, and with confidence that it will **give you complete satisfaction.**

The leading journal, *The Scientific American*, says:—"The most remarkable feature of this invention is the regularity and perfection with which the music is rendered. *All of the parts are played, and the music is of no mean order.*"

ENORMOUS DEMAND—SELLING IN THOUSANDS.

SOLE AGENTS FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND:

CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers,
103 TRONGATE, GLASGOW. [Established 50 Years.]

N.B.—Before purchasing a *Musical Instrument of any description*, send for our "CUSTOMERS' PRIVILEGE PRICE LIST," with numerous *Illustrations* of the leading and most popular Musical Instruments of the day, containing **COUPONS** entitling the holder to receive our **New Patent Broad Reed Melodeon**, with *Double Valves*, patented July, 1883, at **HALF THE USUAL PRICE.** Sent on receipt of Penny Stamp.

ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,

Bowmore Distillery, Islay

COUNTING HOUSE—

41 Ann Street, City, Glasgow.



The above Whisky to be had by ordering through Wholesale Houses and Brokers.

10,000 PIANOS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

CONDITIONS OF THE GIFT.

MESSRS. A. CLARENCE & COMPANY, of 20 HIGH HOLBORN, in thanking their Patrons and the Public generally for their kind support and favours during past years, beg to state that to inaugurate the commencement of the Christmas season, they have decided to give away to all persons applying within one month from the date of this paper, A **DRAWING-ROOM PIANETTE**, as per conditions below, feeling sure that their liberality will be well appreciated, and orders for other of their numerous novelties given with confidence.

THE DRAWING-ROOM PIANETTE

is

SOFT IN TONE,

ELEGANT IN APPEARANCE,

NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER,

SELDOM REQUIRES TUNING,

IS NOT A MODEL,

but a perfect musical instrument constructed upon the same scale as an ordinary piano. We have been to considerable expense in producing this instrument, which needs only to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. Made of the best material and highly finished, it will be guaranteed to give the greatest satisfaction. It is constructed to stand upon the drawing-room table or other suitable support, the key-board is similar, and the keys are almost as large as in the ordinary piano, so that any person learning to play upon this Pianette will not be at a loss when placed before any other. The sound is softer in this instrument, a fact that may be accounted for by the absence of supports; but this is often an advantage, especially to a learner.

TO SECURE THIS INSTRUMENT,

send full name and address distinctly written, together with the name of the paper in which you saw this advertisement, and to partly defray the cost of this advertisement and the carriage of the Pianette, a postal note for half-a-crown must accompany each application, upon receipt of which the instrument will be immediately forwarded to any part of the United Kingdom.

(Signed) **A. CLARENCE & COMPANY,**

Inventors and Manufacturers,

20 HIGH HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C.

Send stamped directed envelope for Catalogue.

A LADY, having a **RECIPE** of the most simple nature, that will at once safely **REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS**, preventing their appearance, will have pleasure in forwarding it upon application to Mrs. **GRACE NEWTON**, Verwood Villa, New Thornton Heath, Surrey.

In the Press, and will be ready shortly,

"PAULUS CHRISTIFER,"

And other Discourses, by

REV. JOHN KAY, D.D.,

EDINBURGH.

WM. PATERSON, Edinburgh, and the Booksellers.

THOMPSON'S CONCENTRATED NERVE TONIC.

A very powerful Brain Feeder. A Nerve and Muscle Strengthen-
er. A Stomach Reviver. It is the great cure for Nervous Exhaust-
ion, Lassitude, Weakness, Loss of Appetite, and General
Debility; also, for all Nerve Pains, Neuralgia, Gout, Rheumatism,
&c. Phials, 1s 1d, 1s 9d, 2s 9d, and 4s 6d; by post, one stamp extra.

Genuine only M. F. THOMPSON, The Central Pharmacy, 17 Gordon St., Glasgow. * Beware of all
from Imitations.

ROYALTY THEATRE,

Lessee and Manager], SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW. [MR. E. L. KNAPP.

EVERY EVENING AT 7.

FIRST "ROYALTY" GRAND PANTOMIME

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD,

OR, HARLEQUIN BOY BLUE,
LITTLE BO-PEEP,

AND THE BOLD BARON OF GLENVALE.

Scene 1.—DISMAL DEN OF THE WICKED WOLF.

Scene 2.—THE BARONIAL DOMAIN OF GLENVALE.
Procession of Village Children—

The Bad Boy's Diversions—The Festival of Harvest Home.

Scene 3.—THE WOODLAND TRYSTE.

Scene 4.—THE FAIRY AQUARIUM.

Scene 5.—A GLADE IN GLOWWORM GLEN.

CASCADE OF REAL WATER.

GRAND BALLET BY THE FAIRY GLOWWORM.

Principal Danseuse—Mdlle. ADA LAURANT.

Scene 6.—WITHOUT THE COTTAGE OF LUCKIE MACBLUE.

Scene 7.—WITHIN THE SAME.

The Delicious Tremblings of the Demon.

JIM JAMS—PERSIVANI TROUPE.

Scene 8.—THE GATEWAY OF THE CASTLE OF GLENVALE.

Scene 9.—BANQUETING HALL OF THE SAME.

Entree of the Wedding Guests and Fête.

Scene 10.—THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSE.

Gorgeous Procession of the Trades—Address by the Lord P—v—t.

Scene 11.—AGAIN WITHOUT THE COTTAGE OF LUCKIE
MACBLUE.

Scene 12.—GRAND TRANSFORMATION—
A PARADISE OF BLOSSOMS.

PRICES OF ADMISSION—

Private Boxes, £2 10s; Stalls, 5s; Circle, 5s; Boxes, 3s; Pit Stalls, 2s 6d;
Pit, 1s 6d; Amphitheatre, 1s; Gallery, 6d. Second Price for Children under Ten—
Stalls and Circle, 2s 6d; Boxes, 2s; Pit Stalls, 1s 6d; Pit, 1s; Amphitheatre, 6d.

Doors open from 6.30 till 7—Price 6d extra to all parts, except Stalls
and Dress Circle.

Seats can be secured at Messrs. J. Muir Wood & Co.'s, Buchanan Street, from 11
till 4, or at the Theatre from 11 till 3.

COMFORT FOR THE FEET.

INFLAMED TOE JOINTS, CORNS, BUNIONS, &c., quickly
cured with Thompson's New French Corn Plaster. It is thin
as silk, and comfortable to the feet. (No Pain.) Packets, 1s. each; by
post, one stamp extra.

M. F. THOMPSON, The Central Pharmacy, 17 Gordon St., Glasgow. * Beware of all
imitations.

THE GAIETY,

General Manager.] SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW. [MR. T. T. BRINDLEY

EVERY EVENING.

THE BRILLIANT DRURY LANE PANTOMIME—

BLUE BEARD,

Written by HORACE LENNARD. Produced by AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Esq.

Mr. JOHN WAINRIGHT as *Blue Beard*; Mr. FAWDON VOKES as *Shacabae*; Mr. FRANK
HINDS as *Ibrahim*; Miss LILLIAN FRANCIS as *Selim*; Miss ALICE HAMILTON as
Fatima; Mr. WILLIAM MORGAN as *Sister Anne*; Miss JESSIE MAYLAND as
Silvanna.

Mesdames OTWAY, STAPKILTON, LINDSAY, T. HEPPWORTH, C. HEPPWORTH, HOLLAND,
RHODES, BANCROFT, BAUDRANT, V. BAUDRANT, DARRELL, FRAMPTON, DAVIES
DON, &c., &c.

Grand Ballets by Madame Katti Lanner. The Children of the National Training
School for Dancing, in the Doll's Dance. The great little Rowella as the Clown.

Box Office Now Open at Paterson & Son's, Buchanan Street, and at the Theatre

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....MR. H. CECIL BRYLL.
THE MOST POPULAR THEATRE IN THE CITY.

Grand Success of Mr. BRYLL'S Fourth South-Side PANTOMIME of

SINBAD THE SAILOR

EVERY EVENING!

Box Plan at Messrs. R. J. & R. Adams' Music Warehouse, 81 and 83 Buchanan St.

GRAND THEATRE,

COWCADDENS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD, GLASGOW.

Managing Director,.....MR. THOMAS W. CHARLES.

Brilliant Success of the GRAND PANTOMIME of

CINDERELLA.



BURN'S ALSOAP

ABSOLUTELY

GENUINE

REGISTERED N° 31479

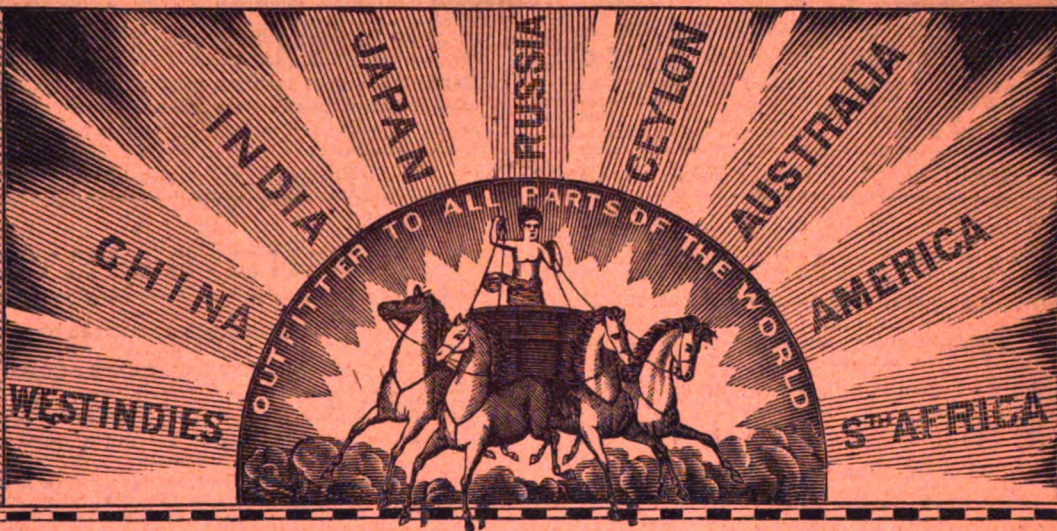
TRADE MARK

GLASGOW

LANCEFIELD

SOAP WORKS

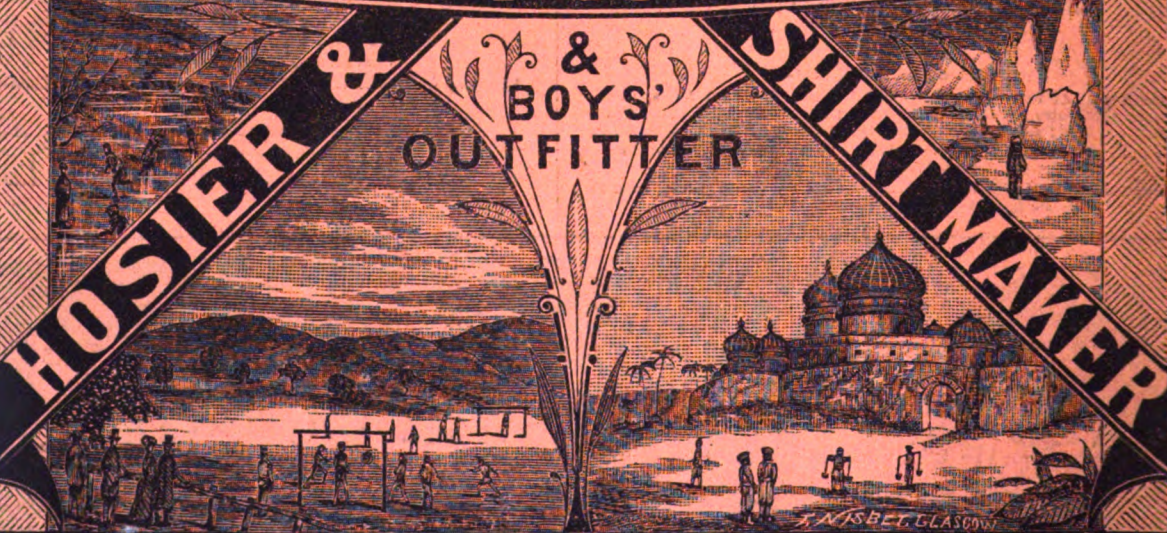
GLASGOW AND LONDON



R.W. Forsyth

CLOTHIER

&
BOYS'
OUTFITTER



13 & 17, RENFIELD ST. GLASGOW.

